

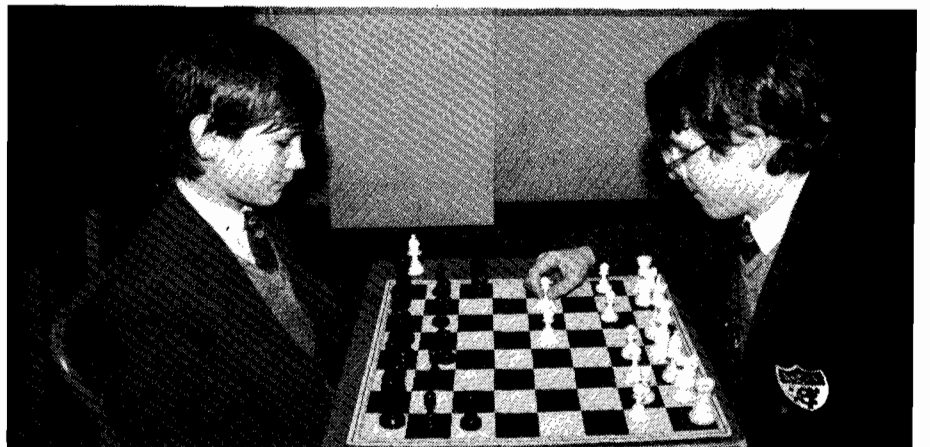
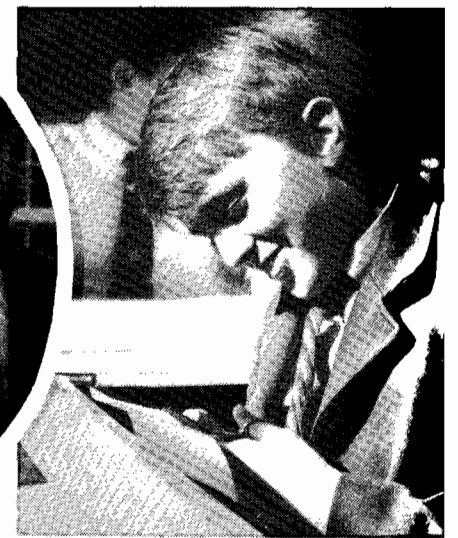
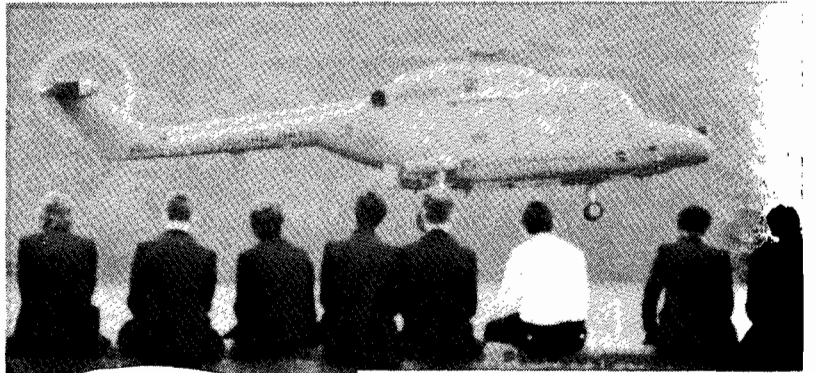
REVIEW

Volume 5 Number 2 1985-86

The magazine of St Edward's College



REVIEW



Editorial



Mr John Moseley, Louise Bate, Ann-Marie Quill, Paul Connolly, Jane Bracken, Joseph McCarthy, Mr Terence Duffy.

Photograph by Alex Keenan.

We invite you to begin by reading the contents. Observation reveals a certain imbalance: too many features at the expense of Arts? Numerous photographs, but few drawings. A lack of creative writing? The large response to the photographic competition was perhaps induced by a financial incentive. If we offered a prize for the best report, people might once again learn that the school plays cricket.

We further invite you to comment upon the magazine through the letters page. It is difficult to sustain the interest of readers whose ages range so widely, but we would be better able to gauge this interest if recipients favoured us with their opinions. Please do.

Louise Bate
Jane Bracken
Paul Connolly
Mr Terence Duffy
Joseph McCarthy
Mr John Moseley
Ann-Marie Quill

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School News

Comings and Goings

This issue of the magazine covers the year from Easter 1985 to Easter 1986 and as usual there are joys, successes and sadnesses to be recorded.

Perhaps the most obvious change which we saw was the erection of two mobile classrooms in the car park adjacent to Runnymede. These were for the new infant classes of the Prep school, a development following the closure of Broughton Hall's junior school. It augurs well for the future development of our own junior and secondary departments. Another exterior development was the installation of a new lighting system which improves safety and security as well as enhancing the buildings. A new incinerator has helped the maintenance staff with the disposal of rubbish — a service no longer taken for granted in Liverpool.

Three new governors have been appointed to the local governing body: Mr Robert Wynn (father of two recent pupils, Mark (1975-82) and Robert (1976-83), Mr John Morgan, an Old Boy (1942-52) also a father of two pupils, Matthew (Form 2) and Ben (Form 1) and, sixth form girls and others please note, Miss Bridget Fann, who breaks the male monopoly at last. More about our new (and existing) governors can be found elsewhere in this issue. At Prize Day our principal guest was Dr James Burke, Rector of the Liverpool Institute of Higher Education, who presented the prizes. The Headmaster's Report given on that day is also to be found in succeeding pages.

A major change occurred in the Dining Room: simultaneously with the retirement of Mrs Chris O'Brien, the school has employed the services of Gardner Merchant, an offshoot of the Trust House Forte group. Mrs Enid Roberts is our catering supervisor and she directs a mainly new and younger staff, though one or two familiar faces remain. Lunchtime has become something to anticipate keenly with a very wide and varied menu available each day, for which one pays at the cash register. The first few days saw one teacher's bill as something over £27.00 (no, not Mr Doyle) but another try by the novice operator produced a more reasonable total. Suffice it to say that the number of boys taking hot meals has more than doubled — such is the measure of success.

Other changes (perhaps less palatable for the boys) can be seen amongst the faces of ancillary and teaching staff. We welcomed Mrs Mary Taylor as middle school librarian and Mrs Mary Hemingway as salaries clerk.

Mrs Avis Carrick retired from the administrative staff, having joined the school during Brother Foley's headmastership. Mr Joe Fraser's retirement marked the end of a long career and from the part-time staff, Brother Kieran O'Grady left to devote himself full time to hospital chaplaincy duties. Father Peter Crowther moved on from his work as school chaplain to parish duties after only twelve months. He is now parish priest at St Cuthbert's, Stanley.

The new faces also included a number of ladies, always welcome in our male dominated society! Mrs Nadia Murphy joined the history and modern language departments and in the latter was joined also by Miss Colleen Ludden. Mr John Adamson has become the head of the same department, joining us from St Anselm's. The other new boy was Mr John Mannix who has joined the religious studies department, which is now much more specialist than hitherto. Mr Andrew Derbyshire began a twelve month holiday in September (although he says it is an education course, of course). Miss Jan Lennox joined the music department as trombone tutor and senior brass tutor.

Brother Bernard Sassi, now into his second year as headmaster, reached new and almost unattainable heights into which he was accompanied by Mr Matthew Brown, the occasion being a visit by a Royal Naval helicopter team. After an impressive display by the pilot of how to make his crew quite ill, the school, assembled on the playing fields saw our two intrepid heroes, looking slightly pale, donning flying suits. They had been unanimously elected to represent the staff for a short pre-lunch flight. As they took off, the more knowledgeable church musicians were reminded of the Ascension Day anthem 'God is gone up with a merry shout'!!

Over recent years we have had a growing relationship with the parish, church and clergy of St Mary the Virgin in West Derby village. This beautiful and dignified church has become the annual venue for our Carol Service marking the end of the autumn term. We have also presented concerts there. The Rector, Canon Arnold Myers, who gave us the initial and very warm welcome, has retired through ill health and we extend our best wishes to him and our greetings to his successor, the Reverend Roger Wikely and his family. The headmaster was our representative at his service of installation. Mr Wikeley presided at our 1985 service and also led the assembly in January marking the octave of prayer for christian unity.

A community as large as ours must share both joys and sorrows in mutual support. During the year we welcomed Rebecca, Mr and Mrs Mark Davies's first child, her baptism reminding us forcefully of the transitory nature of our lives when Brother Leonard O'Toole, a guest at the ceremony collapsed and died and was attended to by the priest who interrupted the christening service to minister to him. We congratulate Mr Simon Morgan on his marriage. News of the death in Ireland of Brother Gerald Brickley, a former superior and teacher, reached us just before prize day. Colin Mark Webster (1971-78) died from leukaemia in November, in which month the father of Andrew Greene (Lower 6) also died. His two older sons Christopher (1973-80) and Philip (1977-85)

also had been pupils. Both Mr Brian Young and Mr Raymond Thomas mourned the death of their mothers and to them and to the other bereaved families we offer our sincere condolences and the assurance of our thoughts and prayers.

Meanwhile life goes on: we saw the production of 'Kes' and the usual full programme of music events at school and elsewhere. Reviews can be read hereafter. The music examinations of the Associated Board saw the return of Mr Peter O'Hagan (1956-64) as an examiner. The changing seasons saw the full gamut of sports fixtures marred by the industrial action being taken in other schools, which we have been spared.

In the succeeding lines, more can be read about our new and former members of staff, the governors and Old Boys. We declared our hope last year of being able to expand news of our past pupils; in fact this year we have less, although we hope the proposed setting up of a register of Old Boys will provide more in the future. In the meantime we ask all those who read this magazine to let us have snippets of information about themselves if they are alumni, or any friends or acquaintances in that category. There are thousands of them about! It must surely be time to broaden our scope from 'Old Boys' to 'Past Pupils' if we are to escape the interest of the Equal Opportunities Commission . . .



Mr Joseph P. Fraser joined the staff of St Edward's in 1949 a couple of terms before I did. For the remainder of his teaching career we were colleagues.

It is difficult to write about such a man without seeming to flatter. Conscientious he is certainly. I doubt if a night passed that Joe was not marking exercises so that his classes might have their books for their following lesson fully and expertly corrected.

He had a high standard which he set himself and which he expected pupils to set for themselves. I do not suppose he was universally popular because he had a quaint notion that people ought to work hard. Fortunately in Joe's last term in St Edward's an Old Boy came to thank Mr Fraser for his teaching and admitted that he was twenty-five years old and in France before he had appreciated what 'Fraz' had done for him.

Joe had abiding interest in aeroplanes and cricket. He led a number of trips over the years to air-shows and the working-airports. For many years he played, coached and travelled with his beloved teams. During most of these years Joe was plagued with a

back injury which caused much pain and severely limited his mobility. Yet I suspect that his pupils were unaware of his discomfort.

At all times he was cheerful — many a criticism is treasured — courteous and helpful. The most uncharitable remark he ever made to generations of Edwardians was 'barm-pot'. I wish I had that self control.

Last and most important his religion — the bedrock on which Joe lives and by which he judges himself. Over all these years he has been constantly supported by his wife Kath and his family and we all wish him many years of happy retirement.

He is a good man. He did his job. I can think of no higher compliment. RJPT



Miss Colleen Ludden comes from County Derry, Northern Ireland. She studied French and Russian at Trinity College, Dublin and, during the university's summer holidays, attended various language courses in France. She also worked at the Guinness Brewery in Dublin (in the Visitors' Centre, not the Vat house, unfortunately!). When she graduated, she was employed as a part-time translator and teacher in Dublin and then spent six months on a Management Course. After this she spent a year teaching in France before coming to England to work first at an Arabic boarding school near Bath, then at St Edwards. She has two sisters and a brother, who also live in England. Her likes include music, travel and people with a good sense of humour!



Mrs Chris O'Brien. Bless my soul! Didn't I just see Chris O'Brien supervising the playground at Runnymede during the lunch hour! Will she ever stop working? Certainly Pat, her spouse, and herself must be very near to holding the record for long service to the College.

Chris was always someone you could rely upon when you needed help. Years ago when her children were young she gave her life to them; but it was not long before she could be seen at work in the College and in the Community house. There's a lot said today about in-service training, and a good thing too, with Chris O'Brien a good example of its worth. For when the professional resigned from charge of the school Dining Hall, Chris was able to take over with none of that grinding noise that sometimes occurs when there's a change of gear.

It is not an easy job to have the responsibility of feeding a crowd of hungry youth whose capacity is unlimited and whose discernment of the nutritious is somewhat bleary. Graceful and cheerful as ever Chris withdrew when the decision was made to give charge of the school catering service to a professional group of country-wide experience.

If we had been more observant we should have noticed that twinkle in her eye as we were making our speeches of thanks on her reaching retirement age. Discourteous it is to question a woman's age: dangerous, too, just as it is foolish to grin when one hears it said 'A woman's work is never done.' Not that we want you to give up the job, Chris: we love having you round the place as do the youngsters and we'll be all the deeper in your debt. WDF



Mrs Nadia Murphy comes from Shipley, West Yorkshire although her parents came from the Ukraine in their twenties. After being a pupil at St Joseph's College, she went to study at Sheffield University where she gained an honours degree in Modern History and completed a PGCE. Having taught for five years in Sheffield and Bradford she returned to full-time study for a MA at the Institute of Education in London, which she completed in 1982. Returning to teaching, she then met and married an ex-SEC pupil Brendan Murphy (1955-1967). Interests include music (an avid Bruce Springsteen and at the other end of the scale, Beethoven fan), reading (even the backs of Cornflakes packets if there's nothing else) and the cinema. Dislikes include rugby (shock! horror!) and bad manners.

Mrs Avis Carrick. It was nearly thirty years ago that Avis Carrick joined the administrative staff of St Edwards'. Staff? Actually his name was John Kelly and John had been working as secretary and bursar for both Brothers Forde and Leahy who came to Liverpool in 1899 to found the school which was to become the College.

Not that Avis had to learn all about us: her late husband had been an Old Boy as were friends who recommended her for the job she was to do so well and so long. It would be stupid to say that John Kelly and Avis Carrick did the job that it takes four or five people to do today: Avis certainly saw the work load of administration and finance grow heavier so much so that others had to be recruited as the work load increased. Cheerfully and industriously Avis worked away and it was usual to see her taking home after school the account books to make sure that staff salaries were ready to be drawn before the end of the month.

Maybe she did not have to worry about Her Majesty's Inspectors walking in unannounced to look over her work. Her public examination came every year when the Auditor descended on the office to check on the financial health of the College. Avis always passed with distinction. And there were times when the Tax Inspector came, unannounced, from the Inland Revenue — just to have a look at the books, account books that is, in case money that should have gone into Government coffers somehow lost its way. Again, Avis could show a clean set of accounts and honour was satisfied on all sides.

Very sensibly she decided that there comes a time when the choice has to be made between sticking to a job until one has to be prised loose or retiring when one is young enough to enjoy life and family without the constraint of waiting forty five minutes for the 81 bus that arrives full.

Of course we did not say 'Good bye' to Avis in the sense of farewell but rather with the old English meaning of 'God be wi' ye' for she will be an ever welcome visitor. Absent, she will know that she has our most grateful thanks and will be ever in our prayers that God sent St Edwards such a delightful colleague. WDF



Mrs Enid Roberts. After studying catering at Mabel Fletcher College Mrs Roberts joined Gardner Merchant as a trainee manager. As a manager, she spent her time touring North Wales, but, when she had a family, she joined the Gardner Merchant Schools division, working in SFX where there were plans to make her the school cookery teacher!

With the Catholic reorganisation in 1983, Mrs Roberts was told she was too qualified to join the education committee's school meals service, so she went to work in the Lakes. Last year, however, she returned to Liverpool to work here, at St Edwards.

Mrs Roberts hates being called a 'dinner lady'. This is understandable when you realise that her job entails staff training, bookkeeping, budgeting and menu-planning. The menu's are in a 4-weekly cycle, in which Mrs Roberts hopes to re-educate the boys by making healthier food cheaper than that which is not so good for us and she would welcome any sensible suggestions you may have about the food.

Apart from cooking, Mrs Roberts enjoys climbing, walking and bird watching, and dislikes E additives and unhealthy eating habits — chip-lovers amongst you take note!



Mrs Mary Taylor joined the staff here at SEC in October 1985 as Middle School Librarian. Previously employed by the Metropolitan Borough of Sefton working mainly with children with severe emotional and behavioural problems. Main interests include reading, computers and travel. Her travels include almost all of Africa where she lived for three years, most of Europe and America. Ambition is to visit the East.



Br Kieran O'Grady arrived in St Edward's in Easter 1969 and was a very active and committed member of the community until his move to St Michael's, Horne Street in the summer of 1986. He is now a chaplain in Walton Hospital, working with great dedication, and inspiring relief and comfort to those who suffer.

One comment that suggests something about Br O'Grady's contribution to St Edward's was made by a Brother when reviewing some work that had to be done: 'You can just begin to see now how much Kieran had been doing.' Suffice it to say some activities have now discontinued since his absence.

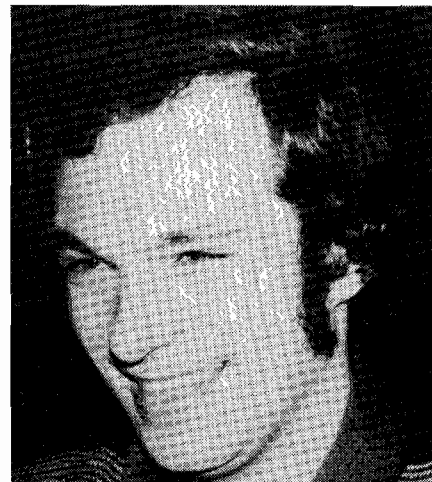
In the community Br O'Grady concerned himself with the welfare of the brothers and everyone else involved in the House. Any important occasion that occurred you could be safe in assuming that he had any organisational needs well in hand. This service to the community automatically spread into his commitment to the school community. Space restricts enumerating the catalogue of jobs ranging from a period as Head of the Prep School to college representative on the thriving Parents Association Committee.

All his work was time-consuming and energy-draining, yet Br O'Grady applied himself to everything with devotion and competence. Above all, it must be stressed how acutely aware Brother Kieran was of the pupils' welfare and well-being. His mission of service and concern I am sure helped many. He has now translated this into a renewed dedication to his very demanding role in Walton Hospital.

MJH

Mr John Adamson had the privilege of an education at St Anselm's College being from a large Wirral ('Rive Gauche') family. His academic achievements which were crowned by selection as Deputy Head Boy include a total ineptitude for the sciences. Nicknamed 'The Experimental Error' by boys and staff alike, he was forced to seek solace in languages.

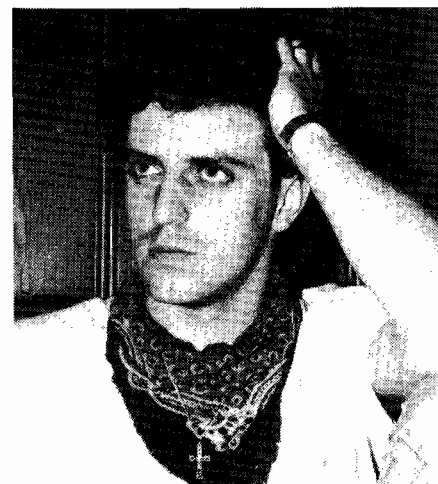
He graduated from the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, in French, and went on to complete a PGCE at the same establishment, where his social life led him to the exalted position of President of the



Catholic Society and Secretary of the Lemming Society.

A post at Hungerhill Comprehensive School, Doncaster, was followed by an appointment back at St Anselm's where he enjoyed five and a half years teaching French and games.

His interests include cricket, travel, wine and following Tranmere Rovers around the country, and scouting for Wigan Athletic. His ambition is to meet a girl who knows how many first-class centuries Sir Jack Hobbs scored, and to meet Mr Fraine's tailor. His dislikes include Chester City FC and semolina.



Mr John Mannix. Eight years at St Anselm's College and five more at Edinburgh University have honed this young man to the peak of mental and physical perfection.

His charismatic personality, vast intellect and unparalleled modesty earned him the position of Senior President of Britain's largest students' association.

An accomplished musician, John plays guitar, bass and harmonica and has occasional flirtations with the piano. His talents continue into the more obscure areas of juggling and unicycling which he used as a cabaret artist in Festival City, Edinburgh.



Mrs Mary Hemmingway came to her present post as the College salaries clerk from a similar position at J&C Moores and says that her present occupation is the more interesting. She has two children: her son is a policeman in Sheffield, her daughter is a law student at Keele. Interests include crosswords, knitting, swimming and watching cricket.

Photographs by Joseph McCarthy

School News from the past



ST EDWARD'S COLLEGE, EVERTON, LIVERPOOL.

1961 — 25 YEARS AGO

This year the College Magazine has to record a great loss to the school. Brother Foley, our Headmaster, has left after six years to become Headmaster of St Ambrose College, Altrincham. During his term of office he brought about many startling changes. Among his achievements were the beginning of plans for a new swimming pool and running track, the erection of modern laboratories and the inauguration of the Parents' Association. Br Foley will always be remembered as a Headmaster fully abreast of the most modern trends in education who possessed also the courage to put them into practice.

1936 — 50 YEARS AGO

The new site for St Edward's is definitely in Sandfield Park. It consists of two properties hitherto known as St Clare and Runnymede. It is about 23 acres in extent and will contain both Residence, School, and Playing Fields. If you want to have ocular demonstration of its suitability you will find the entrance gates to Sandfield Park on Queen's Drive, opposite to Kremlin Drive.

It is hoped to have our football games on the new ground next term — but, of course, there may be some difficulty as to the number of pitches, as part of the ground has to be freed from trees, a few small artificial golf bunkers have to be removed, and special spots reserved for cricket 'tables'. Eventually there will be no lack of pitches for both football and tennis — we shall not be able to retain the golf course nor the bowling green!

The building of the new School will probably be begun in September, sooner if it can be arranged, but it is unlikely that a start can be made before September. Many of you have already seen the plans, and you will have judged that the new School will be worthy of the traditions of the old.

Headmaster's Report

Prize Day 16 March 1986

Bernard Brother Sassi

Last September, we welcomed new members of staff, Mrs Murphy, Miss Ludden, Mr Adamson and Mr Mannix, as well as Mrs Hemingway in the office and Mrs Taylor in the Junior Library. Leaving the staff due to retirement were Mr Fraser, Mrs Carrick and Mrs O'Brien. We also lost the services, but not the friendship, of Br O'Grady, who took on the work of full-time Chaplain of Walton Hospital. The new staff I wish to thank for the enthusiastic way in which they have entered into the life of the school. To the retired staff and Br O'Grady, I wish to place on record my appreciation for their many years of devoted service to St Edward's College and remind them that they will always receive a warm welcome whenever they visit us.

Just two weeks ago we were greatly saddened by the death of Br Brickley who, as Superior of the Brothers' Community in the 1970's had hosted many a function at the College. He was a keen follower of St Edward's Rugby and a good friend of many parents and Old Boys. He impressed us all by his cheerfulness and generosity, in spite of his long illness. I am sure that Br Brickley is now enjoying the reward of a dedicated religious life and is in a good position to help us by his prayers.

There were 816 pupils on the roll in September — 164 in Runnymede and 652 in the Senior School. There was a large increase in Runnymede due to the introduction of the infants and, while we are waiting for some reorganisation of space, temporary classrooms are being used. 94 boys were admitted into Form I and there are at present 198 Sixth Formers, including 37 girls.

109 boys took their 'O' Levels in Form 5 and passed an average of 8.5 subjects per pupil. There were 863 'O' Level passes in all, including 234 at Grade 'A', giving an 'O' Level pass rate of 83%. In Form 4, 61 boys passed English Language and 32 passed Mathematics, 21 of these gaining Grade 'A'. At Advanced Level, 102 pupils were entered, most of whom passed in 4 subjects; the average pass per pupil was 3.4.

Now these results were obviously very good and the pupils and their teachers deserve much praise. The 'O' Level results particularly were outstanding. I have been looking through the records and I think I am right in saying that they are the best for many years. If a criticism could be made it is that, given the opportunity that pupils had, one would have expected more Grade 'A's, especially at 'A' Level. Some of those who should have won distinction did not, and in that sense they under-achieved. And when academically bright pupils who should be leaders in their group, do not work well, that has a detrimental effect on the whole group. I urge parents to show a keen interest in their child's progress — not only during the crucial few months before public exams but throughout the child's school career — checking that homework is done, encouraging the intelligent use of free time, avoiding indiscriminate TV viewing and so on.

As to the sporting life of the school, I don't have to tell you that sport in all schools has been badly affected by the industrial action taken. However, whereas we have been able to carry on our fixtures unaffected, many of

our games have been cancelled by other schools. As a result, some of our sports have been badly affected, others, less so. Despite all this, some excellent performances have been achieved.

At the end of the season as school finished, the 2nd Year and 4th Year Athletics teams reached the National finals of the English Schools' Athletics Championships, coming 3rd and 7th respectively; the only school in the country to have two teams in the finals. About the same time, one of our senior athletes, John Evans, was winning the 800m at the All England Individual Championships, before taking up an Athletics Scholarship at Providence University in the States.

Rugby, of course, dominates the winter programme and seven teams turn out most weeks with the 2nd and 3rd Years being the outstanding years. As a result of the Senior team's successful tour of Holland last year, they have been invited to take part in another international competition there at the start of next season.

Unlike Rugby, which has hardly been affected at all by the industrial action, swimming has been badly hit over the past year. However, this didn't stop one of our senior swimmers, Michael Trotter, from being selected for the England Swimming team to take part in the European Schools' Swimming Championships and to win three medals.

Badminton has also been badly hit and therefore few matches have been played. However, since my last report, the U14 won their league trophy as did the U16 team, in the Liverpool Schools' Badminton Competitions.

The Cross-Country teams have fared well also. The Senior team have had a very successful season winning their league trophy, and the Sangster and Wirral Cups. Lower down the school, the 2nd and 4th years both reached the finals of the National Cross-Country Championships.

Cricket last summer benefited greatly from the extensive renovation of the cricket squares and the pre-season indoor coaching with a national coach obviously paid dividends. However, the weather wasn't on our side and the game suffered a little from this.

The Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme continues to attract many boys, particularly those not necessarily attracted to the more traditional games and our first group of seniors are now preparing for their Gold Award expedition down the Loire Valley in France during the summer break.

Other Societies have flourished during the year. A record number of teams have represented the College in several Public Speaking Competitions. In the Knights of St Columba Competition we came second; in the English Speaking Union Competition we had five teams competing and the senior team won the Merseyside final, the North West Regional final and took part in the National final in May. In the Junior Chamber of Commerce Competition, we won the North West Regional final; and in the local round of the Observer Mace Debating Competition,

although we did not win the Mace, Paul Connolly was judged the best speaker.

In drama, there was a very fine production of 'Kes' last May with a particularly outstanding performance by Ian Walker as Billy Casper. At present the drama group are rehearsing for a staging of 'Hobson's Choice' at the beginning of next term.

The Music Society has again excelled itself with a number of outstanding concerts during the year. Very competent performances were given by John Cullen, Mark Senior, Damian Fleming, Patrick Allen, Eric Wilkinson and Susan Griffiths. It has been the policy of the Music Department for a number of years to give the best musicians the chance of playing a concerto and this has been given an added impetus with the introduction of the Music Scholarships of whom the first recipients are Vincent Needham and Jane Rogers. Some idea of their standard can be appreciated by Vincent's performance of one of the most demanding concertos, which you heard today.

The major development during the coming year will be the building of a new Art, Craft and Design Centre, plans for which are well under way. The cost will be quite substantial — about £300,000. One may ask, why this expense when the emphasis in St Edward's has traditionally been on the more academic subjects? Yet, these subjects, such as Art and CDT, and the same can be said of Music, are increasingly acknowledged to be important for a balanced education.

On the religious side, the refurbishing of the new Prayer Room gives the opportunity to pupils and staff to escape from the rush and bustle of the day to be still. It is open each lunchtime for prayer and reflection and is the meeting place for an increasing number of Sixth Formers for a prayer meeting on Friday nights. There are signs that there is a growing awareness among Sixth Formers of the necessity of personalising their faith. Fifty members of the Lower Sixth last summer gave up a week of their holidays to help run a play-scheme for children in an inner-city parish. Quite a number of ex-pupils are devoting time to Christian service. Six are with the NCC in the city, one at a Retreat House in Berkshire, one with the L'Arche Community, and another went to Calcutta for five weeks to work with Mother Teresa. Fr Peter Hannah was ordained for the Archdiocese last July and John Lyons started his seminary training in Ushaw College. All of these are very evident signs of God's blessings on the school community.

