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## **Editorial Foreword**

Welcome to the third issue of Review.  
The cover, designed by Paul Felicetti, Form  
Five, is new, but what of the contents? You  
will find our opinions at the end.

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Magazine  
Volume 5, number 3  
1986-87**

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## School News

### Comings and Goings

Another school year passes . . . this one running from Easter 1986 to Easter 1987. A glance through this edition of the magazine shows that as in every other school year, many of the same sort of things occurred as did last year and in the one before that. Research into the magazines of twenty-five and fifty years ago shows that the same things were happening even then. This reminds one that there is an implicit danger in producing a school magazine or other similar journal: the current edition can all too easily become a re-run of every previous edition with only the names and other minor details changing. Perhaps it is in the 'School News' section that one can most easily fall into the trap of repetition and with this thought in mind we record only matters of greater import.

Last year we reported on the installation of temporary classrooms for the Preparatory School; this year has seen the erection of a splendid new building as an Arts Centre and later in this issue there is an article giving the details of this bold project. Our keener tennis players are somewhat disgruntled (see letters page) with the siting of the Arts Centre which has obliterated the school's only permanent tennis court. It only goes to show that you can't please everyone . . . Other alterations to the school buildings included a major re-vamping of the Assembly Hall stage and its lighting system.

After many years of serving both as a member and later as Chairman of the School Governors, Professor Basil Whalley (a former pupil) retired and Mr John Morgan, who joined the Board of Governors last year, took over as Chairman. You can find out more about him from the previous edition of the magazine; suffice it to say here that he is also a former pupil who now practises as a barrister from chambers in Liverpool and Preston. Mr Morgan is a Stipendiary Magistrate for Liverpool and Manchester and Assistant Recorder of the Northern Circuit. We offer him warm congratulations on his appointment and the assurance of the support of all members of the school.

This section of the magazine does not set out to chronicle all the events that happened during the last twelve months; to do so would be not only impossible but probably rather boring too. Instead it reports on events that more readily come to mind.

Although this publication is intended for pupils in the secondary school, mention must be made of the short illness and tragic death of Mrs Liz Robinson who was teaching in Runnymede. Her death was a great loss to

our community, saddening all who knew her. To her husband and children we offer our deepest sympathy. In January 1987 Mr Christopher Exley became Headmaster of the Prep school where he seems to have made his mark very quickly. He took over from Brother Grice who has begun to enjoy his very well-earned retirement, his energies and zest for life belying his years. Mr Simon Morgan got married and Mr Anthony Layng and his wife were blessed with a son.

Appreciations of former members of staff and potted biographies of those joining the school can be read below. During the summer term of 1986, Mr Neville Mars exchanged positions with Senor Jose Ramon D'el Aguila, a teacher from Baza in Grenada. Quickly becoming known as 'Pepe', the good Senor was popular with both pupils and his colleagues on the staff. He had brought his family with him and they were soon to be found sampling the local delights of the region. This academic year Miss Geraldine Barnett has exchanged places with Mademoiselle Denise Zingilli who works in a school in Paris. The success of these exchanges has resulted in the staff entering into negotiations with a school in the Australian outback near Woolagong. Not, I hasten to add, for the exchange of teachers, but for the deporting of recalcitrant pupils. Members of staff have been invited to nominate a cross-section of our less satisfactory pupils for an initial exchange period of five years. A list of those who have been lucky enough to have been selected for deportation can be found on page 96 of the magazine. Miss Hilary Burrowes has returned to work part-time, teaching drama to the first year. Mr Tom Hynes who worked in the accounts department from 1971-1982 died during this last year. Mr John McCarthy's father, Mr Anthony McCarthy (a former pupil 1929-1937) also died. News of the death of Brothers (Smokey Joe) Mallowney and J. B. O'Keefe also reached us. Kevin Littlemore (1970-77) and David Furlong (1974-81), a former captain of the 1st XI, also died, the latter in a car accident. The fathers of both Mr Paul Lever and Mr Stephen Wells also died and members of the Cathedral Choir sang at their funerals. To all their bereaved families we can offer the positive support of the prayers offered by the pupils and staff.

Finally before presenting the case histories of those members of the staff who have gone on to greater things, we report the continuing success of the school lunches. Mrs Roberts, the Catering Supervisor, assures those pupils who responded positively to the suggestion box provided in the dining room that all serious ideas that are practicable are being tried out. She does however firmly encourage all pupils taking hot lunches to choose a sensible balanced diet; there are those whose staple daily choice consists of chips served with a portion of chips, garnished with french fried potatoes. I wonder if their parents really know . . . ?

**Mr Edward Coupe** joined the Physics Department in September 1979 and during his stay he impressed his colleagues and pupils as being a dedicated, caring teacher. He was always most willing to help non-technically minded colleagues with the vagaries of audio-visual equipment. He had a great interest in

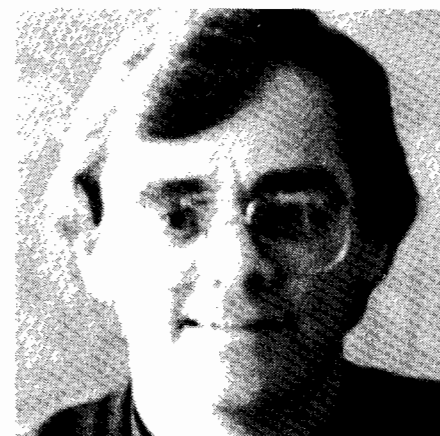
the outdoor life and did much work for the Duke of Edinburgh scheme organising some marathon walks such as the one from East to West coasts. Eddie was a rock climber who could often be found helping others on the climbing wall in the sports Hall. He was also a very committed Christian, a fact clearly borne out by the help he gave others at all times. Leaving us in July 1986, he moved to take charge of the Electronics and Control Technology at All Hallows, Preston. We wish him every success and happiness in his new post. JFL

**Brother Aaron Kiely** who had temporarily been a member of the staff of both the secondary and preparatory departments for twelve months left us in July 1986 to begin his university studies at Liverpool University where he is reading Italian and Spanish.

**Mr Alan Mullen** also left the Physics Department in July 1986, having joined it in September 1981. He had a natural flair for teaching and his pupils reflected this by their successes in public examinations. He was one of those quiet yet strong characters. Alan assisted with the running of the chess club. He left to take up the post of Head of Physics at Sherborne School for Girls in Dorset. We were sorry to see him go; our good wishes go with him and his family. JFL

**Mrs Nadia Murphy** also left us after twelve months teaching history and modern languages to take up further studies in order to pursue a career as a lawyer. No doubt in the process she will be adding further to her already impressive list of qualifications which include an honours degree and a master's degree.

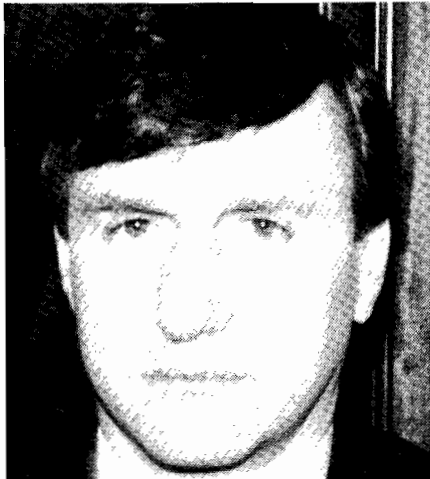
**Mr Terence Sweeney** — 'Terry', as we all knew him, came straight from Oxford back to his *alma mater*. With a great love of History and Rugby, he was able to contribute a great deal to the life of the college during his two years with us. Since leaving in Summer 1987 he has returned to studying, this time to qualify as an accountant. We wish him well and congratulate him on his marriage. AFD



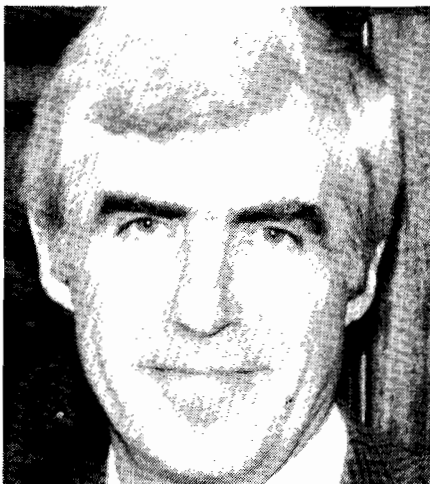
**Brother Jim Burns** joined the Art Department in September 1986. He hails from Port Glasgow on the 'bonnie banks of the Clyde'. After encountering the Christian Brothers whilst doing voluntary work in Liberia in 1974, he joined the Order two years later on his return home, beginning his training at St Joseph's, Ledsham. He completed his novitiate in Dublin and studied

at Maynooth University where he obtained a Diploma in Religious Studies. He then moved to Belfast to complete his teacher training and lived on the Falls Road, describing this as the greatest experience of his life.

He has taught in Falkland in the East of Scotland at a school for highly disturbed teenagers and also in Plymouth where he was a housemaster in the boarding section. Hobbies include travelling: he has been to California, France, Rome, Ghana, Upper Volta and the Ivory Coast. Brother Burns also enjoys constructing scenery for plays. He is delighted to be back in Liverpool.



**Mr John Campbell** joined the history department at the same time. He is an old boy of West Park Grammar School and a graduate of Peterhouse, Cambridge. He gained his PGCE at Liverpool University and has been teaching for fifteen years, first at Ormskirk Grammar School and then at West Park. During his teaching career he has been particularly involved with rugby and cricket coaching and the organisation of continental holidays. Mr Campbell is married with two children, one at Runcy and the other at Huyton College.



**Mr Gerard Haines** was a pupil at St Mary's College, Crosby, more years ago than he cares to admit. The first rugby match he ever played in was against St Edward's (it was a 3-3 draw). After leaving school he became a bus conductor for four years, interrupted all too frequently by lectures and examinations at Liverpool University (and a spell of teaching practice at SEC). His first teaching post was at Seafeld Grammar School for girls, much to the surprise of some of the

Upper Sixth who were in the habit of flirting with bus conductors!

In 1965 he married his wife Vivienne and went with her to teach in Nigeria. He returned four years later with two children, malaria and a beard. The family settled down in the United Kingdom, him teaching at Seafeld again, taking on a mortgage and starting to go grey. Then followed ten very happy years at De La Salle until re-organisation in 1983 when he was re-deployed at Archbishop Beck High School. There he realised how sheltered his life had been, met a lot of very dedicated teachers and made some good friends.

About twelve months ago he spent some time in hospital with a back problem and was advised to give up football, tennis, golf etc., and to take up swimming. Amongst his likes he lists football, tennis, golf, etc. Dislikes are swimming and hospitals. His remaining ambition is to lead a scientific expedition along the whole length of the fourth form corridor and then onward into the territory of the savage 6B tribe, where, according to persistent reports, there have been recent sightings of the 4H board duster, for many years thought to have been extinct. Mr Haines has joined the Physics Department.



**Mr Anthony Layng** has also joined the same department. Educated by the De La Salle Brothers, he obtained a teaching certificate at Hopwood Hall and a physics degree in America where he spent four happy years, almost staying there permanently. Having returned to this country, he taught for ten years at a boys' boarding school in the South before very happily moving up North again.

He lived in Leeds for a while and taught at a girls' secondary school. Always interested in any technology related to Physics, such as computing and electronics, he sees his subject more as Natural Philosophy than as a bread-and-butter subject. His interests include hiking, classical music (especially pre 1650) and poetry. He now lives beside the Bridgewater Canal near Warrington.



**Ms Denise Zingilli** spent the first two years of her life in Istanbul where she learnt French and Turkish before moving to South America for another two years, learning Spanish. Eventually she finally settled in Paris 'for good'. She studied English at the Sorbonne where the rigidity of the place could only be matched by that of the benches on which she had to sit for five years.

Fortunately 'gay Paris' offered a wide range of summer jobs: a guide for American tourists, a waitress in cafes, an interpreter in exhibitions. She also spent a year as a French assistante in Wembley High School before graduating.

Her family now lives in the South of France and she has one sister and two wonderful little nieces. Ms Zingilli says that she has an eagerness to understand the world in which we live and a passion for all forms of art seen as part of the living experience and not as an escape from reality. She claims a deep love of Liverpool (the city and the club). Her two ambitions are to spread Louis Aragon's line 'La femme est l'avenir de l'homme' all over the world and to return to France with a scouse accent.

## News from the Past

### 1962 — 15 years ago

#### St Edward's College Parents Association

In April 1961, the Headmaster, Rev Brother Foley, sent a letter to all parents inviting them to a meeting at the College to discuss the possibility of forming a Parents' Association, with the object of raising money to provide facilities for the College (for which Government or Local Authority Grants were not available), and of developing a social life amongst the parents. The meeting was attended by about 350 parents, and it was unanimously decided to form an association. Twenty-one parents who agreed to form a committee to get things started were authorised by the meeting to get to work.

This committee held its first meeting on 4th May, 1961, and remained in office until the first Annual General Meeting on 16th May, 1962. During the twelve months they organised six social evenings at the College, a Garden Fete and a Christmas Fair, as well as starting the Finishing Touch Lottery and preparing a Constitution which was unanimously approved at the General Meeting. All events were enthusiastically supported by the parents, and the bank balance grew from 1/- on 16th May, 1961, to £2,752 2s. 11d. on 16th May, 1962.

The Constitution adopted at the first Annual General Meeting called for a committee of twenty-four members, and this new committee held its first meeting on 28th May, 1962. Social functions have continued, six at the College, one at the Queen's Hall, Widnes, and one aboard the Royal Iris which was specially chartered for the occasion, and a dinner and dance at The Mecca, Sefton House, together with the Garden Fete and Christmas Fair which have now become a regular part of the College programme. Final figures are not available at this time, but the 'earnings' in the year are about £6,000, making a total to date of about £8,750.

On the strength of this encouraging start the College Authorities have felt confident to commence the Swimming Baths project, anticipated to cost £29,000, the cost to be borne by the Association and paid within the next few years. Obviously, it will be necessary at least to maintain our last year's income. We are confident that the support which has been so willingly given will continue to be given.

### 1937 — 50 years ago

#### Old Boys' Notes and News Annual Dinner

Encouraged by the success of this function for the past few years, we decided that we were justified in 'taking a chance' by arranging for our Annual Dinner to take place at the Adelphi Hotel. This necessarily entailed additional expenditure and, consequently, the tickets were more expensive. The result, however, has shown that our confidence was not misplaced for our numbers exceeded last year's total by a round dozen.

At one time we had great hopes that the attendance would constitute a new record for the Association Dinner, but we had reckoned without the influenza epidemic which was particularly active hereabouts during the latter part of January. The Secretary had the melancholy task of reporting that about thirty 'certainties' were confined to their beds and found it all they could do to imbibe nourishment from a spoon.

Taking all things into consideration, it will be generally agreed that we have cause to be proud of our total of 89. We must score a century next time!

The evening itself was an unqualified success. The Old Boy, who finds it possible to attend, commences to enjoy himself as soon as he sets foot in the Reception Hall, for there he meets many old friends and has an opportunity of making new ones. There is a general atmosphere of bonhomie and pleasurable anticipation.

# Headmaster's Report

Prize Day, 5 April 1987

Brother Dominic Sassi

I would like to welcome in particular, our Chief Guest, Mr John Hopkins. As Senior Tutor of Downing College, Cambridge, Mr Hopkins is no stranger to St Edward's. During the last 10 years 6 pupils from St Edward's have gone up to Downing among a total of 36 going to Cambridge. We are indeed honoured by your presence with us today.

Last September, we welcomed new members of staff, Mr Haimes, Mr Layng, Mr Campbell and Br Burns. Leaving us, due to promotion elsewhere, were Mr Mullen, Mr Coupe and Mr Sweeney. Miss Barnett is spending a year in France and her replacement on the Exchange system is Mlle Zingilli. We also welcomed back Mr Derbyshire, refreshed and invigorated after his sabbatical.

There were two significant retirements at the end of the Autumn Term. First of all, Professor Whalley retired after serving 28 years on the Governing Body, the last 10 of which as Chairman. Our new Chairman, Mr Morgan, will be making a presentation to Professor Whalley later but I would like to state publicly my own personal thanks to Professor Whalley for the support and wise counsel he gave me. He has assured me that he intends to keep a lively interest in the progress of St Edward's College and we are very pleased that he can be with us today. Being taught at St Edward's in the 1930's, at the same time as the young Basil Whalley, was Brother Grice. From the moment he took over as Head of Runnymede in 1981, he brought tremendous changes to the Prep School and worked with the energy and forward planning of a much younger man. In saying goodbye to him and wishing him a peaceful retirement, we welcome his successor, Mr Exley, and wish him success as he makes plans for Runnymede over the next decade.

In commenting on the school roll at the beginning of the academic year which was 850, you will notice that there are now just over 200 in Runnymede. This shows a very healthy growth in the Junior School.

Among the 654 pupils in the Grammar School, there are 198 in the Sixth Form, including 52 girls. There are now 330 pupils in the school benefiting from the Assisted Place scheme.

91 pupils were entered for 'A' Level last June and passed an average of 3.4 subjects per pupil, with an overall pass rate of 87.4%. There were 94 passes at Grade 'A', 36 of which were in General Studies; 9 each in Economics and Physics and 8 in chemistry. Anthony Lappin got 25 points at 'A' Level (5 grade A's), 11 other students got 20 points and 22 got between 15 and 20 points. The 15 girls in the last year's Upper Sixth kept up the excellent standard of previous years. They were entered for 60 subjects and passed in 57 — a 95% pass rate. 80% of the students went on to Higher Education; 9 to employment and 14 are repeating this year to increase their grades, mostly for Medicine.

In Form 5, 84 boys sat their 'O' Levels. When we take into account their results in English Language and Maths, which they took in Form 4, there was a final average pass rate of 7.6 subjects per pupil, with an overall pass rate of 79%.

These 'O' Level results, while not being as

good as last year, were still very creditable when you consider that all subjects were well above the JMB national average pass rate. I congratulate all pupils on their achievements but would add a note of caution for this year's Form 5. You know that this is the final year of the GCE. Supplementary exams (or re-sits) will be available in November, but not after that. So my advice to you is to work hard between now and June in order to pass all your 'O' Levels, so as not to be faced with the prospect of working on new GCSE syllabuses for the first time in January 1988.

A school, of course, is not only an academic institution and there are many other facets of school life that are worthy of report.

In the area of RE the Sixth Form Prayer Group is still very popular and there is now a Fourth Year Prayer Group every Thursday lunchtime. We have used the services of the New Creation Community for Day Retreats and Sixth formers have travelled to Kintbury (Berkshire) for weekend retreats. Last Sunday there was a Lenten Youth Day of prayer and discussion for Sixth formers.

In April the St Edward's Drama Society staged a production of 'Hobson's Choice'. It played for four nights before large appreciative audiences and was well received by other schools in the area who brought parties of pupils to see the play which was also an examination text. Paul Connolly, Duncan Bouch and Sally Kirkness gave particularly commendable performances. The return of drama to the school's Main Hall has resulted in several major structural alterations to the stage and, at present, the Society is busily preparing a production of Durrenmatt's 'The Physicist' to be staged in early May.

The school has had a successful season to date in the Liverpool Bridge League having won 7 out of their 9 matches. In pairs competitions, Paul Altham and Derek O'Hagan came a very good 8th out of 180 in the Oxford University Pairs, with the Lower Sixth pair, Dominic Moran and Mark Clancy, in 28th position promising well for next season.

In chess, the U18 team won the 'Open' competition in the Liverpool Schools' Chess League. (This is the first time St Edward's has won this competition).

Where Sport is concerned, it has been interesting to note the amount of attention shown recently to the place of Physical Education in schools. The Secondary Heads' Association has recommended that all pupils should have at least two hours of physical education per week. I'm sure you know that this is something that has always taken place at St Edward's. Their concern for the lack of physical fitness in secondary pupils is also noted and that is why a full programme of games, swimming and fitness-work is a compulsory part of our time-table and always has been. Incidentally, we now teach swimming to boys from the aged of 4 to 19.

During the last summer term, the Second Year and fourth Year Athletics teams certainly availed themselves of our facilities and once more reached the finals of the National Schools' Athletics Championships, both coming 6th in the country. This requires much time and effort by both staff and boys and they are to be congratulated on



this fine achievement. St Edward's, in fact, sponsored 2 City Championships last summer, providing facilities free of charge. If we had not done that, the championships would not have taken place.

Two athletes were particularly successful throughout the season and, as a result, Mark Brunskill and Anthony Williams have been selected to go on the Young Athletes Course at Loughborough University during the Easter holidays, sponsored by the Dairy Council. As only three boys per event are selected from the whole country, this is an outstanding achievement. Mark Brunskill had finished his season in July by winning the All-England Pole Vault Championships.

We also had a good season in our other summer sport, Cricket. All teams had a great deal of success from full fixture lists. Indoor training had preceded the outdoor season and an indoor cricket league has been established. Work has already started in making the fixture list stronger but this has many problems, particularly the need to travel great distances for each match. Since the season is already shortened because of weather and examination time, I am always agreeably surprised that we reach such high standards.