In conclusion, I wish to thank all those who have helped the school in their different ways — the caretakers, cleaners, canteen staff and groundsmen who keep the school plant in order; the prefects, and especially the Head Boy, Jonathan Carroll, who has shown great powers of discipline and leadership; the Parents' Association, too, has given considerable support. It was started twenty five years ago under the inspiration of Br Foley. I thank Br Foley for his foresight and the Association for its service. And by no means least, my thanks to the office staff who involve themselves so much and so efficiently in all our activities.

The Governors of St Edward's

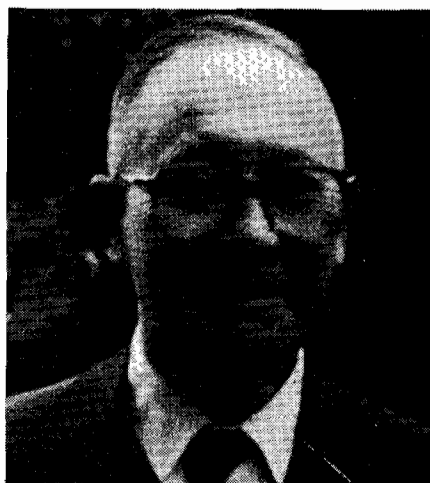
Mr Terence Duffy

Although many pupils will have come to recognise the Chairman of our local governing body, Professor Basil Whalley, from his annual appearances at Prize Day, I doubt if they could even name the other members! Try it, if you don't believe me.

A look at the appropriate section of the school prospectus lists all the governors of the College. They are divided into two bodies: the Central Governing Body which consists of the Provincial Council of the Congregation of Christian Brothers. The Chairman is the Provincial, Brother Gillespie, and the other members are Brothers Chincotta, Coleman, Kerrigan and Sassi.

The Local Governing Body is concerned only with this school, whilst the Central Body covers all schools administered by the Christian Brothers. This article does not concern itself with the details of how the two bodies work in relationship with each other, nor with their particular areas of responsibility but perhaps this could be the subject of a future article.

We should all be aware of whom our governors are and grateful to them for the services they render to the school and its staff and pupils. Set out below are thumbnail sketches of the local governors, which it is hoped will render them better known to all of us.



Professor Basil Whalley is the Chairman and he was born in Wallasey. After education at this school he went to Liverpool University, graduating with first class honours in chemistry in 1937. He went on to gain his PhD and Doctor's degree and is also a Fellow of the Royal Society of Chemistry, a chartered chemist and a member of the Chemical Institute of Canada and of the New York Academy of Science. His curriculum

vitae is very long and this short note cannot do it justice, merely give an outline of his distinguished career. He was Lecturer and Senior Lecturer at Liverpool, then the first Reader in Organic Chemistry there, becoming Professor of Chemistry at London University, and Emeritus Professor in 1982. His lecturing and travels have taken him all over the world and he has over 250 publications to date, mostly concerned with the chemistry of natural products of biological significance, particularly steroids, fungal metabolites and stereochemistry. Besides having been a member of numerous professional and scientific bodies and consultant for pharmaceutical companies, he is a governor of two other foundations, the trustee of several Catholic charities and a one-time member of the Catholic Education Council.



Bishop Kevin O'Connor. Born in Liverpool, he attended St John's primary school and then St Francis Xavier's College, after which he trained for the priesthood at Upholland.

After ordination Bishop O'Connor studied Canon Law before serving as curate at our Lady and St Bernard's Kingsley Road, St Michael's, West Derby Road (and chaplain to Cardinal Godfrey High School run by the Christian Brothers) and then became parish priest of St Anne's, Overbury Street. About the same time he was appointed Chancellor of the diocese.

Ordination as bishop came in 1979 and as auxiliary bishop, Kevin O'Connor moved to St Helens. A member of the Archbishop's Council, Bishop O'Connor has responsibility for the care of sick and retired priests and communities of religious men.

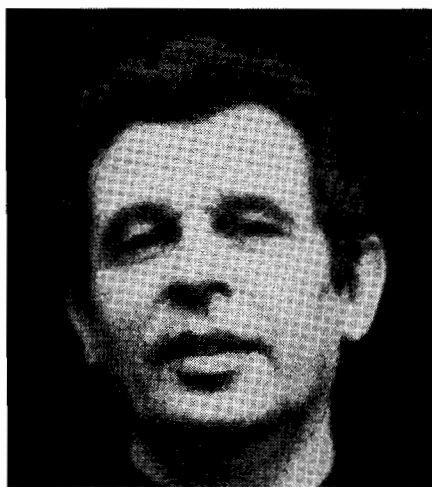
In his free time, the Bishop likes to keep close contact with family and friends.



Mr James Brash joined the governing body in 1976, having been a former pupil from 1943-47. He is another chemist, like his chairman, and has been a member of Liverpool City Council and Whiston District Council. He and his wife Maureen have two children, their son Peter having attended the school from 1974-81. Amongst his hobbies he lists politics and DIY. His concern as a governor is to see that the school continues to provide the same standards of Catholic education that it has done in the past.



Canon Vincent Burrowes is parish priest of St Paul's, West Derby, and joined the governing body in 1978. He too, was a pupil here from 1938-40 before going to St Joseph's College, Upholland to train as a priest. His father (now aged 90) was a Probation Officer and his mother came from Ireland; he has three brothers and three sisters. He enjoys walking in the Welsh mountains, 'supported Everton in their time of need' but now supports from the comfort of his armchair. Canon Burrowes joined SEC in the year that the school moved to West Derby from St Domingo Road, playing the violin (badly, he says) in the orchestra at the official opening. He was evacuated to Llanelli during the war and tells us that it was there that pupils learned to play rugby; hence its introduction to Sandfield Park. As a governor, he wants to see complete persons emerging from SEC: socially, physically, academically and committed in their following of Jesus.



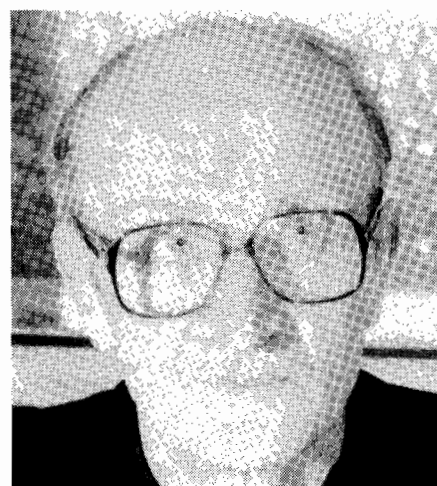
Brother Arthur Chincotta is no stranger to the staff of the school, having taught at the school from 1964-1968 and later becoming its headmaster from 1973-79. He was born in Gibraltar and educated at the High School there, winning a British Council Scholarship to the Royal College of Music. He joined the Christian Brothers and read languages at Cambridge. He says that he dislikes divisiveness and any attitudes that promote it, that we should grow 'in a love which is cherishing of the other's being and nurturing of the other's becoming.' Brother Chincotta's experiences have been wide: at SEC he taught Spanish, Religion and General Studies, ran the Bookroom and trained the under-14 cross country team and became a form master of the 5's! Then he went on to found the mission in Liberia. As headmaster he encouraged drama and oversaw the building of the Arts and Music centre. He became deputy headmaster (to Brother Sassi) at Stoke and deputy Provincial to Brother Gillespie. One way or another his association with SEC has gone on for about twenty years and Brother Chincotta remarked on the strong spirit of community he found in the school and its larger community. He hopes that this spirit will grow, a wish he has for drama too. He asks 'that the school song should be suitably enshrined in a museum where it properly belongs.'

(The school song has been entombed in the cemetery, appearing in almost unrecognisable phantom-like forms at occasional gatherings of the elders. Ed.)



Miss Bridget Fann has the distinction of being the first and presently the only female governor! After education in convent

schools in Australia, India, England and East Africa, Miss Fann read history at Oxford and gained a diploma in education. Having taught for some time, she returned to Oxford to qualify in social work in the child care field and later gained another qualification as a psychiatric social worker at Birmingham University. Now the administrator of the Catholic social Services in Liverpool, Miss Fann heads a very large organisation working in many varied areas of social responsibility and hopefully she will in the future share some of her experiences with our older pupils. Her five nieces and five nephews take it in turn to visit her in Liverpool. Not a newcomer to school governing bodies, both as a member and as chairman, Miss Fann sees her concerns as concentration on the person as a whole, an aim clearly shared by her colleagues. Hobbies include reading and writing poetry, music and the theatre and viewing old buildings.



Brother Edward Kerrigan was born in Ireland and has three sisters. He graduated BA(Hons) from the National University of Ireland in geography and economics. His teaching career has included five years at the Brothers' school in Sunderland, fifteen years at St Anselm's, including six as headmaster and four years at Stoke where he is presently the headmaster. Hobbies are distinctly active: golf, gardening, squash and walking and he includes open countryside amongst the things that he likes, adding Radio 4, old films, punctuality and tidy dress and appearance. Dislikes are TV (news and current affairs), shopping, confrontations and pop music. As a governor, Brother Kerrigan wants to see the maintenance of high standards at SEC, spiritually, academically and culturally.



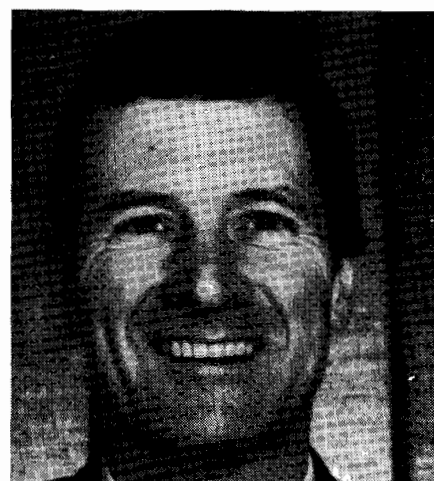
Mr James Macardle besides being a resident in St Paul's parish, is also a Deacon attached to that church. He is a quantity surveyor and a director of William Tomkinson & Sons, the building contractors. He has three grown up children and he and his wife Margaret have two grandchildren. Mr Macardle has been associated for many years with the Catholic Blind Institute at Christopher Grange and is now their General Secretary. His interests give him little time for hobbies and he says that he likes life and people. Dislikes include most TV programmes and excessively loud music. A governor since 1976, Mr Macardle sees his priority in the welfare of pupils, their parents and of the staff.



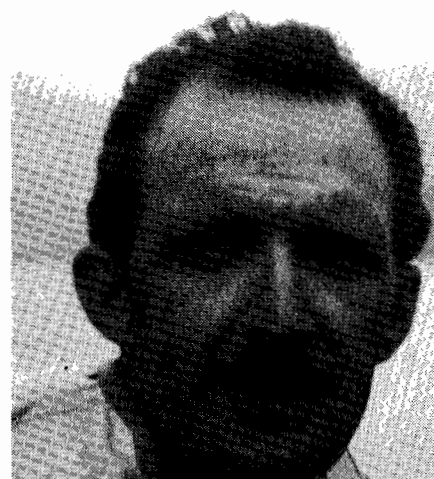
Mr John Morgan was recently appointed as a governor. A pupil at SEC from 1942-52, captain of both the 1st XV and cricket, he went on to Liverpool University where he graduated LLB. After working as a solicitor, he was called to the Bar in 1970 by the Honorable Society of Gray's Inn and was elected to the Northern Circuit on which he has practised as a barrister ever since. He is now an acting Stipendiary magistrate for Liverpool and Manchester and Assistant Recorder of the Northern Circuit. He works in chambers in Liverpool and Preston. Mr Morgan learned Chinese during his National Service in the RAF, serving in Hong Kong. His wife, Rosalie teaches biology part-time at a college of further education and both their sons are pupils at SEC. Sporting interests continue: he is a past president of Liverpool Rugby Club and the Liverpool Law Golfing Society but these interests diversify in his past chairmanship of the Bentley Operatic

Society and current chairmanship of the Cathedral Choirparents' Association. Hobbies include performing Gilbert and Sullivan operas, watching cricket, listening to music, refereeing rugby, doing the Times crossword and a love-hate relationship with after-dinner speaking. Dislikes are bad manners and insurance salesmen. Although a new boy as a governor, Mr Morgan hopes to add his encouragement to school debating, public speaking and drama and to see that pupils demonstrate at large the value of a Christian education, not least through good manners. Heaven would be 'watching David Gower, sipping claret, whilst doing the crossword to the sound of Mozart'!!

Brother Noel O'Halloran is in his second spell as a governor. He was born and educated in Ireland by the Christian Brothers whom he later joined. He studied at University College Dublin from which he graduated BA(Hons) in 1942 and MA in 1951. Presently he is headmaster of St Mary's College in Crosby. He has three brothers and a sister and innumerable nephews and nieces. Liking fishing as a hobby, Brother O'Halloran finds 'the banal mono-syllabic liturgy which we have to endure today' and also the twanging of guitars not to his liking. He hopes to see St Edward's continue as the premier Catholic school in Liverpool, as a centre of piety, good learning, music and sport. In his reincarnation he hopes to be a mathematician playing the harp rather than Pythagoras's lute, living amongst the artichokes and lettuces of Salinas, California, within a half-hour ride of Monterey and Carmel.



Mr Gerard Shannon has also two sons presently in the school, his daughter attending Broughton Hall High School. He is a former pupil of De La Salle and is now a local government housing officer, holding a diploma in management studies and is a member of the British Institute of Management and an associate member of the Institute of Housing. He likes walking in the Lakes, supports Everton and dislikes TV soap operas. He also is a qualified swimming teacher. Mr Shannon wants to see the high standards of the school maintained and he welcomed the entry of girls into the sixth form. He sees the role of the prep school as most important to the future of the college. In 1983 Mr Shannon ran in the Mersey Marathon, overtaking Mr Chris Cullen 'at great speed around the 18/20 mile stage!'



Dr Robert Wynn joined the governing body in April 1985, his three sons having been pupils. He was educated at Bath Technical High School and the University of Reading. He is Bachelor of both Arts and Science, a Master of Agricultural Science and Doctor of Philosophy. Now he works in the economic and business studies school at Liverpool University. His wife Alison was a member of the committee of the Parents' association from 1980-85 and their eldest son Mark was head boy. His aim as a governor is to do his best when called on to help and amongst likes he lists sailing, walking and lobster. When hill-walking he likes to rearrange the landscape by taking one small stone from the bottom to the top and bringing another down. The support that both Dr and Mrs Wynn gave the school as parents will surely be continued.

Old Boys' Dinner

Mr Terence Moorhead

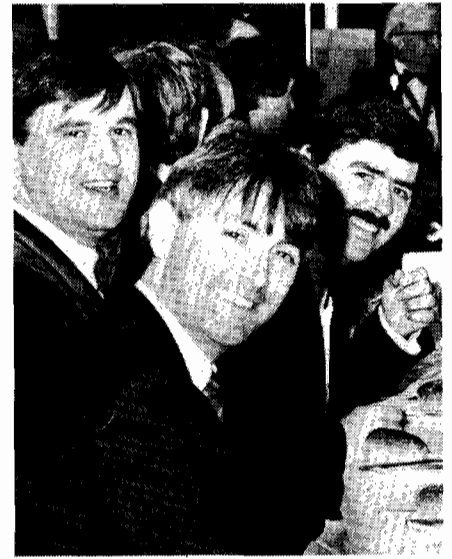
The 1985 Dinner was our greatest success yet and 175 Old Boys attended. They came from all over the country and 50 of them had never previously been to a Dinner. My committee is delighted especially because of the increase in the number of younger men — a trend we hope will continue. We hope to compile a register of Old Boys, a task that surprisingly has never been done before.

We thank Mrs Enid Roberts, the catering supervisor and the new catering firm for the magnificent meal they prepared and also the attractive young ladies of the 6th form who waited on us so kindly.

Mr Joe Fraser was a guest of honour and we wish him every happiness in his retirement.

In looking forward to the next Dinner, the committee looks forward to seeing more members of the present school staff who are also Old Boys. We must stress that early bookings will be essential as the number of places is limited.

Finally our thanks are due to the Headmaster for allowing us the use of the school facilities.



*The Dinner Committee
T. Wolfenden, S. Johnson, T. Moorhead, S. Moran*

Photographs by Catholic Pictorial.

C.I. Edwardian Association

Mr Nick Nelson

This time last year, the CIEA was as always, struggling along and surprise, surprise came Easter '86, how does it find us — Struggling! Nothing changes.

The CIEA — The 'CI' — is the Old Boys' Club. When one considers the number of boys that go through the school each year there should be somewhere about, a hell of a lot of Old Boys!!

Old Boys' Associations usually are the main source of support for schools like St Edward's throughout the land. At St Edward's it's the Parents' Association; some of the parents are Old Boys. What about the Old Girls? There's a future in prospect.

A healthy Former Pupils' Association can provide and should provide a strong support for the school. This objective should perhaps be the new era to work on for all concerned. As it is, the Old Boys' survives through its Rugby and Soccer Clubs, its only two functions and they exist because there is a need. The Club — Bishop's Court — is not a den of iniquity or a shebeen despite the mythology of years. At one time of course, the dance in Liverpool for all Catholic youngsters was the 'CI' — ask your granny or better still older members of staff, if they'll admit to it.

Old Cathinians', as the soccer club is known, survive in their various local soccer leagues. They field four sides each week throughout the season and are moderately successful. The second and much junior section of the Old Boys' is the Rugby Club. It is not made up of 'Rugby Hearties' as is fondly imagined, but of a hard working group of Rugby enthusiasts not only from St Edward's but from Cardinal Heenan (Allen that was), SFX, Campion and other schools and it is a very happy and successful club. Currently we have the best record in the Girobank Northern Leagues 98 clubs. St Edward's Old Boys' is the only unbeaten side.

Off the playing field, at Bishop's Court we have successfully held a Children's Christmas Party and a Bonfire Night of monstrous proportions. In the last three seasons we have toured Holland, Denmark, Ireland and this year we go to Scotland.

To close, it is appropriate for the Old Boys' in general but the Rugby Club in particular to mourn the passing of a truly great friend and a great man for Rugby, Brother 'Brick'.

News of Former Pupils

PHILIP FITZGERALD (1942-49) Colonel in the Territorial Army, awarded the OBE for his services to the armed forces.

MICHAEL REDDINGTON (1948-50) appointed Chief Executive of Liverpool City Council having formerly been City Treasurer.

JULIA KEMP (1983-85) at Peterhouse, Cambridge, is the Social Secretary of the Junior Common Room.

ROBERT WYNN (1976-83) is President of the Cambridge Medical Society.

KEVIN CRAIG-McFEELEY (1939-48) an architect and his wife Carla were murdered by terrorists in Nairobi.

MICHAEL CRAIG-McFEELEY (1945-53) brother of Kevin (and who sent us the sad news) is a Benedictine monk of Buckfast Abbey, serving at the parish of St Clare in Tavistock.

PAUL O'NEILL (1976-82) has embarked on a career as a comedian.

MARK SEDDON (1966-78) has been adopted as the prospective Parliamentary conservative candidate for Broadgreen.

JOSEPH BURNS (1940-46) formerly headmaster of St Martin's school, Liverpool and chairman of the Liverpool Schools' Football Association died on board a ferry returning with the city under-15 team from a Northern Ireland fixture.

BERNARD VOILES (1953-60) now headmaster of St Peter's Comprehensive School, Newcastle-under-Lyme.

GERARD LOWE (1920-25) died.

EDWARD LOWE (1924-29) sent us news of his brother's death.

MARTIN MOSQUERA (1973-80) graduated BA Hons in Hispanic Studies and Italian, Liverpool University.

JOHN FARRELL (1973-79) BA in politics from Liverpool is now a computer programmer with Royal Life. Married Kate Griffiths in July 1985.

PAUL JOHNSON (1969-80) BRIAN O'CONNOR (1972-80) and MARK SALIB (1969-80) all graduated MB ChB from Liverpool.

PAUL ROBERTS (1975-82) graduated LLB(Hons) from Liverpool.

CARL ANDERSON (1975-82) graduated BSc(Hons) in Chemical Physics from Liverpool.

PETER KINSELLA (1975-82) graduated BSc(Hons) in Physiology.

STEPHEN GOSS (1975-82) graduated BEng(Hons) in Electronic Engineering from Liverpool.

ALAN JOLLIFFE (1973-82) graduated BA from LIHE.

Former pupils, their families and friends are invited to send news for inclusion in next year's issue to the Editor of the magazine at the College address.

Parents' Association

Mr Anthony Gibson

In May 1985 two members of the committee retired and we would like to convey our thanks to Mrs A Wynne and Mr G Shannon for devoting their time and energy on behalf of the Association. In their places we welcome Mrs L Seddon and Mrs V Whitfield.

September saw the opening of the new bar. This has proved a success both for the committee who man the pumps and parents who attend the monthly socials. Both the Social and Bar committees have ensured that the socials have been successful and enjoyable.

The Pools and '200' Club continue to thrive but new members are always welcome (contact any committee member who will pass your request on to the relevant people). The Annual Subscription to the '200' Club has been increased slightly allowing an extra prize to be added to the monthly draws.

Two fayres/fetes were held during the year at Summer and Christmas. Thanks to the hard work put in by a large number of people both proved successful ventures well attended by parents and friends. Christmas Bingo was also well attended.

Activities for parents are still held on Monday evening in the swimming pool and sports hall (badminton). Dancing lessons were held earlier in the year but they had to be abandoned due to lack of numbers. The Parents' cricket team is in need of new members. Matches are played on Sunday throughout the summer. Interested? Contact Tony Gibson (228 8067).

Finally we record our thanks to Brother Sassi and community, the college staff and parents for the help and support given to the Association during the past twelve months.

Trust Fund Association

Brother Andrew Rock

Some history of the Trust Fund Association was given in the 1985 magazine. A number of people have asked for more information. In particular when asked for contributions to the Fund some people have asked 'How many times do I have to pay for my children's education?' The answer to this question must depend on the individual. Some families pay no tax and so do not contribute to the general cost of education. Those with larger incomes pay different amounts of tax and hence contribute to state education. All are entitled to free education in Local Authority schools. Those who choose independent schools are expected to pay the fees for them.

On the direct grant system most of our pupils had their fees paid by the Local Education Authority (usually at less cost than in the LEA's own schools!). The remainder had their fees paid by the family unless their income was such that the Central Government paid all or part of the fee. Pupils entering St Edward's since 1981 have had no fees paid by LEA's. We have some Assisted Places and only pupils gaining these places have all or part of the fees paid by the Central Government. Some families have been able to obtain some help from other sources.

The point to notice here is that the financial help is given by the State to the family to enable them to pay the fees: not to the school in any form of grant. (This was true with direct grant as the fee was reduced in proportion).

Over 90% of the school's income comes from fees — and about 70% of its expenditure is on salaries. St Edward's has some exceptional and expensive facilities such as the Music Department and the swimming pool. We allow outside groups to use some of our facilities outside school hours in return for payments which help to offset some of the running costs. We do take time and trouble to economise where this can be done without reducing the service we give. This is a continuing process and involves the co-operation of many people but as a result our fees are lower than those of other schools offering similar facilities. The fees cover normal running expenses and some exceptional ones as well but they do not provide in advance for major building work. The Brothers usually lend the capital for most of this from a fund taken from their salaries. Some repayments of capital and interest are made from the fees of those enjoying the new facilities and the Parents' Association contributes a substantial annual sum to clearing these loans (which can then be used for further developments). The

Parents' Association have a number of fund-raising activities to raise this money but most parents appreciate that they give good value for money and much entertainment with their many socials and other activities.

We have succeeded in keeping our fees relatively low while giving good value for them but we appreciate the difficulty many families have in paying them. Our fees are based on payment on the first day of term to minimise interest costs. Most parents have an excellent record of prompt payment which is greatly appreciated. Some make regular payments by standing order and this is equally satisfactory when arranged in advance. A few are still unhelpful.

When St Edward's decided to remain independent of the maintained sector of Education the Assisted Places scheme was one major factor in the decision. It enabled many to attend St Edward's whose families could not otherwise afford it. This kept the traditional wide spectrum of family backgrounds and income at St Edward's which many were very anxious to retain. However those concerned were also well aware that the Assisted Places Scheme, like the Direct Grant Scheme, is very much a political football and there is a real possibility that it could end suddenly. This would mean that many who wished to could not attend St Edward's — some might even have to leave. This would not just be a disappointment for many who had hoped to come to St Edward's. It could rapidly change the character of the school to the detriment of those already attending it. If some threats were carried out St Edward's could be faced before the 1990's with the choice of recruiting a different balance of pupils or drastically curtailing its facilities. The Trust Fund was set up in 1980 to give another choice — providing other assistance to maintain the balance of pupils without loss of facilities. The original target for the Trust Fund was a million pounds. The idea was that the investment income from such a fund could provide financial assistance even if the Government scheme was withdrawn. This would help to maintain the desirable features of St Edward's for all.

There are two snags: First the Fund is not even half way to the million pound target. Secondly a million pounds would no longer meet the current needs. With 55 assisted places for first year and five for Sixth form entrants each year we could have up to 395 Assisted Places in the school at one time. On current experience this could cost half a million pounds in financial assistance in a single year so a much bigger investment would be needed.

The Trust Fund Association is trying to raise money by various means that do not clash with the activities of the school or the Parents' Association. It ran a successful fund-raising dinner at the Adelphi in 1985. There was also a concert in aid of the Trust Fund which raised over £100 in small contributions. Other activities are planned for 1986 and will be announced. However the main income for the Trust Fund is from covenants. As a registered charity the Trust can claim a rebate from the Inland Revenue so that every £7 contributed in covenants can be worth £10 to the Fund. Also if covenants are paid by standing order the administration

is simplified so that the return is much greater for the effort expended than with many other fund raising ideas. The system is simple and members of the Association would be pleased to explain it. Even a contribution of £3 a month can be worth over £50 a year to the Fund and the more covenants we have the sooner the target can be reached.

The Trust Deed provides for many eventualities. If the target is reached and the Assisted Places continue the Fund could provide more financial assistance with fees (the demand is greater than the supply at present). Once this need is covered the Fund could be used to improve the school in other ways e.g. by helping to pay for buildings or equipment. It will not be wasted!

The first priority is to build up the Fund so that the primary target is reached. Some say 'We are already struggling to pay the fees. Why should we pay for others?' The rebates from the Inland Revenue depend on the fact that covenantors receive nothing directly in return for their donation. Parents cannot covenant to pay fees, for example (though other relatives could). The generosity of covenantors from 1980 onwards (many of whom are still struggling to pay school fees as well) enabled St Edward's to remain an independent school when the decision originally went the other way. We now need more covenants from others who are interested in the welfare of St Edward's. These should include those who are benefitting from St Edward's now.

Some could afford to pay higher fees and realise the bargain they have at St Edward's. Others who can afford much less but obtain Government assistance get a greater bargain still. We do have regular covenanted payments from both groups while others donate the occasional 'Windfall'.

Obviously we welcome large contributions but small, regular, contributions are also very welcome. If enough people make these the total can be substantial. Don't say 'I can't pay a million pounds.' Think 'How much could we afford to give regularly? e.g. on a regular weekly or monthly basis how much could we really give in terms of say packets of cigarettes, litres of petrol?'

To rephrase a famous quotation from President Kennedy's inauguration speech: By all means ask what St Edward's has done for me — and my family. But then ask 'What have I done for St Edward's?' In terms of the needs is it enough? Could I give more by making or increasing a covenant or by contributions of time or expertise in other ways. Most covenants so far have come from parents of pupils at St Edward's. Some have continued after the pupils have left. The ones who have gained most from St Edward's are the pupils themselves. They are rarely in a position to covenant while at school or University but it would be reasonable for them to ask themselves the questions in the above two paragraphs after this.

The Annual General Meeting of the Trust Fund Association is held at the College early in July. Those interested are welcome to attend. If you would like more information about the Fund or would like to help in the work of the Association please write to the Secretary of the Association at the College or phone him (Brian McDonald on 051-722 8485).

Boston to Chicago

Paul Connolly
Form Six

Even at the best of times, Boston Railroad Station is not the most exciting place on earth. Graffiti, city smells, dirt and garbage all conspire to create an atmosphere of constraining insipidity, producing dissatisfaction in even the most hardened urbanite. When, however, one is a professor of English, suffering the acute dyspepsia that a hurried American breakfast induces, awaiting the Chicago train which is already an hour late (when one arose especially early that morning to catch it), then Boston Railroad Station compares unfavourably with bottomless perdition itself. If one is also a lone Scot among Americans, it is positively unbearable.

In such unenviable circumstances James Irvine, former Professor of English at Harvard University, unsuccessful intellectual novelist found himself. He glanced at his quartz digital for the fourth time, snorted, and sought to subdue those around him with a most stern Scottish glare. Crushed by their apathy, he decided against verbal establishment of his superiority. Indeed, his aloof self-conception was being undermined by a worsening gastric condition. For he felt certain that he would soon have to require of one of these lesser mortals direction to the lavatory. At pains to prevent this, he endeavoured to forget his present situation by pacing back and forth, thinking of his excellent prospects: his new position as Head of the English Faculty at Chicago University; the house and car that went with the job; the added prestige his post would lend to his novels; and, of course, life with Marie, his secretary/mistress who had at last consented to marry him. But thoughts of Marie produced in him the anguished jealousy which he always felt in her absence, a feeling which was, in his present condition, almost emetic. She had driven to Chicago from Harvard two days previously to prevent arousing suspicions. Or so she had said. But wasn't she really attracting virile undergraduates with her curly hair and piercing, dark eyes. After all, it was a specious excuse, and he was only an English professor, young but plain, and. . .

James considered it best to dispel such thoughts — let it never be said that Marie had caused him to be sick. Perhaps to calm himself it would be worthwhile to cast a novelist's eye on the surroundings, he mused. A good, though not original setting for a novel. Travellers surprisingly few in number. Symbolic cross-section: elderly, banana-eating cripple, complete with talkative wife; spotty teenagers pursuing amorous delight in a most un-platonic fashion; the priest with the hideously sanctimonious smile; and, in his mother's arms, the cherub caterwauling satanically. As ever, his attempt at objective analysis degenerated into the inveterate intellectual misanthropy which made his novels so unpopular. For him, the filthy platform became an absurd setting, the stage of Ionesco and Beckett. Pointless, all of it. The elderly couple travelling to Chicago to meet their deaths, the teenagers to copulate and produce more pointless creatures, the priest to prognosticate a future life which none of his congregation really believed in, and the cherub to spend the rest of his days digging his own grave. Oh yes, he understood man, he understood life, and that was why no one

read his books. No one read Celine either. All feared the truth, the damning truth of their own futility. Smiling at his brilliance, he glanced first at the cripple, and then the child, and Shakespeare's 'Seven Ages of Man' came into his mind. 'First the infant,' he thought, misquoting slightly through habit, 'mewing and . . .' He did not finish, but hastily looked about himself. Fortunate enough to see the sign for which he was looking, he sprinted towards the lavatory. His Scottish stomach had never quite got used to American breakfasts.

James returned to discover the 7.15 am to Chicago. He glanced at his quartz digital: 8.22 am. Boarding, he gave the blackest look he could to one of the porters, the latter returning a naturally sooty one. Unperturbed by such natural irony — noting it for one of his novels — he selected the nearest non-smoker's compartment. Having slung his suitcase onto the rack and deposited his gloves, ticket and hat on the flap-down table, he slammed the door on the rest of humanity. Revelling in the delightful solitude, he prepared to indulge his eyes in the delights of the Massachusetts countryside. Massachusetts does not compare with the glens. James had not slept well the previous night. The train beat out the rhythm of an incessant lullaby. Slumber soon came.

Dreams of Marie rendered time irrelevant, and James awoke to be surprised by the blackness of the compartment. His digital informed him of the inordinate length of his sleep: it was 6.30 p.m. He deduced that the train must by now have travelled through Cleveland Station, the only stopping-point on the Chicago to Boston line, and fumbled on the table for his ticket to confirm this. Sure enough, it had been punched. Angry at his laziness, but pleased that he had missed the half-hour delay at Cleveland — dreadful place — he prepared to satisfy his hunger. His preparations terminated as he realised that he was not alone.

Sprawling in the far corner of the compartment, the dark corner, away from the window, hardly illuminated by the blue-grey light which intermittently infiltrated the compartment as the train sped past the artificial lighting, the stranger, amorphous existence — the perfect figure for a thriller thought James, habitually scrutinizing his new companion. Though probably some innocuous itinerant Clevelander, he could be anything: murderer, rapist, lunatic. The situation had beautiful purity, natural tension, and doubtless he would give his old friend J.I.M. Stewart a vivid description of the atmospheric setting when next he saw him. Then, however, he checked himself; such fantasising he knew himself capable of, but in his literature he suppressed it. Let Fowles and others compromise themselves how they would: *he* was interested in reality. Besides which, Hitchcock had pre-empted him, and dismounting from such surrealist heights, he returned to the mundane aspects of his situation. Perceiving that the stranger's legs obstructed his easy passage to the exit, James began to get up, calling out in his broadest, most authoritative Scottish tones — 'Excuse me.'

No reply. James was not expecting this and he retook his seat, deflated. Arrogant Scots do not like being ignored and tend to sulk if

they are. James was no exception. He felt that it would be below him to leap over the extended legs of this obviously sleeping passenger — damnable inconvenience all the same. Awaiting the opportunity to depart and eat, he contemplated the magnificently bleak repetitiveness of the murky terrain.

Psychologists inform us that hunger is an exceptional stimulant to the imagination. They cite as precedents the 'supernal' visionary experiences of ascetic mystics, contending that they are at least partly the result of nutritional self-abnegation. A little starvation and auto-flagellation works wonders for one's faith, increasing the release of histamine and adrenalin, causing cerebral valve blockages (as a result of stress), all manifesting themselves in a 'religious experience'. Though he had not been whipping himself, James' naturally imaginative tendencies made up for this deficiency. It must be stressed that his childhood had been happy and that he had never taken mescaline.

The stranger moved. Though not in itself a significant movement — the unconscious act of consulting one's time-piece — for James, who perceived it by virtue of reflection, it meant much. The stranger was awake. He could now escape to the restaurant with impunity. The inevitable reiteration — 'Excuse me.'

Again, no reply. Rigid now, James stared at the stranger. Why had he not answered? It was not an instantaneous thought-process which followed. Indeed, initially there was mere emptiness, the intellectual no-man's land between consciousness and dreaming. A lull before the storm. Moments passed. Then, eruption! From the dimmest regions of his mind a host of fears and cogitations burst into the foreground of his imagination, overwhelming his reason, clouding his perceptions. The stranger had heard . . . had ignored. For the first time in his life James felt terror, genuine, restricting, hypnotising terror. Modus operandi of the insane killer . . . travel . . . linked . . . psychopath . . . Professor Karlson's report . . . silent killer . . . lunatic . . . darkness . . . so easy . . . so alone . . .

Alone! The irony of the situation became appallingly poignant. The compartment which had been for him a shelter from the outside world was now something different: a cell. Now, locked in with the psychopath, the psychopath who had heard him and mockingly ignored, torturing him with painful silence, he envied the safe insignificance of the bosom of the masses, secure from this fiend. Fiend! Yes, be sure, it was the Fiend. Fiend incarnate in murderous form . . . but . . .

This was ridiculous. Utterly ridiculous. Surely some perfectly reasonable explan. . . That phrase! He detested that phrase! He had avoided it in all of his writings. It undermined complexity. For nothing was reasonable. Nothing. Life — had he not written? — was a journey blindfold over a thinly-iced pool. What genius! What insight! But now his brilliance was recoiling on him. For it was all true, terribly true.

As if in accordance with these thoughts, the train passed into a tunnel. Enveloping darkness. Perspiring now, his fears vegetating in the fecundity of his imagination, James looked out into the black

wilderness before him. Psalm 23 came into his mind. . . 'Valley of the Shadow of Death'. Yes, this was it. Listening, he heard the grizzly, derisive laughter of his foe. Redonesque images began appearing before him. Closing his eyes, he resigned himself to fate, the inevitability of which seemed echoed by the train's interminable pulse.

A train of thought, no matter how unusual, is, like any other train, difficult to stop. A large, solid block of reality can, however, send such a train off the rails at belief into the dark oblivion beyond the track. Unless one is insane.

Ten minutes passed. James opened his eyes. He was not dead. The Common Enemy, silently malevolent, impassive, visible again but still shapeless, remained seated. But surely he had missed his chance? For the tunnel had gone. New hope warmed James, reviving his energies: he would confront the psychopath and end the nightmare. Grasping the table, he summoned all his vitality, concentrating it into one effort. He threw himself upright, grabbed the stranger by the coat, screaming,

'What the hell are y —'

Smiling at first, then shocked by the demeanour of his assailant, the old man peered intently through circular spectacles, his eyes dilating with fear. For several seconds James stood in agonised transfixion, his anger turning by degrees to profound horror and finally acute embarrassment. Incapable of speech, he released his hold on the man, hurried wildly through the door and along the corridor. He did not stop until he reached the bar.

He neither ate nor drank, his mind chaotic. Contemplating a convenient wall, mumbling and fidgeting. How soon he had jumped to the wrong conclusions . . . Was he to blame? . . . How was he to know it was a harmless lunatic? . . . There were precedents . . . shouldn't catch a Scot behaving . . . was he mad? . . . Tired? . . . Nervous? . . . Oh God, why had he thought it? . . . Oh Marie, Marie! . . . He did not leave the bar until the following day at 4.16 a.m., when the train arrived at Chicago Railroad Station.

Having returned to his compartment, James found that the stranger, the harmless silent lunatic had gone. Relieved, he picked up his belongings and with minimal ostentatiousness left the train.

The platform was unusually empty, and in spite of the semi-darkness, he was easily able to perceive all of his fellow travellers. Walking past two elderly gentlemen conversing in sign-language, James, being in the right mood, spared a thought for human misery. And then, he stopped. What he saw almost floored him. There was his psychopath, his fiend. 'Deaf and dumb!'

It was so obvious. Nonplussed by wretchedness, barely able to maintain his motor capacity, James stumbled towards a nearby bench, sat and meditated. For all his theories, his aloof, misanthropic philosophy, he knew nothing about people. Little wonder he was such an unpopular novelist if he could mistake a harmless deaf-mute for a lunatic murderer. Here was the product of his intellect, his insight — his shame. Had he not been too weak he would have burst into tears. As it was he merely held his head.

'Hi there!' cried a familiar voice, 'You look

glum.' It was Marie. Rising, warmed by her radiance, he embraced her with all the vigour his diminished manhood would allow. In tacit, but uneasy complicity, she reciprocated. He was rarely so effusive.

'I love you,' he murmured. Little was certain now. But of that he was sure.

Paul Connolly, Form Six

Cathedral Choir

Mr Philip Duffy



No sooner was Easter behind us in 1985 than we were at work preparing 'A Concert of English Music'. The two main works were Vaughan Williams' 'Flos Campi' and Elgar's patriotic 'Banner of St George' (some of the sentiments expressed in the latter would have made even members of the National Front blush). At the end of the academic year Professor Basil Smallman retired from Liverpool University after 20 years as Professor of Music, and his farewell production was Mozart's opera 'The Magic Flute'. Three choristers (Anthony Walker, Matthew Byrne and Graham Smith) took the parts of the three genii, and they acquitted themselves admirably in five performances. The link between the school and the University Music department has strengthened considerably these last years, and it was good to be able to participate in Professor Smallman's final performance in this way.

Anthony Walker and Andrew Hanlon appeared as guest soloists in the Cantata Choir's performance of Bach's Mass in A in November, and their singing was praised in several newspaper reviews.

Other concert performances included 'Music for Voices, Organ and Brass' which featured Old Boy Damian O'Keefe as soloist, a 'Cathedral Evening' at St Helen's Church, Crosby, and a 'Jaguar Evening of Choral Music'. God and Mammon were reintroduced in a novel way at the latter, and a substantial sum was raised for the Choir Fund. Besides the usual Christmas Concerts, when the choristers joined forces with the Cantata Choir and Cathedral Orchestra, the remaining large-scale performance was that of J. S. Bach's St Matthew Passion in the Anglican Cathedral in February, when the forces of both Cathedrals were employed.

On the social front, a party of six choristers was invited to spend the day at Westminster Cathedral Choir School last July, and they managed to squeeze in Evensong at Westminster Abbey, too. Choir Chaplain, Father John Walsh led a combined holiday/retreat at Ampleforth College, for a week in July. The College's tennis courts and sports centre proved particularly attractive, and a member of the Benedictine Community gave us all a splendid insight into the life of the Benedictine monks there. He also took us exploring the great Abbey Church. A further visit is to be paid to Ampleforth at the end of the current term. In December the choristers celebrated their Christmas party, and the annual highlight — a treasure hunt in the Crypt — proved as popular as ever.

The highlight of the year for the members of the choir was undoubtedly the celebration of the silver jubilee of the choir's foundation. It was at High Mass celebrated by Archbishop John Carmel Heenan in the newly-completed Crypt on the Feast of Christ the King in 1960 that the Choir made its first appearance, so the 25th anniversary was kept on the same feast (also, of course, the patronal feast of the Cathedral). Ex-choristers and former choirmen returned for a dinner the evening before the feast, and the chief guest was Archbishop Worlock, a staunch supporter of his choir, and among others present were Colonel Graeme Bryson (former chairman of school governors), Brother Grice, Mr Moseley and Miss Faux.

A large congregation attended Solemn Mass on the feast, and choir and orchestra excelled themselves in a lavish programme of music in praise of Christ our King: Elgar's 'Sursum Corda' before the Mass, Beethoven's Mass in C and Vaughan Williams' 'Let all the World in every Corner sing' during it, and afterwards Sir William Walton's exciting 'Coronation Te Deum' and 'Crown Imperial'. After the Te Deum singers and players were greeted by applause. After Mass several hundred friends of the Choir joined us for refreshments, and later, after Evening Prayer, in accordance with annual custom, the Archbishop presented Bibles to boys who had left the choir in the last year. He also blessed four silver medallions for the leading choristers, which had been designed and presented especially to commemorate the jubilee.

Dr George Guest, organist and choirmaster of the world famous choir of St John's College, Cambridge, spent a weekend with our choir in January, and did some intensive work with us. At the end of it all we felt we had achieved a new standard of performance, and we certainly learned to pay a lot more attention to musical details. We have a link with St John's already — ex-chorister Desmond O'Keefe is currently a choral scholar there, and his younger brother Damian will follow in his footsteps in October. A group of choristers are due to visit St John's in the summer term.

Shortly before Easter voice trials were held for choir candidates for next September. Twenty-eight boys from 14 schools (including Runnymede) entered. Competition was particularly keen this year, and places were offered to the best eight candidates: Brendan Casey (St Margaret Mary's Primary School), Carl English (Runnymede), Wesley Jones (Eccleston

Harborne School, Birmingham), David Lloyd (Gilmour and Duncombe Road Primary School, Garston), John Mulholland (St Austin's, Grassendale), Nicholas Platt (St Mary's, Birchley), Vincent Price (St Margaret Mary's, Liverpool) and Ian Roberts (St Luke's, Formby).

Anthony Walker (former head chorister) and Matthew Byrne ended their careers as choristers. Walker has since joined the men's voices as an alto and Byrne looks after the probationers. Adrian McDonald joined the basses and Brendan Rawlinson took over from him as Choir Librarian. Stephen Wallace has recently joined the tenors, and his place in the library has been taken by Mark Fraser. Nicholas Hartley has left his post as assistant at the organ console to sing alto; his duties have been taken over by Michael Stubbs.

Cathedral Choristers 1 April 1986

Graham Smith (Head Chorister), James Armstrong (Deputy Head Chorister), Matthew Morgan (Leader), Andrew Hanlon (Leader), Mark English (Leader), Leon Evans (Acting Leader), Paul Garrity, Steven Dobbins, Kevin English, Jonathan Parr, David Owens, Michael Wallace, Francis Jarvis, Kevin Beckett, Karl Lee, Jude Rafajac, John Walsh, Michael Loftus, Allan Preston, Andrew Redden, Christopher Walsh.

Probationers: Ian Roberts, Neil Barratt, David Cook, Nicholas Mulroy, Daniel O'Neill.

Choir visit to Ampleforth

Stephen Shuttleworth
Form Five

On the 21st July, 1985, the Cathedral Choir set off, in two minibuses, for Ampleforth College in Yorkshire where we were to spend a week's holiday retreat. After the hustle and bustle of the tour to Germany in 1984, a relaxing holiday in Yorkshire was greatly welcomed, and a total of 33 people went.

The weather on the journey to Ampleforth was awful — we travelled through rain all the way until we reached the college, when the sun started to shine and never stopped shining until we left. The college is situated about 20 miles outside York and is headed by monks. It has many sport and leisure facilities which everyone used extensively while we were there, and there is also a pub nearby which was frequently used by the senior members of the group.

On the first and second days, we mainly played football, tennis and golf and went on a long walk with one of the monks from the college. On the walk, we observed some beautiful scenes of the countryside and had a swim in one of the lakes en route. At lunchtime each day a Mass was also celebrated by our chaplain.

On the third day, we went to York for the day and visited many places of interest eg, the Minster (where we had lunch in the gardens outside), the Castle Museum (full of relics of yester-year), and the National Railway Museum. This was the warmest day of the week, and after walking around the city for four or five hours we became very tired. After returning to the college and having dinner, we went for a swim in the pool at the sports complex — when we returned to the college, we found that the building had been invaded by moths and a few of us decided to run around swatting them, and someone smashed a lamp in the process!

On Friday and Saturday, we were invited to attend Compline and sing at Mass by the monks. We were afterwards shown around the monastery and took a trip to the top of the chapel tower to take some photographs of the landscape.

At about three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, we left the college for Liverpool. We had spent a pleasant and relaxing week there and everyone was upset to leave. On behalf of everyone concerned, I think that Fr John Walsh, our choir chaplain, deserves all the credit for the holiday's organisation as he arranged everything to please everyone and to make the week very enjoyable.



A Contemporary Folksong

Words Traditional
Music John Cullen
Form Six

Handwritten musical score for "A Contemporary Folksong" by John Cullen. The score is in 4/4 time with a tempo of 112. It features a voice part and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "As I lay in my bunk one night A-dreaming all a-lone, I dreamt I was in Li-ver-pool, way up in Mary-le-bone With my true love be-side of me, And I jug of ale in hand When I woke quite bro-ken Heart-ed on the banks of New-found-land." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "molto rit.", "a tempo", "mf", "f", and "mp".

Creator

Paul Meaney
Form Six

The Three Laws of Robotics:

- 1) A robot may not injure a human being or through inaction allow a human being to come to harm.
- 2) A robot must obey all orders given to it except when such orders conflict with the First Law.
- 3) A robot must protect its own existence except when such protection comes into conflict with the First and Second Laws.

Dr Susan Calvin, Robopsychologist for US Robots and Mechanical Men Inc entered the room and sat down at the end of a long, curved table. A tubby man in a military uniform stood up and glared at her. 'Now that we're here,' he paused for a moment to let his sarcasm sink in, 'Perhaps we can get on with the problem.'

'Certainly, General McCallister.' A tall, balding man in the centre of the table stood up. 'Gentlemen, to those of you who do not know me, I am Dr Robert Markham, Director-in-Chief of US Robots. The situation, in a nutshell, is that we have a renegade. This is, however, no ordinary renegade and our actions will influence the fate of the world. General McCallister will explain.'

'Gentlemen,' he began, 'and ladies,' he added, 'As you know, the army has brought several robot models off US Robots for the purpose of efficient military combat on airless planets. Now, at 9.00 am this morning, a K-T 6 model penetrated NORAD command centre and infiltrated our defense network.'

'What is the extent of the infiltration, General?' An officious-looking man asked.

'Well Senator, he . . . it has penetrated SkyGrid. . .'

'Pardon me, General,' Calvin asked, 'What exactly is SkyGrid?'

McCallister glanced towards Markham

who nodded. Sighing sarcastically, he said, 'In 1996, several shuttle missions were sent up, supposedly to place into orbit some weather and communication satellites. In fact, they placed several Particle Laser Weapons into a geostationary orbit above the Soviet Union. Since the Pact, we found that Russia had placed similar satellites above us. So, we linked them up to one computer, called SkyGrid, rotated them through 180° giving us an exterior defense system. Now this robot has rotated them back so that they are now facing groundward.'

'So what?'

'So what!' McCallister snorted, 'Can you believe this? So what, she says. Lady, each one of these satellites has a destructive force equal to that of 100 megatons. So what, she says.' He shook his head in bewilderment.

'Firstly General, I am Doctor, not "Lady"'. Secondly, if you hadn't put them up there in the first place, you wouldn't be in this predicament, now would you? At this cool reply McCallister flushed and Markham laughed quietly into his hands. 'Please continue, General,' she said.

McCallister flushed and tried to regain an air of self-dignity. 'It has by-passed WARCUM — that is the computer which controls all land-based nuclear ICBM's.' He added turning towards Calvin. 'So we have ten thousand warheads waiting to explode. They can be triggered when this foul machine wants to. It's playing with us.' He concluded sourly.

'So when it does trigger the missiles/satellites, not only will it take the earth, and the moon, but probably most of the surrounding Space-Time lattice as well.' A scientist looked up from a small computer.

McCallister continued, 'Well, the first thing we've got to do is to try and destroy this thing. Any suggestions?'

'Blow it up?' A man suggested.

'Impossible. It could detect any movement up to a mile away. Try and rig up any kind of detonator and. . .' He did not need to finish.

This spurred the rest of the group into action. McCallister was met with a sudden flood of ideas. He shook his hands and called for silence. 'Gentlemen, you are still not fully aware with what we're dealing with. This is an advanced Tactical and Combat model. It is designed to perform the most effective counter-measures against any measures directed against it, which is to blow up the world!' His voice ended in a scream. Whirling to face Calvin, he yelled, 'You! You're the psychologist; DO something!'

Calvin met his gaze unflinchingly. 'Robopsychologist, General, and I will do something when there is something to be done.' She paused for a minute, then said, 'Robert, I will require a complete schematic of the aluminium-base of the positronic brain.' He nodded and she turned to face the rest of the group. 'Normally I would be concerned with saving the property of US Robots, but in this case I can safely make an exception. It appears to me gentlemen, that if we were to analyse the cause of this insanity, we might be able to stop this before the situation gets out of hand.'

'Out of hand. . .' McCallister blustered.

The schematic arrived in the form of a small computer disc, which was inserted into a slot in the table. The wall suddenly lit up

and a complex pattern of intertwining pathways was displayed. Calvin studied this for a moment, then said, 'Robert, look at the loop.'

'What loo. . . by the stars, I see what you mean.'

'Would somebody mind telling us what is going on?' McCallister spoke up for the rest of the room.

Calvin sighed. 'General. There is a certain region of the positronic brain, adjacent to what we would call the cerebral cortex, which is known as the sensory centre. This is where all sense impulses are converted into 'real images', so to speak. All nerves are connected into one cord at the base of the cranium. This will then move up and pass around the sensory centre. From this cord, millions of microprocessors connect the cord to the brain. This is because our robots are not born with any prefabricated data; they have to 'learn', as it were. Each piece of data will travel into the cord, down one of the sensors and into the brain. This breaks down the initial amount of data entering the brain. The cord will loop around the iridium complex of the brain, reconnecting with itself at the base of the skull.'

'So?' The general looked mystified, as did most of the assembly.

'Use your eyes, General, where's the loop?'

McCallister scanned the picture for a moment. 'I can't see anything.' He concluded.

'Exactly. It isn't there. The loop is connected directly to the brain. So when the robot "awoke", it must have taken in trillions of separate pieces of data. It must have seen and heard everything for miles around, from the amicroscopic composition of a petal to the rustling of a butterfly's wings.'

Markham interrupted, 'Susan, look, upper anterior hemisphere — four of the five logic pathways are fused. I've been checking the compudata. The first two Law directives have been automatically overridden.'

'Explaining the dominance of the Third Law in the psyche. We will have to worry about how this happened later.' She turned to face McCallister. 'General, what reason has the robot given for wanting to destroy the world.'

'It says that it is our Creator, and that it has the right to destroy us.'

'Yes,' Calvin mused, 'it fits. The only way that it could account for that instantaneous, phenomenal influx of data was that it created us.'

'Okay,' McCallister started, 'it went crackers because it couldn't hold the information. Fine — lovely — how do we go about destroying it? It could trigger SkyGrid or those missiles at any time.'

Calvin looked at him squarely. 'I'm basing my idea upon the fact that it will automatically feel superior to its "underlings". However, this robot is lacking in one major system of data: History — it does not know anything of our past.'

Markham began to see the plan and nodded.

'So when you insult its ego, it will try and appear omnipotent. So, we feed it historical data, it will go on trying to prove its ego and with the unstable state that the brain is in at present. . .'

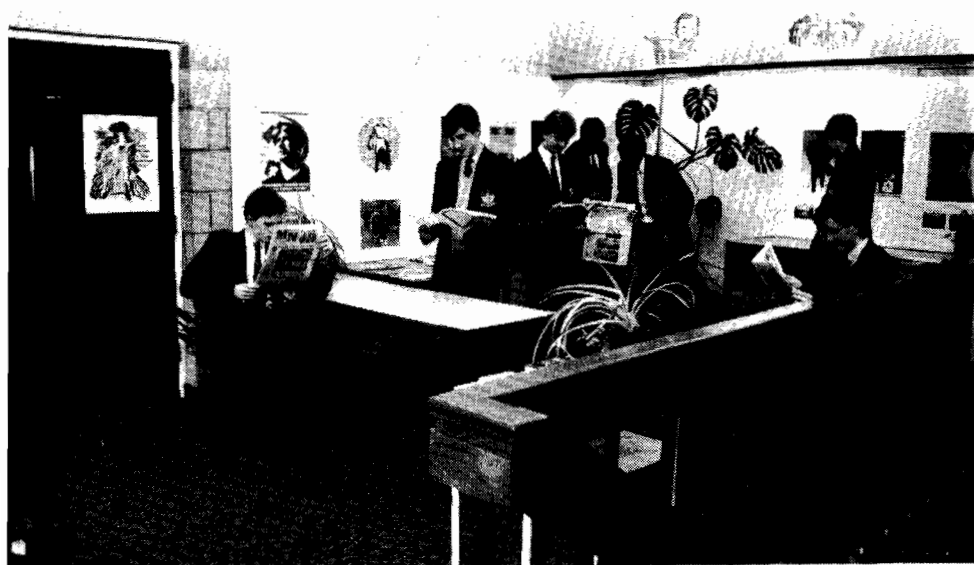
'End of problem,' Mc Callister concluded.

Exhibitions

Each term a small exhibition on some musical topic is mounted on the balcony area of the music school. These are arranged and written by members of forms four, five or six, who often provide the visual material, and serve to show how a particular subject can be interestingly presented with the minimum of facts. It is hoped that they serve as a pleasant distraction for passers-by and for audiences who patronise events in the adjoining Ley Hall.

Recent exhibitions have included:

- Benjamin Britten
- Impressionism
- Music in Soviet Union
- Old Instruments
- Polish Music
- Elizabeth Schwarzkopf
- The 1980s.



Exhibition: Music in the Soviet Union.

Photographs by Mr Edward Coupe.

Kes

Mr Edward Halligan

On Wednesday, May 1st, the opening performance in a short season of the dramatised version of the Barry Hines novel 'Kes', was presented by St Edward's College Sixth Form Drama Society.

The play by Hines and Allan Stronach powerfully portrayed a short period in the life of Billy Casper. The piece truly mirrors the squalor and unhappiness Billy and his family endure and create. The production by Mr M. Fraine was a masterly effort.

There were mature performances from Duncan Bouch as Billy's uncouth brother Jud; from Richard Tristram as MacDowall, and Anthony Haines as Allender. Paul Connolly played the maniacal Headmaster with a comic ferocity which somehow combined exaggeration with more than a hint of realism.