This year's Rugby teams have just finished a very fine 15-a-side season with the 7's competitions yet to come. The 1st XV have had an excellent run — in fact, they were unbeaten from November 1985 until their last match of 1987. The U16's are unbeaten and the U14's have lost only one match. Meanwhile, two members of the U15's have represented Merseyside in their fixtures this season.

Badminton has most probably as good facilities in the school as any sport and seven teams represent the school. The Club as a whole has been successful this year but the facilities are not really used as fully as they should be, and although it is an ideal sport for our senior girls, they are not using the courts as much as their teachers would like.

Swimming attracts a wide variety of abilities. The Swimming teams have had an excellent season, winning 13 galas and losing to only one school. Other boys are learning to swim, others practise for specialist awards, while the more senior boys train for awards in life-saving.

Music: During the past year, school music has entered something of a new phase. In order to publicise the school by means of its music, there have been regular concerts throughout the year and some musicians, most notably the Chamber Orchestra and Choir, have, within the past few months, appeared at Liverpool University, Liverpool Parish Church, the Grassington Festival in Yorkshire, down in Staffordshire at Ingestre Hall and, most recently, at The Royal Institution. On all these occasions, they have met with great acclaim, each time being asked back to give further performances. This is all the more remarkable in that they have not confined themselves to safe and well-tried classics, but have explored relatively uncharted territory. In October, for instance, the School Orchestra gave the first performance in Britain of a work by Shostakovich and a few days ago, the Chamber Choir gave the world premier of the

Russian Folk Cantata which Maxwell Pettitt had specially written for them.

As usual, there have been some outstanding soloists, particularly Vincent Needham in Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; Damian Fleming in Weber's 1st Clarinet Concerto and Jane Rogers in works by Vaughan Williams and Hindemith. These musicians, together with so many others — the School Orchestra and Choral Society, the Chamber Choir and orchestra, the second Orchestra, the Brass Ensemble, and the Cathedral Choir, have helped enrich the life of the school and make it better known, a vital role in these days of political uncertainty.

Of course, without the help and generosity of the staff, little would be achieved in extra-curricular activities, sport, visits abroad and so on. I know that I am speaking for the Governors when I thank the staff for their dedication and congratulate them on the results obtained in the public exams. Teachers and academics are often criticised for placing too much emphasis on educating young people for scholarship rather than educating them for life. The pressure to achieve good examination results is all pervading and with that as the major objective, schools are somewhat straight jacketed. There may well be some justification for this criticism. Certainly, anything that promotes a wider co-operation and mutual understanding between schools, industry and commerce, should be encouraged.

Even at a time of high unemployment, it is important for schools to forge links with industry as a means of promoting mutual understanding, enhancing pupils' knowledge of how the nation earns its wealth and helping to prepare young people for adult working life. I would refer to two recent events at St Edward's that have encouraged this link. The first involved 12 enterprising Sixth Formers who entered the Sainsbury's Retail Business Challenge. They had to come up with a business idea which was financially viable and which had good marketing prospects. Their proposal was to set up a Fashion retail business called "Jeunesse", an exclusive design shop aimed at the 18-28 age group. It would fill the market gap between the clone garments of the multiple stores and the over-priced high fashion boutiques. 1500 schools took part in this national competition and the St Edward's team was awarded first prize and were presented with a cheque of £1000 by the Secretary of State for Trade & Industry. The Group, encouraged by their mentor, Mr Thompson, has suggested buying a video camera and equipment.

So, this is one way in which our pupils are becoming better acquainted with the world of industry and commerce. The second will result, I hope, from the introduction of CDT, on to the curriculum. As you know, we have just invested a considerable sum of money in the building of a new Art & Design Block. All schools are being encouraged to give the creative and performing arts a greater place in the curriculum. I think we have to admit that practical and personal skills have not been given sufficient prominence up to now. So, we will have to give CDT a more central place in the curriculum — not to think of it as being suitable merely for the less able pupil,

but for all pupils, including the academic Sixth Former. It would be good, of course, if industry came up with the financial backing to effect this change. If there are any influential industrialists in the audience, I would be delighted to meet them. But I do hope that we will be able to continue to develop and improve what we have started, strengthen existing links and establish new ones.

I can hardly finish this year's report without casting an eye to the future and the next General Election. As you know, one of the political parties has as its expressed aim the destruction of all Independent schools. Two others are suggesting taking away all financial support, especially the Assisted Places scheme. I personally think it is a pity that independent education has become so closely allied to one political party. I also think it wrong for education to be a political football. To deny the right of parents to choose for their children schools other than those maintained by the state, would be to deny a basic human right. To establish a State monopoly in education would be unacceptable in a democratic country. No other country in Western Europe has such a monopoly. But the criticism that particularly annoys me is that which sometimes comes from within Catholic circles which claims that independent education is anti-Christian. Did not Christ love all men and women, whether they were rich, poor, intelligent, or less so, saint or sinner? When someone asks me how I, as a Religious, can defend independent education, I reply that all that I am doing as headmaster of St Edward's College is standing up for the right of parents to choose the kind of education they want for their children. And I do not think that parents in St Edward's need to be told what is good for them and their children. They are good enough Catholics to know indeed what is good for their children — an education which is soundly based on Catholic doctrine, high academic expectations and a system of discipline tempered with pastoral care. I hope that we will be in a position to offer that for many years to come.

Before finishing, I wish to thank all those who have helped the school in their different ways. The Parents' Association has given considerable support, both financial and other ways. In this financial year they have already donated £18,000 to the Building fund. I ask Mr Curd, the Chairman of the Association, to convey my thanks to the committee. The Trust Fund Committee has also worked hard to increase the number of covenantors and I thank particularly Mr Johnson who recently retired as Chairman. The Secretaries and ancillary staff, I thank for their untiring work. And finally, the Governors I thank for the many hours they put in, usually after a hard day's work at their own jobs, and for the support they offer me.

## **Basil Whalley — an appreciation**

**Prize Day, 5 April 1987**

Mr John Morgan



*Professor Basil Whalley*

It is not overstating it to say that my predecessor Professor Basil Whalley has become a legend in his own life-time. When I tell you that he served on the Governing body of this school for 28 years 10 of them as Chairman you will appreciate the magnitude of the contribution he has made to the life of St Edwards and what a difficult act he is to follow.

It was he who as Chairman had to guide the school through the critical period in and before 1979 when the great decision had to be made whether to go into the maintained comprehensive system under the Archdiocesan reorganisation of secondary education or to strike out into uncharted seas as an independent school. With advice and criticism coming from both directions he and his Board had to steer the school between the dangerous rocks of criticisms of elitism on the one side and loss of standards and of identity on the other. That 8 years or so later we sit here today in the Philharmonic Hall with 654 pupils in the main school and 200 in Runnymede, with the academic successes listed in your programme and a new Craft Design Technology block about to open expresses more than I could hope to about the success of his efforts.

I know that he will be embarrassed by a personal ecology. May I remind him that the American Statesman Adlai Stevenson said that flattery does no harm as long as you don't inhale. Basil Whalley was educated at this school and then at Liverpool University where he graduated with first class honours in Chemistry. He followed that with a PhD and a DSc and in 1952 was elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Chemistry. He was successively a lecturer and Reader in

Chemistry at his University until 1961 when he was appointed Professor of Chemistry at the University of London, a post which he held until 1982.

Basil Whalley is a world authority in pharmaceutical chemistry and knows more than almost anybody about a number of chemical products which I would not dare to try to pronounce and what I've no doubt are illegible on Doctors' prescriptions. They say there is a book in each of us but he has over 150 publications to his credit and his talents have been recognised in the USA and Canada where he has been a visiting professor and is now retained as an expert witness by several international pharmaceutical companies. All I can say about that is that I should not like the task of cross-examining him! He has also found the time to serve on numerous professional and scientific councils and committees as well as being a member of the Catholic Education Council and was a founder member of the Catholic Chaplaincy of Liverpool University.

But it is the private rather than the public man whom St Edward's has taken to its heart. In spite of all these demands upon his time there has always been time for St Edwards. Although he has been a Governor of other schools and colleges, we at St Edward's can claim him as our own. This year marks the 60th anniversary of his entry as a new boy into this school. Over all those years he has had the welfare and interests of the school at heart and successive head-masters to whom I have spoken have testified to the valuable support and help that he has given them and wish their gratitude to be recorded in the tribute we pay to him to-day. His fellow governors echo that tribute as they have seen at close quarters something of the work he has done for the school. Generations of pupils and parents may not have been as fully aware of it as much of it is done quietly and behind the scenes but they and we owe a great debt to Basil Whalley for his unfailing and unflagging zeal in his efforts on behalf of St Edwards.

On all their behalf and on behalf of us all therefore it gives me very great pleasure to present to Basil on Prize Day a cut glass bowl as a small token of our gratitude and our appreciation. With this memento of his association with St Edwards I expressed the wish that we shall continue to see him here as often as he can make the journey North from his Surrey home and the hope that he and his wife will enjoy a long and a well-earned retirement.

## News of Former Pupils

FRANCIS KEENAN (1974-81) graduated BSc in Biophysics from Leeds University.

MICHAEL THOMPSON (1975-82) graduated BEd from St Mary's, Strawberry Hill.

IAN JAMES (1980-82) graduated BSc from Aberdeen University.

MARK MULROONEY (1975-82) graduated BA (Hons) in Law from Kent University.

DAVID PARRY (1973-80) graduated DPhil in 1986 from York University and is now working as a research chemist for ICI in Runcorn.

DARREN RUDKIN (1977-84) was awarded his Blue for soccer by Oxford University where he is at Pembroke College.

EAMONN McGRATH (1967-74) having graduated BA in Accounting & Finance in 1977 from Lancaster University is now a Divisional Audit Manager with Arthur Young, the well known firm of accountants. He was married in 1981 and spent 18 months in Toronto. He says that he still plays cricket and tries to watch Everton when they play in London.

JONATHAN GRACE (1972-83) was awarded a Harmsworth Major Entrance Exhibitions by the Masters of the Bench of the Middle Temple. Jonathan graduated in Law from Oriel College, Oxford.

JOSEPH O'BRIEN (1924-30) a priest of the Plymouth Diocese, died in January 1987. He had trained as a teacher before joining the RAF during the war, becoming a priest after demobilisation.

TIMOTHY WILLSON (1968-75) having graduated BA(Hons) in European Studies from Hull University and getting his PGCE at Cambridge then was awarded a Rotary Graduate Fellowship in Political Science at Arizona State University where he graduated MA. Having returned home in 1985, he married his wife Mary, an American in 1986 and later that year became Project Manager of the Royal Institution in Liverpool.

EDWARD LOWE (1924-29) graduated BA from Liverpool University in 1950 after war service. After a lifetime's teaching he retired in 1973. His two brothers, Gerard (1920-25) and William (1922-28) have both pre-deceased him.

PHILIP GLEAVES (1964-1972) is now running his own racing stable in America.

JACK POZZI (1917-23) died in October 1986 at the age of 79.

TERENCE HILL (1952-58) having worked for Plessey in Liverpool for 9 years transferred to another firm in Toronto before working again for Plessey in Toronto for a further three years. He is married with four children. Now he works for the Mitel Corporation in Kanata, Canada, in telecommunications. He visited the school early in 1987.

MICHAEL KELLY (1939-44) having worked for ICI for 28 years retired and is now working in Leeds using his business skills in the community job creation scheme. He is much involved in the ecumenical scene and interested in church music. He was pleased to attend a concert given by the Cathedral Choir in Leeds Parish Church in 1986.

JOHN RIGBY (1970-76) graduated BSc from Manchester University and MSc from Cardiff. Obtained his PGCE and is teaching Biology at Whiston Highersides School. Was married in 1985.

PHILIP SWANSON (1970-76) is now a lecturer in Spanish at Dublin University.

KEITH KENNY (1976-83) graduated BA from Goldsmiths College, London University.

STEPHEN BAXTER (1969-76) graduated in maths from Cambridge University following this with a PhD in Acoustics at Southampton. Having worked as a teacher of maths for a couple of years, Stephen now lives in Buckinghamshire and is a computer programmer. He has developed his earlier interests in writing and has had a few stories published.

ERICA OTHERN (1984-85) now at Cambridge University where she has gone in for rowing in a big way. She has twice been a member of the 1st College boat before becoming Captain of the Boat Club at Somerville. She is also a member of the University 'Lightweight Blue Boat'. Erica manages to play squash and badminton and is reading Chemistry.

PETER JEFFREY and DAVID GRIFFITHS (both 1981-86) helped form a group known as 'Sudden Impact' which has been entering talent competitions with some success. Peter's dad is their manager and they have played at holiday camps.

PAUL GERAGHTY (1961-1972) was ordained in 1986 as a Benedictine monk in Montreal, six years after going to Canada. He was formerly a parishioner of St Robert Bellarmine's parish in Bootle. He read Law at King's College, London University before working as a solicitor for Goldrein & Company in Liverpool.

ANDREW CARMICHAEL (1964-75) gained mention in the Magazine 'Business' as one of the top forty businessmen under the age of forty. He is shortly to become a partner in Linklaters and Paines — the UK's largest law firm. He qualified as a lawyer at Cambridge and is now a Eurobond lawyer, drafting and negotiating public prospectuses from billion dollar bond issues. Last year Andrew conducted more than forty-five issues on his own, more than anyone else. His organisational flair is recognised by his colleagues; his charges are very high but large firms like Credit Suisse, First Boston and Merrill Lynch ask for him specifically. He enjoys the theatre and cooking and is secretary of the Southwark Diocesan Lay Committee.

*Former pupils (or their families or friends) are invited to send news about themselves for inclusion in this section of the magazine in next year's issue. Information should be sent to 'The Magazine Editor' at the College address which can be found on the contents page.*

## Old Boys' Dinner

Mr Terence Moorhead

The dinner continues to be a great success with 190 attending this year — a record number. The organising committee was particularly pleased to welcome many present members of the school staff. The chief guest was Mr Brian Pearce, the General Manager of Barclays Bank in America; he was supported by Mr Frank Finn.

The 1987 dinner is likely to be over-subscribed as requests from Old Boys from all over the country are being received and early booking is advisable to secure a place. In future there will be no 'top table' as such in order to increase the informality of the evening.

# REVIEW

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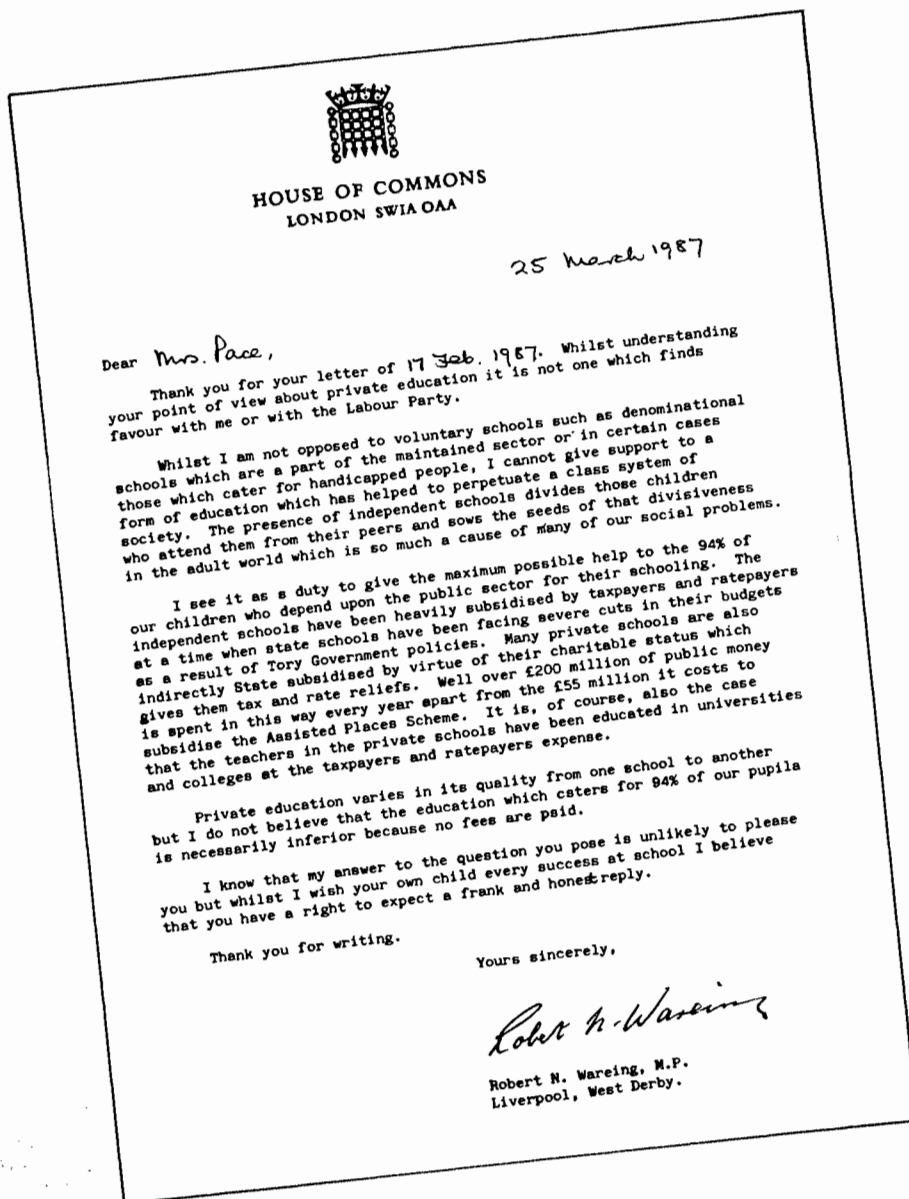
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## A letter from Westminster

(received by Mrs Pace in reply to hers)



education which has helped to perpetuate a class system of society. The presence of independent schools divides those children who attend them from their peers and sows the seeds of that divisiveness in the adult world which is so much a cause of many of our social problems.

2. Unless all schools are identical and/or constantly exchanging pupils and teachers, attending one will divide a pupil from those who attend others. If they are all state schools the division is largely by where the pupils live, which tends to perpetuate class distinctions.

An independent school, like St Edward's, draws its pupils from different areas and different social backgrounds. Neither these nor the amount the parents contribute in fees make any difference to the way the pupil is treated in the school. So the school makes a positive attempt to reduce such distinctions, partly by its atmosphere and partly by giving all its pupils an equal opportunity of higher education and of employment.

3. I see it as a duty to give the maximum possible help to the 94% of our children who depend upon the public sector for their schooling.

3. Education is, rightly, a major part of the expenditure of both central and local government. Help can be given in many ways e.g. by reducing political interference and strike action. However in financial terms one can either give more money or share the same amount among fewer recipients. So increasing the numbers in private education should actually increase the money per head available in public education.

4. The independent schools have been heavily subsidised by taxpayers and ratepayers at a time when state schools have been facing severe cuts in their budgets as a result of Tory Government policies.

4. Direct Grant schools — abolished by Shirley Williams in a Labour Government — could receive a high proportion of their fees from the state. This was a subsidy to the parents, not to the schools. Even so it was usually less than it would cost the State to educate the same children in its own schools.

The main contribution now made by the state is through the Assisted Places scheme. This is still a subsidy to the parents rather than the schools but on a much smaller scale. However the main point is that the parents make a substantial contribution to the cost of the education of the children in these schools instead of it all falling on the state.