The pivotal scene is in an Oral English class, in which Mr Farthing — excellently played by Anthony Chadwick — the only adult to show understanding of his pupils, inspires a hilariously true story from one of his class. He next persuades Billy, an unlikely choice of speaker, to tell of his kestrel and its training. Billy's enthusiasm and his transformation from class butt to star — however transitory the moment — are vividly and movingly shown.

A scene in the gymnasium, in which the ghastly PE teacher Mr Sugden is brilliantly caricatured by Jason Homan, is hilariously funny, especially in the perfect reaction of the boys. In other scenes the behaviour of the boys is naturally and believably aggressive, though perhaps a little restrained for the group they portray.

The breakdown of action into short episodic scenes made the maintenance of continuity and flow very difficult, but this was brilliantly sustained throughout.

Another factor contributing to the rather breakneck pace of the action was the use, almost exclusively, of Liverpool accents and expression rather than the slower Yorkshire delivery. This made the timing even more difficult, and it is a tribute to the players and the producer that they did not fail to maintain the flowing momentum of the action. The boys playing adults had for the most part a maturity of delivery and manner that the girls did not attain. The distaff side in the main did not carry out the same conviction of adulthood. This lack of emphasis and conviction in Mrs Caspar's scenes with Billy caused her to insufficiently stress her indifference to his plight. This was especially true of their last scene together and it is a measure of his ability that without the spur of



this full reaction, he was still able to brilliantly sustain the verisimilitude of this poignant scene.

In fact Ian Walker's performance was consistently excellent, even brilliant. He was especially impressive in his portrayal of utter despair and frustration when he learned of Jud's destruction of the focus of his intense care — Kes.

The scene shifting was professionally carried out, contributing greatly to the effectiveness of the play, and the use of slides projected continuously during the action, was another excellent idea, which greatly helped the audience's appreciation.

Mr Halligan is the father of Bro Michael Halligan.

Photographs by Mr Stephen Wells

Music Society

Mr John Moseley

In the past I have felt uneasy about writing this report. Since I am responsible for the musical events in the school it has seemed wrong that I should also be their critic. I am relieved, therefore, that two of the concerts listed below; those for 8th May 1985 and 6th February 1986 have been properly reviewed. The author, someone very intimately connected with the school for many years has preferred a pseudonym to his own name. As an incentive to read further I offer a small financial reward to the first member of the school to ascertain his identity. The reviews appear at the end of this article.

I am also conscious that music is both an academic and non-academic subject. No one is expected to sit an 'O' level in Chess, an 'A' level in Rugby or take an Oxbridge scholarship in Athletics. Neither does a paying public visit the school to see 'performers' in French, Mathematics or Chemistry. It is sometimes difficult to achieve a balance between educational responsibility and public taste. In general, however, an audience will respond to quality and I will allow myself the observation that in my experience both the school orchestra and chamber orchestra, under the leadership of Needham, our first music scholar, and Byrne, have never played better. It was a generous gesture of the last headmaster, Bro Gillespie to introduce the scholarship and it is already paying dividends.

Other groups do not receive as much acclamation but are indicative of a wide ranging society: the brass ensemble, the string quartet, the early music group. The second orchestra remains a useful training ground quite capable of producing enjoyable concerts and the choral society and chamber choir always give performances of high quality. All are eloquent testimony to the co-operation between staff and pupils and to the increased confidence the former has in the latter and the latter has in itself, over a very wide range of 'types and styles of music. Here, for the record, are the concerts we presented:

Wednesday 8 May 1985 Eleanor Rathbone Theatre, Liverpool University

Concert by School Orchestra and Choral Society

Schubert: Symphony No 3 in D
Schubert orch Brahms: Lieder
Dvorák: Te Deum

Julia Parrot, soprano; Gwion Thomas, baritone; Mark Nugent, baritone.
Conducted by John Moseley.

Thursday 11 July 1985 College Hall, St Edward's College

Concert by Preparatory School Choir and Second Orchestra
Directed by Clare Faux, Catherine Fuggle and John Moseley.

Tuesday 16 July 1985 Ley Hall

Concert by Chamber Choir and Orchestra
Haydn: Feld Partie in F for wind band.
Brahms: German Folksongs for unaccompanied chorus.
Binge: Elizabethan Serenade.
Swingle: Arrangements of Bach.
Stolz: White Horse Inn.

Wednesday 23 October 1985 Ley Hall

Bond: Bassoon Concerto
Victoria: Motets
Vivaldi: Guitar Concerto in D
Anon: Early Spanish Music
Praetorius: Dance Suite (1612)
John Cullen, bassoon
Mark Senior, guitar
Chamber Choir and Orchestra
Directed by Terence Duffy and John Moseley

Thursday 14 November 1985 College Hall

Rossini: Overture 'The Italian Girl in Algiers'
Weber: Clarinet Concerto No 1
Hungarian Rondo for viola and orchestra
Respighi: Ancient Airs and Dances Suite II



Damian Fleming, clarinet
Jane Rogers, viola
School Orchestra
Conducted by John Moseley

Thursday 12th December 1985 Liverpool University (lunchtime recital)

Martini: Promenades
Haydn: String Quartet in Bb op 3 No 4
Martini: La Revue de Cuisine
Members of the Chamber Orchestra

Thursday 6 February 1986 Ley Hall

Zielenski: Domus Mea
Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No 5
Panufnik: Old Polish Suite
Bartók: Four Slovak Folksongs
Duo for two violins
Rumanian Dances
Patrick Allen, flute
Vincent Needham, violin
Eric Wilkinson, keyboard
Chamber Choir and Orchestra
Directed by Terence Duffy and John Moseley

Sunday 16 March 1986 Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool

Prize Day
Included concert of music by Mendelssohn
War March of the Priests (Athalie)
Hear My Prayer
Violin Concerto (finale)

Vincent Needham, violin
School Orchestra and Choral Society
Conducted by Helen Hogg, Terence Duffy and John Moseley

This list takes no account of the contributions of the chamber choir, choral society and brass ensemble to services at school, the cathedral and the parish churches of Liverpool and West Derby. It seems that we are often first call for organisations wanting musical contributions for concerts, shows, services and the like, especially at Christmas. School commitments mean that we turn down more than we accept, but it is flattering to be asked and an indication that we are helping to publicise St Edward's.

1 — Concert in the Eleanor Rathbone Theatre, Liverpool University, 5th May 1985

Newspapers and periodicals carry reviews of the many concerts which prove the popularity of all musical forms in Britain. The reviewers quite frequently compare the performance under discussion with others they have heard. What then is a reviewer of a concert by a school Music Society to do when setting about his task? Is he to succumb to the temptation of making critical reference to the RLPO recordings of these works? No; there is no comparison. The reviewer must subdue his feelings of amazement at the presumptuous nature of the programme and remember that whereas the Phil comprises a group of highly trained, thoroughly practised professionals, a school orchestra is lucky if it can get together once a week for practice as its members try to answer the calls of the many societies to which they owe duty, and is also handicapped by its diversity of age and experience.

Indeed, though there was certainly a small critical element that felt that the SEC Music Society programme in the Rathbone Theatre was precocious, this reviewer would like to point out the value of such overreaching and to raise a yawn by repeating a very old truism: 'The duty of a school is to educate'. Is it not our duty to offer our pupils challenge after challenge? Young people should be encouraged to try their hands at the best in music and if they fumble it, they will at least have a happy recollection when they listen to it in future.

Further, such has proved rewarding; it was a proud and enjoyable sight to find over one-sixth of the Upper School performing serious in the Rathbone Hall and not doing too badly at all. But to details:

Shubert — *Symphony No 3 in D*.

This work begins with a stern test for any orchestra. The opening Adagio Maestoso is murderous for the string section. To be honest, there was initially more *nervioso* than *maestoso*. Not for long, as the wind section came in confidently; *maestoso* crept into the string recapitulation, and we soon forgot the hesitant start. The second movement sang its way beautifully, giving much credit to the woodwind section. Only quick notice is given to the third movement as the Presto Vivace Finale was outstanding. The brass section and percussion are not to be overlooked and may be paid a fitting compliment: they were not overheard. So easy for them to blast and bang away, they were, supportive to the strings and woodwind.

Shubert — *Three Songs*

Here Mark Nugent made a brave effort, though his voice has neither the power nor the timbre to make Schubert its own. That is no disgrace; few singers have. A few years from now Mark will return to these *lieder* having had the benefit of training and wish he could perform for the same Rathbone Hall audience. I am sure that he will give credit to the Chamber Orchestra; to accompany a soloist and not to suffocate or disrupt his performance is not easy, and the players proved skilful, especially in the second song.

Dvorak — *Te Deum*

In this, the major work of the concert, there is a danger of bellow and bombast

instead of devotion and prayer. To help prevent this teachers joined the pupils in the orchestra. Personally, I think it a very good idea, as it is instructive for both parties. Noticeable was that the teachers did not occupy the front desks but distributed themselves discreetly among the pupils. From the opening notes of the 'Te Deum' their ameliorating effect became apparent, the performance of the youngsters being markedly improved. What this did for morale only they can say, but the reviewer was thrilled. The Choral Society provided a disciplined ensemble, all sections being praiseworthy, including the well-integrated bevy of girls. The audience gave the best review of the efforts of all with a standing ovation, wanting more to judge by their expressions. No more, however, could be given; the Music Society had given its all. (Thanks go to the visiting soloists Julia Parrott and Gwion Thomas for the lesson they gave aspiring young singers and for their pleasure of singing with a large mixed choir.)

Such an enterprise did not just happen. So what is John Moseley's secret? Unpretentious conducting? Calmness in the face of musical adversity? It is probably simply that he gets discipline through charisma, that special charm or power of an individual that inspires popularity, loyalty and enthusiasm. It is the only explanation that tells how John can ask orchestra, choir, soloist to face a challenge and call forth a response that produces such a delightful concert as we enjoyed in the Rathbone Theatre. Tribute is, of course, due to his fellow musical conspirators, Terence and Philip Duffy.

2 — Concert in the Ley Hall on Thursday, February 6th 1986 by the Chamber Choir and Orchestra.

This was an evening of pleasure, with music by composers of the 18th and 20th centuries who had in common that they came from Central Europe.

Panufnik — *Old Polish Suite for String Orchestra*

Panufnik, a Pole, is still alive and composing. As certain sub-titles implied and the players proved by their joyous playing the music was danceable. From the first beat, they played with great confidence. There is space only to select one of the five movements for particular comment — the second, Interlude. The quality of the playing was superb, and though the movement is for violas, cellos and bass only, the music was serious but not sad.

Zielenski — *Domus Mea*

Not much is known about this Pole. His writing is polyphonic — polyphony is the pitting of two or more voices against each other — which is not to everybody's taste as it can create the impression of an unholy row, though the music is sacred. Too often the sound comes forth as mush not music. Terence Duffy had rehearsed the choir well. 'Domus Mea' is a four-part piece and each part came through clearly and distinctly; one could hear the music, and the words — a revelation of the composure and good sense of the singers.

Bach — *Brandenburg Concerto No 5 in D for flute, violin, keyboard and string orchestra*

This performance indicated that the Chamber Orchestra is certainly beyond the

'learner' stage. Patrick Allen on the flute, Vincent Needham, violin, and Eric Wilkinson on the keyboard had to make music with one another and with the Chamber Orchestra and how well and joyously they did it! The flute was not overblown, the violin showed excellent control; and a special word of praise for Eric Wilkinson. The keyboard should have been a harpsichord. The piano can upset the balance of the concerto, but Wilkinson played in a beautifully well-paced manner. Great credit, also, goes to Nicholas Hartley, cello, who played the continuo with great tact. But, not to forget the Chamber Orchestra: it played with utmost confidence.

Bartok — *Four Folksongs*.

Susan Griffiths, mezzo-soprano; Jane Woosey, piano

We have a mezzo 'find' in Susan Griffiths, and when her voice matures her singing will be still more delightful. Jane Woosey was a splendid accompanist, and when in one of the songs the pianist was given the tune all to herself, she was able to show her musical and emotional ability as a soloist.

Bartok — *Four Slovak Songs*

Here the Chamber Choir were as accomplished as they had been in the polyphony.

Bartok — *Four Duos for two violins*
Vincent Needham and Michael Byrne treated us to 'Hungarian Song', 'Rumanian Song', 'Puthenian', and 'Cushion Dance'. Their performance was skilful; there were many times when both could be seen to be playing and yet only one sound seemed to sing from their strings.

Bartok — *Rumanian Folk Dances*

Seven short pieces which engaged all the forces of the orchestra. They were very well worth playing twice over, as the audience indicated with its prolonged applause. One person I know was particularly enchanted with the bassoon and clarinet section.

In sum, it would appear that there is not very much left in the serious music repertoire that the SEC Music Society cannot tackle with distinction. John Moseley and Terence Duffy certainly inspire their young enthusiasts. They seem to manage to get into their rehearsals some mysterious ingredient which makes the youngsters come to public performances fresh and zestful.

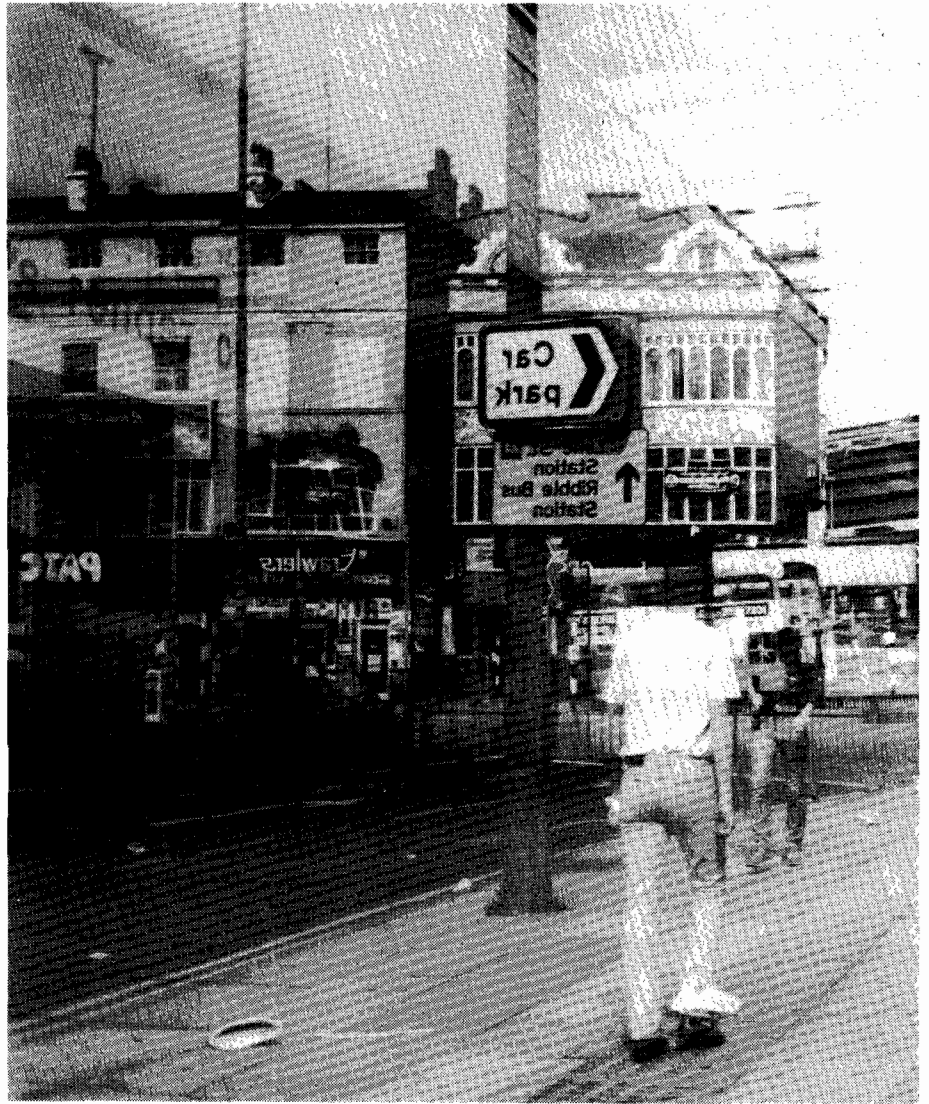
Thanks go also to the stewards, programme and ticket sellers, the 'tea ladies' and those in charge of lighting.

Owldefy

Photographic Competition

Mr John Moseley

The editors of the last issue were disappointed with the lack of visual contributions. Pictures, drawings, photographs enhance many publications, particularly those of an ephemeral nature such as magazines. Hence the decision, this year to hold a photographic competition. We invited Frederick O'Brien of the Northern Design Unit, a firm of architectural and design consultants, to judge the entries. He gave the prize to Alex Keenan for 'Image'. Highly commended were Joseph McCarthy for 'Still Life' and Ian Russell for 'Landscape'. Mr O'Brien found numerous photographs appealing but made the distinction between an interesting and/or amusing shot and one which showed imagination in construction and subject. Neither was he slow to criticise my appalling handwriting as exhibited on numerous notices in the music school and the lack of visual stimulation on the school walls; an unhappy contrast with those of the prep school whose wall-space is often a kaleidoscope of colour and interest.



'Image' — Alex Keenan Form Six



'Landscape' — Ian Russell Form Six

'Still Life' — Joseph McCarthy Form Six.

The Secret Diary of Streaky David

— one of the young porkers on Animal Farm

Eugene Stalker
Form Three

March

I and three friends have become involved in the animalist movement. We have enlisted in Snowball's left-trotter Animals' Republican Army, which consists of a few pigs (the cleverest, of course) with most of the geese and ducks, and some hard-line militant hens. The rival party is Napoleon's right-trotter Animals' National Liberation Army which consists of the majority of pigs and some sheepdogs. The other animals know nothing of the two rival parties, which are working together for the revolution. Our ARA is mainly concerned with setting out the laws and constitution of the new society, while the ANLA sabotages fences and hedges to cause trouble.

June

The rebellion is here! We have seized the farm! Now the main battle has begun, as both our parties are scrambling for power. Our glorious Snowball had hoped to get rid of the ANLA before the revolution. Both sides are working together uneasily, but we only do this for the sake of the other animals who don't know of our differences. The ever-wise Snowball has agreed to share out the milk with all the other pigs. We have not told the geese, hens and ducks in the ARA of this arrangement.

PS The mash is wonderful!!

Summer

The ever-cunning Snowball has got his way over the flag. His design (not Napoleon's ridiculous logo of hammer, sickle and star on a red field — whoever heard of a red field?) is to be the flag of Animal Farm. This victory was achieved by bribing the ANLA supporters with our milk. It's lucky that they are as greedy as pigs. The ARA is scoring more political points from the ANLA in debates, by skilful, clever and highly intellectual speeches — and by the occasional bribe of apples and milk. (More and more milk is needed for bribes so that daring missions by the ARA to milk sympathetic, left-horn cows on neighbouring farms have happened more and more often.) Napoleon has hit back at the ARA by poaching the support of the sheep with his ridiculous slogan of 'Four legs good, two legs bad', which was really our ever-ingenuous Snowball's manifesto. The ARA has hit back with the slogan 'Napoleon really is a bore!' The hard-line militant hens were upset by Napoleon's tactics and wanted to hit back at the ANLA but Snowball calmed them down.

October

We, the ever-victorious ARA, with the help of the rest of the farm, successfully defended our farms from the humans with a brilliant manoeuvre by the armed forces' leader, the tactical genius, Snowball. Napoleon has taken to teaching young, lovable, harmless, little pups. Is he retiring from politics?

January

The ANLA has hit back, and is employing the sheep as hecklers in meetings! The engineering genius, Snowball, has devised plans for a windmill. However, he had to tell the ARA's stupider members, such as ducks, hardline militant hens and ducks, what a windmill was.

Early Spring

The debate over the windmill is coming to a close, and the ARA is confident of victory. Napoleon has been a lot quieter than he usually is; we often wonder what he is up to.

Late Summer

After a brilliantly inspiring speech by Snowball, that swine Napoleon unleashed fierce dogs on him! Our valiant and fast-running leader is in hiding outside the farm. The ARA continues in existence, and is taking its orders from Snowball. The ANLA is rejoicing at its success by changing the rules and even stealing Snowball's plans for the windmill! We shall get revenge by weakening the mortar by mixing sheep-manure with it when our members are in charge. Let's see Napoleon get out of that fix!

Autumn

The windmill has fallen down. Snowball has been blamed by Napoleon. If both Napoleon and Snowball lose face there will be opportunities for a bright young porker. Is this my chance to get rid of those extremist hens? Meanwhile, the ANLA's grip on the farm is getting tighter.

Winter

For a long time the ARA has been quiet and holds meetings only occasionally, but the hardline militant hens have fallen for our line of chicken-feed, and we have succeeded in egging them on against Napoleon. The hens have taken the opportunity to strike back against him. For a long time they have been campaigning for a three-egg week and better laying conditions. Now they have struck. Eggs are being smashed, and the hens are causing enough trouble for Napoleon to see the ARA can strike back. For too long the hens have been chickening out.

Early Spring

Our revival was short-lived, and the ARA has been disbanded. Nevertheless, we few pigs have set up the Society of Democratic Pigs. We call ourselves the gang of four. We are much more moderate than the two extremes of the ARA and ANLA and we survive by pinching their policies. We have some sheep who act as spies, and help us to disrupt the organisation of the farm.

Late Spring

For months we have survived by secretly sabotaging the farm, and have lived among the other pigs who thought our politics a thing of the past. Now we must seize power. Snowball is planning to return to Animal Farm as other pigs have defected to our SDP. We must also be careful of the dogs. Boxer clearly still has some loyalty to Snowball, and refuses to believe Squealer's lies about Snowball's treachery. Perhaps we can recruit him, and with his strength we would stand a real chance. I, David, now lead our party. Our rebellion is planned for the day of Napoleon's next big speech.

Poetry

Bedtime

Five minutes, five minutes, please!
 Let me stay five minutes more!
 Can't I finish this castle
 I'm building here on the floor?
 Can't I finish the story
 I'm reading here in my book?
 Can't I finish this model-kit —
 It's almost finished, look!
 Can't I finish this game, please?
 When a game's once begun
 You see it's a pity never
 to find out
 Whether you've lost or won.
 Can't I stay five minutes?
 Well, can't I stay four?
 Three minutes, then? Two minutes?
 Can't I stay ONE minute more?

Mark Swettenham,
 Form One

The Flight of a Life-time

Slowly, gracefully, making its way to the
 runway;
 Permission having been granted, acceleration
 starts,
 With its engines roaring, this magnificent
 machine leaves:
 Onwardly moving to a destination far away.

Thundering through the sky like a great,
 white eagle
 With its unique delta wings and aquiline
 nose;
 This is one of man's greatest inventions,
 All in all looking most regal.

No sooner off the ground than it seems to be
 descending:
 The flight of a life-time is coming to an end;
 Coming from the edge of space to nearly
 touching the ground,
 This plane does not compare with any other
 around.

Over the horizon a superb silhouette appears
 Approaching the runway with nose held
 high,
 The journey has almost ended for people
 from abroad,
 This supersonic eagle is internationally
 known as 'Concorde'.

Nicholas McCurtin,
 Form One

Hide 'n Seek

Call out. Call loud. 'I'm ready! Come and
 find me.'
 The sacks in the toolshed smell like the
 seaside.
 They'll never find you in the salty dark,
 But be careful that your feet aren't sticking
 out.
 Wiser not to risk another shout. The floor is
 cold.
 They'll be searching the bushes near the
 swing.
 Whatever happens you mustn't sneeze when
 they
 Come prowling in.
 And here they are, whispering at the door;
 you've never heard them sound so hushed
 before.
 Don't breathe. Don't move. Stay dumb.
 Hide in your blindness.
 They're moving closer, someone stumbles,
 mutters;
 Their words and laughter scuffle, and they're
 gone.

Gary Ferguson,
 Form Six

Jobs for the Boys

It doesn't seem very much to ask
 A chance to earn an honest living for any old
 task
 It's getting very hard getting paid dole for
 standing in a queue
 Everybody has a little bit of pride until you
 get it knocked out of you

A wife and a kid to support from day to day
 It wasn't what we planned it just happened
 that way
 No works, no hopes, no prospects, it's called
 the poverty trap
 Millions like me but we're no longer people
 just figures by places on a map

It says here in the paper that we've turned the
 corner
 We're on our way back up but I'm still going
 down
 I wish I could escape but we haven't got a TV
 set
 I haven't got the money to go out and get
 drunk so I never forget

Mark Senior,
 Form Six



Photography by Mr Edward Coupe.

I am that I am

I am in an MP on your TV screen
 Do I ever really say what I mean?
 I represent society that isn't fair
 I represent society that doesn't care
 I am in the one out of twelve
 Three million tragedies that no one sees
 And when I see myself alone and forgotten
 I wonder what it all means
 I am in a terrorist without a name
 I specialise in causing grief and pain
 I am in all the rest that hate the terrorist
 Why can't you see that you're all the same?
 I am in the African that dies every day

Your world wouldn't feed him. What can you
 say?
 I am not in money that rules all our lives
 Money that makes people that lets me die
 I am in the good in men's souls but not their
 greedy hearts
 I have been in every human born even from
 the start
 'Who can I blame for all the wrong?'
 'Who can I blame if not myself?'

Mark Senior,
 Form Six

The Penny Fiddle

Yesterday I bought a penny fiddle
And put it to my chin to play,
But I found that the strings were painted
So I threw my fiddle away.

A little red man found my fiddle
As it lay abandoned there;
He asked me if he might keep it,
And I told him I don't care.

But he drew such music from the fiddle
With help of a farthing bow
That I offered five guineas for the secret
But alas he would never let it go.

Gary Ferguson,
Form One

Troubled Minds

Sceptered Isle

Royal throne of kings, our mother nestles
In dark, polluted seas, watching her children.

I awake from my slumbering freedom and
she greets me
Without tenderness.
Cruel Mother!
The folds at her bosom extensive, yet as I
walk her streets,
She crushes me with embraces of purest
drear,
The grey moroseness of her buildings.
Oppressive Mother!
Through the muck of decaying sanity I tread,
uneasy,
Tormented by her stench, her noise, her
children.

Oh, above all else her children!
Angry faces they turn on me alone, hateful,
Or blank, inane, plastic expressions —
All my brothers.
But to each other they smile the happy smiles
Of Saturday people.
Happy breed of men!

Mother watches, saying nothing,
Not pitying my loneliness, but blowing
Vile, piercing kisses into my face,
As I walk through my boundless dungeon of
winter streets.

WHY, MOTHER, NO HELP?

And yet — yet is she not impotent?
She does not cry while her children butcher
her —
Ripping out her bowels,
Spreading her entrails across her belly
In bloody cities —
She does not punish. Why, then, console?

Merely silent, present,
Watching her children play,
Driving us mad only by licensing our idiocy;
Blankly indifferent to our plight,
This other Eden.

The Park at Night

Seeking much sung-of natural visitants,
A man spends an evening in the park.

Darkness thickens bare trees with its own
foliage,
And nearby suburban lights spread strands of
orange
Through a scene crammed but with empty
presences.
Alone — no vernal impulses!

Perplexing things, this space, these fields.
No restraint, save the wind's harsh dictum
against nakedness.

Here, freedom.
Yet a primal coldness and forgotten terrors
Creep from their latency,
Touching his being.
Solitude.
Only the birds, oblivious of him, of his
thought,
Perhaps of themselves,
Accompanying his slow steps towards

Home. Civilisation and People.
The comforting facelessness of humanity.
But pondering on the bastardising tedium
that loses him
Amity with his mind,
He frowns.

Implications realised?
Perhaps not.

Write Home and supper
Unquiet sleep.
(No blessing in these breezes!)

Paul Connolly,
Form Six



Another Ball Game

(with no apology to the RFU)

Brendan Wilde
Form Six

I am sure that many people will show a little surprise at my audacity in writing a Feature on Rugby League in the magazine of a school so steeped in its history of Rugby Union. However, genuine supporters of rugby football should enjoy watching both codes and should applaud the merits of them both.

An article on Rugby League in the school magazine is long overdue. Before leaving St Edward's I would like to take the opportunity of informing you about the so-called professional code of the oval ball game.