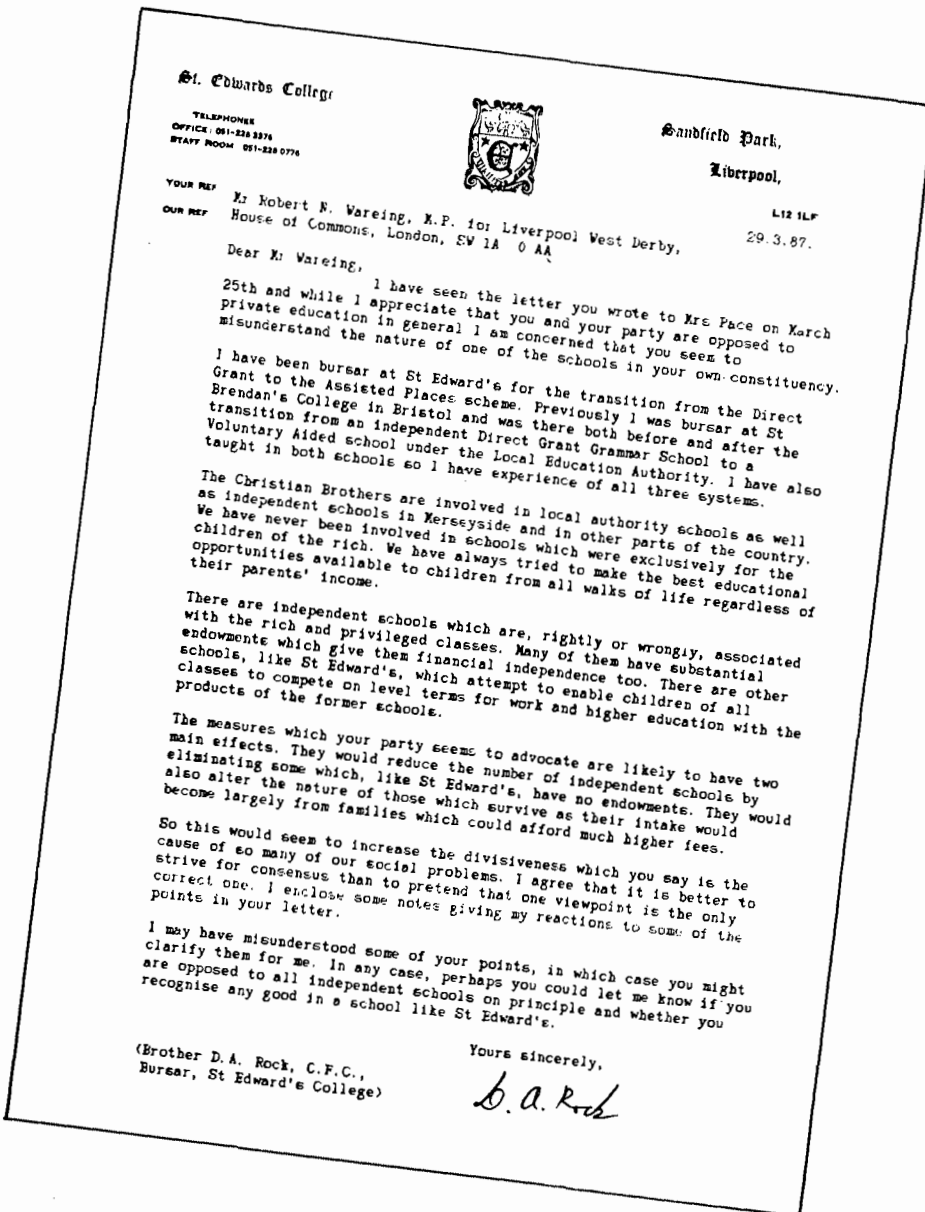
5. Many private schools are also indirectly subsidised by virtue of their charitable status

Re letter of 25th March 1987 from Robert Wareing, our local Labour MP.

1. Whilst understanding your point of view about private education it is not one which finds favour with me or with the Labour Party.

1. Clearly he and the Labour Party are opposed to private education. But surely education is first the duty of the parents and they should have a say in how it continues rather than have it decided by politicians.

2. I cannot give support to a form of



which gives them tax and rate reliefs. Well over £200 million of public money is spent in this way every year apart from the £55 million it costs to subsidise the Assisted Places scheme.

5. The main advantage of charitable status is that we have a 50% reduction in the rates we

pay. But the rates we pay are still a net gain to local Government funds unlike the rates on local authority schools. Also we pay VAT on goods and services, unlike the local Authority schools. So, instead of being a drain on Government funds, we contribute to local and central Government funds through rates and taxes.

6. It is, of course, also the case that the teachers in the private schools have been educated in universities and colleges at the taxpayers and ratepayers expense.

6. Most students in our colleges and universities are educated at the taxpayers and ratepayers expense as are over 90% of the pupils in our schools. Does this mean that they are only allowed to seek employment in local or central Government services? If so what would happen to our shops, our manufacturing and service industries, entertainment etc? What is the relevance and point of the above 'case'?

7. Private education varies in its quality from one school to another but I do not believe that the education which caters for 94% of our pupils is necessarily inferior because no fees are paid.

7. Education does vary in quality from one school to another. Many teachers give their best in very trying circumstances but others give the minimum. The amount of money spent on the fabric and equipment of a school, whether state or private, need not indicate the quality of the education in the school which depends on many other factors too.

One significant difference between private and state education is that people only attend private schools because their parents want them to. They may put a higher value on discipline than on sports equipment for example but unless an independent school gives a good education, in the eyes of local parents, it will soon fail for want of pupils. So it has this incentive to maintain standards and to liaise with parents.

For most teachers money is not a major consideration though they never have as much — for resources or to take home — as they would like. In a school like St Edward's there is active co-operation between parents, teachers and administrative staff to obtain the best educational value for the money spent. Having worked in both types I think we succeed better than at least some state schools largely because the main decisions are kept in the hands of a few concerned people.

To summarise: Independent schools have to set high standards to attract pupils but this does not mean that their pupils are more intelligent or richer than their peers in other schools. (The parents are often poorer than their colleagues simply because they pay school fees). This gives parents a wider choice and reduces the financial burden for the tax and ratepayers. Taxing these schools more will increase class distinctions. DAR

## Education, Fees and Politics

Brother Andrew Rock

Education is a matter of concern for everyone, including politicians, but it is unfortunate that many decisions affecting education are made on political grounds which may not be in the best interests of pupils. Full-time education is a long-term progress which can be seriously disturbed if it is likely to be altered at any or every election.

90% of English education is in state schools. Huge amounts of taxpayers' money have been poured into some 'showpiece schools' while others may be very restricted financially. Good work is done in both types.

Recent history seems to indicate that many parents and teachers, as well as politicians and pupils, do not have the best interests of the pupils at heart so it is refreshing to find in a school like St Edward's that parents and teachers — and the pupils themselves — put in a great deal of time and effort to achieve excellence in a variety of fields.

St Edward's takes pupils from a greater area and a wider social spectrum than most state schools but it is still selective because parents have to choose to send their children to the school which, in turn, has to be satisfied that each prospective pupil is likely to benefit from the courses provided. In 1987 we had 200 applicants for 90 places.

All taxpayers contribute to state education but parents also pay fees directly to independent schools for the education of their children. In some cases this means a considerable sacrifice but the parents give a higher priority to the quality of their children's education than to the kind of luxuries which they could otherwise afford.

St Edward's has always tried to provide a first-class education for pupils whose parents could not afford high fees — or in some cases any fees. When it was a Direct Grant school no-one was excluded on grounds of income. 90% were paid for by local authorities and the state paid all or part of the fee for others whose income was below an agreed level.

Now we have 55 Assisted Places in each year. For these, if the family income is below about £7,000, the Government pays the whole fee. If it is above about £15,000 the parents pay the whole fee (with a sliding scale in between). The rest are full fee places though parents may sometimes find help from other sources to pay the fees.

So in practice, with the level of unemployment in Merseyside, about two thirds of our pupils have Assisted Places and the parents of nearly half of these pay little or no fee. The school already spends about a million pounds a year on salaries (with a big



increase in 1987) and all this has to be met from fees.

A general election is likely soon. A Labour Government would abolish Assisted Places immediately and make things more difficult for independent schools by removing their charitable status and adding VAT to school fees. The Liberal/SDP Alliance would also abolish Assisted Places but not for those who already had them. Only the Conservatives would continue Assisted Places or some equivalent (e.g. vouchers).

St Edward's is not advising people how to vote. Education is only one of the issues which would influence a voter's decision. The Action Committee is trying to ensure that all know the issue involved, whichever party they support. They are also trying to ensure that prospective candidates in the area are aware of the case for schools such as St Edward's and the strength of support for them.

People are already betting on the results of the next election but whatever happens this year we need to take a long-term view and try to ensure that St Edward's continues to meet the local needs regardless of the political developments, not only this year but in the future.

Some would like to close St Edward's this year. If this happened the Christian Brothers would have no shortage of alternative apostolic work. They have no intention of abandoning St Edward's. They have shown this by their support for continued development of courses and facilities. Staff 'sabbaticals' are still encouraged and the Brothers have committed a good deal of money to improvements in the school — the new ACDT block and the expansion of the Preparatory school being two examples.

So the first major point is that all should work on the basis that St Edward's will continue to strive for all round excellence and encourage its pupils to do the same within the limits of their ability. Great efforts are made to achieve this at the lowest practical fee. Help with equipment, materials and services is always welcome but it is also important that fees are paid promptly with early warning of problems.

Secondly the fees do include a small

contribution to paying off loans for improved facilities. This would have to be much larger if we were not able to obtain contributions from the many outside users of these facilities and if we could not count on regular contributions towards building costs from the St Edward's Parents' Association.

Thirdly withdrawal of Assisted Places would mean that many otherwise eligible pupils could not attend St Edward's. This would be a blow for them and their families but it could affect others as well. If we could accept only pupils from families who could afford the full fee, numbers might well drop and so a higher fee still would be needed to maintain the same facilities. This 'vicious circle' could affect many who can afford the present fee. Fees could rise or standards could decline.

So the Trust fund has been set up to provide alternative assistance if the Government assisted places are withdrawn. Once it reaches a level that would guarantee the survival of St Edward's without Government assistance any surplus may be used to provide Bursaries or improve the school in other ways. The original target of one million pounds would not provide this guarantee now and the Fund is still well short of this.

Support for the activities of the school, the Parents Association and the Trust Fund is more vital than ever. We need to show clearly that St Edward's is not just the concern of a small rich minority. Money is welcome but there are many other forms of practical assistance and the committees will always welcome new members.



## Cathedral Choir

Mr Philip Duffy

Last Easter marked the beginning of a tricky time for the choir's treble voices. There were half-whispered rumours concerning the effects of fall-out from Chernobyl and its effect on the thyroid, about the amazingly high nutritional value of the school's new meals, and about a new additive secretly introduced into Coca Cola. Anyway, whatever the cause, the effect was devastating: the voices of the top eight trebles broke within the space of one term. The effects of that are still being felt, although efforts continue to be made to overcome them. The boys who were rising through the ranks last summer suddenly found themselves propelled into positions of responsibility, both musically and otherwise. Most, happily, were able to cope with this, learn the repertoire, and that has not been easy. However, the recruitment of new choristers has continued meanwhile, and although one or two more voices have gone the way of those eight, numbers are beginning to build up again, and the future is looking more promising.

When looking back over the previous year's activities, in some ways I do not like trying to pick out 'highlights' from them, because the real highlight has to be the singing of God's praises, day by day, week by week. Each singer's full talents and concentration and efforts need to be put into making the music of the liturgy as near perfect as possible, regardless of whether there is only a handful of people present at a weekday celebration of Evening Prayer in the Crypt, or a congregation of several thousand at a grand Diocesan celebration.

However, among the unusual things which happened since the last issue of SEC Review were a concert in Leeds Parish Church in June, as part of the Leeds Festival, the choir's summer holiday at Ampleforth Abbey, two broadcasts of Evening Prayer for BBC Radio 3, an evening of Jewish & Christian Sacred Music, with musicians from King David High School, a joint service in Unity Week at the Anglican Cathedral, and several concerts with orchestra or brass, culminating in a performance of Monteverdi's Vespers of 1610 in February. At that performance it was good to be able to welcome back as soloists Old Edwardians Stuart Wright and Michael McGuire. On Christmas Eve part of the choir was seen briefly on ITV's 'Granada Reports', singing carols, and BBC TV's 'Northwest' last month featured the choir and a few of the boys seeking admission to it.

Those who left the Choir during the year were Anthony Walker, Matthew Morgan,



Andrew Hanlon, Leon Evans, Mark English, David Owens, Michael Loftus and James Armstrong. Graham Smith transferred to the tenor section after his voice changed, and Kevin English to the alto line. Damian O'Keeffe left the choir to commence his studies (and a choral scholarship) at St John's College, Cambridge, and Adrian McDonald forsook the basses to concentrate on his A levels.

Joining the choir and the school were Nicholas Platt (from St Mary's Primary School, Birchley), Patrick Taylor (Blessed Sacrament, Walton), John Mulholland (St Austin's), Vincent Price (St Margaret Mary's), David Lloyd (Gilmour & Duncan Road Primary), Carl English (Runnymede Infants) and Brendan Casey (St Margaret Mary's).



Photographs by Mr Philip Duffy.



### The Cathedral Choir May 1987

**Trebles:** Steven Dobbins (Head Chorister), Jonathan Parr, Michael Wallace, Jude Watts, Kevin Beckett, Karl Lee, Francis Jarvis, John Walsh, Allan Preston, Christopher Walsh, David Cook, Ian Roberts, Neil Barratt, Nicholas Mulroy, Daniel O'Neill.

**Probationers:** Nicholas Platt, John Mulholland, Vincent Price, Patrick Taylor, David Lloyd, Brendan Casey, Carl English.

**Lower Voices:** Kevin English, Paul Garrity, Nicholas Hartley, Stephen Shuttleworth (altos), Graham Smith, Stephen Wallace (tenors), Paul Blackburn (bass)

Assistant to Organist: Michael Stubbs.

Librarians: Brendan Rawlinson, Shaun Cassells, Martin Fraser, Andrew Smith.



# Cradle Snatches

Catherine Green  
Form Six

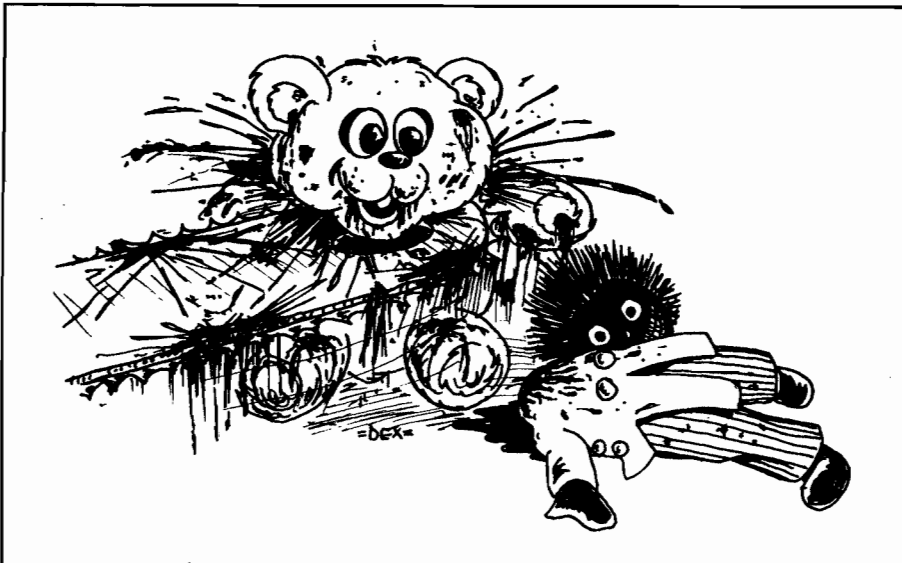
Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on her tuffet  
(whatever her tuffet may be)  
The spider beside her repeatedly eyed her  
While she sat sipping her tea.  
Now Little Miss Muffet  
Who sat on her tuffet  
(Why she did so I haven't a clue)  
Found something inside her detested that  
spider  
And she knew just what she would do.  
So Little Miss Muffet  
Got up from her tuffet  
(And sat on the spider instead)  
And the spider . . . didn't stand a chance  
I assure you, it was dead.

There were two in the bed  
And the bigger one said  
'Roll over!'  
The little one fell and hurt his head  
And laughing loudly, the bigger one said,  
'The paths of mankind are hard to tread  
But little folk must when lying in bed  
Succumb to the whims in a bigger man's  
head.  
Such is the way of the world' he said.

Row, row, row your boat  
Gently down the stream  
Don't let yours sink while others float  
Life's not any dream.  
If someone says 'Hey, row my boat  
So I can have a kip.'  
Say 'Sod your boat! While mine's afloat  
I'll carry on my trip.'  
But if your boat should run aground  
Then seek some other's aid.  
Forget your principle is sound  
Learn this — you've got it made.  
'Tis good to help your fellow man.'  
Say this with pride and fervour.  
But if all men begin to drown  
Make sure you grab the life preserver.

'Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?'  
'Wouldn't you like to know!'  
'Oh, go on, Pussy Cat, don't be mean;  
I might want to go.'  
'Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, tell me please,  
Did you see the Queen?'  
'See the Queen — what me with fleas!  
She wouldn't be very keen.'  
'Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, did you eat cake  
And share a pot of tea?'  
'Oh come on, sonny, give me a break!  
What, just her and me!'  
'Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, as a rule  
Does she eat scones with jam?'  
'Cat's can't talk you stupid fool  
What do you think I am!'

Illustration by Ian Bowden  
Form Six



# Death of Dali

Ian Bowden  
Form Six

The throbbing gave way to silence, the lights to darkness. As my eyes grew more accustomed to the gloom, the pupils expanding and contracting, finding the optimum aperture, casting dim, but painful light onto my scorched retina, shapes formed only from highlights resolved themselves with a jarring scrape into the familiar surroundings of the living-room, greyly moonlit.

A shaft of silver moonlight fell across the room, onto a coffee table and reflected palely from a single, silver cufflink. The face of the cufflink reflected the light directly into my eyes. If my head moved the cufflink would twinkle fascinatingly.

The moonlight warmed my face, the cufflink directing its beams. The cold light had changed while I lay on the heavy pile carpet, fascinated. The light was yellow tinged, and even as I watched it grew fully yellow, then orange, burning with a red flicker. The light burned deep into my mind, my consciousness, my being. I stared, unable to blink, unable to move, rooted by terror's granite fingers.

The light still lingered out of reach. Its meaning was becoming fogged. What was it? An electric light bulb.

No.

The end of the tunnel?

No.

A cufflink. Moonlight falling on a shirt-cuff.

Why that? Did it mean something?

I struggled to recall something, something important. An elusive thought. Something to lead me out of here. This is all a, a what? It escaped me. I had lost it again.

Pluto, Jehova, Stan, Dagon, Love, Moloch, the Virgin, Thetis, Devil, Jove, Pam, Jahweh, Vulcan, he with th' awful Rod, Jesus, the wondrous Straw Man, all one God.

I heard singing, disquieting singing. The light had long since dwindled and I was left, lying, standing, floating in the eternal greyness.

Lucidity gained a foothold on my mind. Its progress across my mind was like flaying. In a red haze I awoke trembling, in a foetal position on the thick pile carpet.

The morning continued in an ordinary fashion from then. The toast burned, the orange juice carton burst, showering the refrigerator with orange droplets, and the milk was unfit for human consumption.

The dry cornflakes tasted terrible without juice to drink. I hate coffee in the mornings.

As might be expected the bus was two minutes early and I missed it by seventeen

seconds. I ran, but it had a head start, and I had no milk on my cornflakes that morning. It left me bemused in a cloud of toxic, grey fumes.

The greyness billowed around my head, obscuring vision, obscuring thought, debaring lucidity, clarity. I breathed, taking in mist, filling my lungs, roiling, burning, clouding.

The mist, rather than clearing, solidified. Candy floss scenery, cotton wool trees.

Across the still-forming field a familiar glow presented itself to my sight. Like a child chasing a butterfly, I ran towards it.

The land fell away from the brink of the hill spectacularly. The grotto that I stood on the outskirts of, with its ring of standing stones glowed like a cufflink struck by moonlight.

The stones drew me towards them. They throbbed. My hand, pressed against the warm granite could detect that throbbing. And squirming.

Revulsion gripped me. The icy fingers of fear were clenched in my chest. My lungs heaved to no avail. My heart pounded with a thumping which sounded of futility. I fell into the circle.

My own image faced me, studying me carefully, like a watchmaker, looking at a bird and wondering if the Swiss could make one with cogs.

I, or rather, he, sighed. We stood face to face with him looking through, or past me, outside the circle.

I looked down, and I saw, what a poor creation I am, and in what rags I am dressed, and I wept, for I saw the reason for his sighs. I am a child again, and, unwashed, I crouch in the putrid alleyways of eternity.

We touched, and the light, that burning yellow light of revelation filled my mind.

I ached to move away, to disentangle my arms from his, but my arms were no longer my own. My fingers, his fingers, my palms, his palms, my heart his heart, my wretchedness, his, and his wonderful knowledge mine.

The lucid periods are less frequent, now. It may be a good thing, for when they come over me I believe myself to be insane. Even the drugs cannot induce me to lose my grip on this Alternative Reality, the only one that matters, the one where I am clean.



Illustration by Ian Bowden, Form Six

# The Egg

Roy Stead  
Form Six

Life is the most varied and wonderful thing in the entire universe. This view was held by Prometheus and that god — after many millenia of fierce argument — finally Persuaded Zeus, his superior, to agree with him. That is, Zeus decided to establish life on a single planet and, provided that life evolved into a peaceful, intelligent race of Zeus-fearing beings, he would allow it to spread throughout the universe. At least, that was The Plan.

The day started unusually on Gzong. In one day the equivalent of two hundred million years of evolution occurred. Eventually, just before the fires of the twin suns descended slowly below their dark horizons, a remarkable thing happened. An egg was laid on land.

To all appearances, it was no remarkable egg. Its pure white, leathery shell nestled amongst bracken while its disinterested parent wandered away and left it to its own devices. A single week passed with nothing so startling happening.

The Egg remained as it was. Millenia later, the Egg was covered by a layer of rock and it looked merely like a hard, grey boulder. Large reptiles developed; they were eventually to be called 'dinosaurs'.

During the ensuing centuries, dinosaurs hatched, lived, laid eggs, fought and died. Still the Egg remained. Eventually, the dinosaurs died out in the singularly most catastrophic disaster in prehistory. Small, furry creatures and feathered creatures survived that tragedy and those 'mammals' claimed the world for their own, battling against all odds to adapt to what they could and alter what they could not adapt to. Still the Egg remained, unchanging, nothing even suspecting its existence.