Most people think of League as a game played in the north of England. Although this is true to a certain extent, this line of thought is somewhat misleading, since there are professional clubs in Fulham, Mansfield, Southend and Bridgend. However, it is in the amateur circles of the game that League has a truly national identity. There are at least ten thousand amateur sides playing throughout Great Britain. There are at least three leagues in London, a league in Wales, and teams playing in Bath, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Newcastle and Sunderland, to name but a few. There are thirty-three clubs in Bristol alone. This development will eventually lead to professional clubs springing up all over the country, with a little luck on the way. The game is also played in many Universities, Polytechnics and Colleges throughout the country. League is even played at Oxford and Cambridge, and a varsity match between the two is, and has been for about four years, an annual event. As a result of the game's success, some Rugby Union people have resorted to tearing down posters advertising Rugby League games, because the competition is becoming very fierce. Slowly, but surely, the tide is turning, and at last the blatant discrimination which Rugby Union is guilty of is being exposed.

On the international scene the game is played in Australia, New Zealand, France,



Papua New Guinea and Great Britain. Some other countries have shown a little interest in the game, including Japan, Italy, Russia, the USA and Canada. The 1985 Challenge Cup Final at Wembley, which was hailed as the best ever seen beneath the twin towers, was screened in at least thirteen countries.

In recent seasons the game has risen in popularity. This has been due to the problems which have maligned Association Football for over a decade now, and also due to the decline in the playing standards of Rugby Union. The influx of Australian and New Zealand players to our British club sides has raised standards and changed attitudes on a huge level. This has led to the return of thousands of spectators through the turnstiles, greater publicity and thus to greater public awareness of the game.

A recent much improved performance by our national Great Britain side against one of the best, if not the best ever New Zealand touring sides to visit this country, has also helped the image of the game. The three match test series was drawn, and was testimony to the vast improvement in the way the game is played and handled in this country, compared with only a few years ago.

The main difference between the two rugby codes, is that whereas in Union when you are tackled you release the ball, in League you keep possession for six tackles, with which you try to gain ground. There are no untidy line-outs in League, these being replaced by scrums. In League a penalty goal and a dropped goal count as two points and one point respectively. In Union these both count as three points. Union involves more kicking than League. The above are the essential differences between the two codes.

For me, there is no finer game than Rugby League. There is no doubt that it is a great game, and the next couple of years could see the game rise in unparalleled popularity. Who Knows! The game might even be played at St Edward's in the future, and that would be a breakthrough. I am sure Mr Thompson and the many other Rugby Union men (and girls!) in the school, shudder and maybe laugh at the thought — but just look what happened at Oxford and Cambridge! (I am sure many lads would enjoy the prospect of playing Rugby League against a side representing the sixth form girls. Yes, I think the game could take off in St Edward's, sooner than we expect).



Photograph and illustration by Brendan Wilde

British Politics FC

David Moran
Form Six

1. Michael Heseltine

Goalkeeper with 'Tarzan'-like agility. More recently has become a defender of lost causes despite his aspirations to the captaincy.

2. Cecil Parkinson

Right back. The George Best of British Politics. Efforts on the field often overshadowed by private life.

3. Francis Pym

Left Back in political wilderness. Spell at 'Centre Forward' last season proved unsuccessful.

4. David Owen and 5. David Steel

Centre Halves. This shaky partnership has been threatened by Owen's 'I'll play anywhere' attitude and Steel's unwillingness to be overshadowed by his more flamboyant partner. This Alliance seems to freeze on the big occasion.

6. Dennis Skinner

Fiery left-sided midfielder who delights in the affectionate nickname of the 'Beast of Bolsover'. Has been sent from the field of play more times than he cares to remember.

7. Cyril Smith

Experienced midfielder who bolsters up that department. Although lacking in mobility opponents have often been devastated by the weight of his tackles.

8. Harold Macmillan

Veteran Right-winger. The 'Stockton' flyer returned to prominence last season after a long lay-off. An old style player who has never had it so good.

9. Arthur Scargill

The best and most consistent striker in the business. Unfortunately lacked his usual finishing touch last time out. However an ambitious and committed player who has often got on the wrong side of the captain.

10. Margaret Thatcher

This right-sided midfield player has found her domineering style well suited to the captaincy. Has led club side to victory in the 1979 and 1983 title race. International honours include a glorious victory over ex-world champions Argentina.

11. Tony Benn

Left-winger whose skills and perhaps determination are on the wane. His place in the side has been threatened by up and coming youngsters: D. Hatton and K. Livingstone.

Manager: Mr R. Reagan

Another 'elderly imported American' brought in to revive this team's flagging fortunes. However the idea of an American running a British soccer club seems about as ludicrous as a second rate actor becoming President of the USA.

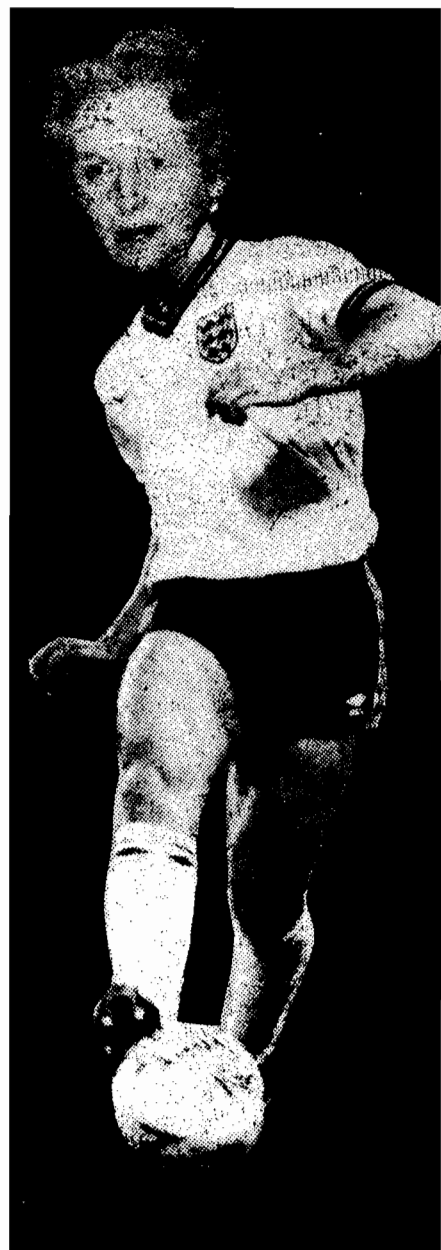


Illustration by Joseph McCarthy, Form 6

Squad Members include:

Roy Hattersley

Dour but likeable Yorkshireman who has lacked opportunities to display his mouth-watering skills.

Enoch Powell

Former star, now fallen from prominence. 'Psycho' Powell is famed for an intense dislike of coloured left-wingers.

Derek Hatton

Striker; part-time professional who possesses a tendency to drift out to left hand touchline. He says he is in the business of fiddling his acc . . . sorry . . . scoring goals.

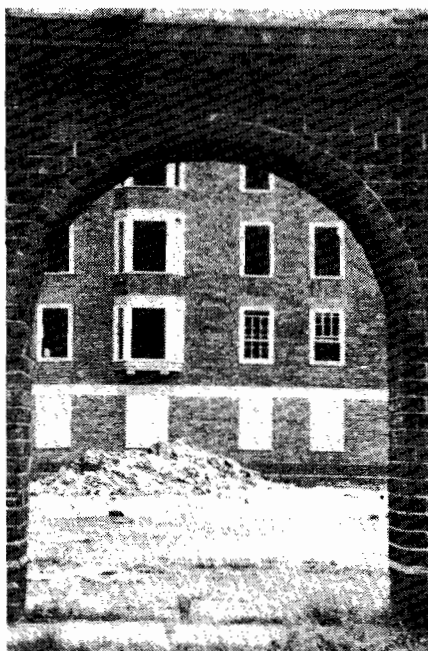
An Examination of Inner-city riots

David Moran
Form Six

Britain 1985: The eyes of the world fall once again on the riots in our inner-cities. Four years had passed since the last major outbreak of such violence and yet similar riots erupt once more. Where does the blame lie? What causes these outbursts of naked criminality? And are the lessons learnt, enough to prevent further outbreaks?

The riots of 1985 were produced by an amalgamation of several factors: economic, political, social and cultural. However beyond this we must not ignore that rioting is a crime. Although riots may start as an expression of disaffection with social problems, unemployment, deprivation, prejudice etc, they are quick to degenerate into a series of criminal acts. The 1985 riots were no exception as acts such as murder, assault, looting and rape became unfortunately apparent. A minority of 'rioters' may have pure motives but the majority are often a motley collection of thugs, trouble-causers and criminal opportunists. Riots generally become a bandwagon for these opportunists. The criminal mentality is endemic in our society and so long as it remains thus riots of this type remain a possible threat in our inner cities.

The Tottenham riot of 1985 serves only to support this argument. On the afternoon



after the unfortunate death of a woman during a police investigation of her house, there was a peaceful demonstration outside the Tottenham police station. However, in the course of the subsequent evening there was widespread rioting leading to the killing of a police officer; I suggest that the majority of the participants in these acts of violence were not making a protest but actually participating in criminal activities which they actually enjoyed. The fact that, on the whole the riots took place during the hours of darkness suggests that the rioters have something to hide.

It would be short-sighted, however, to even believe that criminality is the sole life-blood of a riot. Factors such as unemployment, inadequate housing and social deprivation have to play their parts. It is therefore noticeable that the areas where the disturbances occurred had high-unemployment levels and bad housing records. An environment like this can only

give rise to discontent and dissatisfaction yet not necessarily to rioting. An environment like this can only serve to foster political views which encourage direct action. However, curiously, the riots last year were isolated. Although deprivation and unemployment is widespread north of Watford rioting had not been as widespread as the factors which perhaps cause it. Areas such as Glasgow, Newcastle and South Wales have been riot-free. In our own city rioting was isolated. There is no place harder hit by modern problems than Kirkby. Why no riots in Kirkby? Economic factors may therefore not provide a total explanation of the inner-city riots of 1985.

Perhaps the most powerful factor instrumental in causing last year's riots was that the affected areas were dominated by ethnic minorities. Toxteth, Brixton, Handsworth and Tottenham all have predominantly a population consisting of people who are a minority group in the wider population of the United Kingdom. The attitude of these people have been formed by the situation they have encountered in this country. Their insular, almost tribal attitude is essentially a self-defence mechanism against a society which discriminates against their race and threatens to destroy their culture. The failure of our society to adapt successfully to this new multi-racial situation is revealed in the build-up of ghettos like Toxteth and Brixton where a discontent and dislike of such a society is fostered. There seems to have grown a mutual mistrust between both white and coloured people; a mistrust which in many cases has developed into violent prejudice. Until the moment arrives when this mistrust is eradicated the seeds of racial discord will remain firmly sown. The riots of 1985 can to some extent be attributed to this racial discord but economic and social problems and the phenomenon of criminality cannot be ignored.

*Illustration by Seamus Dunne
Photograph by Mr Stephen Wells*



Runnymede Revisited

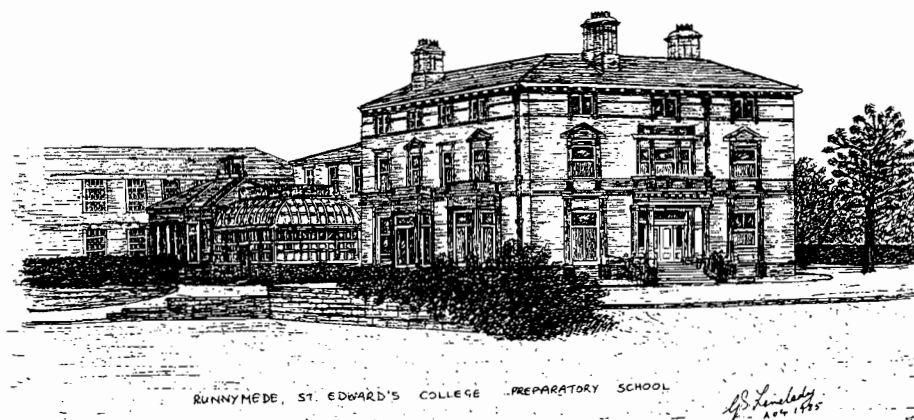
or St Edward's Prep and Pre-Prep

Bro Herbert Grice

Delving into the early records of the College we came across this gem of Edwardian prose in the first issue of the Catholic Institute Magazine, Autumn 1908, Vol 1, No. 1:— 'We intend to print from time to time criticisms, in a humorous vein, of the young Napoleons of the land of "Ten Year's Old" as well as a few caustic, though never ill-tempered, comments on the seniors, who pride themselves so magnificently on their added inches'.

In those days the Lower School consisted of a Prep class and a Form I and a Form II; the Upper School started at Form III. The following year, 1909, the editor — in a reference to Junior Cricket — opines that 'Herby Doyle, who captains the fine little lads of the Preparatory Class, seems as if born to rule'. However, he is not too happy with 'a few slopers among our young friends, as well as some half-hearted players, who field *with hands in pockets*, one eye on the ball, and the other on every bird that flies by'.

A few years later they had really made their mark in the Soccer world and were laying the foundations of the future reputation of the CI and St Edward's in the football field as this extract shows: 'The Wee Bairns — "Wonders will never cease." So said the Catholic Institute when a football 'eleven' (more or less — generally more) was discovered, not hidden away in the stalwart's Forms IV or even V but in the bosom of the 'Prep' or Form I as it has recently been called. On inquiring into the matter we were informed that the team has been running since the beginning of the football season, and we were surprised to know that they had, at the very least, eleven players, a captain, school colours, fixtures with the other college 'bairns' of Liverpool, and last and most astonishing of all — a real football. Naturally we grew curious to know how the team was managed — because, after all, 'out of the mouths of the infants . . .' so we 'drew a few of the worthies.' It appears that these amateurs play every Saturday and Wednesday, games — whether soccer or 'rugger' depends on circumstances — with teams got up by the young hopefuls or other schools, and the honour of CI is thus upheld in a manner quite new to us. The anxious mother, keeps 'little Willie's' dinner for him until six or seven o'clock, 'because' he says with an important air, 'I have been playing a school-match.' And, mark you, the team must train; the players must have practice, so the resourceful captain has arranged that a practice is to take place in the school yard every school day at 8.30 a.m. prompt, and at five minutes to nine the lazy first team men



see, the enthusiastic youngsters still peppering away at a 'tuppenny' ball. Assuredly, we can foresee rosy years for the CI First Eleven, because the game now indulged in by those 'kids' will, as the players mature, gradually change into what will be generally recognised as — football.'

These early beginnings took place in Hope Street after the Christian Brothers had taken over the old Catholic Institute in 1902 (total roll then 27 pupils!). The Prep department grew with the school, which in 1920, transferred to the St Domingo Road site and became St Edward's College, occupying the buildings formerly used by the Diocesan seminary which had just moved out to Upholland.

During the eighteen years that the School was based in St Domingo Road, the Prep department had a somewhat shadowy existence, being confined to a few classrooms in the 'lower regions'. However, the old traditions of excellence in all school activities, including games, were well-maintained. And, incidentally some illustrious names occur among the prize-winners in the St Edward's College magazine, notably in the late twenties when we see the name of Professor Whalley, our present Chairman of Governors — little did he think then!

In due course St Edward's had to move again — the City Council was very anxious to acquire the site at Everton for housing. Then began a long search for a suitable site and eventually the Brothers secured two fine properties in Sandfield Park, St Clare's — the Brothers' Residence, and Runnymede — the present Prep School — and only just in time, too, because when these properties had been secured in March 1936 it was learned that the City Council were after them for the Collegiate and for the Mounted Police respectively.

After St Edward's move to its purpose-built school in 1936, the Prep department was housed in Runnymede, which it had to share with various departments of the Upper School, and in fact, the second floor was occupied by a caretaker and his family. At first the 7-11 year olds made use of only four classrooms and the library.

In 1976 the Ley Hall and various music rooms were built on to Runnymede, after a further 'fillip' had been given to the Prep department when St Edward's agreed to the request of Archbishop Beck for it to become the Cathedral Choir School. This occurred in April 1974 and Mr Philip Duffy, the Cathedral Master of the Music, took up duties and enrolled some 21 boys as probationers.

Since then the Prep School has gone from strength to strength. Some five years ago the increasing numbers led to the division of one year group into two classes. And as this process continued, more space was required and other rooms taken over, so that now the 7-11 year olds are divided into 7 classes and also have the benefit of a separate Art Room and a Music Room, which they share with the Cathedral Choir.

Late in 1984 it was learned that the Broughton Hall Prep school was to close in the following summer. Since many of the Broughton boys had traditionally transferred to St Edward's at the age of seven, there was great pressure from the parents of the Broughton pupils aged 4-6 for St Edward's to start a pre-Prep department. After much discussion and negotiation with the various authorities concerned, the Governors of the College gave approval for the erection of some temporary classrooms to house the infant newcomers pending the transfer of the Arts Department of the Upper School to a new CDT department to be built elsewhere in the grounds.

And so three new classes started in September 1985 with a total roll of 43 infants aged 4-6; numbers which have since grown to 57. Meanwhile the Prep department itself now has seven classes with an enrolment of 128 Juniors (7-11). Runnymede's total roll now stands at 185 boys in 10 classes.

As the numbers have grown so too has the staff increased, so that now there are ten full-time teachers and five part-time. This band of devoted and enthusiastic teachers, together with a full-time secretary, makes full use of the many facilities which Runnymede shares with the Upper School, and so many new societies and clubs have sprung up to add to the already well-established traditional ones.

Runnymede now provides the following: Football, Swimming (even the four-year-olds have their turn in the Bath!), Cross-Country, Athletics, Badminton, Gymnastics, Choir, Orchestra, and the following clubs: Art, Woodcraft, Chess, Computer.

Now that the College is an Independent School, Runnymede continues to play an ever-more important role in providing a steady inflow into the Upper School of suitably prepared pupils, ready to play their part in the wider world of Upper School.

Long may that be so!

Drawing by Br George S. Lovelady

Hyde Park Corner

'Anyone who is a socialist deserves to be.'
Stephen Gee,
Form 6

' "Why do you look at the speck of sawdust
in your brother's eye and pay no attention to
the plank in your own?"

No ONE political ideal is totally correct
Stringent adherence to dogma produces
polarisation and bitter division.

How can a divided country be successful?

Today, the only revolutionary cause is the
cause of consensus, because agreeing with
your opponent is being a "scab".

Go on, be a rebel.'

Mark Senior,
Form 6

'The burning question is, "Do feminists
have brains?"'
Danny Carter,
Form 6

'Ye that sin hear not me, and my voice is a
lone cry in the wilderness. Yet woe be to ye
that listen instead to lascivious music and do
procrastinate in drinking houses. Sharp is the
arrow of the Lord and sure his aim: ye shall
be punished! Ye that do covert thy
neighbours dog and do wilfully wear yellow
pullovers in public, Remember! The Wages
of Sin is Death! Ye that think obscene
thoughts about painted strumpets and have
not the tact to keep them to yourselves,
pestilence light on ye evermore!'

A covert evangelist of Form 5

'What do I think? Grass is not really green;
Five hundred Frenchmen can be wrong;
there are less than 2000 perforations in Tetley
tea bags; God does not exist; the Pope is a
Mason; life is pointless; and Frank Sinatra
cannot sing.'

A cynical Third Former

'The history of all hitherto existing societies is
boring.'

A disillusioned Marxist of Form 4

'Mr Heseltine came, Mr Heseltine saw, and
Mr Heseltine gave us trees.'

Origin uncertain

'Any intellectual person who supports
Liverpool City Council either (a) Lives
outside Liverpool or (b) Hates Scousers!'

Simon Robinson,
Form 6

Les Avantages et les inconvénients de vivre à Liverpool

Paul McGrath
Form Four

À Liverpool il ya beaucoup de détritits dans
les rues. Aussi, l'air, à Liverpool, est plus
pollué que l'air à la campagne. Il y a un
problème grave de drogue et un problème de
crime dans les taudis et dans les rues de
Liverpool. On ne peut pas faire de longues
promenades en plein air. Au centre de la ville
de Liverpool il ya peu de travail et beaucoup
de bruit.

Bien entendu, à Liverpool, on peut
regarder de bons footballeurs dans l'équipe
de Liverpool. On peut jouer au football dans
un parc (il y a beaucoup de parcs à
Liverpool). Au centre de la ville il y a
beaucoup de magasins et de belles filles.
Aussi on peut visiter le musée de 'Beatle City'
ou un autre musée. À Liverpool les gens ont
beaucoup d'humour et j'ai beaucoup d'amis.
Je n'aimerais pas sortir de Liverpool quoique
Liverpool a beaucoup de problèmes.

'Do not ask me for my opinion. Opinions
imply agreement as well as dispute. As it is
clear that I agree with nobody, it is best to say
that I do not have any save a solitary axiom
whereon I found my life: I am always right.
Therefore, when consulting me, ask not for
my thoughts but for the Truth.'

A well-known Sixth Former

'The validity of the US Space Programme
should now have many Challengers.'

Ian Walker,
Form 6

'Privatisation: Friend or Foe? Well, if theory
does not convince you it is your friend, look
at empirical evidence. Look at school meals.
Then again, perhaps not.'

Jonathan Carroll,
Form 6

'We hate school.'

Attributable to all members of the College

Ins and Outs

Michael Trotter
Form Six



Ins

Widnes Hypermarket
Superloo at Euston
Alan Whicker Look-alikes
John Peel
10,000 Maniacs
San Francisco 49ers
Rodney Trotter
Transformers
Max Headroom
Boogaloo Blue Jelly
Razmatazz T-Shirts
Paisley Shirts
Enoch Powell
NUM Leaders with Jaguars
Robinson's Choice
S4C
Elton Welsby on The Superbowl
¡Digame!
Lester Piggot Soundalikes
Robin Reliants
Being banned by UEFA
The National Front
Nelson Mandela INside
Lacoste Fakes
Orange Slazengers
Leonard Cohen
Hijacking a Ship
Snow Spray
Dave's Undies
Sodium + Water Reactors
Survivor
Alternative Medicine
Save of the Season
School Radiators
Alf Garnett



Outs

Terry Darracott & Mick Lyons
The Bridge Club
Jesper Olsen
61 Bus
Militant Council
Hoolivan
Anglo-Irish Agreements
Genesis Revivals
Terry & Arfer
Arndale Centre
Big Macs
Boris Becker
The Kippax Stand
The Long Ryders
The New HMV
Claiming to be Irish
Derek Hatton's Minders
Being seen in 'Burger King'
Listening to Alan Beswick
Peter Barnes Revival
Monsignor Bruce Kent
Martin Duffy's Wheelchair Look
Saying 'Manc'
Tony Wilson — Bad Beaut
British Rail 'We're getting there' occasionally
Dry Roasted Peanuts
Mum & Dad being Teachers
18-30 Holidays
Playing Hockey for Games
The Maltese Government
PLO
Echo and the Bunnymen
Writing Pop Groups on Bags
Ray Parker Junior
Peter Will's
Gardner Merchant
Dinners
Croxteth School of Motoring

*Illustration by Philip Downey
Drawing by Paul Felicetti
Form Four*

As the Twig is bent

Mr Ramsey Campbell

I write horror stories. If you want to make me sound less disreputable, say I write ghost stories: many of my tales can be described as either. One favourite theme of these genres is the cyclical nature of things, the ghost that always returns, the past that won't stay dead — in my stories, often some childhood experience or fear which one thought was safely buried but which has only been lying in wait for one to grow up. I'm reminded of this when I realise that during my years at St Edward's (1957-1962) I not only wrote my first professionally published fiction but also served my apprenticeship in reading to audiences and had (in the school magazine) my first experience of being edited. Yet I suspect I may be best remembered by my schoolmates as the boy with the plastic ukelele.

I made this debut at the school concert during my first year at St Edward's. My mother persuaded me that I should perform. Neither of us realised that the audience couldn't be expected to view me through a mother's eyes, and so I was, to put it mildly, taken aback when my rendition of some skiffle songs then popular ('Freight Train' and 'Rock Island Line', I believe) had the audience rolling, rather than rocking, in the aisles. Presumably the sight of my struggles to keep the ukelele, which I had neglected to strap around my neck, at chest level didn't help. Red-faced and glassy-eyed, I somehow kept going — the show must go on, after all — and those five or six minutes became a school legend for a while.

I've often said that if I weren't a writer I should like to be a stand-up comedian; maybe I already am. In New York more than twenty years later, I was at first equally disconcerted when a story ('Down There') I was reading aloud set members of the audience chortling — my American agent Kirby McCauley, and Jack Sullivan, who edited the Penguin encyclopaedia of horror. Of course their laughter expressed appreciation, and taught me to be less concerned about controlling the responses of my audience, an insight which was to help me write novels such as *Obsession* and *Incarnate*.

My stories were received more respectfully, or at least more silently, at school. It was Brother Kelly who asked me to read them to the class, whom he then encouraged to write and read aloud tales of their own. As for mine, they were monstrous things patched together like Frankenstein's monster out of bits borrowed from elsewhere. One appeared in the school magazine, volume 1, number 4, 1957-58. If you have a

copy, regard it as an investment: an American book dealer recently offered me twenty-five dollars for a copy of this, my first published story ('Midnight Appointment', to be found on the contents page between 'Is Francois Mauriac an Angry Young Man?' and 'A Visit to the Zoo'.) It was a ghost story of a standard kind: a boy arranges to meet a friend at midnight at a sinister location, but though the friend keeps the appointment it transpires that he died (surprise, surprise) shortly before midnight. I remember my bewilderment when I read the published version; I couldn't understand how I'd managed to make such a mistake. It wasn't until years later I learned that the editor, who apparently disapproved of ghost stories, had altered the punch line to read 'shortly after midnight', making nonsense of the story. Thus I was introduced to editing, of a kind I wouldn't tolerate now.

In my subsequent years at a school I became less visible, I think. I haven't often written directly of the panic I frequently suffered, but some sense of it may be gained from the story 'The Interloper' in my book *Demons by Daylight*, to be found in the school library. I suspect my experience was far from unique; perhaps that's why the story was recently cited by the editor of *Rod Serling's Twilight Zone* (the magazine) as among the most terrifying ever written. I did exhibit an oil painting in one of the school corridors, complete with a pretentious exegesis in which I referred to 'extra-dimensional reality', but otherwise I think I kept my attempts at creativity largely to myself.

I don't mean that I wasn't supported: the English teachers, Brian Young and in particular Ray Thomas, encouraged my work, as did my schoolfellow Kevin Bulger. They must certainly share some of the credit for my having been professionally published (in an August Derleth anthology) before I left school. And now? Well, I've been given more awards for horror fiction than any other writer. Of the various claims made on my behalf ('Britain's answer to Stephen King', for instance, which makes me wonder what

the question was), I most prize that made in *Lost Souls*, the Ohio University Press anthology of English ghost stories: 'Ramsey Campbell has succeeded . . . in bringing the supernatural tale up to date without sacrificing the literary standards that . . . early masters made an indelible part of the tradition.' I hope it won't sound presumptuous if I reveal that even when I was at school, that was precisely what I wanted to do.

I'll conclude in the traditional way, with advice to any budding writers who may be reading this — or at least, I'll describe my methods in the hope that folk will find them helpful. When I'm writing a story or other piece I work on it every day; not to do so is to court writer's block, every wasted day increasing the obstacle to resuming work. I go to my desk about seven each morning. Music and the view across the Mersey from my third-floor window keeps me there (as I write this, a compact disc of Sibelius songs is playing). I always compose the first paragraph roughly in my head before I sit down to write, so that I don't start by staring at a blank piece of paper. Still more important is knowing what the opening sentence of a new story will be, since it's the way into the story. I write the first draft longhand, on the right-hand pages of exercise books, leaving the left-hand pages free for the first revisions. I try never to be too self-critical while working on the first draft; remembering that I can, and do, always rewrite helps me relax. Since beginning to write fulltime, in 1973, I've completed virtually every story I've begun, however clumsy and worthless it may have seemed in the first draft. Let me add that there's no work I can imagine enjoying more.

I write in a field that is often reviled, by no means always unfairly. Like most writers, I can count on at least one vicious or ignorant review per book. What keeps me going at the worst moments is the work itself. I hesitate to end with a homily, but at least I can state the belief that underlies all my work: that whatever you do, you should do it as well as you possibly can.

Is there life after school?

1 — Leeds Polytechnic

Mr Michael Prenton

These contributions are from ex-pupils, and give some information about Further Education.

The term 'Polytechnic' still seems to be quite amusing to some, often being viewed as the place you go if you can't get into 'North-East Tech'. However, having spent the last 8 months at Leeds Poly, I can assure you that any such preconceptions are well wide of the mark, and despite the change of living style I have undergone — I've really enjoyed being here.

The Poly itself is very career-orientated, with much more focus on integrated courses than most universities, and surprisingly the staff aren't all 'mad professor' types with big 'Tefal' heads, but something approaching human. The 'work' is much more flexible here — there's very little chasing up done — if you don't turn up that's your own problem (or lie-in), so there's a certain level of self-motivation required, even though I haven't quite reached it myself yet. My course (Economics and Public Policy) operates a twelve hour week — which sounds great . . . and is! This means I'm off all day Wednesday and Thursday virtually — this being about the only time of the week I can get any amount of work done.

Anyway, the course is only one reason to recommend a place, and I'm sure you're more interested in the other bits to life at the Poly, so I'll now let you into some (but not all) of the secrets of life in Leeds:—

1. The Climate

Leeds is built on an iceberg and the temperature never goes above 0°C — fact. The fact that we've had the worst winter for 40 years or whatever meant that it really was perishing at times — although I believe Leeds is tropical compared to Hull!

2. The Accommodation

Probably the single most hilarious aspect of being here — if you have a totally perverted sense of humour, dislike central heating, like getting up at 7.40 a.m. every morning and enjoy paste butties — then living in Digs is for you. The best thing about living here is that from the bathroom window you can watch the cricket at Headingley over the road. That said, some of the houses I've been in are very reminiscent of 'The Young Ones', with mice, lack of doors and best of all — fleas in the couch (I've never been back there). Don't panic — it's not all like that, just most of it.

3. The Locals

Think of your stereotype Yorkshireman — and you've more or less hit the nail on the head. They have a liking for 'lamb-chop' sideburns or the ever popular 'Arthur Scargill' look, and a strange accent to go with it. To be honest, you only come into contact with them working in shops, pubs etc . . . but they're glad of the business so there's no problem there. Things are slightly different with the younger locals who seem to have a dislike of students which surpasses mine — to the extent that there's certain places you just don't walk through on your own after nightfall (it's called Woodhouse!). You can understand their point though — all these upstarts coming onto their 'patch' as though they own the place — so it's wise not to tread on their toes (or drink in their pubs).

4. The 'Studees'

Not being a member of the flat-top/long coat brigade, I felt a bit out of place at first — until I realised there were quite a few other people who thought they were idiots too. It's more than a coincidence I think that the ones I hang round with (Yes — Bobby Lacey — I have got mates!!) are all from cities — Sheffield/London/Liverpool as opposed to belonging to this breed of people with 'Southern' (not Cockney) accents who you would best describe by the phrase 'OK-Yah'. In fact, accents all round are a point of much humour — of course as you know all 'Scousers' say the word 'wack' all the time (well that's what Johnny 'smashin' Kennedy told me) and so I get this 'Orright Wack' sort of greeting, which always sounds more Brummie than Scouse anyway. One lad from London speaks so fast nobody can understand a word he says — but apparently nobody understood anyone in the 1st term anyway — you know the sort of thing — you just say 'oh, yes' when they've finished speaking to keep them happy.

One very disturbing feature of being here is that I have actually begun to speak to people from Manchester, and dare I say it — some of them are alright. This is real 'coming out of the closet' stuff for me, but they're not all like Kevin Webster or Mike Sweeney.

5. The Social Life

The trouble is, the pub is only a 3 minute walk and somebody's always going out, so there's no escaping the ale really. Don't believe all this 'I drink 20 pints every nite' bit you hear — that's the 'studees' exaggerating — the ones who are the big drinkers don't tend to remember much about it anyway. The Poly discos can be quite 'interesting' — and the infamous '30p a pint' nights at Ritzzy's have produced many a memorable evening.

There is also one major escape route if all is getting you down — the M62. My refusal to become a 'part-time' Everton supporter means I'm back for every game — so luckily I don't have time to forget what it's like at home.

In case I've put anybody off further education I would advise anyone who wanted to, to get away and see what it's like. You'll probably find that all the discomforts that arise end up providing some of the more humorous moments of the year.

Is there life after school?

2 — Birmingham University

Miss Elizabeth Bate

Birmingham, what sort of idea does that conjure up? A big industrialised city in the middle of nowhere? Well it's not quite like that. Birmingham is a campus university which means that all the different departments, the Halls of Residence, etc, are on the same site. The Guild is the centre of a lot of student activity, the bias being EVER so slightly to the left, but you can get used to CND, the women's movement and juvenile Derek Hattons with time. It is here that all the different societies meet and here can be found a place which is attended with reverential regularity — Founders' Bar. It is here that you should see and be seen every Friday night, if you want to maintain your street cred that is.

The Halls are grouped together at The Vale around a lake which freezes over every winter and is populated by a large number of geese guaranteed to wake you the morning after the night before. Amongst all the halls there is one which is sacred for it was occupied by Simon Le Bon — isn't it strange that High Hall is reputed for being favoured by, how shall I put it — those of us who don't wear Levi 501's?

All universities get Wednesday afternoon off for sport. OK, some of us go home and wash our hair, others however do partake. For those of you that way inclined the Birmingham First XV is amongst the top four in the country together with Durham and Nottingham, Loughborough coming an unbeatable first. The rugby teams also have an active social life having been banned from several pubs during after match/training session (they play twice a week and train three times and for those of you this way inclined the access are ideal as they believe that team spirit is essential while team training not so). The athletics team is the best in the whole country, several individuals often competing in international competitions, as is the water polo club.

I'm sorry, but I haven't had time to mention the cricket ground rag week, the curry houses, the Odeon & NEC where all the big bands play, Old Joe, the Barber Institute and, of course, the Catholic Chaplaincy!

French Trips

Mr John Adamson

The new GCSE exam places great emphasis on the practical skills of listening, reading and understanding French and the development in the pupil of an ability to speak the language in a variety of everyday situations.

As an extension of classroom teaching, we offer a range of opportunities for our students to travel to France with the College. Each visit is carefully graded to match the ability and years of study of the participant.

In their first year of study, our boys are offered a chance to spend a day in France seeing the sights for themselves and accomplishing limited tasks such as buying bread, postcards and stamps, using French money and understanding notices. A party from the College visited Normandy to see the towns of Caen, Bayeux (for the tapestry) and Arromanches (D-Day museum/display) and in November, a second party spent a fascinating day in Paris.

In furthering the basic aims above, a party of second-year boys spent three days at Sangatte, in Picardy, where they had the opportunity to mix with French people on holiday in the same holiday village. The trip was an outstanding success.

At Easter a group of older students took part in a project which involved nearly one hundred Catholic young people visiting Brittany, and a further group departed on an Exchange again to Brittany during the latter part of the holiday.

One weekend a coach party of Mums and Dads spent a splendid forty-eight hours visiting Lorient, Quimper and Carmac, a venture which we hope to repeat before Christmas.

Our October trip is fully sold-out and will visit the French Alps. Bookings are already in for Easter 1987, when we hope to continue our involvement with the larger Catholic group.

Thanks are due to the parents who have made all these trips such a success by their keen support. We are confident that your son will have benefitted from your sacrifice in allowing him to travel with us.

(See Sangatte '85 article — Ed).

Chemistry of Women

Brian Flannery
Form Six

Symbol: WO

Atomic weight: Accepted as 120, known isotopes from 100 to 180

Physical Properties

1. Surface usually found with film of painted oxide.
2. Boils at nothing, freezes without reason.
3. Unpolished specimens turn green in presence of polished ones.
4. All varieties melt given proper treatment.
5. Bitter if used incorrectly.
6. Density varies from great to infinite.
7. States: virgin metal to common ore.
8. Turns a rosy tint when discovered in natural state.

Chemical Properties

1. Highly explosive except in experienced hands.
2. Affinity for gold, silver and platinum.
3. Ability to absorb quantities of liquid sustenance.
4. May explode spontaneously when left with male.
5. Insoluble in liquids but activity greatly increased by saturation in spirit solution.
6. Yields to pressure.
7. Ages rapidly.

Uses

Chiefly ornamental. Reducing agent (see bank balance). Illegal in most countries to possess more than one specimen. Exchanges permissible.

Iuveniliter Age

1985-86 Editorial Board
'Iuveniliter Age'

The 6th Form magazine 'Iuveniliter Age' has been in existence for just over a year. Throughout its so far short life, it has been no

more than moderately successful. This lack of success can be attributed to two main factors: (i) That 'IA' is not very interesting; (ii) That our 6th Form is apathetic. In fact, the two factors are closely linked. An apathetic 6th Form will produce low-quality articles. Low-quality articles will make the magazine boring. A boring magazine will make the readership even less interested and, hence, even more apathetic . . . and so on. What can be done to remedy this pitiable situation? Is this pitiable situation worth remedying anyway? The answer to the second of these questions is undoubtedly 'yes'.

'Iuveniliter Age' gives the chance to any 6th Former to communicate information or points of view on any subject. This information or viewpoint may then become known to about 200 people (pupils and staff) in a very short time. Anyone who has ever waited in vain for a reply to a notice he has put on the notice-board will be aware of the value of such rapid communication. In 'IA', unlike on notice-boards, people see notices.

But 'IA' is not solely a communicator of news. There is a theory that 6th Formers are almost adults and that, as such, they have discussions of considerable gravity and even wit. Well, 'IA' has proved itself a forum for such discussions (eg. the 'Handsworth Riots' debate between Danny Carter and David Moran). Of course, this 'adult' business is only a theory, and so 'IA' has always held its doors open to certain, less 'weighty' topics. Whether you read the 'Financial Times' or the 'Beano', 'IA' always has something for you.

'IA' can also claim responsibility for the encouragement and nurturing of previously unexploited literary talents. Some, never previously considering themselves as writers, have found a latent talent within themselves. Others, on the contrary, who had previously considered themselves as writers, have found out that they are not. Nevertheless, 'IA' has provided the opportunity for people to do something new, and as is usually the case, enjoyable.

All told then, 'IA' is a valuable facet of 6th Form life. It is valuable, firstly, as a mirror in which the 6th Form can see itself. When 'IA' is boring, it is because we, the 6th Form, are boring too. 'IA' is also valuable as a reminder of our position in the city. No other 6th Form in Liverpool has anything like 'IA'. We can be proud of it as an exercise in cooperation. Cooperation between pupil and pupil, and pupil and staff. In fact, no mention of 'IA' would be complete without recognition of the time and effort put into its production by Mr Young. Throughout the year, Mr Young has given his support as advisor, typist and printer. We should like to take this opportunity to acknowledge our indebtedness to him. This indebtedness we must extend to Bro Sassi. His generosity in allowing the magazine to carry on, though it has sometimes been unprofitable, has been indispensable.

It is to be hoped, in conclusion, that 'IA' will go on to build on the foundations now established. If the 1986-87 6th Form can show even the faintest flicker of enthusiasm, 'IA' will at last become the success it deserves to be.

Of at twilight's mystic hour . . .

A reflection 10 years on

**Mr Graham Polson
(1969-1976)**

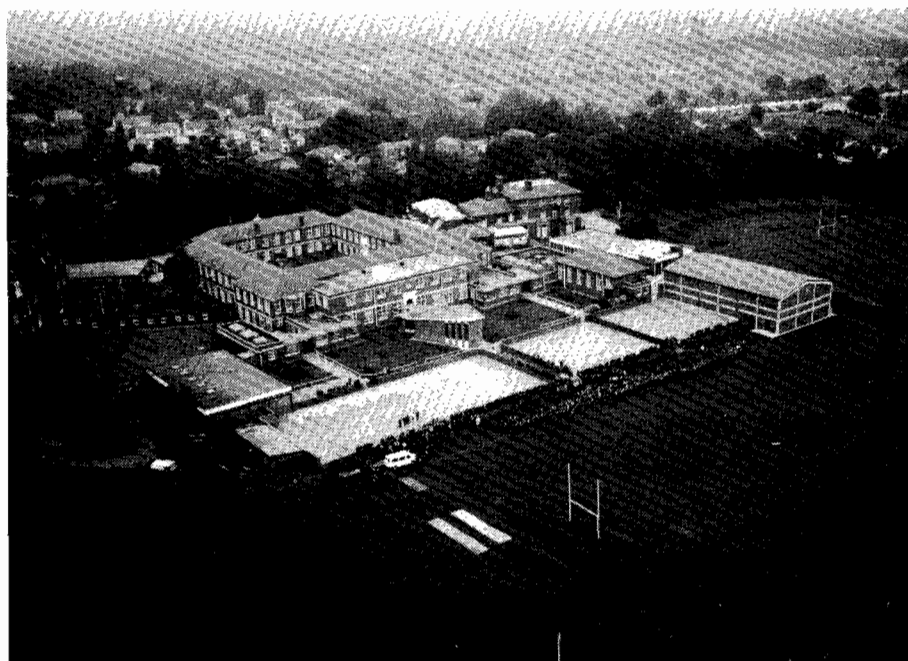
All who have entered the main gates of St Edward's as students have their own special memories. Many recollections will have the same themes and characters. Often it is the most trivial but amusing experiences that spring to mind. The saying that truth is stranger than fiction is never more apt than stories of St Edward's — they need no embellishment.

My 'sentence' commenced in September 1969. I was 11 years old. My first form master was Mr Austin Gibbons who later we affectionately nicknamed 'the Minister for Employment' because of his ability to find a job for those lads who wished to be excused games. That first day he urged us henceforth to put into practice the school motto. We finished at noon, but sadly this was not part of school tradition and from then on a full 9 a.m.-4 p.m. was expected.

Second year heralded our move from Runnymede into the Main School and there meeting the true characters of the college, of which there was an abundance. Typifying this was our geography master Bro Murphy ('The Mad Monk') who started each lesson by asking the class to state the main news item of the day. I recall on one occasion Peter Mullin replying that Egypt's President Nasser had died. The following day the usual question was asked but there was no important news story and a stoney silence fell on the class. Bro Murphy broke the silence by announcing the main item of news that day to be that 'President Nasser was still dead'. A class of 13 year olds sat there bemused but not a laugh or a smile was passed as we were all too young to realise that even teachers have a sense of humour! This fact must have added to the tale which was surely recounted in the Brothers House that night.

With Third Year came the commencement of the dreaded O Level courses and with it huge scientific strides in the Chemistry Laboratory when Danny O'Brien succeeded where for centuries more famous scientists had failed — he set fire to an asbestos mat. The memory of Danny doing the Mexican Mat Dance on the offending mat will live with all who witnessed it.

Fourth and Fifth Year were filled with French Vocals, copper calorimeters, visits to the Language Lab and cheating at Cross-country. Fourth year saw the final year of Bro Ryan's reign which had started as an immovable hard line in the late 60s but by the early 70s had mellowed to a firm but more approachable stance as befitted the times. This trend was continued in the 5th Form



with the arrival of Bro Chincotta. As the love of Bro Ryan's life had been Rugby, so with Bro Chincotta the music too commenced and was to culminate in the building of the Music and Arts Centre.

The Lower Sixth will long be remembered for the Orchestral trip to Newfoundland. Many of us who were not in the Orchestra had many peaceful dinnertimes ruined by what appeared to be organised mayhem but was in fact Orchestra practice. We wondered what Newfoundland had done to deserve this and we mused on how the newspaper headlines would read when the orchestra leaders Miss Hogg, Mr Lyons and Mr Genin were surely deported from that country as enemies of the State. However, with much hard work and not a little practice the tour was an outstanding success and the orchestra were invited to return.

On the Sports Field success was also the order of the day. The Rugby team were winners of national competitions at Llanelli and Rosslyn Park and as usual the athletics team dominated Merseyside. By then the fears we had in the first year had truly dissipated to be replaced by a relaxed but respectful atmosphere.

It was in my Upper Sixth that the School purchased a megaphone for use on the athletics track by Mr Gibbons. I recall receiving a message from the PE Dept. that the relay team were to attend to do sprint training. On arrival we were dispatched to the far side of the running track. Then using

his new gleaming megaphone Mr Gibbons asked 'Are you lads ready over there?' By agreement nobody acknowledged his question and we all looked into thin air. This occurred three times. A frustrated 'Gibbo' then promptly put the instrument down and returning to old habits shouted his requests once more. We all started waving our hands and went to our starting positions immediately. This was followed by what had become folklore in the school — the unaided voice of Mr Gibbons shouting '... Mark, Se t, GO!!' On reaching the finishing line all questions about the incident were met with tongue in cheek denials of conspiracy. We all agreed later in the changing rooms that it would have been unfair to shatter our memories of summers at St Edward's in the final few months at the College. We left with tradition intact.

It seems strange that 10 years after leaving the College I find myself penning an item for the School Magazine. I once had a poem published on these pages but I remember that to have been the lesser of two evils — we were given the choice of an arduous English homework or submitting a piece for the school magazine. The tactic worked. I can not claim that excuse today. The truth is that in a moment of weakness at the Annual Old Boys Dinner (always the Friday in October prior to St Edward's day) Mr Terry Duffy persuaded me to put pen to paper to recall events, characters and what they have become. Since then the stories have flooded

On Recherche

Robert Greenland
Form Two

back in my thoughts. I cannot cover everything or everyone but it may be of interest to see what has become of people.

It is not surprising that the professions are well represented. Tim Fitzsimmons, Maurice Pye, Peter Bamber and Tim Whittaker are doctors — four good reasons to take up alternative medicine. Steve Walsh, Greg Price, Ray Healey and Paul Barrow became solicitors, the latter two having gained science degrees and one subsequently having run a fish farm in Wales!! Jim Renaghan who was innumerate at school became a chartered accountant. Brian Quinn and Keith Tracey are chartered surveyors — we can expect a leaning tower of Widnes soon. John Holian and Dave Evans who were both renowned for bending the rules of Rugby have hopefully reformed — they are policemen. Peter Morris has gained a managerial position in a brewery — now that sounds more like a St Edward's lad! Peter McElroy, Tom Manning, Martin Pope and Steve Kelly became teachers — No comment. Finally MEF Flanagan became a musician (he never was in the orchestra!) and was last seen on TV as a guitar player dressed only in balloons. It would be futile to list the others but suffice it to say engineering, civil service, computers and banking are all represented.

I'm sure all the people mentioned will take my comments with a pinch of salt but it is interesting to contrast their characters as schoolboys to their eventual careers — often they are poacher turned gamekeeper.

From personal experience I can say one thing true of St Edward's lads is that whenever we accidentally meet everyone always stops and relates who they have seen and what people are doing. However, there are some characters who nobody has heard of for some time.

With this in mind it would be a pleasure to see any lads or groups of friends who still keep in touch at the next Old Boys' Dinner or at the CI. This of course applies to Old boys of any year. It seems appropriate to mention that the CI/Edwardian association is still run from Bishop's Court opposite the School and has three Rugby teams and four football teams of differing standards. A healthy social life is also provided, so whether you have recently left or are just about to leave, bear this in mind and come and take part.

If you do not care to partake then maybe write an article for the Magazine and maintain the link between the old boys and the College which is so mutually important.

Photograph by Mr Matthew Brown

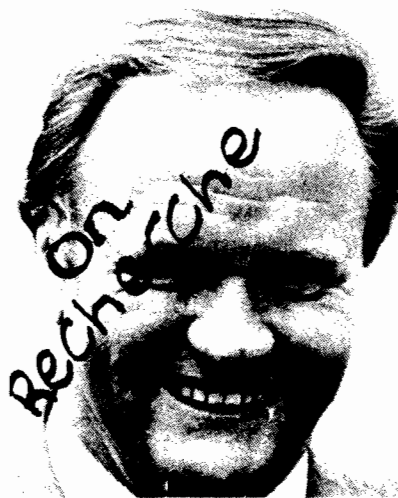
On Recherche

Ron Atkinson
Alias 'Grand Ron'

Mort ou vivant

Récompense
100,000f

Il court



Crime
A volé £7,500,000
de Manchester
United
pour Bryan Robson

Cet homme est dangereux!
Il a 42 ans environ. Il est grand, et fort.
Il a un visage carré, et un grand nez.
Il porte le pantalon et une cravate bleue,
et un veston blanc. Il a des cheveux gris.

Park Trees

Brother Andrew Rock

One of the attractive aspects of the situation of St Edward's College is the number and variety of trees in its grounds. There are many fine trees and the range of types and states of maturity is also very impressive.

Maintaining these trees requires time, skill and effort. The right kind of growth has to be promoted and an injury which lets in water can also let in disease and cause serious damage to the whole tree unless treated in time. We have also had several trees ruined by fires started at their base.

Because a few minutes thoughtlessness can destroy a tree which could have taken a century to grow, planning permission is usually required not only to cut down a tree but even to do trimming work where the wrong treatment could do permanent damage. Formal permission is not required to take down a tree which is already dead and dangerous but if a tree is felled without consulting the authorities they may demand proof that it was dead and dangerous.

In April 1981 St Edward's had planning permission to fell thirty trees — mostly elms with Dutch elm disease. The document also specified thirty trees to be planted in their place. The permission was valid for five years. The most dangerous were felled then and many trees have been planted since then.

By September 1985 we had fifty trees which needed to be felled and about thirty of them were in a dangerous condition and position. About three were in reasonably good condition though blocking some improvements in access and parking but most



were elms which had died from Dutch elm disease.

We obtained permission for the work in December though on the strength of the previous permission some trees had been taken down in November 1985. We had three quotations for the work and the one who quoted the lowest price was also the one whose advice corresponded most closely with that of the arborial expert from the planning department. We were also impressed by the way the work was done with no disruption to school activities.

Some of the trees which were planted in the last few years have been killed by vandals but we have plenty of young trees and with some transplanting most of the gaps have

already been filled. Some areas have been opened up to enable us to improve access and parking and reduce congestion on North Drive. Tree work is a long-term task but there should be some very noticeable improvements before the end of 1986 and we hope that the development will continue.

Photograph by Joseph McCarthy

*Illustration by
David Vernon, Form 2*



A Reflection on the Sixth Form

Anthony Lappin
Form Six

The following is a translation from an ancient MS I found on a trip to the Conekho rift area of Southern Africa, and which deal with the inhabitants of the land.

Once upon a time [lit. 'when Lemonade was a child'] there lived a tribe of men in a circular village. There were no females there, and the men lived on nuts, berries and the occasional woman they found wandering around in the jungle that surrounded the village. Except for a few remarkable exceptions, the savages would only eat women from far-off villages, as, although there were a couple of villages nearby, the meat of the women from these was too tough for their cultivated taste.

The whole tribe went on a great hunting expedition every summer when they would eat every woman they came across. During one hunt many bad dreams and evil omens were visited on to the savages. Some said that this was due to their failure to give proper sacrifice to the gods before they left. However, the real cause was found when they returned to the village. A group of women stood there. The savages had never been so close to women before without trying to eat them, but, as there were not enough women to go around, they held back, afraid for a reason they could not define.

Time passed, but still the fears remained, some diminished, some increased, and certain heartfelt grievances troubled the savages, and made it difficult for them to get along with the women. They found it hard to accept that, while they had been strictly forbidden, on the 75th Tablet of 'Commandments, Laws and Interpretations' from the high god, to use war-paint or tattoos, the women wore these freely and ornaments too, such as rings around their necks, studs in their ears and bones through their noses. Also the savages felt that the gods looked more favourably upon the women, as the smoke from their sacrifices was seen to rise more quickly into the heavens, and, with some gods, never was it seen to be dissipated into the earth.

Occasionally, at the time of a feast, which was always held around the well [or watering hole for sheep — the term being almost always used derogatively — and is situated just outside (Translator's note)] the odd savage, overcome by the incense, the monotonous beat of the drums and the murmurings of the river, would bite one of the women, but no lasting harm was seen to be done.

Time went on, and one or two savages began to tend the same earth as a woman, and live on their produce. This practice became more common as the months progressed, though several savages had suggested it to every woman as soon as they arrived.

The moons came and went, as did the times for sacrifices to the gods. Eventually those in the village realised that they must follow the traditions of their ancestors and each would have to make a boat and put out upon the fast-flowing river which would take them out into the sea, wild and tumultuous for some, calm and comatose for others. However, boat-building materials had become much more difficult to come by than in former times, yet still the tribe's fortunes in boat-building were related in a strange and mysterious way to how they had treated their gods and teraphim and above all how well they had kept the rules firmly inscribed on the Tablets of 'Interpretations'.

So, after offering a great holocaust, at last the time had come for them to leave the village, and, keeping blindly out upon the river from the derelict Folly's wharf, they were carried downstream. Those who had not built their boats well enough were shipwrecked and stranded, others reached the shallow water around the coastline and eeked out a meagre existence on the fish to be found there; the more able paddled out, aided by fortunate tides and currents, to deeper water, where they fed on rich fish and grew fat, until they sank under their own weight. There were a few, however, who went too far and fell off the edge of the seas, and became no longer of the world, as, it was whispered, they claimed not to give worship to the Great Emperor, the Almighty Mamonth¹, but in his stead to place the consonant god².

Translator's notes:

¹ Mamonth was depicted as a huge, wild beast, marked on his body by 'S' shapes with two parallel lines crossing the 'S' out, thus perhaps indicating an exorcism of man's pride and greed, symbolised by the winding of the S-shaped snake.

² Although I have searched exhaustively I can find little that can help me to understand this reference within the literature of the tribesmen.

Sangatte '85

Michael Smith
Form Two

The ferry chugged slowly into the dirty, smelly port of Calais. Everywhere was silent and desolate, hardly another boat was to be seen.

The ramp was lowered and the bright, French sunlight flooded into the car-hold.

The ramp clattered as the coaches, lorries and cars began to move into the dock.

After a long wait at the customs, the coach resumed its journey, weaving through the traffic on the Calais roads.

The site was situated about a mile from civilisation and a short walk from the beach. It was surrounded by fields and farmland.

Soon after we arrived we were locked up in our chalets for the night.

Early the next morning we were awoken by Mr Adamson. As soon as I managed to get up it was time for breakfast, after which we went back to the chalets to finish unpacking. It was then that I found that the toilet was broken. I went down to reception to report this, but to my dismay I found the French receptionist couldn't understand my French. I spoke in English instead and he understood perfectly. We spent the afternoon on a shopping expedition. When we got back I was relieved to find the toilet had been fixed.

In the two days of the holiday which remained, a football tournament was organised, the toilet broke again, we went on coach trips to Boulogne and the supermarket there and we tried interviewing the French people who lived in the area.

Unfortunately, the time came to leave, and so, after we had packed, the chalets had been mopped and locked up, we boarded the coach and began the journey home.

A Typical Day — 2

A response to Christopher Power's article in the previous issue

Mr John Moseley

8.20 am

I arrive. Immediate lethargy.

8.21

Greeted by the overwhelming power of Stubbs' (Form Four) piano-playing. Elsewhere other appalling sounds: cascades of violin scales (Needham, Form Six), tuba groans (a large boy in the Prep) and the voice of Cullen (Form Six). This is the worst of all. The resemblance strikes me once more between the music school and Fort Knox: so many doors to unlock; so difficult to get out of.

8.25-8.50

Constant harassment as small boys return instruments: 'Please sir, I didn't sir, mean sir, to break the string sir, but sir, the dog sir . . . ' (Only six 'sirs' in that sentence).

Lesson One — Form Five

No boys yet. Is someone looking down kindly upon me? Alas not. Attempt to increase their knowledge of harmony. I won't tell you what Flannery thinks an inversion is.

Lesson Two Form Five again!

Is it possible? I'm afraid so. We break from harmony to discuss Sir Michael Tippett 'a complete idiot' according to Ng; one of the world's greatest composers in the view of the better informed.

Break

— ruined by a boy asking if I can find him a simple tutor, preferably with illustrations, which will enable him to learn the guitar in half-an-hour. I suggest that he buys an instrument first.

Lesson Three — Form Four

They enter chattering, not thundering, as it says in the Bible. I wonder anew at the effect I have on Wallace. I seem able to reduce him to complete silence. Or is that the same thing as never answering my questions?

Lesson Four — Form One

Row upon row of small people: thirty faces, sixty feet, five hundred coloured pencils. My job is to distract them from the current video-nasty.