Millenia later, a group of odd-looking mammals walked on two legs and started to communicate with each other. It was then two hundred and fifty million years since Zeus's ill-fated decision.

Within four thousand years, these 'humans' developed a complex civilization. They devised a religion based upon suppressed racial memories of Zeus and Prometheus. Nearby, however, the Egg — unchanging — remained.

Jews were the group of people living near the Egg and — probably because of thoughts emanating from it — had evolved a religion unusual in one respect — they believed in one god. Still the Egg did not change. The Plan proceeded. Zeus, however, was not contented. In his not-quite-infinite wisdom, he had not noticed the Egg and its effects and

had carefully engineered that the humans would worship him and his kind.

One day, the Egg hatched. In actual fact, that hatching was the most cataclysmic event ever to occur on Gzong. A group of three wise men journeyed over a thousand 'miles' (as the natives measured distance) to see the event, probably forewarned by the Egg. When the Egg hatched, the creature which resulted was identical to man in appearance but possessed enormous powers of healing, and destruction.

The three wise men ensured a good home for the child, with a Nazarene carpenter and his young bride, and wandered off to write a story about the Egg. Unfortunately, the final version told that the brown-haired child's virgin birth was miraculously preceded by the appearance of winged men in white and

an extra-bright star. The wise men had an over-active imagination.

A mere thirty years later, the child was hideously killed — he was nailed to a tree. This move was cleverly-engineered by Zeus, who had finally had his attention drawn to the child of the Egg.

Now, nearly two thousand years later, that single child has been the cause of more Gzongian wars than anything or anybody else in history. Disgusted by that turn of events, Zeus planted — too late — the seeds of an anti-Eggian movement.

The plan had failed. Prometheus was wrong. One question remained unanswered, however. Where did the Egg come from? Surely there could not be someone more powerful than Zeus himself . . . ?

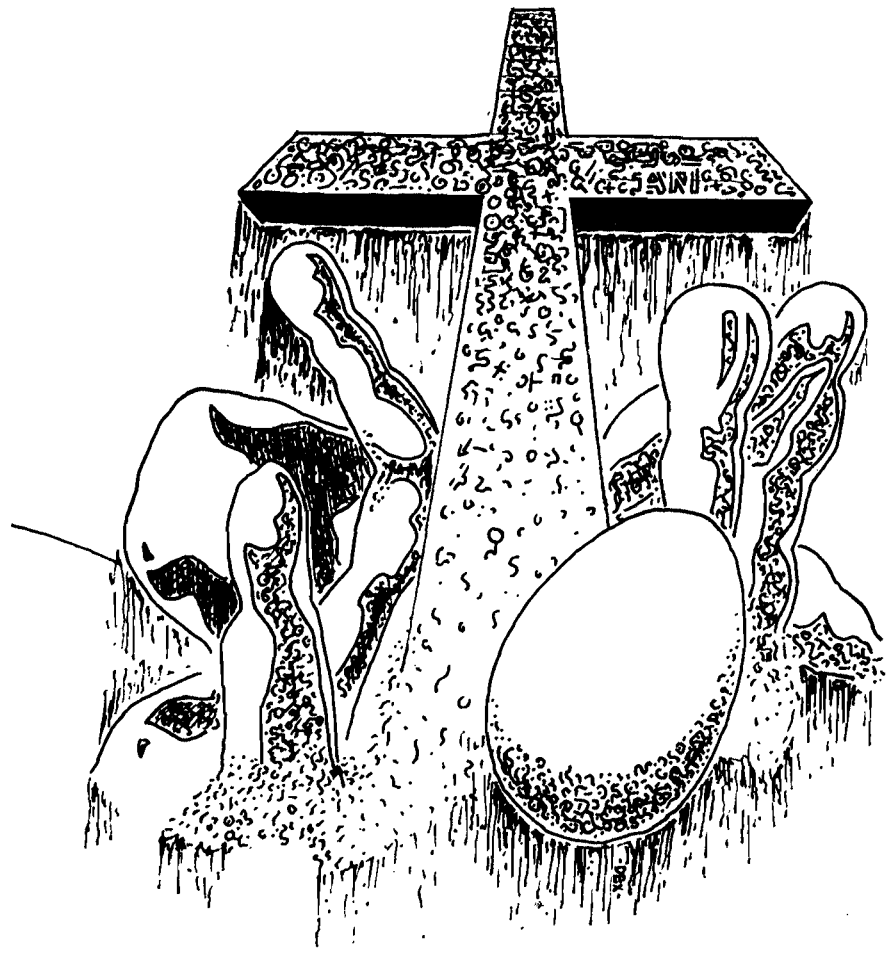
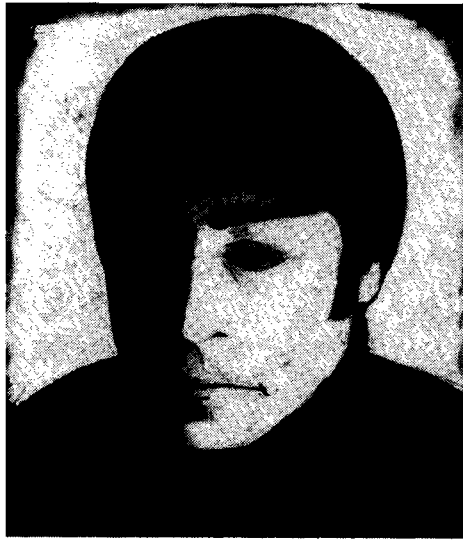


Illustration by Ian Bowden, Form Six

# Faces

Alex Keenan  
Form Six



*Boogie till the stars shine bright. Alex*



*Boogie till the moon takes ten. Alex*



*Boogie till the wind blows nine. Alex*

# Give thanks to the Lord.

Michael Stubbs  
Form Five

*Give thanks to the Lord* **Michael Stubbs Op 4**  
Form Five

*Vivace (♩=112) mf*

Give - Thanks to the Lord

Thank the Lord.  
Thank the Lord

Thank the Lord

*Vivace (♩=112) pp*

Pro - claim his great ness, — tell the na - tions what he has done.

Pro - claim his great ness, — tell the na - tions what he has done.

Pro - claim his great ness, — tell the na - tions what he has done.

Pro - claim his great ness, — tell the na - tions what he has done.

*mf*

Ad. P.

FINAM USINE

Sing - Praise to the Lord

Praise the Lord.  
Praise the Lord.  
Praise the Lord.

Sing - Praise! Sing - Praise! Tell of the wonderful things he has done.

Sing - Praise! Sing - Praise! Tell of the wonderful things he has done.

Sing - Praise! Sing - Praise! Tell of the wonderful things he has done.

Sing - Praise! Sing - Praise! Tell of the wonderful things he has done.

*mf dim sempre*

*pp*

Ad. P.

FINAM USINE

*mf*

Be glad — that we be - long to him.

Be glad — that we be - long to him.

Be glad — that we be - long to him; Let

all who worship him re - joice!

Be glad — that we be - long to him; Let

all who worship him re - joice!

Be glad — that we be - long to him; Let

all who worship him re - joice!

Be glad — that we be - long to him; Let

all who worship him re - joice!

*mf dim sempre*

*pp*

Ad. P.

FINAM USINE

all who worship him re - joice! Let all who worship him re -

all who worship him re - joice! Let all who worship him re -

all who worship him re - joice! Let all who worship him re -

all who worship him re - joice! Let all who worship him re -

all who worship him re - joice! Let all who worship him re -

Go — to the Lord for help.

Go — to the Lord for help.

Go — to the Lord for help.

Go — to the Lord for help.

Go — to the Lord for help.

*mf dim sempre*

*pp*

Ad. P.

FINAM USINE

Adagio (1=72)

You de-scendants of Ab-ra-ham, his  
 You de-scendants of Ab-ra-ham, his  
 You de-scendants of Ab-ra-ham, his  
 You de-scendants of Ab-ra-ham, his

scel. unal. You de-scendants of Ja-cob, who He chose, Re-mem-ber the  
 scel. unal. You de-scendants of Ja-cob, who He chose, Re-mem-ber the  
 scel. unal. You de-scendants of Ja-cob, who He chose, Re-mem-ber the  
 scel. unal. You de-scendants of Ja-cob, who He chose, Re-mem-ber the

PAUL D'SILVA 5-

Tempo Primo

miracle that God per-formed and the judge-ments that He gave.  
 miracle that God per-formed and the judge-ments that He gave.  
 miracle that God per-formed and the judge-ments that He gave.  
 miracle that God per-formed and the judge-ments that He gave.

Tempo Primo

Pa-ry be in the Ho-lies, and to the  
 Glo-ry be in the Ho-lies, and to the  
 Glo-ry be in the Ho-lies, and to the  
 Glo-ry be in the Ho-lies, and to the

PAUL D'SILVA 6-

and... to the Ho-ly Spi-rit, as it was in the be-  
 and... to the Ho-ly Spi-rit, as it was in the be-  
 and... to the Ho-ly Spi-rit, as it was in the be-  
 and... to the Ho-ly Spi-rit, as it was in the be-

gin-nings is now, and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men.  
 gin-nings is now, and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men.  
 gin-nings is now, and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men.  
 gin-nings is now, and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men.

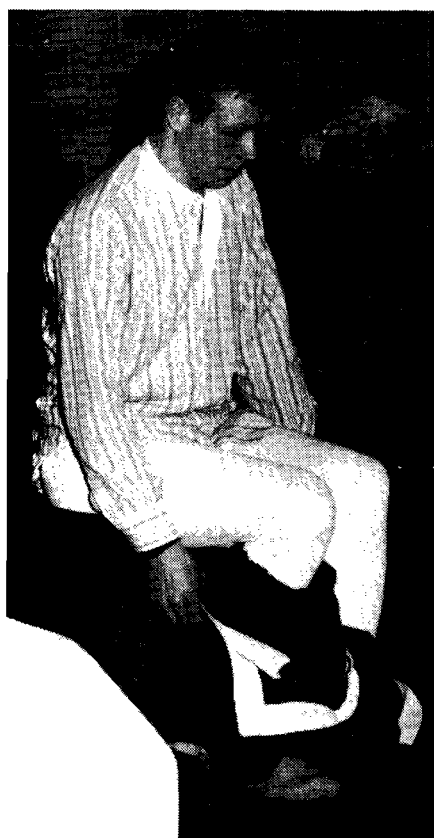
PAUL D'SILVA (10-6th April 1982)

## 'Hobson's Choice'

A critical compilation

(Due to the sharing of certain parts by actors alternately performing, two reviews were required to appraise last year's production of 'Hobson's Choice'. To accommodate these in limited magazine space, it was decided to synthesize them. It is hoped that this resultant critical compilation does justice to the efforts of Messrs. Arthur Kelly and Edward Halligan, the authors of the original reviews. Ed.)

There are, perhaps, many people who go to the theatre to be entertained. The producers do not always give them what they want. Too often they set out to educate, enlighten or propagandize. In April 1987, however, the St Edward's College Drama Society offered its performance of 'Hobson's Choice', and thus all present were entertained in a right gradely fashion! To hold an audience requires not only a 'well made play' such as this, but also imaginative interpretation and direction, with split-second timing. Fulfilling all these requirements, this performance, produced by Mr M. F. Fraine with S. Wells' assistance, was a joy.



Harold Brighouse's play is an established classic of the English Theatre. Since its first performance in 1916, it has been a popular choice for professional and amateur players, a highly acclaimed film, and is now in the repertory of the National Theatre. It is set in Victorian Salford and its themes were very much alive for the generation which saw it during the Great War. The right of women to determine their own lives and the rebellion of a younger generation against parental tyranny. Though the former is now a little outdated after the success of the various Women's Liberation movements, the latter is perennial, and the presentation of both is as fresh today as it was in 1916.

The lynchpin of the play is Maggie Hobson: any weakness in the role, and the play is seriously diminished. Sally Kirkness' Maggie was a delight. Commonsensical in her remarks on a decorative buckle, harsh with Ada Figgins, yet displaying rare tenderness in pressing a wedding flower, Maggie is a part of varied characteristics and with much to say. Miss Kirkness conveyed the personality faultlessly. Further, to be worth watching when not talking is a pleasing fact of able acting, and this was displayed in Maggie's support of Willie by look and gesture. Sally Kirkness was the perfect Maggie.

Duncan Bouch faultlessly portrayed Willie Mossop and that daft lad's rise from obscurity to become master of 'Hobson's', pushed by the astute Maggie. He has steadily honed his performances in each role he has played, and in Willie he attained a memorable fine edge. His development from the shy, shambling, nagged underdog to the confident, assertive business man was skilfully modulated and paced. The producer clearly intended that the emerging boot maker gradually acquire a vertebrae and that the actor only complete this process after Willie's full submission to Maggie. Duncan Bouch perfectly interpreted this intention.

In a school production of 'Hobson', the part of Henry Horatio Hobson himself becomes the most physically and mentally demanding one. And how well it was played! Hobson, as portrayed by Paul Connolly, was a perfect representation of a bombastic, narrow-minded, self-confident master,

successfully generating our dislike, and his descent into shambling, helpless acquiescence to Willie and Maggie as an aged and pathetic man, was brilliantly embodied. This is a difficult role and was fully realized.

Lisa Murphy, Sally-Anne Smith, Cathy Byrne and Julie McGlory were excellent as Maggie's pretty, 'uppish' sisters, Alice and Vicky. They gave just the right balance to the fashion-conscious, marriageable daughters who would not be put down by their domineering father, with Alice played as pert and empty-headed, Vicky as her perfect foil and later as an important voice in the final act. Albert Prasser and Fred Beenstock were ably portrayed by Ian Walker and Ian Connor, who reflected the characteristics described in the play's directions and brought vividly to life these rather dandified young men. These four characters together projected the silliness and snobbery that highlighted so well Maggie's common sense.

Equally successful were the play's cameo parts. The Mrs Hepworths of Susan Griffiths and Jane Mulkerrin got the plot under way with recognition of Willie's still, but though in demeanour both clearly characterised the 'carriage trade', they were yet believably capable of the good deed later reported by Willie. Louise Bate and Ann-Marie Quill, both too attractive to answer the playing description of Ada Figgins as 'pathetic', still neatly illustrated Maggie's firmness and Willie's lack of it. Anthony Haimes briefly dominated the stage as Dr McFarlane. Indeed, the exchanges between the Doctor, Hobson and Jim Heeler provide some of the play's finest moments. As he also did in the crucial conversation of the first act, Paul Meaney then adequately filled the last role. Simon Smith gave to Tubby Wadler an air of dignified competence, with respect for his betters but a sturdy independence, that Brighouse probably envisaged.

The interpretation was first class, especially in the central comparison of Willie's gradual assumption of confidence and power (influenced and driven by Maggie) with Hobson's more rapid deterioration, physical and emotional. Hobson's taking over of Willie's trembling, halting manner as Willie throws it off, was a clever idea that the producer's making the long speech of



Hobson concerning morals in Act One almost a soliloquy, as Hobson moved to the front of the stage under lowered lights, implying that this same speech had been heard, or ignored, many times before.

A sense of timing is an important skill that separates the good from the average and this production was blessed in that all three principals have an excellent sense of this. Three examples illustrate the point. Sally Kirkness's timing of Act Two's climatic line could not have been better. To Vicky's 'Have you got the ring?', Maggie's retort, 'I have. Do you think I'd trust him to remember?' was delightfully comic. During the wedding scene's extension at the end of Act Three, an element which one critic found suspect, Duncan Bouch's Willie Mossop stretched audience tension to the limits with timing as accurate as the one o'clock pips. Suspect interpretation or not, it matched the play's entertaining spirit in that the audience roared with laughter. Indeed, a similar response was enacted by the third example, Paul Connolly's rendering of what the same critic had described as Brighthouse's only false-sounding line in the play, to wit Hobson's responding to Dr MacFarlane's invitation to unbutton his shirt with the warning, 'No



Photographs by Mr Stephen Wells.

hanky-panky, now.' Drama criticism and the theatrical experience, it seems, should not be separated.

Probably the most welcome and unexpected bonus of the excellent evening was Sue Griffiths' glorious singing to the perfect piano accompaniment of Jane Woosey. With a selection of old favourites, they set the Victorian atmosphere and made even the intervals a pleasure.

There were faults, although they were not weighty enough to mar our enjoyment of the play. There was the occasional indistinctness due, no doubt, to sheer lack of experience in projecting to the hall's mid and distant reaches, and comic lines were lost to the audience. The stage itself, particularly in the lack of proper curtaining, gave no help to the valiant back-stage teams. Even so, it is high praise to say, 'We didn't notice!' for surely the skill of back-stage work is to focus attention on the play, its actors, their talents and their excellent costumes, and not on the set and lighting.

It would be churlish to magnify minor faults in a production which gave so much evident enjoyment. Plays that entertain are this on the grounds. Rather would I echo the satisfied customer overheard saying, 'I didn't want it to end!'



# Just One Hard Shove

Philip Webster  
Form Six

'Excuse me, is anyone sitting there?'

Viellard woke slowly, tried to focus, to differentiate the real world from the nightmare land he had just been a part of. A man had been tortured. The man was him. This scenario was recurrent, and he had begun to realise it was a purely impersonal act; he was merely an object, to be used for the self-gratification of the other. For him, this bore a certain resemblance to life, but that was old news. At least he had Marie.

The train was nearly empty, but the newcomer had taken the seat opposite. He was now staring at Viellard with more a curious than a concerned expression.

'I'm sorry, I couldn't help noticing, you look terribly ill.'

'I died in London.'

'Many people do, I fully understand.'

'I'm sure you don't.'

'Well go on, what was it then? Lost the fight again? Someone hurt your pride? The metropolis failed to recognise your genius? You must realise that washing your dirty linen in public won't make it any cleaner in the end. I know your type — you're too sensitive. You see all human feelings are transient. Whatever you say, all human feelings are transient. Emotion is short-lived. Love does not exist. Any greater concepts of higher things that you may inspire will be distant memories within days. Wearing your heart on your sleeve only means it is easily

broken. Take your girlfriend for instance.'

Viellard started.

'At this moment in time, she is sleeping with your best friend. Your family — they say to your face that they believe in you — behind your back they despise everything you stand for. They wouldn't back you up if you fell. No one believes in you.'

Viellard stood up, sweating in spite of the coldness of the carriage.

'How do you know?' almost shouting.

'I know. So do you.'

The train had stopped. Viellard ran, through the doors falling onto the platform. Crowds of people became mere shapes; shapes becoming mere noises.

He found himself in a 'phone booth. His fingers automatically dialled Marie's number.

'Hello. Yes, I'm fine, how are you? Marie, are you by ours. . .? Are you also. . .? Oh, nothing. I just had to. . . I wanted to tell you that I love you.' These words which had contained so much difficulty now came easily. He would use them again and still never mean them. The world opened before him and he tumbled forwards.

Back on the homeward train, alone, he was finally able to fall into a peaceful slumber. The room returned. A man sat in the chair. The torturer approached. The man was faceless. The torturer was him. He smiled in his sleep. The world was good.

# Long Time No Tea

Catherine Green  
Form Six

The play takes place in an old people's home.

## CHARACTERS

TED EDWARDS (An inmate of the home)

A NURSE

LOUISE (Ted's granddaughter)

ERNY LEE (Ted's friend)

*The scene is a lounge in an old people's home. The 'old people' sit motionless. A nurse is changing flowers in the background. An old man rushes into the room.*

**TED:** Beep! Beep! Mind the doors. Slow to the left. Brr-ring! Brr-ring!

**NURSE:** Now, now, Ted. You know you oughtn't to strain yourself. You've a visitor later, if you're good.

**TED:** Oh, I'll be good luvie, as long as you'll let me go for a spin round the block on me tram before they comes.

**NURSE:** Well, only if you're good, mind.

*Ted races off.*

**TED:** Beep! Beep! Brr-ring! Brr-ring!  
Anyone got change of a shilling? Ta, missus.

*A young girl enters. All the old people, still staring ahead, turn in one accord to follow her around the room with their eyes. Realising that she is being watched, the girl stops and looks about her. Six interested, motionless faces stare back. Suddenly the same nurse rushes in.*

**NURSE:** Sorry, dear, I can't find Mr Edwards anywhere, and he promised to be good until you came. He only went for a spin on his tram.

**LOUISE:** On his tram! Grandad hasn't got a tram.

**TED:** Beep! Beep! Mind the doors. *(He hobbles in, using his stick partly to 'Drive'.)*

**LOUISE:** Oh, Grandad!

**TED:** Hello, Loo. Want a lift?

**LOUISE:** No, it's O.K., I'd rather sit.

D'you want to come into the garden?

**TED:** I do, love, but she won't let me. Says I'm naughty, don't you Nurse? Says I stop my tram and cause an obstruction.

**LOUISE:** Oh, could we go outside, please? It's very hot in here today, and I'll keep an eye on Grandad.

**NURSE:** No, I can't let you, I'm afraid. You can take him into the other room, if you like — only if you're good, Ted. He really is naughty.