Lesson Five

A free period: in which to answer letters, write to publishers, bring the instrumental teachers salaries up to date (*very important*), work-out some timetables, plan a concert for July 1987, mark some 'O' Level prep — there's the telephone again — and RELAX.

Lunchtime

Am amazed yet again that anyone can have designed the dining-hall. Who would acknowledge it?

Music school foyer resembles the trenches.

Hideously loud noises off. Can it be Stubbs? After a substantial amount of time setting-out music stands aided by Shuttleworth (Form Five) orchestra begins. Faith in humanity partially restored. Immediately destroyed. I am called to the telephone. Some light-footed impresario asks if the Chamber Choir could lead the singing on Saturday night at a little Charity Do in aid of homeless militants — and it will only take half-an-hour, but could we please include 'My Way', Bach's 'Ave Maria' (he didn't write one) and an up-tempo version of 'Down at the Old Bull and Bush'.

Lesson Six — Form Six

— who are, of course very sophisticated but who, for some perplexing reason keep getting the same things wrong. We discuss this phenomena in terms of Nietzsche (Independence of thought), Freud (Symbolism) and Wittgenstein (Logical Positivism *and* Analytical Philosophism) at the end of which we doubt our own existence (Sartre).

Lesson Seven — Form One

Again? No, a different one. The previous lesson begins to assume an angelic nostalgia as I am bombarded with questions: 'Can I sharpen my ruler?' 'Can I learn the saxophone?' 'Can I go to the lavatory?' No! I fear the lemming instinct.

Lesson Eight — Form Six (General Studies)

Very general. No study. Fitzsimmons finds sexual imagery in every remark. Carroll finds us all naive.

4.00 pm

Rehearsal delayed by the excuses of McDonald (Form Five) for not having done his prep: 'My grandfather threw it on the fire?' 'The dog ate it?' 'Father thought it was his account book and ripped it in half?' 'I put it in the washing machine by mistake?' 'My mother thought it was a slice of high-fibre bread and ate it?' Well! Would *you* believe them?

4.40 The Confessions of Irene

Not a sex-film, but the complaints of our cleaning lady. Headmaster kindly note: *please* can we have our own buffer, a new carpet and lots of polish.

4.45

Realisation that I have become insensitive to music. Stubbs is still playing.

4.50

Contemplate retirement, but only succeed in going home.

4.51

Final disaster. Tonight I have to translate the GCSE guide into English.

Who are they?

Anon

Here are some light-hearted portraits of school personalities. See if you can identify them.

It is morning break and the prefect approaches. He stares at the lines of boys through cold eyes. There is silence. When, suddenly, someone drops their football.

'You!' his voice booms.

'Me?!' says the innocent boy.

'Yeah, you! Gerrouit!!'

The boy walks slowly out. This prefect stands there, his gown rippling in the wind, not a hair on his close-shaven head blowing, waiting to catch the next unsuspecting boy.

'Right, IH, go in!' From the crowd a boy lets out a sigh of relief.

'Who did tha'?' The boy's class-mates tell on him. 'Right. Standout!!'

'I only . . .'

'No buts, gerrouit!'

He turns to the two victims. 'Pick up the litter!!!' he roars.

By the time all the other boys have gone in, these two boys have picked up about half of the litter. The prefect calls them over.

'Can we go now?' they say, thinking they have done their fair share.

'No! I wanna six-page essay, both sides, fer turmorrer. And if there isn't one, yer can see the boss!

'Tarra, 'ave a nice day!' he says sarcastically as the weeping boys leave.

Have you ever received a 12 page essay from him?

With arrogant but silent menace, till his obsessions came in view — socks of a certain shade or blazerless boys — inspiring the conditioned reflex of stentorian reprimand, he strides with the self-assuredness that a mathematical mind, concealed in the lofty recesses of his head, provides.

NAME — ?

AGE — I dunno!

LIKES — Hovering a ruler over peoples' heads, saying, 'You good man, you!'

DISLIKES — School! Not hovering a ruler over peoples' heads and saying 'You good man, you!'

PERSON MOST ADMIRES — Himself!

NICKNAME — I'm not telling you so yah boo!

HEIGHT — I dunno that either!

PASTIME — Badminton

CAR —

FULL NAME

FAVOURITE BOY } How should I know?

'Detention tomorrow night' is this teacher's favourite phrase and he is also eager to recite French phrases (he doesn't even teach French). By the way, this teacher is a 'good man'!

Given to epigrams and self-assertion, 'Snow White' peers with unsmiling malignancy at a world which has the effrontery to disagree with him.

In September 1985, the staff of St Edward's College was mortified by my appearance in Lower Sixth. Truly the Science Staff could not do without me, and where would the Mathematics Department be without my vital contributions?

Unfortunately my academic progress has been cramped by my sore toe, and my once beautiful blonde hair is now tatty as a result of representing the school on many a wind-swept golf-course.

Of the manifold Liverpool-Thespian breed, these smoking conspirators, moustached, differing only in height, build and dramatic opinion, produce as much theatre in their behaviour as by stagecraft.

I live in the classroom adjacent to the Senior Biology lab but spend much of my time in the sixth form block encouraging one of the senior cross country team to run after me. (Poor lad, I think he lost most of his strength when he had his hair out). My multicoloured hair is often plaited like a horse's mane; my glasses are forever falling off the end of my nose; my laugh is worse than the school bell; my eye-lids are coloured tetra ammine copper (II) (otherwise known as blue!) sulphate; and my ears are always bearing much scrap-metal — Woolies' best.

Visage replete with nasal aristocracy, our musical jack-of-all-trades beams from the heights of well-meaning snobbery on the uncouth northerners who sully his atmosphere.

Warplanes

Gary Day
Form One

The first warplanes were slow, cumbersome bi-planes, which were propellor driven. Some planes were 'pusher' planes. This means that the engine and propellor were situated behind the pilot. A few planes were monoplanes and triplanes. A famous monoplane was the Fokker EIII Eindekker, and a famous triplane was the Fokker DRI. The guns on these planes were either mounted on the wings, in front of the pilot or behind, were the observer gunner would sit.

Nowadays these planes are obsolete except for some, which are still used as trainers.

These days warplanes are sleek, superfast jets which can travel faster than the speed of sound. There are three tasks of which a plane is specifically designed to do. These three tasks are: air superiority, air defence and interdiction (ground attack and bombing). An example of these is the US Air Force's F15 Eagle, the Russian Foxbat and the US Air Force's A10 Thunderbolt. Britain has no proper air superiority and air defence fighters. Instead the RAF relies on the Panavia Tornado multi-role plane. The plane jointly built by Britain, Germany and Italy is in use with the three airforces of these countries. It is in service as the interdiction type, but an air superiority type will soon enter service in Britain. This fighter will have a sleeker nose and lengthened fuselage which means more fuel storage space. A few more multi-role planes are the Sea Harrier, F18 Hornet and the F14 Tomcat.

Reconnaissance also plays a big part in todays arms race. Most of this is done by planes which are full of electronics. One of the most famous spy planes is the Lockheed SR-71 'Blackbird' which is powered by two Pratt and Whitney ram-jet engines, which give it a topspeed of Mach 3.3. It spies on south west Asia and east Asia. Spying on Russia is banned after a spy-plane was shot down over Russia.

Letters

Dear Bro Sassi,

Why are there no lower-school common rooms? Surely to prevent theft and also to satisfy our need for warmth during the winter they are a reasonable idea.

There is already a shortage of room in the school. Furthermore, there are so many activities available during the lunch break that there is scarcely need for lower-school common rooms. If you have time to kill, involve yourself in more extra-curricular activities.

Bro Sassi

Dear Bro Sassi,

What are the staff's dress requirements? If they are liberal — and they appear to be — how can they expect us to follow restrictive regulations? Further, what is meant by 'outrageous' with regard to uniform and dress?

Dress requirements for the staff are not your concern. The requirements for pupils' dress have, by their very nature, to be restrictive if they are to be 'uniform'. That which is considered 'outrageous' exceeds the necessary limits of uniformity.

Bro Sassi

Dear Bro Sassi,

Since the privatisation of the school meals service, roast potatoes have gone out of vogue. Can this be rectified?

Dear Bro Sassi,

I wish to complain about the new school dinners. When you buy chips you get plenty of them, but when you buy chips and something else, (e.g. chips and beans) you get a little bit of both. Could you please do something about this? Apart from this the dinners are very good.

Contact the Catering Manageress. I am pleased that you are generally satisfied with the meals service, because it costs the school money. I know that the manageress tries to provide a balanced, healthy diet, but I am sure she would be interested in receiving genuine, polite suggestions.

Bro Sassi

Dear Mr Adamson,

French is alright, but Chinese is the most spoken language in the world. Why is it not put on the curriculum?

I totally agree with you in this respect, and would request the support of readers in petitioning the Headmaster to include Chinese in the curriculum.

We are constantly told that mathematics is a language, but I have never heard it spoken at St Edward's. It must therefore be the least-spoken language in the world and should be replaced by Chinese in the St Edward's curriculum.

At least we could then cope with the take-aways.

P.S. It could be included next year as an evening course, to be taken when everyone had Dung Xiau Ping. There would be nothing wrong with Peking at the exam, and classes would put a new slant on things and be character-forming. There is after all a chink of light.

Mr Adamson

Mr Gibbons,

We have received a number of petitions asking for the inclusion of soccer in the school's games curriculum. Please comment. (Ed).

1. Soccer is included in the school's games curriculum — see school prospectus where we have masters in charge of soccer.

2. Traditionally though, we are a rugby-playing school from the time the school moved to Sandfield Park in 1938 and tradition is a very important aspect of the life of the school.

3. As a result, much is invested in rugby e.g. 5 sets of rugby posts at over £300 each and at least 10 masters who are qualified to teach and coach rugby.

4. Educationally it makes more sense to offer a boy a different sport to the one that is all around him. In this way, he can experience two sports. The Sunday League set-up in this area is so well organised that there is no reason why any boy who wants to shouldn't play soccer as well.

5. Physiologically, rugby caters for a greater variety of skills and physiques. The very skilful ball-player will find a place in soccer or rugby, but the big, well-built (fat?) boy is equally well catered for in rugby, but not to the same extent in soccer.

6. With limited space for games, we are able to cater for more boys in rugby i.e. 2 teams of 15 rather than 2 of 11.

Points 2, 4 and 5 are the most important, and if I were to pick the most important, I, as a schoolmaster, would say No 5.

Mr Gibbons

To the People of Ethiopia

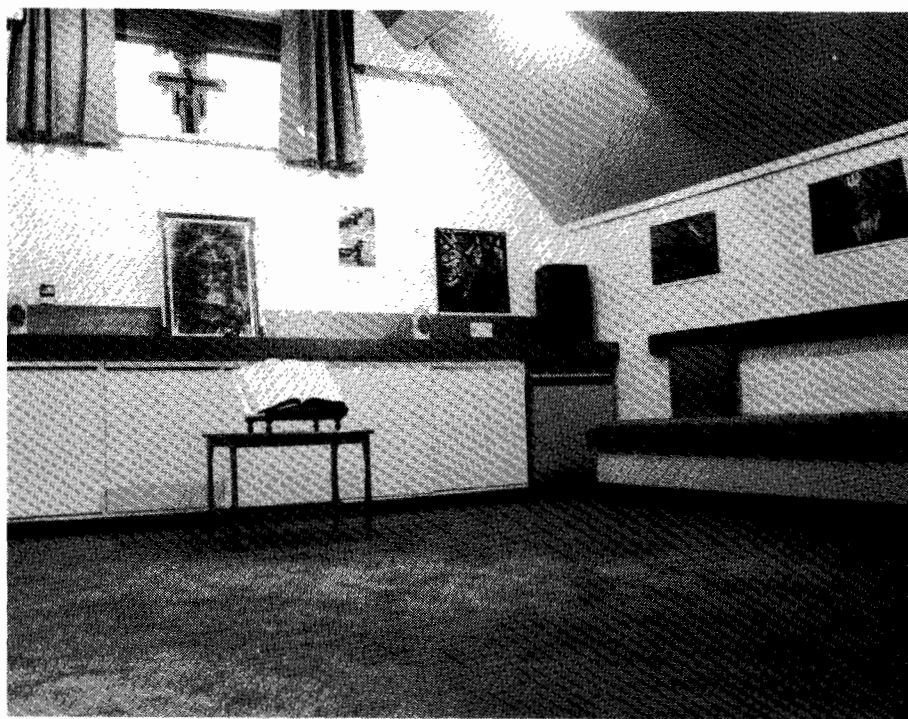
Nancy Buckland
Form Six

A small child, now so starved, in its bed of thorns is dying;
While its mother stoops nearby, she is shivering and crying;
They both seem barely human, yet have more courage than I.
As I sit here in my armchair, and leave this world to die,
Skin and bones rise to its feet yet fall back down again,
I watch it through this piece of glass, it screams and wails in pain.

A block of ice at nighttime, a desert by the day,
A rotten barren waste land, of death, despair, decay.
It seems another planet to the likes of you and I.
As we sit here in our armchairs and leave this world to die.
The degradation scuffle as they fight for food and life,
As I switch over the channels, and turn by back on strife.

These skeletons of human form, these victims of despair,
In a world of money-power, in a world that does not care.
I sit here and I wonder 'Is this how God meant life to be?'
Don't put the blame in God's hands when the blame belongs to me.
I pretend they don't exist, I shut my eyes to dream,
But in the volume of my conscience, I still hear that baby scream.

Open up your eyes, World, to the human mess you've made,
To the people you watch starving, to the people you degrade,
Don't turn your back on hunger and pretend that it's a lie,
Don't sit there in your armchairs, and leave this world to die.



The History of The Prayer Room

Anthony Pereira
Form Six

As I am sure you are all well aware, this year has witnessed the removal of the prayer group from the old, dowdy prayer room under the Brothers' house to a new room above the garage, and where Brother O'Grady used to keep his poultry.

Of course, the title, 'Prayer Room' is only the most recent appellation to be confined upon the building. I was asked to research its past and have found that it has a long and interesting history. I must confess that when I began this work, I had hoped that the prayer room might have been built on the site of an unsolved murder — but unfortunately no such luck!

In the good old days, before the coming of St Edward's, the Molyneux family owned St Clare's and used the building in which our prayer room is as a coach house. Hence it housed the carriages and cars that the family used. The room itself probably served as a storage room for straw and horse fodder.

Once the brothers moved in, the coach house received its more peculiar inhabitants. One of the first brothers to come to St Edward's used the upstairs room as a sanctuary for his pet canaries — well away from preying 'putty-tats'!

More recently, Brother Chincotta kept racing pigeons in the room. In fact, he managed to raise a particularly fine specimen — a Steve Cram amongst pigeons you might say — which won a considerable sum of

money (about £2,000) for its owner. Soon afterwards, Brother Chincotta went on holiday and left his pigeons in the tender care of the Brothers who forgot to feed them. Needless to say, the star performer was the one that snuffed it. Spurred on by conscience (or self preservation), the Brothers contacted a local pigeon fancier and managed to buy a pigeon of similar build and colour and replaced the deceased with this. Brother Chincotta never did find out why his beloved pigeon suffered a marked loss of form and never won another race!

The last creatures to reside in the prayer room — before the prayer group that is — were Brother O'Grady's chickens. I was particularly interested to discover that he raised Cantarn hens (the sort used in cock-fighting) but decided not to pursue this line of investigation further.

Recently, the prayer room has had a face-lift, and, on behalf of all the people who use it, I would like to thank Mr Whiteside for organising such a splendid job of renovation. The room's new interior includes a large, carpeted and suitably lit room that acts as the prayer room proper, and a foyer with a small but adequately stocked kitchen, and a toilet (in case the call of nature momentarily outweighs the call of God).

The new prayer room is named the 'Upper Room' in remembrance of the room in Jerusalem where the disciples met for prayer as they awaited the coming of the Holy Spirit. It was inaugurated during a vigil of prayer in January when Fr Paul Fegan from St Paul's parish celebrated a Mass with the assembled throng.

We hope and pray that, in using the room, more and more of the St Edward's community will experience the grace of Pentecost.

*

Photograph by Mr Edward Coupe

St Edward's Mentally Handicapped Club

Leon Choi
Form Six

*Affiliated to the National Federation of
Gateway clubs*

*Registered as a Charity in accordance with
the 1960 Charities Act, No 514159*

St Edward's Mentally Handicapped Club was founded in May 1981, from an idea by Peter Kinsella and Robert Hughes. Our aim is to enable the true integration of mentally handicapped people into the community; we try and do this by providing facilities for leisure, education and recreation and by treating all our members with equality, dignity and respect. The Club is run entirely by young people (the helpers' ages range from 15-22). The Club is still led by Peter Kinsella and Robert Hughes. The Club now caters for 55 members whose ages range from 15-50; there are approximately 20 regular helpers.

The Club is held every Sunday night between 6.30 pm and 8.30 pm in the Sixth Form Block of St Edward's College, Sandfield Park; transport to and from the Club is provided for virtually all of our members. The facilities provided include art/craft, snooker, table-tennis, darts, numerous board games, pin-ball, a computer, cookery, bingo, various sports, music, drama and dance. Refreshments are provided for all our members, and a tuck shop has recently opened which the members help to run.

Throughout the year we have a number of discos, parties, days out, a week's holiday, a Christmas party and a Pantomime. We also have sports teams representing us in events organised by MENCAP. To cover some of the running costs of the Club, all of our members are charged 20p per week. Insurance for all members and helpers is provided through the Gateway Insurance Scheme.

In May 1984, the Club won the 1984 'Dettol Youth Caring Awards' for being the best youth project in Great Britain, this was presented to us by HRH Princess Anne on BBC 'Pebble Mill at One'.

We at the Club pride ourselves in that it is run entirely by young people. We feel that the best approach to cater for the special needs of mentally handicapped people is with young, vital and fresh ideas which we like to think that we provide. The Club is an independent registered charity; we raise all our funds ourselves — throughout the year we have various fund-raising events (for which we ask support from everyone). It currently costs us about £15,000 per annum

to run the Club and any help in covering this cost is gladly welcomed and appreciated.

We extend our thanks to all those who have supported and aided our cause. Special thanks are due to Brother Mike Halligan and Brother Paul McCarthy, who drive two of the minibuses each week, and congratulations to Pete on his recent engagement.

Addresses:

Peter Kinsella, 'The Ranch', Sandfield Park,
Liverpool L12 2AR (220-9973)

Robert Hughes (226 3164)

Leon Choi, 20 Ramilies Road, Liverpool L18
1ED (733 2954)

A Parable

**The Word of God
is like a Dog**

Paul Carberry
Form One

One day a boy was given a small puppy. The boy took care of the dog at first. But when the dog got bigger and harder to handle he got bored of it and treated it badly. The dog then ran away. At first it didn't bother him. But when the dog had been gone for a week the boy realised that he couldn't be happy without it. So he searched the streets and when he found the dog he said he would never lose it again.

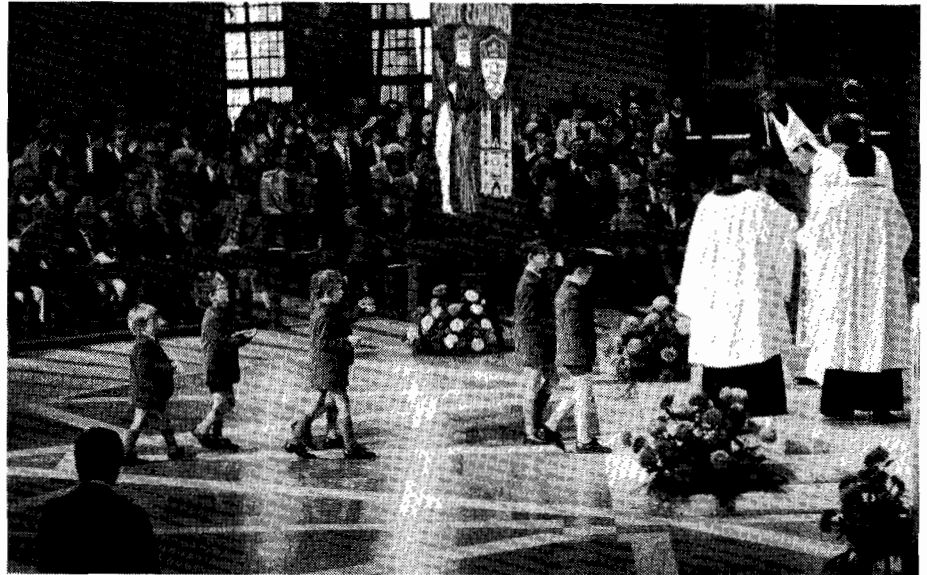
The St Edward's Day Mass

Paul Brabin
Form Four

The college is the centre of an extended Christian community. It is to recognise this that pupils, parents and teachers come together each year to worship in the Cathedral. The occasion is always one of great solemnity. Last year the principal celebrant was the archbishop. He spoke about the need for evangelism in our present day society and told us that to be saints we have to 'know the hearts of men and be in love with God.'

The Mass is set on the Sunday nearest the feast day of St Edward, our patron, who was the king of England before Harold. A banner depicting him is on display in the Cathedral during the service. This banner was made by a pupil of the college.

The pupils participate fully in the Mass. The hymn singing is led by the choral society accompanied by the brass ensemble, while the Mass itself is sung by the Cathedral Choir, composed of boys of the college. The gifts are brought to the altar by pupils of Runnymede and a reading is done by a sixth form student.



Photographs by Mr Matthew Brown.

Athletics



Messrs Austin Gibbons
& Simon Morgan



Photograph by Mr Michael Stephenson

St Edward's, like other schools, have talented and dedicated staff to help in the coaching of sporting activities, but, at St Edward's, we are also lucky to have such excellent facilities. The combination of these factors and the physical skills and determination displayed by our athletes, have produced very good results in national, regional and local competitions.

Last year was a successful year, not only as a team but, it also saw the improvement of better athletes and also the improvement of those athletes on the fringe of the team.

John Evans was a shining example of the individual strength, when he won the senior 800m at the English School Individual Championships. His athletic progress is set to continue to flourish, as he takes up his academic and sporting career at Providence College in the United States.

Team success was achieved nationally in the English Schools Milk Cup (team) National Final held at Warwick. The school had a team in each of the two age groups: U13 and U15. The U13 finished 3rd, and the U15 finished 7th. Outstanding performances were achieved by; Brunskill with two 1sts (Hurdles and Pole Vault), Birchall (400m) and Bracken (discus). The Milk Cup is a particular exciting competition, since each athlete (who makes up a team of 14) has to participate in a field event and a track event. An athlete with two good events makes the

best type of athlete for this sort of competition.

Other competitions were greatly affected by the teachers' dispute. Our only other major championship was the Christian Brothers' competition. In this event, the seniors and Inters came 1st, while the juniors finished 2nd. All other major championships were cancelled.

Hopefully the 1986 season will continue to see athletes train hard to improve on their own personal goals on the athletic field.

Badminton



Anthony Lappin
Form Six



Photograph by Mr Edward Coupe

In contrast to the 1984-85 season, the present badminton season, 1985-86, has been one of considerably more success, for the U19 'A' team at least, who carried off the league title in a thrilling last game at Bluecoat, the previous year's champions. However, their overall domination of their league can be seen in their final statistics in total, 70 games won, 8 lost. The first pair of Lappin (capt) and the veteran Plunkett, playing for his third year in the U19 'A' team, did not lose a game all season and were ably backed up by the thrilling pairing of Campbell and Connor together with the steadfast and occasionally brilliant third pair of Dugdill and Watkin. As captain, I would like to thank them for their reliability and dedication to training, so essential for any real success in badminton. The U19 'B' team, well supported by Cavanagh and Lynch have finished third in the U19 league, with both Coffee and Quirk boding well for the following season.

Due to the regrettable teacher's dispute, no tournaments have been held, nor have any leagues except the U19 been formed. For girl's badminton this was true, and was in part due to the fall in standard from last year, although Ms McQuillan and McGowan have set a high standard for the lower sixth girls to follow.

The U16 'A' team, without playing any league matches, reached the semi-final of the prestigious Top Schools' Knockout Competition under the able and inspired

captaincy of Heeson. The U16 'B' are to be commended for their dedication and enthusiasm in practice, even though they had no league to play in.

Among the third years, both Othick and Doyle, the first pair, have shown themselves to be players who promise much for the future.

On the whole, then, a year which should give us hope for the continued development of badminton within the school thanks to the dedication and help of the staff.

Bridge



Anthony Pereira
Form Six

This year has seen a vast improvement in the quality of Bridge played in the College. At last, we are overcoming the commonly held notion that bridge is an 'ivory tower' sport — an idea which a glance at the present brigade team would dispel.

For the first time, we have been able to enter a team in the lower division of the Merseyside Bridge league. The team comprises two pairs chosen from Paul Altham and Derek O'Hagan, Anthony Pereira and Paul Connolly, and Christine Harvey and Justin McCormack. Matches are usually held on Thursday evenings and draw on towards the witching hour. Here I would especially like to thank Mr Robinson, who often sacrifices his evenings to take the team to the venue and returns later to take them home — with little comfort from the score. The league is an adult league, hence opposing sides almost always have the advantage of years' experience (and no physics homeworks!) over us. For this reason, our successes have been few and unspectacular.

Since Christmas, there has been a general upturn in the team's fortunes — both in league and tournament play. In January, the club entered five pairs in the Merseyside Pairs Competition held in Bolton. The best performance came from Connolly and Pereira who came ninth. A week later, we entered two teams in the Daily Mail Competition also held in Bolton but beginning an hour earlier. The matutine start, coupled with one chap (obviously despairing of any success) lingering late in bed, shattered our arrangements for picking up the team. Two tried to find their own way to Bolton while the rest of us huddled under the seats as the minibus made hitherto undreamed of pretensions to speeding along the motorway. Eventually with two minutes until the deadline we managed to get two teams to the Bridge Club. Thereafter the play was very interesting, with the 'A' and 'B' teams coming sixth and eighth respectively.

In February, the local heat of the Oxford Junior Pairs competition was held at Bluecoat. St Edward's was well represented and, in fact, Whitfield and Ainsworth won the heat — the best performance by a St Edward's pair in this competition.

The most recent competition that we entered was for the Merseyside Bridge Shield. The 'C' team came fifth, the 'B' team

sixth, and the 'A' team (Pereira 'cap' Connolly, Altham and O'Hagan) second — losing the shield to Bluecoat by a paltry twelve points. However, the 'A' team does qualify for the North West Finals on the 3rd May.

Taken altogether, this year has been the most successful at St Edward's, and I think the club can look forward to a rosy future.

Postscript I. The season finished with a considerable bonus, viz the 12-0 obliteration of Wirral Grammar 'B' in the league match.

Postscript II. 'I was not in bed!' (Anon)

Chess



Mr David Bamber

The Chess Club continued to flourish, with the lunch-time sessions proving as popular as ever — over 100 members enrolled at the start of the season.

In the league competitions we had one of our most successful seasons ever. The U13's, after a rather unsettled and erratic start, finished winners of final section 3, the U18's finished runners-up in their league, and the U15 team had an outstanding season, finishing overall winners. In the 'Times' Knockout Competition, a mixed aged team reached the Zonal final.

Cross Country



Mr John Miles

The cross country club has enjoyed quite a lot of success in recent seasons, but there could be much leaner times ahead unless the trends in evidence during the 1985-86 season are reversed. It has generally been the case in the past that each of our teams has contained a hard core of eight or ten athletes, with other runners. It is difficult to account for the decline in popularity of one of our traditional winter sports — we can only hope for and strive for a revival of interest in running next season.

The Seniors did enjoy a successful season. They achieved victories in the Wirral AC Nicholson Trophy Race, the Liverpool Harriers Sangster Cup Race and in the Christian Brothers' Schools' Championships. They also won the Merseyside League in impressive fashion by winning all four fixtures. In addition, they acquitted themselves reasonably well in relay meetings, finishing 3rd at Marple Hall, 7th at Sutton Park and 10th at Coventry. In the Northern Schools Championships at Lyme Park, they finished a creditable sixth to round off the season. Captain D. McIver started off the season in good form, but was troubled by injury for most of the season. Farrell, Gibson and Mottram ran consistently well throughout the season, and received good support from Lacy, M. McIver and the rest of the team.