*The nurse rushes away, and Louise helps her grandad to one of a group of chairs by*

*the window. He staggers to the one furthest away from the door and flings himself back into it, placing his stick down beside him.*

**LOUISE:** Hey, be careful, Grandad!

**TED:** I'm all right, love. It's that ruddy nurse, treats me like a baby.

**LOUISE:** Oh, I'm sure she doesn't.

**TED:** You saw her: 'Only if you're good, Ted,' 'Don't be a naughty boy.'

**LOUISE:** You do act a little . . . crazy, Grandad.

**TED:** They expect it, love. They just ignore you if you don't do something, leave you on your own to die — with salad, and a thousand cups of tea a day and Horlicks before you go to bed.

**LOUISE:** It's not that bad really, is it? *(He looks at her.)*

**LOUISE:** Oh, come on, Grandad. *(Changes the subject.)* How's your tram?

**TED:** What did you say? Bloody hell, girl, d'you think I'm crackers? I only do it to mess that nurse about.

**LOUISE:** But she treats you as if . . .

**TED:** They expect it. England expects that every old bugger should do his duty.

**LOUISE:** Oh, Grandad!

**TED:** They want me to act soft, I act soft.

*(He sees the nurse coming.)* Beep! Beep! love, watch me go! *(To the nurse.)* Mind the doors, Nurse! *(Whispers to Louise.)* Smile, Loo, you're on 'Candid Camera'.

**NURSE:** Is he being troublesome, love? If he is, I'll take him back. *(She puts down the tray of tea.)*

**LOUISE:** *(Coldly.)* No, thank you, we're quite all right.

**TED:** That's right, nurse. *(He exaggerates his next few words.)* Oh, look, Louise, lovely tea. Nurse does make a lovely cup of tea, Don't you, Nurse? *(Then just loud enough for the nurse to hear.)* I know — I get enough of the damn stuff!

**LOUISE:** *(laughing.)* Ssh! She'll hear you.

**TED:** *(Puts his arm around her.)* I'm not the Mersey. I wonder if she gets it from the . . .

**LOUISE:** Grandad, that's enough.

*(Laughing.)* She's only over there. She can still hear you.

**TED:** *(Seeing the nurse turning round.)* She knows where I'd like her to go, don't you Nurse!

*The nurse stands and, as if she hasn't heard, flounces off.*

**LOUISE:** It's quite nice here really, Grandad.

**TED:** You what?

**LOUISE:** Oh, it is, it's lovely.

**TED:** Well, you try doing nothing all day long, you'd soon get tired of it.

**LOUISE:** Oh, I don't know.

**TED:** D'you know what my ambition is, do you?

**LOUISE:** No, Grandad:

**TED:** To bind and gag that bloomin' nurse, and get out of this place.

**LOUISE:** Grandad, that's silly, you can go whenever you want to, and as for tying that nurse up, well!

**TED:** I s'pose to you, love, but not to me. *(He bends towards her and whispers.)* I'll tell you a secret, I . . .

*The nurse appears suddenly.*

**NURSE:** Now, Ted, no silly stories. *(To Louise.)* You really mustn't mind him, dear, he doesn't mean anything he says — do you Ted? *(She picks up the empty cups and rattles away.)*

**TED:** No, of course I don't. I love talking rubbish all the time. Listen to her — "Now, Ted" — no one tell her that my name is Mr Edwards? Bloomin' cheek!

**LOUISE:** Oh, Grandad, I had no idea it was like this. It's awful — she treats you like a child. I'll have to tell Mum, she must get you away from here . . .

**TED:** Now, wait up a minute, love . . .

**LOUISE:** You can come and live with us, we've got a spare room, and . . .

**TED:** No, love you've . . . you've er . . . not enough space, your mother wouldn't like it.

**LOUISE:** I'll ask her.

**TED:** No, Loo.

**LOUISE:** I will, why not? She can't say no.

## THE NEXT DAY

**LOUISE:** . . . So I asked her, and all she said was, 'Don't visit him again, then. He really must be a bad influence on you.'

**TED:** You shouldn't have come, love.

**LOUISE:** But, Grandad . . .

**TED:** Your mother said not to come. I've got plenty to do here. I'm fine.

**LOUISE:** You're not fine. It's hell here — HELL!

**TED:** Keep your voice down, Loo.

*The nurse flounces past.*

**LOUISE:** *(Whispering)* I know, Grandad, I'll help you to escape.

**TED:** Don't be soft, girl.

**LOUISE:** You said you wanted to escape — we could go to Auntie Helen's. I'll write to her. We could get the bus.

**TED:** Wait up a minute, love, Helen's very busy. She . . .

**LOUISE:** She retired last year.

**TED:** 'You sure?

**LOUISE:** Yes, of course.

**TED:** Well, she never told me.

**LOUISE:** *(Laughs)* Oh, Grandad.

**TED:** It's not like it was when I was in the War — they didn't call me 'Grandad' then, you know. When I was out there, you couldn't see me for dust. Erny was with me then, *(He turns to the man next to him)* weren't you Ern?

**ERNY:** Ev'nin. *(Suddenly coming alive.)*

**LOUISE:** Hello, Mr Lee. How are you?

**ERNY:** Keeping fine, nice and sunny.

*The nurse rattles in with a tray of tea.*

**TED:** Look, Loo, lovely tea.

Louise giggles.

**NURSE:** Tea everyone?

**LOUISE:** *(Stifling her laughter)* Yes, please,

**NURSE:** Tea, Ted:

**TED:** Yes, nurse . . . *(then to Louise)* Wait for it —

**LOUISE:** What?

**TED:** Just wait.

**NURSE:** Tea, Ern?

**TED:** Ha! Ha! That's a good one, Nurse — TEA ERN. Have you ever thought of having your own show? *(to Louise.)* Quite a comedian our Nurse, a real natural. It's such a pity it's been done already.

*Louise cannot stop laughing. The nurse is undaunted. She nudges Erny.*

**NURSE:** Tea Er . . . er, Mr Lee. *(She looks at Ted. He has turned away from her and is laughing. She suddenly becomes stiff and haughty, and quickly pours three cups of tea.)* There you are. *(She retreats swiftly.)*

**LOUISE:** Tea, Mr Lee.

**ERNY:** Oh, I'm very grateful to ye.

**TED:** Only seems like yesterday when I came in here, and we're all still laughing — aren't we Nursie?

*The nurse, who is re-arranging the flowers, freezes and then leaves the room.*

**TED:** That's her out of the way.

**LOUISE:** Grandad. *(Reproachfully.)*

**TED:** Now, down to the nitty gritty. *(Continuing in a French accent —) Please, (Louise is looking at Erny.)* you can say anything in front of my associate . . . he's as deaf as a post. Now, when can I go?

**LOUISE:** What's changed your mind?

**TED:** Oh, nothing, love. Just a feeling. *(He seems to whisper 'feelings', making it slightly strange, but not too noticeable.)*

**LOUISE:** A feeling, Grandad?

**TED:** Er, yes, *(hastily)* I'm feeling cold.

**LOUISE:** Here, take my coat. *(She puts it over his knees.)*

**TED:** Ta, love. Now, where are we going?

**LOUISE:** We went to the Lake District once. It was lovely there. When the tide came in, in Morecambe Bay, the water frothed up on the sand. There were stones everywhere, and a level crossing.

**TED:** I went to Blackpool with your grandmother. It was our honeymoon. There was a swimming pool. She took my photo diving from the high board. She was only a young girl then . . . We both were.

**LOUISE:** *(Teasing)* Girls?

**TED:** No, young.

*(They both pause, thinking.)*

**LOUISE:** There's Scotland. We've been there, too. But it's cold. You'd need more than my coat.

**TED:** Somewhere warmer. We went down south when I was a boy. Lovely and hot it was.

**LOUISE:** France is warm, so my pen pal says. So's Ceylon — we're doing about it in Geography.

**TED:** Bloody hell, no! They make tea there, girl. I want to go somewhere with no tea.

**LOUISE:** They make wine in France.

**TED:** We could go to . . . *(The nurse comes in to take the tray)* Beep! Beep! Nursie. *(She leaves quickly. They watch her go.)*

**LOUISE:** How about . . .

**TED:** *(In a sort of trance)* Angels.

**LOUISE:** Angels, Grandad?

**TED:** *(Snaps out of it)* What, love?

**LOUISE:** You said — angels.

**TED:** I said nothing of the sort.

**LOUISE:** but . . . Oh, well. *(She looks perplexed for a moment, then carries on)* Do you drink wine, Grandad?

**TED:** They don't let me go out. They let Mr Richards walk to the shops. Mind you, he's still young.

**LOUISE:** What's he doing in here, then — how old is he?

**TED:** I'm not sure — but he can't be more than seventy five.

**LOUISE:** *(Suddenly)* I know. I could bring you some warm clothes.

**TED:** What for?

**LOUISE:** There's the cottage in Wales — we could get the train. There's central heating, and the food's already there. Well, tins anyway. We can always buy fresh when we get there.

**TED:** Well, I don't know, love . . .

**LOUISE:** Grandad! You're not chickening out, are you?

**TED:** Me? Of course not.

**LOUISE:** There's a train that goes at two some days.

**TED:** Not every day.

**LOUISE:** No, I think it only goes Wednesdays and Thursdays — it's a small station where we get off.

**TED:** It's Wednesdays and Thursdays — it's a small station where we get off.

**TED:** It's Wednesday today.

**LOUISE:** Tell you what — we could go tomorrow, if you like.

**TED:** If I like?

**LOUISE:** Well, we could.

**TED:** Fat chance. *(The nurse has come in again.)*

**NURSE:** What's that, Ted?

**TED:** Louise was just saying that she'd take me out tomorrow. I was telling her the odds on you letting me go.

**NURSE:** Now, don't be silly. You know very well it's not my decision. If you're up to it, there's no reason why you can't go.

**TED:** Go on then.

**NURSE:** I beg your pardon.

**TED:** Tell me why I'm not up to it.

**NURSE:** *(Frustrated.)* Ted, really! I think it's time you went, dear. You grandad looks tired. *(To Ted.)* Time for our nap.

**TED:** Sleepy time, Loo. Me batteries run down otherwise. *(He winks at her.)*

**LOUISE:** O.K. Grandad.

**TED:** Tomorrow, Loo — if I'm up to it.

**LOUISE:** Tomorrow.

**TED:** *(Laughs.)* Don't be late or I'll go without you.

#### THE NEXT MORNING

*Louise has a rucksack on her back. She enters her grandfather's room talking, hardly looking where she is going.*

**LOUISE:** Grandad, I'm sorry I'm late, it was the buses again they . . . *(she stops — the room is empty.)* Grandad! *(She sits on the bed.)*

*He must have gone to talk to Mr Lee. (She looks around her. A plantpot stands on the table. The plant has some dead leaves on it. She rises and neatly nips each dead leaf off. When she has finished, she looks for the bin and drops them in. She sits again on the bed and looks at her watch.)*

Oh, where is he? If he doesn't come soon we'll miss the train. *(The cupboard beside the bed is slightly open, and she looks cautiously in.)* It's empty! *(She flings it open. Frantically, she opens the drawer of the dressing table: Empty again! The wardrobe, when opened, is found to be the same.)* He's gone without me. How could he! I was only a few minutes late. Now I've waited ages. *(Angrily.)* I'll never speak to him again. *(She sits on the bed.)* He said I'd better be on time

or he'd go without me. Oh, after all I've tried to do to help him. I hope I never see him again. . . *(Then briskly.)* Well, I'd better go. there's nothing for me here. *(She sees the nurse at the door.)* Nurse!

The nurse stops and turns back.

**LOUISE:** How long ago did Grandad leave?

*The nurse mistakes Louise's anger for sorrow and comes into the room.*

**NURSE:** Oh, you know.

**LOUISE:** I told him to wait for me. *(She takes no notice of the expression on the nurse's face.)* I was only a few minutes late.

*The nurse sits on the bed beside her. Louise glares at her and stands.*

**LOUISE:** If he isn't here, I'm going.

**NURSE:** *(Kindly)* Louise, isn't it?

**LOUISE:** Yes, Louise. What's it to you? *(She picks up her bag and makes for the door.)*

**NURSE:** Love, your grandfather's gone. *(She holds Louise's arm.)*

**LOUISE:** *(Irritated.)* Yes, I know he's gone. Now could you please let me go.

**NURSE:** I don't think you understand, love.

**LOUISE:** I understand too well. I asked him to wait for me and he hasn't. He's gone.

**NURSE:** Yes, love, he has. But not the way you think.

**LOUISE:** *(Stopping as the nurse pushes the door shut in front of her.)* Please, I'm in a hurry . . . What?

**NURSE:** Your grandfather's . . . dead.

**LOUISE:** *(Whispers.)* Dead?

**NURSE:** Yes, love. I'm sorry.

*Pause*

**LOUISE:** Can I stay here a bit?

**NURSE:** Yes, of course.

**LOUISE:** On my own.

**NURSE:** *(Awkwardly)* I'll — er — leave you then.

**NURSE:** Thanks. *(Bursts into tears as the nurse closes the door.)*

**LOUISE:** Grandad. Oh, I did love you. *She stays there, looking around the room. Seeing his stick she walks over to it.)* I said I'd never speak to you again . . . Now I won't. *(She breaks down again. She stretches out her hands as if to hold him.)* Grandad where are you, Grandad? Listen to me. I love you, Grandad. I didn't mean anything I said . . . Grandad! *(In reaching out she grasps his stick which is resting on the wardrobe in front of her.)* Oh, Grandad. I should have known you couldn't have gone anywhere without your stick . . . except there.

## Love Song

Alankar Sharma  
Form One

The war was nearly over,  
The nightmare nearly gone,  
My love was Mary Clover,  
For her I wrote a song.

That's who I wrote the song for,  
Mary Clover was her name,  
The one I really love, adore,  
I thought she felt the same.

That song was really graceful,  
But her, she didn't care,  
She went so wild and hateful,  
Her feelings really bare.

The war was nearly over,  
The nightmare nearly gone,  
My love was Mary Clover,  
For her I wrote the song.

## A La Manière De Jacques Prévert

David Culbert  
Form Two

Jacques Prévert est un des plus grands poètes français du 20<sup>ème</sup> siècle. Voici un de ses poèmes les plus célèbres. Il raconte une matinée, pas comme les autres. Un homme et une femme prennent ensemble le petit déjeuner, mais la femme sent que ce sera pour la dernière fois — c'est la fin de leur amour.

### Déjeuner du matin

Il a mis le café  
Dans la tasse  
Il a mis le lait  
Dans la tasse de café  
Il a mis le sucre  
Dans le café au lait  
Avec la petite cuiller  
Il a tourné  
Il a bu le café au lait  
Et il a reposé la tasse  
Sans me parler  
Il a allumé  
Une cigarette  
Il a fait des ronds  
Avec la fumée  
Il a mis les cendres  
Dans le cendrier  
Sans me parler  
Sans me regarder  
Il s'est levé  
Il a mis  
Son chapeau sur sa tête  
Il a mis  
Son manteau de pluie  
Parce qu'il pleuvait  
Et il est parti  
Sous la pluie  
Sans une parole  
Sans me regarder  
Et moi j'ai pris  
Ma tête dans ma main  
Et j'ai pleuré

### La Neige

La neige, c'est blanc  
La neige, c'est doux  
Un oiseau a joué dans la neige  
J'ai écouté sa chanson,  
C'est comme un dessin,  
C'est beau.  
J'ai crié 'Bonjour!'  
Dans le lointain, j'ai regardé  
Un bonhomme de neige.  
Au revoir, la neige'. Moi, je reste.

### Le Pub

Il a mis la vodka  
Dans le verre.  
Il a mis la cerise  
Dans la vodka  
Il a mis le whisky  
Dans la vodka  
Il a bu la vodka,  
Sans me regarder,  
Il est tombé.  
Il était Saoul.  
Il est sorti en titubant.

## The Mirrored Past

Michael Hennessy  
Form Six

There is a small, half-timbered house on the 'Allée Vacellieuse' which, from without, appears as derelict as those buildings to either side of it. Lifeless weeds bedeck its grey walls; dying mosses cling desperately to its rough and splintered exterior, their forms caked with dirt and grime. Its antique wooden shutters swing to and fro, adding their dull, monotonous thud to the ceaseless, if whispered, howling of the wind as it races along that dim back-street. Its doorway stands dark and uninviting, as though mimicking the gaping mouths of the drear warehouses around it. Unlike those other buildings, uninhabited, and silent, save, that is, for the insistent pattering of paws of half-starved rats and the crazed or drunken ravings of a lonely visitor, this narrow house of eaten and decayed beams is inhabited, yet, strangely, more silent.

It is relatively easy to find oneself, suddenly, amid those grim abodes: one moment, the wide avenues of Lyons will surround you in their verdant luxury, with light and the lively chatter of passers-by; the next, dark, leering houses three or four storeys high that shut out even the daylight from the refuse-littered alley below, will rear up impassively, in dim silence. Such has happened to me, and I can attest that once stumbled upon, any re-visitation will be next to impossible. As one stands there, with near silence as one's only companion, and with the dark breeze like the draught from some horrid sewer upon one's face, the whole scene appears somehow grotesque. Whether it is the unnatural angles at which these tall, queer houses lean, angles which appear impossible to sustain any support, or the strangely dulled effulgence of the sun, whose light is nearer akin to shadow and whose warmth, clamminess and oppression, I know not.

I did find that place again — indeed, dire need at last overcame that vague, indefinable dread that I had held for that place and, through sheer necessity, I revisited it. Some ten years had passed: for the last two I had been out of the country — yet I can attest to a fact of very great singularity. The alley, with those strangely leaning warehouses, was in every way identical to when I had seen it last: that odious wind still blew, its moist caress still somehow disturbing, still sickening; that sun still poured out its ochre light, unnaturally dim, upon an alleyway strewn with the identical detritus that had rendered its passage so difficult a decade ago; those rodents, their gaunt, black forms virtually indistinguishable in the mid-day gloom, still

pattered from shadow to shadow, from doorway to doorway, scattering at my weary approach.

The only difference, or rather incident, however trivial, that prevents my memory of that second visit from completely merging with that of the first, I can still describe with unusual clarity. A sudden, violent eddy of that foul breeze had cast up a torn newspaper, which had whirled momentarily before my eyes, it then floating in unpractised grace to the damp, dirty floor at my feet. I had stopped, placed my bags on the sodden earth, and picked up the crumpled sheet, before realising that it was that very day's issue; across its front were sprawled in unmistakable black type those words which had made me return thither:

'MYSTERY OF ANTARCTIC DEATHS UNSOLVED — ONE MAN STILL MISSING.'

I had then scanned further down the page, searching for the passage of more particular note, for me at least '... and the police wish to question the man who was picked up some forty miles from the Antarctic coast by the French whaler, the 'Marseilles', and who slipped ashore some weeks later at an Australian port, vanishing without apparent trace; and the ...'

I had looked up from the paper then, and had let it fall to the wet earth, before pressing on to my lonely destination.

Before I speak of that man at whose presence in the half-timbered house I intimated earlier, I must state that what happened to him, did so many, many years ago, when that man was still young, fresh-faced and raven haired; now he is bent with age ... and with something more than mere age — fear.

He stoops, his limbs gnarled like those of a wintry oak; he limps heavily, a stick clenched desperately in one white, long-fingered hand, the other hanging impotently at his side. His bizarre and eccentric manner seems to indicate insanity, a fact apparently confirmed by his lank, silvery hair, and by what I can but call his 'madman's' eyes. Yet I know him well, aye, very well — he is not mad, no more so than any other man on this earth: he is frightened, terrified, and has sought out this place by some instinct of self-preservation, an instinct warped and perverted by the horrors he once witnessed.

He does not receive visitors; but a few know of that shadow-alley with its decay and putrefaction; none know of the old man's presence in the attic of that now crumbling edifice.

Across the threshold of that dwelling lies a gloomy corridor, its earthen floor pooled with filmed and murky water; from its end, a narrow turnpike spirals tightly upwards. With the creaking of old boards, the attic floor is reached. A wan light filters through an almost opaque window and strikes the off-white wall opposite, its indistinct and blurred image almost lost in the gloom. Ahead, a door stands ajar — from within flickers a pale, yellow light ...

There sits the old man, unmoving, gazing blankly out of curtained windows: those drapes, thick and black, swing and dance with a melancholy grace, yet admit no light. To his right, a long, plain mirror rests against the roughly panelled walls, barely reflecting

his pale, bony profile. This half-furnished and dusty room is illumined by a once beautiful sconce, its thick candles belching forth into the air more smoke than is a candle's usual wont, their light somehow heavier and more viscous. A worn and threadbare carpet of once intricate design lies cut and sadly mismatched upon the damp floorboards. Clothes and small leather bound books, pieces of manuscript paper and rusted antiques, lie scattered about the room. In one, dark corner, where a night spider has spun its web of shadow, an unvarnished viol can dimly be perceived, atop its mound of torn and crumpled papers.