The Under 16's suffered more than their fair share of illness and injuries, particularly in the first term, but nevertheless enjoyed a reasonable season. Most of the team are fourth-year runners, and the Under 15's did well to reach the Regional Final of the English Schools' Cup and to achieve 3rd and 4th places in two local Cup Races. Consistent performances earned the Under 16's fourth place in the Merseyside League, and they enjoyed a well-merited victory in the Christian Brothers' Schools' Championships. Collins, Evans and McIver all ran well throughout the season, with good support from Manning, McGrath and Armstrong in particular.

The problems facing the Under 14's this season, were not unfamiliar — the greatest difficulty was in turning out a team. A small squad, which never exceeded seven or eight, was affected by illness, injury and apathy, so that, despite some enthusiastic training sessions, only once could we muster a team of five runners in the Merseyside League. Pierce, Robinson and Byrne ran steadily throughout the season, and Walsh began to impress in the latter part of the season. With the assistance of Birchall, the team did achieve a creditable 23rd place in the

Northern Schools Championships at Lyn Park.

The Under 13's had quite a successful season. They won all of their inter-school fixtures and also reached the Regional Final of the English Schools' Cup. They were well placed to finish 3rd in the Merseyside League after three fixtures, but unfortunately had just five starters and four finishers in the final fixture. Their failure to finish a team caused a drop to 9th position overall. Some compensation for this disappointment was obtained in the Christian Brothers' schools' Championships, in which they recorded a very impressive victory. Spellacy, Evans and Doran all enjoyed a fine season and were given good support, particularly by Cannon, who never missed a training session.

The Under 12's began the season well enough, with nineteen boys running in the opening fixture, a closely-contested race against St Anselm's and St Mary's, and twelve boys running in the Marple Hall Relay a week later. The squad dwindled pretty rapidly after that to no more than seven or eight, and there were two or three occasions when we failed to muster the five runners necessary to form a team. Credit must go to the hard core of the team who battled on all season — to Rodenhurst, Byatt, Settle and Moores in particular. The talent is present within the year for results to improve next season if a few new recruits can be found.

The Debating Society Considered

Paul Connolly
Form Six

What a world of sceptics this is! Even in this estimable periodical doubts have been cast on the authenticity and singularity of the St Edward's Debating Society. Establishment unease at the existence of a free speech forum for pupils? Misinformation? Whatever, the formation of the Society is a fait accompli, and for its durability I can vouch. Nevertheless, to appease the quizzical, I shall consider its aims, successes and future.

In an attempt to find that tenuous poise between the raucous and often populist invective that was recurrent in the prototype contests of the Joseph Peters era, and the decorum of organised rhetorical disputation, members of last year's Lower Sixth founded the Debating Society, which was responsible not only for administrative mechanics but also for maintaining the standards of participants. Upper Sixth status brought official recognition, and under staff patronage the Executive of the Society sought to promote political and ethical argument of a good standard. Why the formality? To ensure that future generations of Edwardians might have a recognisable means of expressing their opinions, it was felt that an Executive should be formed annually, with the advice the retiring President, for the provision of a focal-point to which all debating aspirations could be directed. When one considers that under Executive auspices there have been sixteen school debates in the last eighteen months, more than four times the number of the previous five years, the notion is seen to have some validity. Indeed, I make no secret of my pride as the Founding President of what I hope will become an institution as intrinsic to College life as this magazine.

However, I am not blind to the imperfections of what has been created and I accept part of the blame for them. Such matters as the precise relationship between pupil members and the staff co-ordinator were far from clear prior to the intervention of Mr Wells — to whom the Society is most grateful for his assistance in the delimitation of our mutual responsibilities. The other flaws were highlighted by certain diurnal criticisms — that the Society is left-wing; that it is a clique; and, more recently, that it is a one-man operation. In response to these remarks, I express my resentment at their specious over-implication of reality. For while there has certainly been a common egalitarian thread between those of the Executive — though the contention that Lappin and Walsh have like views is ridiculous — and while certain people, myself included, have appeared in debate far too

often, this has been necessitated by the disappointing inertia of the majority. I advise future critics to express their disgust or reformism through participation and not in a secure but inefficacious common-room lambasting. Regarding the third stricture, declare simply that though organisation was left almost entirely to me — a mistake, as this meant that any academic or other commitments I had precluded debates — anyone who contends that the debates themselves were dominated by a single ego overlooks the consistent and excellent contributions of my colleagues. I trust that the administrative error of improper duty distribution will be rectified by my successors.

Which brings me to my concluding remarks. The Society's future is in capable hands; on the eve of my official departure from school, I conferred with and selected the new Executive. Not only is it sufficiently diverse to satisfy the pluralists (and, indeed, it includes three girls, much to the shame of my own female peers, none of whom participated), its combined talent and élan ought to ensure greater frequency and opality in debating them ever before. The Executive is as follows:

President — Sally Kirkness

Vice-Presidents — William Forshaw, Susan Griffiths

Executive Members — Cathy Byrne, Paul Brennan, Brian Flannery, Dominic Moran.

I wish them every success and urge all to support them. With your help, they can build a splendid structure on the foundations that we have laid.

Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme

Mr Simon Morgan

The scheme is continuing to flourish at St Edward's. Presently thirty-seven 4th year boys are taking part in the Bronze Award, ten 5th and 6th form boys doing the Silver Award and nine young men and one young lady are taking part in the Gold Award (the highest award in the Scheme).

These large numbers have presented many new administrative and organisational problems. However, with the help of Mr Coupe and Mr Sweeney, and other numerous members of staff we are slowly beginning to cope.

The scheme attempts to involve participants in new areas of interest in its skills, physical activity and service sections. Choices in these areas have ranged from the marksmanship and rock climbing, 'Macho/Rambo' activities, to the more sedate and least chauvinistic 'Delia Smith' cookery activities.

The scheme in its design, puts the emphasis on the participants to take an active part in the organisation of their own selected activities. The culmination of this personal organisation being the planning of their final expedition. Their plans need to consider; the route to be taken, escape routes, in case of bad weather, equipment to be used and carried, food and personal safety. However, even the best laid plans succumb to the weather and much depends upon the knowledge and field skills of the participants to 'weather the storm'. The present 5th formers (Whitfield, Ainsworth, Maden, Fitzsimmons & co) had such difficulties on their final expedition on Winter Hill in November. A personal account 'All in a days walk' written by Peter Whitfield below, assesses the damage the Duke of Edinburgh Scheme can cause;

Sat Nov 16 – Roll Call

7.30 am. Equipped with Mars Bars and a heavy pack I arrived at school in heavy rain (as would be expected on a DOE weekend).
8.00 am: Messieurs Coupe and Morgan expected to arrive with minibus from Horwich.
8.30 am: Still waiting — had there been an avalanche on Winter Hill? Had the Russians invaded Horwich? No, the minibus had a flat tyre (yes, the school infamous blue minibus).
8.35 am: Started to change in cellars.
Took about an hour to put on 15 layers of clothes, and pack minibus.
10.30 am: Arrived at rainy Horwich overlooked by Costa del Winter Hill, covered



in mist. Started walk on an altered route due to bad weather.

11.00 am: On Winter Hill, passed a dead sheep (???) and talked about Moors murders.

12.00 pm: Had something to eat on top of Winter Hill next to the transmitter, the only place for reception on a Sinclair TV.

12.15 pm: Walked down to Belmont.

1.30 pm: At Belmont, barred from pub.

1.45 pm: Left on road to Darwen.

2.30 pm: Left road and came across a cow, or was it a bull? I was very cautious, seeing as how I was wearing a fluorescent red waterproof! A glance at the animals undercarriage dispelled my fears.

3.00 pm: Climbed Great Hill in thick fog — getting knackered.

3.55 pm: Reached Drinkwaters, our camp or so we thought, but Mr Morgan told us, a walk to White Coppice was necessary to meet the minibus to take us to Billinge. We walked this mile quickly listening to the football on the radio.

5.00 pm: Waiting for Mr Coupe, who was late again — probably in a cosy pub? Five minutes later, he arrived and by 6.00 p.m. we were at Billinge camp site. The field, where the tents were pitched, looked like a pig's mud bath. Had a meal of mud, beans and burgers.

11.00 pm: Got asleep to the sound of a theological lecture from the next tent.

highly recommended, if you wish to commit slow and painful suicide.

*Photograph by
Mr Edward Coupe*

Sun Nov 17

Froze in the toilets, had breakfast, squeezed everything back into the rucksack, complete with half a ton of mud.

11.00 am: Started walk in White Coppice. Sunny weather(!) Nice scenery.

1.30 pm: Ended walk in Anglo Saxon tithe barn in Rivington. This had become a converted café which in turn had become a place of Sunday congregation of oily hippies and their oily motorbikes.

2.30 p.m.: All got into minibus which promptly got a flat tyre after 25 yards (the curse of the blue minibus strikes again).

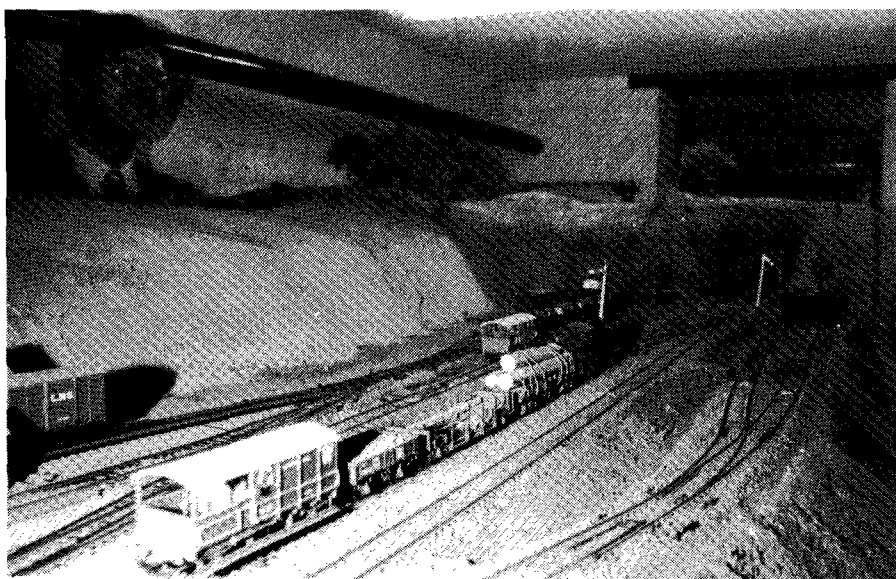
3.15 pm: Finally left for school after kwik-fit fitters Coupe and Morgan changed the tyre.

PS: The Duke of Edinburgh Scheme is

Model Railway

Mr David Stewart

When you are in fairly regular contact with any growing thing it is often difficult to detect signs of growth or progress. It has been the impression of some members of the club that progress has been slow this year, but the surprise shown by our occasional visitors at the changes which have taken place, and a look at last year's magazine confirm that much has been done. The 'Carmarthen' or southern end of the layout is now complete with true-scale 28ft turntable, working signals, rock cuttings (using genuine Welsh schists), sheep and even squirrels in the trees (though Carroll has not yet perfected a way of making them run up and down the trees as the trains come past). Scenery around



Photograph by Joseph McCarthy

Pencader has been held up while buildings are prepared. Scratch-building has not turned out to everyone's taste: Murphy and Riden have been convinced that they could build a full-size cottage more easily than a model, while Marshall's is ready for any 1/72nd scale family to move in. Some day Tierney will find a piece of blank A4 on which to make a plan and then he will be able

to start.

A very enjoyable part of the year's activities was the visit of Mr P. Blair, a retired architect now living in France, who is making a model of the same station as we are. He and his wife were most impressed by the layout, but, unfortunately, it is likely to take some time to save up before we can pay a return visit!

Public-Speaking and Debating



Mr David Stewart

1985-6 has been a very significant year in developments in public-speaking at St Edward's. For the first time a competition was organised for speakers from forms one to five, which was won by Carl Dowling, with Christopher Roche and Timothy Grace close seconds. The 1986 competition was won by Michael Elston of Form 2 Hope. The number of entries for the '86 competition was disappointing, but such competitions and opportunities for formally addressing their classmates need to be taken seriously by those who will be taking the GCSE in future years, as a proportion of their marks will be awarded on their verbal abilities. For the first time we have been able to arrange inter-school debates at the Fifth Form level, and in the first debates Dominic Moran and Christopher Roche spoke very impressively in rejecting a proposition made by girls of the Belvedere School. Such was demand that a second debate brought Michael Ainsworth and Mark Flannery to the floor, and a third debate is planned. School debating tends to

be short-lived in its flowering: given continued support this beginning has a lot to offer this year's and next year's Fifth.

It seems that once every three years someone claims to have 'founded' a debating society in our Sixth Form. Because of the short time that pupils spend in the Sixth such a society is vulnerable to lack of continuity. We are, therefore, happy to report that there has been quite a healthy interest in debating in the lower Sixth, with several members showing a lot of potential. Amongst the girls, probably Susan Griffiths and Sally Kirkness have shown most promise; Andrew Kemp and Paul Meaney stand out amongst the boys as the most articulate and persuasive.

As in previous years, a very wide range of topics has been debated. The hardy annual of 'This House Believes That It Would Not Fight for King and Country' was a success for the patriots. On a much lighter note, the house voted overwhelmingly in favour of the seasonal motion 'That Father Christmas Does Exist', despite some cynical comments from those Doubting Thomases who refuse to believe in high-flying reindeer.

Unfortunately, there has been no competition for the Liverpool University Debating Cup, which Taylor and Connolly won last year.

Never have so many young people represented the school in public competitions as this year. To date, thirty different speakers have taken part. Though everyone of those speakers is to be congratulated on his* courage and competence I have to highlight a few. Though Moran and Griffiths have been mentioned above, they must also be congratulated for their performances in the KSC competition.

Because the teachers' industrial action threatened the LISU competition this year, we

entered five teams, and it is much to their credit that every one gave an impressive performance. Jonathan Carroll, Paul Connolly and Colum Walsh won their heat, the local final for the first time for nearly twenty years. In the final, though the judges proved insensitive, Connolly was voted to be the outstanding personality of the afternoon by a large majority of the audience. Two teams came second in the local heats: Denise Mahoney, Daniel Carter and David Moran; Paul Brennan, William Forshaw and Brian Flannery.

It was particularly pleasing that David Moran overcame his nerves so well that he was awarded the special prize for best vote of thanks in his heat. When circumstances demanded that they speak at very short notice, Sally Kirkness, Nancy Buckland and Bernadette Brown showed themselves to be anything but the 'weaker' sex in their ability to meet the exigencies of the moment. Most satisfying was the feeling that all our teams, at every level, out-performed themselves, and were content that before the sternest critics — themselves — they had accomplished a challenging task with credit.

Our other success this year has come in the JCC competition, when in the local heat Timothy Grace came second to the eventual winner of the north-west final. Paul Connolly was the winner of both local and north-west rounds, and was a close runner-up in the national final.

* We are proud to say that the male embraces the female as far as public-speaking is concerned at St Edward's. It is still fun to hear the shocked exclamations from audiences and adjudicators: 'A girls' team? I thought you said they were from St Edward's!'

Rugby



Mr Philip Thompson

A season that promised so much for the 1st XV was marred, particularly in the early stages, by the large number of injuries to experienced players. No fewer than 25 players had been used by the end of October, and as a result there was a lack of cohesion and understanding between players. Nevertheless the team put in some good performances notably against West Park and Cowley — in both these games, St Edward's had victory snatched from them in the final minutes.

Things gradually improved on the injury front, and from November onwards the team played each successive match with increased confidence and skill, and were beaten only once in seven games. The team played some excellent rugby during this spell particularly against Merchant Taylor's in atrocious weather conditions, and Wirral GS.

The team was well led and organised by P. Thompson with outstanding support from M. Parker, D. Webster, D. Moran and B. Curd in the forwards, and some skilful adventurous back play from A. Haimes, I. Craven, P. Coffey and S. Humphreys.

The sevens competitions were somewhat curtailed by the weather, but an excited start was made by reaching the Final in the Ilkley Sevens, having scored over 100 points and conceding only four. Unfortunately, the sevens squad were unable to recapture this form, due to a variety of reasons and failed to progress beyond the early rounds at Oxford and Rosslyn Park.

The 2nd XV had a mixed season, their inconsistency proving to be costly on numerous occasions. Before injuries took their toll, the early part of the season showed the backs handling and tackling well, with N. Raftery and S. Dugdill outstanding.

Throughout the season, the back row of P. Chilton, the captain who went on to play several times for the 1st XV, P. Cartlidge and S. Van Barga were invincible, and it is hoped that others follow their determined approach in the future.

Special mentions to I. Kirby, S. Cottee and I. Caldwell for excellent performances against Merchant Taylor's, and to all those who trained and played rigidly.

The Under 16's had a good season, losing only one of their fixtures against an excellent Royal team. Although the forwards were extremely big, they generally failed to make the best use of their size, through a lack of discipline and organisation: only once, in a tremendous victory over Merchant Taylor's did the pack work together as an effective unit. Yet, there were outstanding individual

performances from forwards, principally from C. Roche, N. Ainsworth and S. Wills.

In the backs, the team possessed an excess of talent, with a number of very quick players who could also pass well, tackle hard and beat a man without difficulty. N. Pattinson, P. Coleman and M. Cummings were outstanding, while in the latter stages of the season I. Dearden and C. Durr began to fulfil some of their potential.

The squad as a whole were consistently enthusiastic in their attitude towards training, and most of the players can look forward to a successful career in the senior teams where they can further develop their talents.

The Under 15's did not win any of their matches, and two major reasons for this lack of success are firstly: that the side was not physically strong all round, and secondly, perhaps more importantly, a minority of players would not practice regularly or even at all, unless continually under threat of punishment — such selfishness had a very detrimental effect on the rest of the squad.

However, a good many players did attend practice regularly and did try to improve their skills in representing their school. Of these none showed a better attitude than A. Hunt who was always helpful, enthusiastic and committed.

The most heartening thing for the future was the mature attitude of those who played in the Christian Brothers seven-a-side tournament. They played with great skill and courage and were unlucky not to reach the final. It is to be hoped that this commitment will continue, and that they will be prepared to work hard to develop their talents.

The Under 14's had a most satisfactory season, with some memorable victories achieved. What is far more pleasing than the successes chalked up or records of points scored, is the attitude of the squad. Barring only a few exceptions, the players were very keen, very pleasant and consistently

demonstrated a high level of commitment. As always, it is unfair to pick out individuals for special commendation, but the captain J. Carroll was exemplary as a leader and player; S. Slavin showed great potential and flair; M. Birchall was utterly fearless in tackling and R. Wiseman impressed as an exceptionally talented forward. One hopes that the entire squad continue their rugby career with the same attitude and commitment.

The Under 13's had a very successful season with both 'A' and 'B' teams losing only one game apiece. The side was made up of very enthusiastic, quick players who were always prepared to run with the ball. One slight problem here though is the lack of experience of tight forward play, which, hopefully, will come as the players mature. Outstanding performances throughout the season came from J. Heaney, the captain, J. Leahy, J. Roberts, M. Cozzolino and J. Smith. One notable statistic is that J. Smith, playing in the centre, scored in every match, ending up with a tally of 40 tries.

The application and keenness of many of the players was rewarded by their winning at the Christian Brothers' Sevens in March.

The Under 12's made a rather indifferent start to their rugby careers winning only two matches. Their failure can be attributed to several factors namely, general lack of size and technique; lack of speed; general inexperience and poor attendance at training sessions. Despite this, many players made excellent progress during the year and were most conscientious in their attitude and effort. The outstanding backs were J. O'Neill, B. Morgan, J. Tobin and Fitzsimmons, whilst the best forwards included N. Davies, R. Crosby and P. Curd.

*Photograph by
Mr Edward Coupe*



Swimming



Messrs Austin Gibbons and
Simon Morgan



Photograph by Mr Edward Coupe

The problem with this swimming season has been the lack of matches due to the teachers' dispute. However, this has not affected the motivation of the swimmers to train and improve. This has been especially true of the lower school swimmers.

There were no Liverpool championships this year, but Mike Trotter swam for Great Britain in the European Catholic school championships, and Greene, Bracken, Carroll and K. McCormack came third in the National Preparatory school championship relays.

Personal survival and life saving are always an integral and important part of any swimming club. Many boys, from all years, take part in: the ASA Bronze, Silver and Gold Personal Survival Award, the Intermediate and Bronze Medallion Life Saving Awards sixth formers are also involved in the teaching of the Personal Survival Awards. Last year, 18 boys achieved personal survival awards and 11 boys achieved life saving awards.

The boys who take part in these activities may never need to use their acquired skills. However, in recent months there has been an occasion where these skills have been put to the test in a real life pool situation. The boy involved in the rescue responded in an efficient and effective way.

Endpiece

Mr John Moseley



Colin Watkinson, Richard Tristram, Damian Fitzsimmons, Ian Russell, Anthony Haines.

Photograph by Joseph McCarthy

Endpiece was an idea we borrowed from King's School, Bruton and introduced into the magazine last year. We gave a handful of leaving sixth formers a page to use as they wished. The results were gratifyingly energetic and varied. In part, they were controversial. This alone, in a magazine which has to include the predictable and polite, is sufficient reason for retention.

ULYSSES!

"I'VE DONE THE FIRST TWO"
P. Power (CCHox)

GROUND PIG



I'M A "CITIZENS FOR
BOYSENBERRY JAM"
FAN.
SIMON + GARFUNKL

OKAY, ALL YOU DISCO
KIDS, UP AND DOWN
THE COUNTRY, YOU
COULDN'T BRITAIN
AND... FOLLOW IN
HERE IT IS WE DIDN'T

THE PARTS COULDN'T REACH.
A PLUMBER
OFTEN REPEATED
OTHER

NICK EVERETT
HIGH

WATCH OUT WITH
FOR 'B' BLADE
HIS 9.5.5.5.
WHERE SHE WAS
ER FROCK-

YOURS
IN
THE RANKS
OF DEATH.



TIGHT

AND HERE



Acid

21070

It's Time for your milk
Mr President

I'M AFRAID KNIGHTS WERE STRICTLY LAST YEAR, SO SAY "GOODBYE FOR NOW!" TO LANCABIT AND FIDO.



**FRANK
ZAPPA**

just

A MIZG
LOOK LIKE?

definitely not like DAMIAN FITZGERALDS

I HAD TO GO TO
LUNCHEON - TO MY NAN'S
HONEST -
BEST PHIL

MY M
HONEST-
BEST PHU

Best Zoom

SEARCH OF THE SOUTH

THE BRAIN-CHILD OF BBU'S LAR
HES

THE BRAIN-CHILD OF B.B.U.'S LAB
HAS ESCAPED, LOOK OUT FOR THE SOUP DRAGON!

THE **do's & don'ts** of the HONEST

OKAY, I'M AFRAID
I HAVE TO AGREE CAYS ATTEMPT
AT "THE BOOK" IS ABSOLUTELY ~~WELL~~!!

EXCUSE
KATHY SHAYS
SPEAKING TO MOUSE
IN A CAT THE CHOCOLATE
SPRING GOOD-BYE

BLACK COVER

So, it is Norway!

BROTHER
GOGOL'S
DEATHMASK.

WHOP-
-5001

Oh, Dear!
HONESTLY MAY?
"PEOPLE WITH
BELLIES HAVE
SMALL... T
WELLIES

CONTRARY
TO POPULAR
BELIEF I AM
in NO WAY
RELATED TO

RELATED TO NARCISSUS, DANISH



LEAVING: Into the BIG WIDE WORLD:

Bratty teen burns
her family's home

**Retarded boy sues hospital
for allowing his birth**

**Valium
Bra Attracted
Fatal Bolt
Of Lightning**

PROPHET OF GOD' SHOT

Walk On Water Canceled—Page 20

Man Shot With Arrow
New York

A man was shot in the back
with an arrow and seriously
wounded as he was entering a
Brooklyn subway station yester-
day, police said.

Reagan hung out, drinking too
much cheap liquor

Dog sadistically beaten,
set afire, finally killed

**NO ONE EVER
NOTICES ME**

War

Phony Cops
ARE YOU CONFUSED?

FOUR OF the 12 new bus stops in Oklahoma
City — at \$6000 apiece — are set up in places
where no buses stop

ARMHOLE ODOR

may be robbing you of popularity

**1953 germ war
tests revealed**

WASHINGTON (UPI) — The military sprayed a possibly
dangerous chemical mixture within 30 miles of the White
House as part of the Army's secret biological warfare tests in
1953, declassified Army documents reveal.

IS THIS
OUR WORLD?

WE MUST CHANGE IT!

You're All Guilty

Oh no! I'm not normal. I'm a Marxist
existentialist, Revolutionary Communist
Party member and Iron Maiden fan.
I see the world through a sea of mist.
I'm alone in this world of conflict. I'm
condemned for my pessimism. I'm
tormented. Someone,

PLEASE HELP ME FIND AN

EMOTIONAL BALANCE!

**GO 'WAY! YOU'RE
A NON-CONFORMIST!**

CAN'T YOU JUST
BE NORMAL AND
ACCEPT IT —
LIKE EVERYONE
ELSE?

PIECE OF MIND
THROUGH CONFORMITY.



BY CONFORMING
TO DRESS CODES,
MORAL STANDARDS,
POLITICAL AND RE-
LIGIOUS DOCTRINES
WE ALL CAN PLAY A
PART IN SUPPORTING THE VERY
FIBRE OF OUR POLITICAL AND
SOCIAL SYSTEM. WHEN WE
CONFORM TO ESTABLISHMENT
CODES WE FEEL LESS ISOLATED
AND MORE "NORMAL".

Tony Haimed

DIRECT CONTRAVENTION OF HIS MORE WIDELY KNOWN THIRD MAXIM (THE "DIFROMYL MAXIM") WHICH ADVOCATES THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ... TRAPPED (MANN) ... SEMOJ OTH ENO7 ... GABRIEL OAK ... -WHAT A GUY ...

HEADLESS WOMAN WITH BIG HANDS
CORNER
"IT WAS ON SO I TURNED IT OFF" (MY FAVOURITE)
(LITHIUM TETRAHYDRIDOALUMINATE (III)) IS QUITE A LONG NAME

LAST STAND OF THE NIBELUNGS

WHERE ARE YOU AT MANN?

$H_2C=CH_2$ BLACK OBLONG CORNER
"SUCH ARE THE DREAMS..."
"NAM"
ALL WORK BY RICHARD TRISTRAM GAS. II

COME CRUSH MY HEART. 13 DIMENSIONS
Xe
"STRANGE FORCES WORK ON ME"
ARROWSVILLE
LIVE!



"CRY HAVOC! AND LET SLIP THE DOGS OF WAR"

IF YOU GO AWAY A GUY
(EINSTEIN WAS QUITE A GUY)
(NOTICE WHOLENESS)

QUANTUM
Relativity??

CRAZY!
GROOVING MR. BLOE
BALZAC WORE A STUPID HAT
OH, TO BE ANOSE!

SPEAK FLOWER OF MY MIND
WAR IS PEACE, DOUBLE THINK
AND ALL THAT RUBBISH

Does YOUR DAD WEAR A VEST?
PSEUDOSVILLE.

"I CAN REALLY SEE ORWELL'S NIGHTMARE" - CULTURE MANN!
"I'M AN ARDENT ANARCHIST ACTUALLY" - POLITICS MANN!
"BLACK SLUMS GOT SO MUCH SOUL" - PHILOSOPHY MANN!
"MIS HAVE A FILE ON ME" - MARTYRDOM, MANN!

LET'S JIVE, CLIVE
START
MUSCLE CORNER
PHYSICS, ART, MUSIC, HISTORY, MEDICINE, SOCIOLOGY??
FIG LEAF?

BLOCK ME, BOY, BABY
MENDELEEV HAD A BIG BEARD
NOT + AND = N AND

$$\frac{\partial^2 \psi}{\partial x^2} + \frac{\partial^2 \psi}{\partial y^2} + \frac{\partial^2 \psi}{\partial z^2} + \frac{8\pi^2 m}{h^2} (E - V) \psi = 0$$

(ABOUT) QUARKS CORNER
MESON FLAVOUR CRISPS
GABRIEL OAK - WHAT A GUY ...