The unkempt, dirty and bent old man coughs — it is a long, wheezing sound, drawn out as though his last breath is being forcibly expelled from his sunken chest. A slow, hoarse drawing-in of breath follows, as, with shaking hand, he reaches out to a sheaf of papers at the foot of the chair upon which he sits. Taking them up in his long, bony hand, he produces a fountain pen with something of a half-hearted flourish, and stares for a short moment at its blackened and bent nib. In a sudden burst of activity, he shakes it back and forth, finally tapping it against the arm of his wooden chair. Then he relaxes, raises his pen slowly and, lowering his head close to the first page, the pen's nib scratching roughly upon the thick vellum, begins, haltingly at first, to write.

Thus he remains for close on seven hours. Outside night falls, its thick heavy pall touching the house-tops like the breath of a phantom: heedless of the fleeting hours, the old man continues to write, sometimes hesitantly, sometimes frantically, as though fearing the stealthy approach of death. Yet never, not once, does he halt fully, or raise his pen from the pages, until the final sentence reaches its horrible conclusion. Then, with a deep sigh that breaks the queer hum of silence, he lets fall his pen — and the loose sheets on which he has written slip to the floor, and he relaxes sleepily in his chair. His eyes remain open, awake, however; now motionless, they fix themselves upon the black drapes opposite, in a determined, almost obsessive, stare. Unblinking he sits, silently watching waiting, his chest rising and falling shallowly, the rats scurrying without noise about his feet, as the murky candle-light begins to dim, plunging the room into near-total darkness.

Hours pass slowly. As the last candle of the sconce flares out, the room is almost imperceptibly lowered into darkness. I watch as the old man rises stiffly, and with faltering steps, limps towards the once elaborate candleabra. He rummages amongst a heap of tattered papers before finding a small box of matches; opening it, he takes out one match from the four remaining and strikes it weakly across the rough table-surface. As it flares into life, he cups it in his hands, its warm glow cast upon his wrinkled and aged visage, and lights the first, thick candle. Letting the match drop to the dusty floor, where it glimmers for a few seconds before dying, he lifts the first candle from its en-waxed socket and slowly lights the other four. He sets the first candle back in place and then turns, to return to his seat.

As he does so, he glances momentarily at the mirror. I watch as he stops, suddenly,

clenching both hands and throwing back his head as though struck through with some terrible pain. From the dark mirror a young man stares back, raven haired and fresh faced his eyes sunken like dread pits of evil and despair. The old man straightens up and forcibly relaxes himself, the lines of pain disappearing from his face. Still limping, he returns to his chair, sits, and, bending down, picks up the pen and paper from by his feet. He quickly shuffles the sheets back into order, and begins once again to write, continuing from where he had left off. . . .

'He, who was I, has returned. He stares at me even now from that mirror as he has not done since my arrival here those fifty-three years ago. I now must realise that my death approaches. In one way, I welcome its cold embrace, for it shall free me from him, and from my tortured conscience.

It must be told: it was I, or rather he, who killed my fellow expedition members — no longer can I lie or report the facts as though I were merely some innocent bystander. It was I, he, who took up that ice-pick, and hacked Andre Vadreau to the snowy floor, watching with a horrid joy as his crimson life-blood gushed out, staining black the virgin whiteness beneath him. That thing which possessed me, and who watches now from the mirror, compelled me to kill, yet I feel with a terrible certainty that I somehow enjoyed the death and destruction of which I was the agent. I can still remember that throaty chuckle I made as I pulled the blood-stained pick from the back of Francois Debrage's cloven skull. I can still clearly see that look of pure, cold horror upon Henri's face as I cruelly bent back his head with one violent twist, feeling his hair tear under my nails, before ramming the surgical knife brutally into his throat, leaving it quivering there, glinting in the lantern light as he choked and gagged on his own blood.

I know that he is staring at me now, with those demonic eyes, with that thin-lipped mouth that was mine. I can see him now in my mind's eye, silhouetted against a haze of vague memories, pushing his long-fingered hand through that jet black hair that was mine. I know that if I turn to look at him now, he will still be there, staring at me from the dark mirror, with that look of cruel glee in his eyes, the same look that must have been upon my face as I ripped the life from my companions.

Oh! How I feel my mind burn with those dread memories of 1911! If I had not volunteered for that expedition; if man had not been so foolish as to set foot upon the cursed snows of Antarctica!

Even now I can remember with strange clarity awakening from that frenzy of madness that had seized me. . . . Antarctica was undoubtedly the most beautiful place in the world, and the most lonely. I can still remember standing silently outside the largest of our camp huts, its bulk obscured by the snow which lay in gentle drifts about it like a bed of white blossoms, pierced at intervals by the gaping, black holes which led onto the building's thick and steamed-glass windows. My feet, lost to the numbness of cold in spite the thick-furred leggings which wrapped them, had disappeared under this blanket of snow: my calves were uncomfortably wet, and my thighs tightly caked with ice-sweat.

I was weary, yet strangely happy. About me, snow fell nonchalantly, its delicate flakes glinting elegantly in the straining sunlight as they floated gently down, to be swallowed up in the whiteness of cold, beautiful oblivion which seemed to stretch on before me for ever. The sun, strangely distorted by the thick, clinging air, and partially so, by the low level of grey cloud, hung orb-like, in the heavens, its light dimmed and less intense. To my right, and some six miles distant, crags of obsidian black granite heaved their rough, unsculpted forms out of the barren sea of ice dunes and glinted dully under the Antarctic sun. Through the air, clogged with cold and thick with snow, I could see the grey veil of cloud, low and oppressive, shutting out any clear sight of that deep blue canopy of illimitable space that I knew lay above.

As I stood there, the wind suddenly gusted, scouring my face, seeming to claw at it as though with taloned hands: the wind blasted across the snows from those charcoal black mountains, from the ice-steppes beyond: it whistled and howled as it careered off those low huts that were its only obstacle in its violent and unhalting progress from the grim crags to the glacial cliffs that overlooked the rough, Antarctic sea.

I glanced down to my numb feet — and choked in abject horror as I stared into the eyes of Jean Audrien, whose roughly severed head lay on the blood-drenched snow, his mouth hanging open, the tip of his blue-black tongue protruding from the corner of his narrow, pale lips. Beside it on the blackened snow, lay a gored axe, its shaft splintered, its head notched. I stared in mindless terror at my cuts and bleeding hands, at their torn, bloodied nails. I staggered backwards a few steps as realisation struck me. Suddenly, I felt my feet catch, and I lost my balance, plunging atop a cold, hard form. Quickly, feeling the claws of nausea tugging at my stomach, I scrambled to my feet, and stared at the headless torso over which I had fallen, its neck black and twisted like the trunk of some lightning-blasted tree.

Before me, ice-cold sterility lay as far as the eye could see. Snow was beginning to cover the sickening remains of my terrible deed: it fell like flakes of leprous skin, to lie like a shroud upon the victim of my crime. I had turned and fled then, the snowfall quickening, its vehemence noticeably increased. I barely remember falling to my knees, exhausted, and my cries and sobs of despair and anguish, before finally losing consciousness.

When I awoke, the only thing I could do was to flee. I knew clearly what I had done, and still feared that I might repeat such foul deeds. I remember little of how I actually returned to France, save what I read in that newspaper those weeks later. I might have killed more than I can remember, but, surely, the fourteen deaths that prowl my conscience at night are enough for any one man to bear. And it seems now that I shall not have to bear them much longer. I have been free of him these fifty-three years, since I first entered this room, and now, although he has returned, my conscience feels lighter, my soul freed from the cruel grip of he who stares from the mirror. I will not allow him to gloat over my poverty and solitude any longer. He shall not leave me at death, to trap more souls like mine. He and I, he who stole my body

and I who was forced to hide, to live a life of secrecy and despair for his actions, will cease to be, together. When I die, so shall he, for the only desire I have left in me, the only desire not urged from my soul by the fires of my conscience, is to see him burn, and he wishes to see me burn for his sins in Hell! Even though his guise may be my own flesh, his body, my body, yet shall we burn! I must do what must be done, and may God have mercy upon me.

Antoine Lavrete, November 1965.'

I watch, once again, as the old man lets the papers slip gracelessly to the floor. The pen he places silently upon the small wicker table beside his chair. For a moment, he sits in silence, eyes fixed as ever upon the macabre dance of his black curtains which swing heavily to and fro, as though some mighty breath were blowing upon them from without. I watch as, with a sudden jerk, he pulls his hand from where it had rested hidden behind his chair, and hurls a heavy, rusted dagger toward the mirror. It seems to hang in the air for an eternity before it strikes the glass. With a sound that shatters the heavy, thick silence of the room, the mirror cracks from top to bottom. Like the screaming of a lost soul, one half of the mirror grates against its rusted frame and slips, to smash noisily onto the floor.

Thus that aged fool frees me from fifty-three years of imprisonment. I had felt myself trapped within that mirror's icy frame since first I led him to this room; yet now, unknowingly, the dotard has freed me! I see him rise quickly from that chair, a vain ridiculous look of triumph upon his face. He thinks himself victorious and plans to destroy both me and him together! As he knocks the scone upon the floor and pours what little kerosene remains to him upon its weak flames, I and not he watches in real triumph. As the flames flare up, he returns quickly to his chair, to gaze once again at the curtains. As the flames spread rapidly up the old wooden panelling and a thick, acrid smoke begins to fill the room, I fell. Like the dying breath from some demon, I cross to the curtains. Before my unseen touch they part. I turn and see the sudden doubt in the old man's eyes; I watch from the window as that doubt becomes horror, as the realisation strikes him that he has freed me.

I lose sight of him, as the thick, black smoke and belching flames come between us. I turn in triumph and pass silently into the night. Behind me, the insistent, if whispered, howling of the wind is overcome by the harsh crackling of flame and the choked, desperate cries of an old fool. Yet still there comes the monotonous thud of those old shutters, ever swinging to and fro.



# Mission Impossible?

Darron Lomax  
Form One

'Dix, neuf, huit, sept, six, cinq, quatre, trois, deux, un . . . We have ignition,' the French teacher cried as the school rocket lifted into the air.

'Bonjour — Mission Control, here. How are you up there?'

Within the craft children run wildly in a fervour of excitement whilst Captain Prefect replies,

'Hello, Mission Control. Everything here is fine. We should achieve Good Education in approximately seven years.'

'Excellent, Captain,' comes back the reply. 'We have an important message for you: according to investigation, twelve fives are sixty.'

'Thank you, Mission Control. That will be relayed to the crew.' Switching on the intercom the captain says, 'Attention all crew

members: Twelve fives are sixty, I repeat, twelve fives are sixty. Will all members of the interstellar Rugby Team report to Head Boy at once and any art students please convene in the art section of the rocket at 1600 hours — the crew cabins need painting.' The Captain switches off the intercom and turning to the visual scanner sees, to his horror . . . Bullyboy ships!

(These dreaded boys menace anyone wearing a purple blazer). 'Action Stations! Action Stations! All crew members to air locks. Prepare to launch school dinners.' Suddenly, the ship shudders and a beam of custard is flung from the ship. SHPLATT!!! The Bullyboy ships quickly retreat, encased in the yellow gunge.

'Well done crew,' relays the captain, 'they won't be back for a while.'

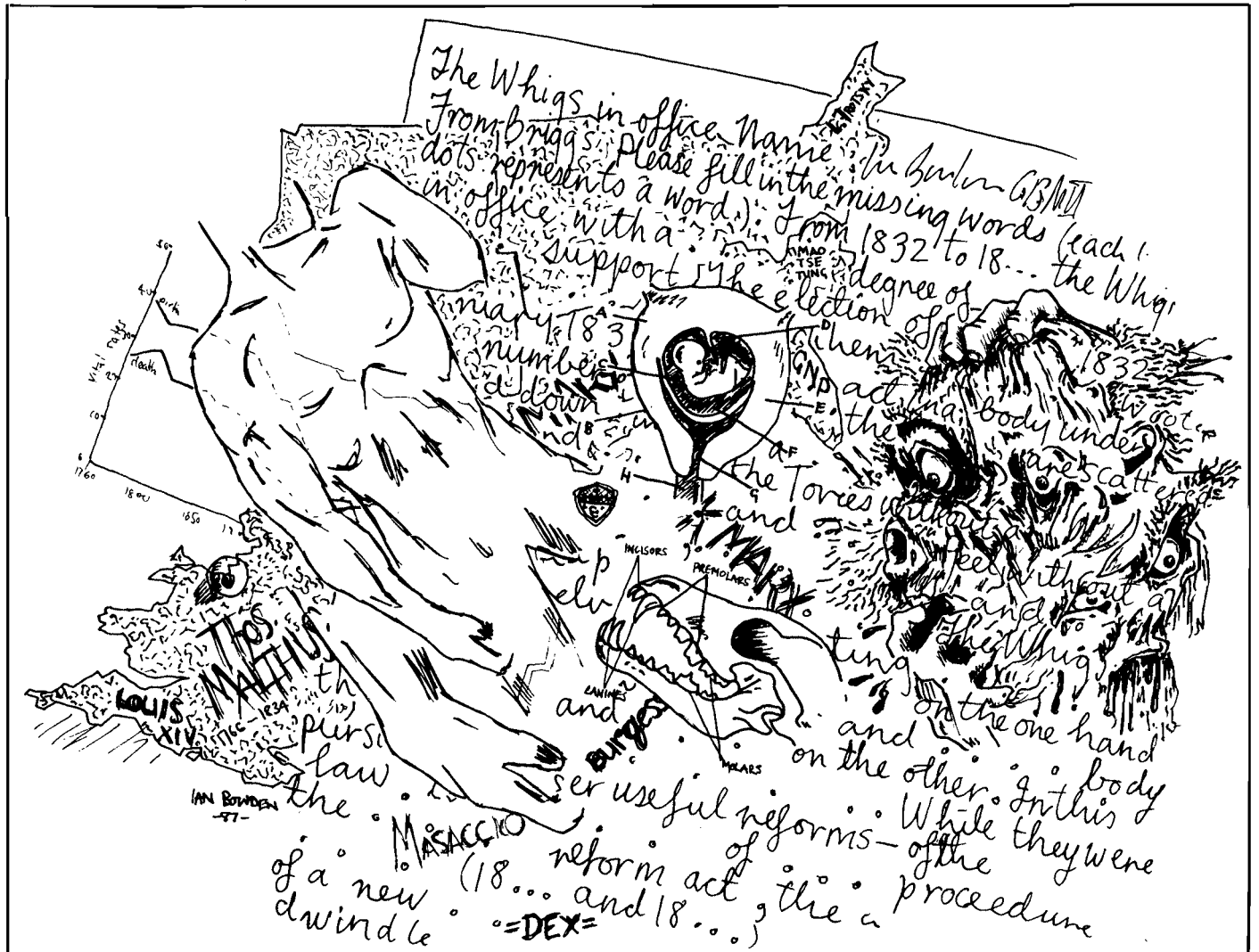
Eventually the captain sees a signpost in the distance.

LEFT — EDUCATION/RIGHT — A BORING, LONG LIFE, NOT MUCH CHANCE OF A JOB; CAPTIVITY NOT FREEDOM!

The captain pauses and . . . turns left. The years fly by until 1992 arrives and the lonely tattered starship touches down. Six hundred people emerge — each educated in Mathematics and English, each having learnt how to make and keep friends. The Captain steps down and, nodding his head with approval, recalls his decision back in 1986.

'I'm glad I turned left!' he says. Amidst the new arrivals teachers are seen to regroup. They shake hands and then they return to mission control to launch another 'rocket'.

Illustration by Ian Bowden, Form Six.



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I was weary, yet strangely happy. About me, snow fell nonchalantly, its delicate flakes glinting elegantly in the straining sunlight as they floated gently down, to be swallowed up in the whiteness of cold, beautiful oblivion which seemed to stretch on before me for ever. The sun, strangely distorted by the thick, clinging air, and partially so, by the low level of grey cloud, hung orb-like, in the heavens, its light dimmed and less intense. To my right, and some six miles distant, crags of obsidian black granite heaved their rough, unsculpted forms out of the barren sea of ice dunes and glinted dully under the Antarctic sun. Through the air, clogged with cold and thick with snow, I could see the grey veil of cloud, low and oppressive, shutting out any clear sight of that deep blue canopy of illimitable space that I knew lay above.

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I glanced down to my numb feet — and choked in abject horror as I stared into the eyes of Jean Audrien, whose roughly severed head lay on the blood-drenched snow, his mouth hanging open, the tip of his blue-black tongue protruding from the corner of his narrow, pale lips. Beside it on the blackened snow, lay a gored axe, its shaft splintered, its head notched. I stared in mindless terror at my cuts and bleeding hands, at their torn, bloodied nails. I staggered backwards a few steps as realisation struck me. Suddenly, I felt my feet catch, and I lost my balance, plunging atop a cold, hard form. Quickly, feeling the claws of nausea tugging at my stomach, I scrambled to my feet, and stared at the headless torso over which I had fallen, its neck black and twisted like the trunk of some lightning-blasted tree.

Before me, ice-cold sterility lay as far as the eye could see. Snow was beginning to cover the sickening remains of my terrible deed: it fell like flakes of leprous skin, to lie like a shroud upon the victim of my crime. I had turned and fled then, the snowfall quickening, its vehemence noticeably increased. I barely remember falling to my knees, exhausted, and my cries and sobs of despair and anguish, before finally losing consciousness.

When I awoke, the only thing I could do was to flee. I knew clearly what I had done, and still feared that I might repeat such foul deeds. I remember little of how I actually returned to France, save what I read in that newspaper those weeks later. I might have killed more than I can remember, but, surely, the fourteen deaths that prowl my conscience at night are enough for any one man to bear. And it seems now that I shall not have to bear them much longer. I have been free of him these fifty-three years, since I first entered this room, and now, although he has returned, my conscience feels lighter, my soul freed from the cruel grip of he who stares from the mirror. I will not allow him to gloat over my poverty and solitude any longer. He shall not leave me at death, to trap more souls like mine. He and I, he who stole my body

and I who was forced to hide, to live a life of secrecy and despair for his actions, will cease to be, together. When I die, so shall he, for the only desire I have left in me, the only desire not urged from my soul by the fires of my conscience, is to see him burn, and he wishes to see me burn for his sins in Hell! Even though his guise may be my own flesh, his body, my body, yet shall we burn! I must do what must be done, and may God have mercy upon me.

Antoine Lavrete, November 1965.'

I watch, once again, as the old man lets the papers slip gracelessly to the floor. The pen he places silently upon the small wicker table beside his chair. For a moment, he sits in silence, eyes fixed as ever upon the macabre dance of his black curtains which swing heavily to and fro, as though some mighty breath were blowing upon them from without. I watch as, with a sudden jerk, he pulls his hand from where it had rested hidden behind his chair, and hurls a heavy, rusted dagger toward the mirror. It seems to hang in the air for an eternity before it strikes the glass. With a sound that shatters the heavy, thick silence of the room, the mirror cracks from top to bottom. Like the screaming of a lost soul, one half of the mirror grates against its rusted frame and slips, to smash noisily onto the floor.

Thus that aged fool frees me from fifty-three years of imprisonment. I had felt myself trapped within that mirror's icy frame since first I led him to this room; yet now, unknowingly, the dotard has freed me! I see him rise quickly from that chair, a vain ridiculous look of triumph upon his face. He thinks himself victorious and plans to destroy both me and him together! As he knocks the scone upon the floor and pours what little kerosene remains to him upon its weak flames, I and not he watches in real triumph. As the flames flare up, he returns quickly to his chair, to gaze once again at the curtains. As the flames spread rapidly up the old wooden panelling and a thick, acrid smoke begins to fill the room, I fell. Like the dying breath from some demon, I cross to the curtains. Before my unseen touch they part. I turn and see the sudden doubt in the old man's eyes; I watch from the window as that doubt becomes horror, as the realisation strikes him that he has freed me.

I lose sight of him, as the thick, black smoke and belching flames come between us. I turn in triumph and pass silently into the night. Behind me, the insistent, if whispered, howling of the wind is overcome by the harsh crackling of flame and the choked, desperate cries of an old fool. Yet still there comes the monotonous thud of those old shutters, ever swinging to and fro.



# Mission Impossible?

Darron Lomax  
Form One

'Dix, neuf, huit, sept, six, cinq, quatre, trois, deux, un . . . We have ignition,' the French teacher cried as the school rocket lifted into the air.

'Bonjour — Mission Control, here. How are you up there?'

Within the craft children run wildly in a fervour of excitement whilst Captain Prefect replies,

'Hello, Mission Control. Everything here is fine. We should achieve Good Education in approximately seven years.'

'Excellent, Captain,' comes back the reply. 'We have an important message for you: according to investigation, twelve fives are sixty.'

'Thank you, Mission Control. That will be relayed to the crew.' Switching on the intercom the captain says, 'Attention all crew

members: Twelve fives are sixty, I repeat, twelve fives are sixty. Will all members of the interstellar Rugby Team report to Head Boy at once and any art students please convene in the art section of the rocket at 1600 hours — the crew cabins need painting.' The Captain switches off the intercom and turning to the visual scanner sees, to his horror . . . Bullyboy ships!

(These dreaded boys menace anyone wearing a purple blazer). 'Action Stations! Action Stations! All crew members to air locks. Prepare to launch school dinners.' Suddenly, the ship shudders and a beam of custard is flung from the ship. SHPLATT!!! The Bullyboy ships quickly retreat, encased in the yellow gunge.

'Well done crew,' relays the captain, 'they won't be back for a while.'

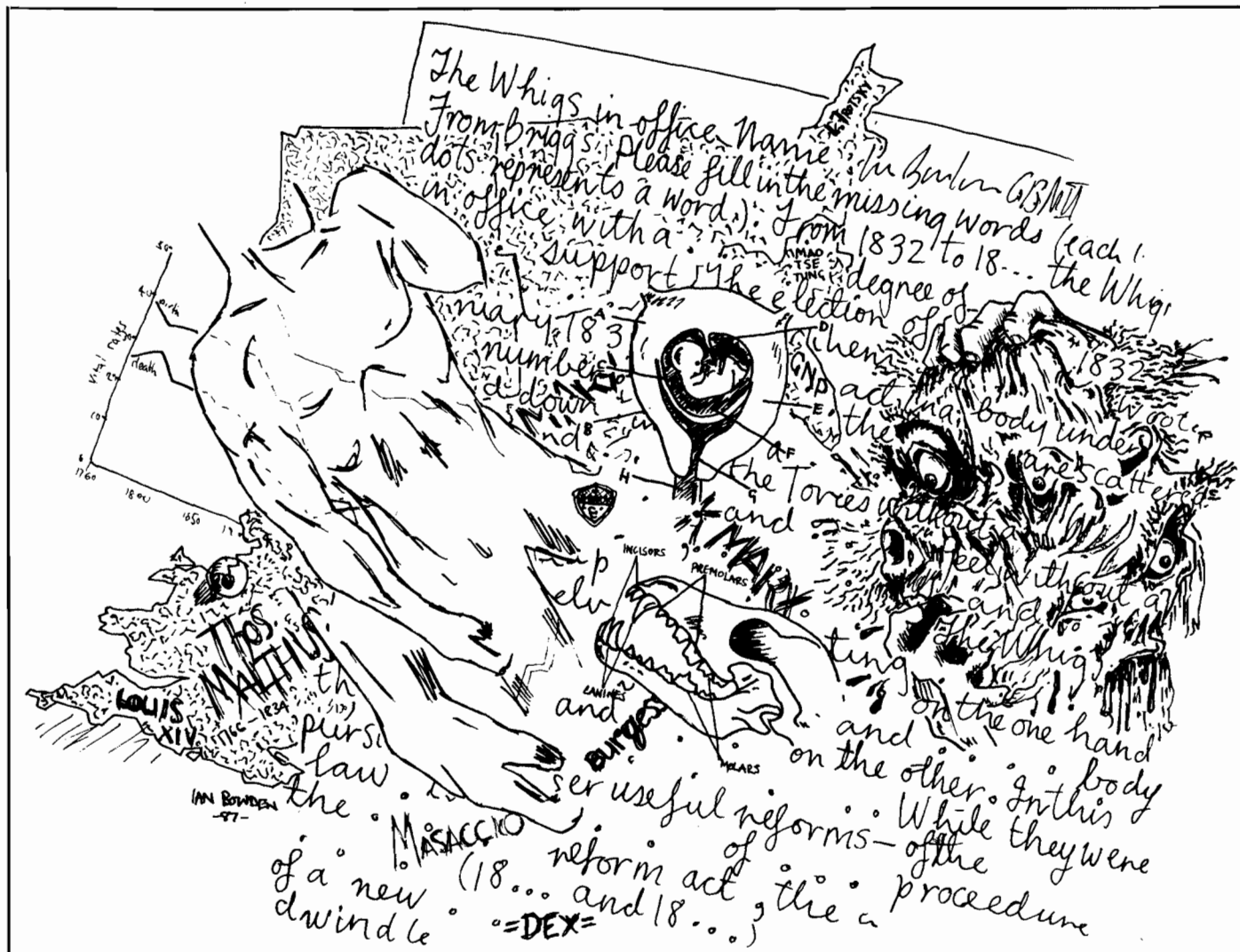
Eventually the captain sees a signpost in the distance.

**LEFT — EDUCATION/RIGHT — A BORING, LONG LIFE, NOT MUCH CHANCE OF A JOB; CAPTIVITY NOT FREEDOM!**

The captain pauses and . . . turns left. The years fly by until 1992 arrives and the lonely tattered starship touches down. Six hundred people emerge — each educated in Mathematics and English, each having learnt how to make and keep friends. The Captain steps down and, nodding his head with approval, recalls his decision back in 1986.

'I'm glad I turned left!' he says. Amidst the new arrivals teachers are seen to regroup. They shake hands and then they return to mission control to launch another 'rocket'.

Illustration by Ian Bowden, Form Six.



# Music Society

Mr John Moseley

I was recently interviewed by a mature student researching for a Ph.D. in music education. After the usual statistical enquiries: how many pupils learn instruments? How many concerts do you give? She asked about more general matters. What do I enjoy most about my job? What are its pitfalls? On reflection I enjoy the variety: part teaching, administration, conducting. I enjoy the challenge of finding new music for concerts. On the other hand, like everyone else, I wish there was more time to prepare things and that I could have a break between concerts. Looking at the quantity and quality of concerts we give, I wonder how our musicians cope with them, especially when compared with similar schools which seem content to give a couple of performances a year. How relaxing. But then again, how boring. Our musicians would deplore such a lack of initiative in the music department. They would be right.

Since the last issue of Review we have given the following concerts:

**Wednesday 14 May 1986 7.30 pm**

**Eleanor Rathbone Theatre,  
Liverpool University**

*Mendelssohn*: Violin Concerto  
*Weber*: Clarinet Concerto no. 1  
*Nielsen*: Springtime on Fünen  
Vincent Needham, violin  
Damian Fleming, clarinet  
School Orchestra and Choral Society  
conducted by John Moseley

**Thursday 10 July 1986 7.30 pm**

**College Hall, St Edward's College**

Concert by Preparatory School Choir and Second Orchestra directed by Clare Faux and Catherine Fuggle

**Tuesday 15 July 1986 7.30 pm**

**Ingestre Hall, Staffordshire**

Concert by Chamber Choir and Orchestra as part of the 25th anniversary of Ingestre Hall as an Arts Centre directed by Terence Duffy and John Moseley

*School Orchestra and Choral Society,  
Philharmonic Hall, 5th April 1987, in a  
concert of American Music.*

*Photograph by Brother Andrew Rock.*

**Wednesday 1 October 1986 7.30 pm**

**Ley Hall, St Edward's College**

*Haydn*: String Quartet op.3 no.2  
*Mozart*: Trio for piano, clarinet and viola  
K.498  
Quartet for flute, violin, viola and cello K.285  
*J. Strauss*: Eisele und beisele sprünge op.202  
Scherz-Polka op.72  
Annen Polka op.139  
*Lanner*: Jägers Lust op.82  
Nicholas Hartley, flute; Damian Fleming,  
clarinet; Vincent Needham, Philip McCall,  
violins; Jane Rogers, viola; Andrew Gunn,  
'cello; Graham Dodd, double bass; Eric  
Wilkinson, piano

**Tuesday 21 October 1986 7.30 pm**

**Ley Hall, St Edward's College**

*Bach*: Brandenburg Concerto no.4 in G  
Cantata no.53 'Schlage doch'  
*Hindemith*: Trauermusik for viola and  
strings  
Duet for viola and 'cello  
Trois chansons  
Duets for clarinet and violin  
Frau Musica for chorus and orchestra  
Vincent Needham, violin; Nicholas Hartley,  
Adrian McDonald, flutes; Damian Fleming,  
clarinet; Jane Rogers, viola; Andrew Gunn,  
'cello; Susan Griffiths, mezzo soprano  
Chamber Choir and Orchestra conducted by  
Terence Duffy and John Moseley  
This concert was repeated on 20th  
November, in Yorkshire, for the Grassington  
Festival.

**Thursday 13 November 1986 7.30 pm**

**College Hall, St Edward's College**

*Liadov*: Russian Folksongs Set 1  
*Vaughan Williams*: Suite for viola and  
orchestra  
*Sibelius*: Pelleas and Melisande op.46  
*Prokofiev*: Overture on Hebrew Themes  
*Shostakovich*: Four Orchestral Fragments  
op.42  
Tahiti Trot op.16  
Jane Rogers, viola  
School Orchestra conducted by John Moseley

**Tuesday 20 January 1987 1.00 pm**

**Friday 23 January 1987 1.00 pm**

**Cavern Walks, Liverpool**

Lunchtime recitals by chamber ensemble

**Thursday 26 March 1987 7.30 pm**

**Royal Institute, Liverpool**

*Mozart*: Overture 'L' Clemenza di Tito'  
*Pettitt*: Russian Cantata for chamber choir  
and four solo strings (1st performance)  
*Haydn*: Symphony no.104 'London'  
Vincent Needham, violin; Jane Rogers,  
viola; Andrew Gunn, 'cello; Graham Dodd,  
double bass  
Chamber Orchestra and Choir conducted by  
John Moseley





*Concert of Chamber Music; Ley Hall, St Edward's College, 1st October 1986. Hartley, Fleming, Needham, McCall, Rogers, Gunn and Dodd.*

*Photography by Mr Philip Duffy.*

**Sunday 5 April 1987 3.00 pm**

**Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool**

Prize Day included concert of American Music

*Copland:* John Henry, a railroad ballad

*Trad:* Spirituals

*Gershwin:* Suite 'Porgy and Bess'

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

**Wednesday 13 May 1987 7.30 pm**

**College Hall, St Edward's College**

*Schubert:* Incidental Music 'Rosamunde'

*Beethoven:* Romance in F op.50 for violin and orchestra

*Bendemann:* Marianne's Song (The Country Girl)

*Zeller:* Rose in Tyrol (The Birdseller)

*Heuberger:* Im chambre séparée (The Opera Bell)

*Lehar:* Gold and Silver waltz

Meine Lippen, sie küssen (Giuditta)

Lippen schweigen (The Merry Widow)

Eileen Pinkarschewsky, soprano

Vincent Needham, violin

School Orchestra and Choral Society

conducted by John Moseley

More than ever do these concerts show, with events for the Grassington Festival, at Ingestre Hall, in the Cavern Walks and at the Royal Institution, how large a part music plays in promoting and publicising the school; an essential role in these days of political uncertainty. Neither did we take the easy way out and play to the gallery. Yorkshire had Hindemith, Staffordshire, Bartók. The Cavern heard a string quartet and the Royal Institution the first performance of Pettitt's 'Russian Cantata' which was specially written for us. Even at school we gave the British premiere of Shostakovich's Fragments op.42.

As a whole this has been our most successful season. The soloists, chamber choir and orchestra, the school orchestra choral society, second orchestra, brass ensemble, string quartet, how could they all be fitted into one or two concerts?



*Ingestre Hall, Staffordshire.*

*Photograph by Stephen Shuttleworth, Form Six.*

## A Plea

Kirsten McGlinchey  
Form Six

What is it that promotes  
the fear of association —  
With anything outside the  
Standard Boundries of Convention?

Distinct Futility exists  
In permanently submitting  
To Alienated Maxims.  
Insanity Permitting.

And yet we sit back and observe,  
The domain of the Destructor.  
Eroding Sensibility.  
Where now is the Great Creator?

Why is Subversion prevailing —  
Whatever happened to the dream?  
Utopia's so far away —  
Please. Go ahead and Scream.

## Stranded

Thomas Snape  
Form Three

The reptile looking for its froggy meal  
Its plump voluptuous body with its tail  
lashing against a sandstone wall.  
Suddenly it springs into action  
Then feeds upon the stranded amphibian.  
The last leg disappears.  
The snake returns with a whip of its tail.

## Tomorrow will never come

Paul Meaney  
Form Six

Soon I will be dead. It is no fault of mine, to tell the truth, I don't know whose fault it is: the Soviets, the Americans, the Chinese, the French, I don't know. I don't know whether I will be dead by tomorrow or by tonight. It must seem to you that there are many things I do not know, but I don't care. I don't care about you, about the world, about my neighbours (who by now should be orbiting sirius D107). The only thing I do care about is that my life will be over in a few short hours.

How am I supposed to feel? Am I supposed to walk up to the nearest embassy, shake my first and yell 'murderers!' at the top of my voice? Am I supposed to just sit here and weep, enshrouding myself within a cocoon of self-pity?

(It's ironic to be using such big descriptive words when there's no one to read them, but, no matter who cares, for the matter, who is left to care?)

There have been many suggestions as to how it all started, a short eternity ago. Some say an SDI satellite (called 'star wars' in its infancy) was triggered by accident, others say it was the 'Washington' nuclear reactor on the dark side of the moon which exploded; some even say it was an act of God.

This 'act', as I have termed it, was a phenomenal nuclear explosion which took place on the morning of August 17, 2164, ripping the moon out of its aeon (a good word that, I had always liked it) old orbit and sending it upon a new, rapidly decaying path into the earth. Scientists, with all their fantastic machinery, knew precisely when and where it was going to hit. It would collide at 0937 hours GMT on the 21st September 2164, ten miles east of San Francisco. But there was nothing they could do to stop it.

I don't know if you've seen world-wide panic; six million people fighting to try and save their lives. It must be a tribute to the world authorities that 99.96% of the people were shipped off. I happen to be one of the 0.04% remaining, due to my terminal lung cancer. My original life expectancy was six months, now it seems considerably shorter.

Anyway, the moon struck, right on schedule. I'm not going to catalogue the following days, suffice to say that now 97% of the world is covered in water, and I have not yet seen the sun, since the sky is blotted out by sixteen trillion (so the geographers predicted) tons of earth.

So now the earth is happily speeding towards the sun, as the moon collided with us on the apex of the inward facing orbit. Soon these two bodies will collide and go nova, but

I will be dead long before then. It is already 196°C (we had hoped that the dust cloud would have given us a few extra hours of life, but alas it is not to be). My chest is starting to hurt, the air is burning my lungs. I have been left with a small cyanide pill, how merciful!

It is now over 200°C, the paper on which I am trying to write is starting to blacken, but I don't care. I had to tell somebody, albeit myself — 'Merciful God, the pain — so I was right, I won't live to see tomorrow. The paper has burned. Everything's starting to go black . . . I'm frightened . . . Our Father . . . who art in Heaven . . . hallowed be . . .

## Worm and Slug

Josef Cannon  
Form Three

The worm crawled along the farmyard track and bumped into slug. He stopped to talk about what he was doing that day, but speechless slug made no reply. Wiggly worm thought 'What a bore' and exclaimed aloud 'Quick, find a shelter. It's starting to rain.'

The worm and the slug crawled together and squirmed under a stone to hide from the weather. Then slug poked out his head. 'There's a man,' he said. Secretly he thought the rain was caused by a watering can.

So they ventured toward some trees, worm not seeing the bees. 'Ooooo,' he cried 'I'm stung all over,' rubbing his back on a four-leaf clover. 'That will bring you luck,' announced the slug, intending to pick it himself. But slug hadn't noticed the bird. 'He shouldn't be about,' thought the worm, gliding away.

Just as he disappeared, the bird swooped. No more slug.

## Twelve Bottles

Paul Meaney  
Form Six

I had twelve bottles of whisky in my cellar and was told by my wife to empty the contents down the sink . . . or else! So I said I would.

I pulled the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the third bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the fourth bottle and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank.

I pulled the bottle from the next glass and drank all but one sink of it, throwing the rest down the cork.

I pulled the sink from the next bottle and poured the cork from the glass, then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted bottles, corks, glasses and sinks with the other, which were twenty nine, and as the house came by, I counted them again and finally had all the houses in one bottle, which I drank.

I am not under the affluence of alcohol as some thinkle peep I am, nor I are half so think as I drunk I am, but I fool so feelish. I don't know who is me and the drunker I stand here the longer I get.



*Mother or Get off my cloud and boogie (till you O.D.).*

*Pen and ink drawing by Alex Keenan Form Six.*



# ACDT

Brother Andrew Rock

CDT (Craft, Design and Technology) is one of many acronyms used nowadays in discussions about how to improve engineering in Britain. There is a general consensus that we need to attract into engineering more able people — and to train them well. But it is also thought that we need more people who can take a good idea through to the finished product.

Craft work in wood, metal and plastics has been taught in many schools, including St Edward's, for many years but the emphasis now is on ability to express an idea on paper and to solve the problems involved in making it work in practice. 'Design And Make' sums up the basic approach.

The reason for having this option available to academic students is partly to attract more of them into engineering but also to give more people some knowledge and experience of what is involved in good engineering practice so that they can appreciate such projects as a whole instead of understanding only one particular aspect of them.

In March 1985 the Governors approved the proposal that St Edward's should teach some of the new courses in Craft, Design and Technology. They realised that the present facilities would not be adequate and it was agreed to provide new facilities not only for the new courses but also for existing work in Art, ceramics, photography and printing.

The new approach is flexible and there is



*Photograph by Brother Andrew Rock.*

plenty of variety in both courses and descriptions but for brevity and consistency we are calling the facilities 'Art, Craft, Design and Technology' or ACDT in short. They include one 'Graphics and Technology

workshop' which can cover technical drawing, model making and light craft work including soldering and electronics. Another workshop can handle heavier work with wood, metal and plastics using workbenches and specialised machinery.

Having drawn up a basic specification we examined nine different sites and worked most of them out in some detail. By the end of 1985 we had chosen one which is handy for the rest of the school — especially the computer and video rooms — and more secure than most. The builders have worked there with very little disruption to normal school activities.

The ACDT building is two stories on the site of a tennis court (27m × 15m) beside the dining room. There is a single storey materials store at one corner with an access road to the kitchen drive. A terrace with a loading bay is on the roof of this store so that deliveries, e.g. of clay for ceramics, can be made direct to the first floor. A balcony extends from this terrace on the side facing the Brothers' house (security) and both can be used for Art as well as providing a fire escape.

Workshop and CDT facilities are on the ground floor. Art, ceramics and printing are on the first floor. The staircase projects towards the main school. Apart from hand-washing, toilet facilities are in the adjacent



*Photograph by Brother Andrew Rock.*



*Photograph by Brother Andrew Rock.*

building. The building has its own gas heating system.

The main structure is steel frame with concrete floors and walls. On the outside, bricks and tiles make it harmonise with the existing buildings. There is a pitched metal roof with ample roof lighting (invisible from most angles). The concrete foundations are laid firmly on sandstone.

The plans went out to tender in June 1986 (eight firms tendered) and the contract was signed with Kilroe Construction in July 1986. Completion was set before Easter 1987. The steelwork was not due until the end of September so during August Kilroe concentrated on a separate contract — extending the girls' changing rooms — which they completed on time.

In September the weather was ideal and Kilroe had completed the ACDT foundation work a week before the steel arrived. Then the steel framework was assembled in just one week by six men with the aid of a crane which only stayed for twenty working hours.

Many modern techniques are used in the building itself e.g. the first floor consists of concrete beams slotted into the steel framework with concrete blocks fitting between the beams. These were delivered on a Thursday. One man, using a fork lift truck, lifted the beams into place — two at a time. Two men spaced the beams out and fitted the

blocks between them. The floor was complete by the following Monday!

Really heavy rain only started after the roof had been fitted (by two men) in one week during mid-term. The concrete ground floor was completed in mid-November and the walls by the end of the month. There was little frost till January so weather has not been a major problem.

This should be a very functional and efficient building — well lit and insulated, plenty of space but very little wasted — and at the same time it should be attractive and pleasant to look at and work in. Economies have been made using good design and good materials but few trimmings.

The project is still a very heavy financial commitment though as the courses are being introduced gradually we need not have it fully equipped from the start. We have had good advice and substantial help from some parents and past pupils who have enabled us to obtain some excellent equipment at a very reasonable cost. So we will start with more and better equipment than we thought possible originally.

We examined several other CDT buildings before completing our plans — including one completely new building costing nearly a million pounds. We know of others which cost more than this. Some of the tenders for our building were over £400,000 to which

must be added architect's and surveyors' fees, equipment and other costs.

In spite of this we hope to keep the total cost, including initial equipment and materials, below £400,000 and anyone who sees the quality of the building and its equipment should appreciate that this is excellent value for money and very suitable for its intended use.

We expect to move in soon after Easter and hope that by Summer 1987 the building will be fully operational, the whole area around the kitchen will be much tidier and the prep School will have a good deal more room.

## And it came to pass . . .

Mr John Morgan

Have you ever been guilty of day-dreaming during a sermon? I have to confess that recently, as the preacher's words carried me back to Biblical times, my mind began a voyage of discovery of its own and I felt as Archimedes must have felt although fortunately, unlike that excitable Greek, I remained both silent and clothed. But it was nonetheless portentous as I had stumbled upon the truth about the antiquity of rugby football.

Those who have followed the successes of the School XV last season may have wondered idly about the unquestioned use of those Roman numerals. But brought up as I was on a diet of William Webb Ellis at Rugby school they will have thought no further than that boy who, with a fine disregard for the rules of the game, picked up the ball and ran. But it became blindingly obvious to me that the noble game had been in existence long before that. Suddenly it all fitted into place.

For the Old Testament told me that Moses was prominent in the rushes and the New Testament that St Paul converted many. And all those Epistles that the apostle wrote to such as the Romans, the Philippians, the Corinthians and the Colossians? They were undoubtedly addressed to Old Boys Rugby Clubs whose behaviour left much to be desired. Plus ça change . . . After all who else but rugby club secretaries would have received so many and so voluminous letters without a hint of a reply? St Paul's strictures were frequently directed to the activities of touring sides in places such as Sodom and Gomorrah which were, at any rate before the fire and brimstone, particularly favoured as venues for Easter tours. The skipper of one touring side named Lott had particular reason to remember the truth of the old adage 'Nunquam in peregrinatio uxuriam tuam portare'. Turning to what had been his wife Saxa and tossing her over his left shoulder for luck he was heard to remark sadly 'Well I did ask for salt and vinegar but this is ridiculous'.

The Romans were great tourists and history tells of their undefeated tours to France and to Britain where under skipper Hadrian they trounced the Angles, the Picts and the Scots to make them the first winners of the prestigious Triple Crown. Refusing to surrender it they took it back with them to Rome and if you doubt my words you can to this day see it in the Vatican on state occasions. The Romans left us those XV numerals we still use and they remained unbeaten until finally overcome by the

Barbarians who have toured triumphantly ever since.

The Corinthians were the true blue amateurs of good birth who held out against the growing tide of professionalism in the game. Not for them the ducat slipped into the sandal after the match. Nor could they be tempted to make a fast denarii by putting advertising slogans on their togas. The Colossians on the other hand were much more rough and ready and were famous for their enormous pack of forwards with Samson a feared lock and Goliath a towering number VIII. The long-haired Samson was remembered for his dominance of the mauls with a jaw-bone in the days before his last visit to the barber. But his finest hour was undoubtedly in the Judea Cup Final against those old rivals the Phillistines when in the last minute Samson got a push-over which brought the house down.

Captain of the Hittites and a fine little scrum-half was David whose half-back partnership with Jonathan had begun to be talked about. He it was who fell in love with Bathsheba the comely tea and sandwich-making wife of one of his team. So he plotted to get rid of her unfortunate husband Uriah by sticking the lad in the front row against the Ammonites, a particularly ferocious team from Gaul. Sure enough poor Uriah was stretchered off never to return leaving the coast clear for David to form a new partnership with Bathsheba causing tongues to wag even more. But those who broke the rules in those days were liable to be stoned. To-day's players need no such incentive to get stoned!

What these players had in common was the fact that they were Christians. And the one thing they didn't want was to be picked for the Lions. That could be a painful experience especially if Nero happened to be using his season ticket up in the stand. That was usually the signal for a player or two disappearing for an early bath. The Lions played a running game until a chap called Andrew Cleese got some points from the foot.

But a voice from the pulpit intoning the text from Acts 2:14 jerked me from my reverie as I heard: 'And Peter went out with the eleven and was bold'. In my mind's eye the true spelling of that last word had the impact of a thunderbolt! Surely it was an unmistakable reference to our great Summer game with the clear inference . . . but no. That must await another day-dream.



## The Aesthetics of the moderns student

What it is to be a mod, by one of the more dedicated

Mark Flannery  
Form Six

What makes a mod different from a scientist? This question is one of vital importance to those in the loser school and I feel bound to offer some guidance.

First the basics. Mods study Arts subjects (Moderns) such as French, English, Economics etc. Some mods with a conscience or inbuilt masochistic streak may study Maths but genuine mods don't. Scientists on the other hand follow such thrilling pursuits as Physics, Chemistry, Maths and (for those with severe problems) Further Maths. The difference may not seem at first profound but much more lies behind. The root of the split between the two schools of knowledge is attitude — mods have what many teachers refer to as an 'attitude problem'. Mods hate work and to make a success of it the prospective modern student must develop certain talents in order to get away with as little as possible.

1) Lessons — it is important to realise that lessons are merely those boring periods between breaks necessary for rest and recuperation. Essential is the learning of several blanket phrases for the answering of unheard questions in class. Among the better ones are 'I think, Sir that the question is more complicated than we have considered until now', or 'I'm sorry Sir, could you repeat that I was still thinking about the last question', and that tried and tested favourite 'Sir could you please speak up I just didn't hear that last question'. The truly dedicated mod may develop the prized skill of sleeping with the eyes open — much practised by Economics students — or alternatively the older method of looking for notes in one's desk — very useful if one can sleep while rustling papers.

2) Homework — the story that one mod in this year's lower 6th was asked for his homework and laughed so hard that he had to go home is entirely true — I assure you. Homework is the mod's Anathema and they will go to extraordinary lengths firstly to avoid it and secondly to lie their way out of it. Homework dodging does go on in the lower school but in 6th form mods classes it is honed to perfection. Excuses become more wild and outlandish as the year progresses, but said with a straight face the most daring will get one by. Unfortunately there are times when homework can no longer be avoided and it is then that the mod discovers what those mysterious free periods on the timetable are for. Any Monday morning one can see various assorted mods in the throes of homework crises — sweating profusely, their hands a blur as they copy out work due in

three months previously. The exception to this unshakeable rule is to be found in the quasi-mod subject of Mathematics whose students do their work under the threat of deportation — a fairly persuasive method by all accounts.

3) Holidays — although most scientists seem to think that mods don't notice when it's holiday time, this is simply untrue. Holidays are when the mods really get into gear and apply themselves to the serious business of having a good time. To make sure that nothing interferes with this most noble of pursuits, all scholarly materials are locked in a strong box and the key sent on a round trip to deepest Samour (also handy for beginning of term homework excuses if one keeps hold of the delivery slip). Then the fun begins . . . but its description has no place within the pages of this respectable organ of journalism.

4) Exams — these tiresome things are more of a minor irritation to mods than

anything else. Some of the more zealous among us like to start revising anything up to two whole weeks beforehand — but in the majority of cases the night before is the norm. Cheating is something mods never do. They may take certain measures to illegally improve their result, but cheat? Never! The very nature of moderns exams means that they are conducive to little revision and everyone is more than happy to conform to this official guideline.

To conclude, if the thought of ohm's law fills you with delight or the study of calculus really turns you on then moderns in St Edwards aren't for you. If however you are even mildly interested in any of the arts subjects, enjoy sleeping in wooden desks and have an inbuilt aversion to work then I strongly recommend that you forsake the sciences and join the jolly band of mods where I am sure you will far better enjoy your sixth form career in this school.

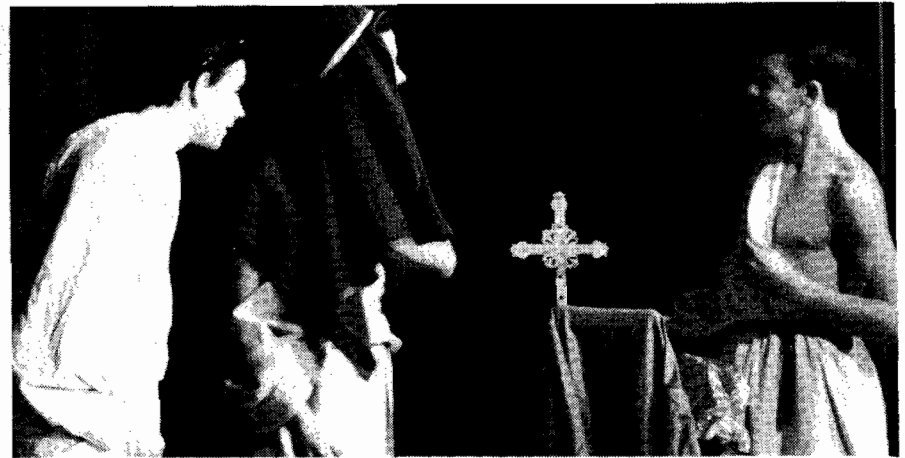


Photograph by Anthony McNerney

## 'Africa Aid'

Miss Colleen Ludden

Thursday the 9th of April saw the staging of a musical and theatrical extravaganza — 'Africa Aid.' The idea of 'Africa Aid' was conceived in a moment of darkness born in a blaze of glory. Its end — to raise funds for famine relief in Africa. Its means — a two hour dazzling display of talent 'on the boards' in the Assembly Hall with an entrance fee of a (paltry) 20p (which even the impecunious Mr Doyle could afford) and an alternative fee of £1 for the more generous souls (Brother Sassi?) who were also awarded 5 raffle tickets



and the chance to win a bottle of wine and an Easter egg in the 'Africa Aid' raffle. Yes! and what could be more exciting on the last day of term and five days after the Grand National than a mild flirtation with Lady Luck? Double Maths homework, perhaps?

Years/weeks/days/hours (delete where necessary) of organised/disorganised/chaotic rehearsals preceded the event. Word spread and soon political figures, stars of stage and screen came forth to offer their services. Mr Rambo Fraine made an early appearance, followed by personalities ranging from Jimmy Cricket to Madonna. Five Star (a pop group, not a hotel) stunned the audience with their glittering routine and any resemblance of persons in the groups to members of the Sixth Form, let alone — Glory be! — the Head Boy, has been strenuously denied. Likewise, we wish to repudiate the vile rumour that Mr Lever, one time teacher of Spanish and RE, who pranced across the stage in a tutu during his rendering of the 'Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy' has now joined the London Festival Ballet. As for Mr McMullen (ex-Physics teacher and Pastoral keeper of 3 Hope), we believe that he has been cruelly forced into an early retirement and is seeking alternative employment as a rock guitarist with Eric Clapton. Meanwhile, the manic Mr J. Mannix Esq., has been spotted grilling 100% British beef burgers in

MacDonald's following his performance with the aptly named 'Beastly Boys' who provided a *cultural* and *sophisticated* finale to the show.

Here, I can name but a few of the 'wonderful people' who came forward with their ideas and who helped in the execution of the show. The afternoon proved to be (un)doubtedly a huge success/ignominious flop/the worst thing to happen to Europe since World War II (delete where necessary).



## The Art of Brilliant Parties

Paul Brennan  
Form Six

There are parties and then there are PARTIES! From 'jelly and ice-cream' type affairs to the all out, mad 'lager frenzy' drunken orgies which rely on a squad of riot police to break them up in the early hours of the morning. The truly brilliant party is somewhere between the two (unless, of course, you are an eight year old child or a first-fifteen rugby player).

The first consideration must be the venue. House parties usually prove to be the most 'memorable' and can be preferable to lashing out on expensive nightclub tickets only to see your friends beaten up by over-zealous bouncers. If the party is at home then it may be worthwhile to try and concentrate the main revelry in the room with the heaviest textured wallpapers. Flock wallpapers, anaglyptas or Sandex Finebuild are ideal so that when the odd plateful of Vesta Beef Curry or take-away Chinese goes flying across the room and gets stuck to the wall, it can more or less stay unnoticed.

The second point concerns record lovers. Unless you, the host, are extremely keen to see your entire record collection obliterated before your very eyes it may be sensible to use cassettes. On the other hand, a party provides a first class opportunity to destroy your parents' 'Des O'Connors Greatest Hit' LPs. These are virtually guaranteed to be spotted zipping at high velocity through the French windows and disappearing over the horizon. (I must admit to leaving my mother's Barry Manilow collection out one party with particularly spectacular and effective results so I feel qualified to approve it).

But if you really want your party to go with a bang (and you are unable to obtain a large bomb), then it is essential to lay on some food. It helps if the room containing the buffet has carpets of man-made fibre in swirling multicoloured pile so that fag ends, crisps, half-eaten Jammie Dodgers and anything else that doesn't get gobbled up by the Alsatian can be trodden well in without leaving a trace. This minimises the clearing up operation the next morning. There is no safe and sure menu for the ideal party buffet, but high on the list of priorities must be a good supply of peanuts. These are amazingly versatile and can provide endless fun for party pranksters. They make excellent projectiles and with a few straws left close to the peanut bowl, they can be used as blow-pipes to terrorise snogging couples, the family pet(s) (if you have any left by about 9 pm) and even the DJ — if you are unfortunate enough to have one.

## The Blast of the Trumpet . . . Revised

Kirsten McGlinchey  
Form Six

Conclusively, the things to watch out for to prevent the party flopping include:

1) Keeping the fuse box under lock and key. There is always one drunk who assumes that your fuse box is the new design in stand-up toilet. This notion, when put to the test, literally blows up in his face and apart from being very painful and ruining his chances for the rest of the night, it results in all your lights going out. However welcome this atmospheric lighting effect may be after about 1 am, it is a definite no-no before then.

2) Unless you particularly hate your goldfish or fancy the person from the RSPCA, it is prudent to cover the goldfish bowl. This avoids any 'accidental' vodka poisoning to it, and also prevents any heavy metal smellies who like Ozzy Osbourne (and have been hiding in the cupboards living on rats since the last party) from deliberately eating it.

3) And last but not least, make it a priority to get everybody very drunk very quickly. This has the effect of erasing the memory and allows you to claim it was a brilliant party even if it wasn't.

It is not without a certain amount of trepidation that I put pen to paper in a vain attempt to appease the insatiable appetites of our very distinguished Editorial Committee who commissioned this article. And to try, if I may, to promote a slightly different view from that expressed in 'The First Blast of the Trumpet'. (C. O'Grady-Magazine 1983-4.)

A lot has changed since 1984. We have witnessed the rise to prominence of The Albert Dock; the rise and fall of The Festival Gardens; and the rise, fall, and sad demise of my friends and yours, Derek Hatton, that Bastion of Modern Democratic Society. Indeed, even within the limited world of St Edward's a very significant change has taken place. Although this change is, obviously, not as dramatic as the initial decision to take girls into the school, nobody can deny that an increase from seventeen girls in 1984, to the present figure of fifty-two is a noteworthy change — it looks as though we are here to stay. With one hundred and ninety eight pupils in the sixth form, the male to female ratio is now 2.8:1.

I would agree with Miss O'Grady's suggestion that boys are just as prone to gossip-mongering as girls. Having come from an all-girls school where the common belief was that girls were, by definition, bitchy, and that boys would never succumb to such a reprehensible pastime, it was with some surprise that I found this supposition to be totally incorrect. I would, perhaps, venture one step further and say that boys appear to have less of a conscience about defaming the characters of their peers than do the girls. Any unfortunate individual indiscreet enough to have, at some time in the dim and distant past, said or done something that they would rather forget, will find himself reminded of it by his closest friends at every available opportunity. Preferably with the maximum number of strangers to the story within earshot.

I would not however agree with the view that we girls have to undergo a massive adjustment period before we can feel at all at ease in St Edward's, or rather, that the girls must adjust, and the boys do not. Granted, coming from an all-girls school to one such as St Edward's does constitute a little adjustment on the part of we females but we do not live in a society in which employment or occupation is segregated on the basis of sex. I therefore feel that an institution that enables boys and girls to work side by side within the confines of a disciplined environment has to be a good thing. One learns to tolerate the irrational whims of both

## The end of DIY? or a Spanner in the Works

Peter McGarvey  
Form Five

sexes. Yes, contrary to popular belief, the boys can be, and frequently are just as irrational as the girls are supposed to be. But to return to the point of adjustment, surely the boys have to adapt to having girls in what is, after all, their school just as much, if not more, than we must adapt to being there.

All too often I have heard girls complaining of inadequate games facilities. This I believe to be a ridiculous stance to take. Girls can choose from hockey, swimming, basketball, badminton, netball and tennis to name but a few. There are much better facilities for games than there ever were at my old school which was obviously catering specifically for girls. When one considers that we compose only one quarter of the total pupils in the sixth-form, we can partake in well over our fair proportion of sports.

Another frequently aired criticism from some of the girls, is that we are taught by an overwhelmingly male staff. This I would think is a good thing for two reasons. First, male teachers seem much less inclined to bear petty grudges, and more inclined to be honest with their pupils than some of the female teachers that I have had the misfortune to have been taught by in the past. Obviously, this is a gross generalisation, but my second reason is based more in practicality. We are a predominantly boys' school and a male staff is therefore more likely to retain discipline.

I can sympathise with those girls who find Chauvinism particularly offensive, without agreeing with them. As an ardent Anti-Feminist I prefer to find moderate Chauvinism amusing rather than insulting, but there is no denying that a certain amount does exist. This, I feel is only to be expected. St Edward's is a Boys' School, a fact that is sometimes overlooked by some of the girls. We are a minority, and the boys have had to adjust to their domain being invaded by the Fairer Sex, who have in their own inimitable manner, wormed their way into every aspect of the College's life; trying, and in some cases succeeding to take over.

I seem to be part of two minorities, that of the girls, and that of the Mods. It seems to be a uniform characteristic of the girls at St Edward's that the vast majority so far have pursued the sciences with what I can only describe as relentless enthusiasm. As a Mod, I can recognise a relatively intransigent barrier between the scientists and the Mods, with a few very notable exceptions. But as a final thought — the gap between the scientists and the Mods is much larger than any gap between male and female.

The following was written after a harrowing weekend spent running up and down ladders, painting ceilings and wallpapering faceless rooms.

It gives me great pleasure to announce the imminent demise of the Do-It-Yourself boom. According to my (rather dubious) calculations this fad has less than a year remaining, an estimation I've arrived at by supposing that in one year's time the DIY people will have become DIA people — in other words they will have Done-It-All.

Having rewired their homes and redecorated each room on numerous occasions, they will find that that chest of drawers they stripped a month earlier has already been restored. They will be swamped in shelves and room dividers, no surface will be left unsanded, no loft uninsulated. The picture windows will have been installed and kitchens will have been reduced to almost negligible working areas surrounded by rows of built-in units. Rooms will have been knocked through to create 'living areas' and then walled up again. And do not refer to the laying of cork tiles . . .

When the great day dawns it will be a vindication for those of us who have kept faith with SEDI (Someone Else Do It) and our long long struggle for recognition will be over.

It will also be a great day for FTDI (Forced To Do It) followers who for years have been coerced into wallpapering rooms, painting ceilings and generally doing what semi-SEDI enthusiasts could not be bothered doing.

These semi-SEDI people select a suitably naive victim (usually you) to 'help' finish a job, giving advice which you then have to politely renounce as inane and uninformed claptrap. Their favourite ruse is to 'pop out for a minute' leaving you to 'get on with it'. By the time they return you (unfortunately?) have finished.

However, there is hope for when the DIY craze becomes no more than another tile in the mosaic of history, there will be disconsolate bands of DIA enthusiasts roaming the streets in search of the elusive damp-proof course that had previously evaded them. They will knock on our doors, look pleadingly past and murmur pathetically, 'Got any grouting you want doing?' This is a chance to repay them. Do not send them away idle-handed. They will be grateful even for a loose bathroom tile or a chronically dripping tap. They won't sniff at an electric plug in need of wiring up.

It will be our duty to keep these poor souls occupied, leaving the genuine SEDI apostles to prosper.

# Joint Matriculation Board

## General Certificate of Secondary Education

### General Studies Paper (Set by Nicholas Astor, Form One)

Thursday 21 June 1987 Time allowed: 3 fortnights

Careful work and tidy work will be penalised.

This paper consists of twenty questions:

**Attempt all twenty questions. Question 1 carries 19 marks; Questions 2-20 carry 1 mark.**

Marks will not be deducted for incorrect answers.

The use of mathematical tables, calculators and slide rules is permitted. You are reminded that graph paper is available on request from the Supervisor.

#### QUESTION 1

What language is spoken by FRENCHMEN?

#### QUESTION 2

Give two important characteristics of the ancient Babylonian Empire with particular reference to the architecture, literature and language,  
OR give the first names of the Beatles.

#### QUESTION 3

What religion is the Pope?

- A. Jewish.
- B. Catholic.
- C. Anglican.

*Underline one only.*

#### QUESTION 4

Would you ask William Shakespeare to:

- A. Build a bridge.
- B. Lead an Army.
- C. Sail an Ocean.
- D. WRITE A PLAY?

#### QUESTION 5

What is a silver dollar made of?

#### QUESTION 6

What is the time when the big hand is on twelve, and the little hand is on ONE?

#### QUESTION 7

Approximately how many commandments was Moses given?

#### QUESTION 8

Spell LONDON, DUBLIN, BELFAST, GUINNESS.

#### QUESTION 9

What country is the Queen of England from?

#### QUESTION 10

What are the people living in the North of England called?

- A. Easterners.
- B. Southerners.
- C. Westerners.
- D. NORTHERNERS.

#### QUESTION 11

Six Kings of England were called George. The last one was called George VI, name the other 5.

#### QUESTION 12

Who won World War II? Who came second?

#### QUESTION 13

Where does the rain come from?

- A. Supermarkets.
- B. USA.
- C. A big fountain
- D. THE SKY.

#### QUESTION 14

Who invented Stephenson's rocket?

- A. Winston Churchill.
- B. Eamonn Andrews.
- c. Michael Parkinson.
- D. STEPHENSON.

#### QUESTION 15

Can you explain Einstein's theory of relativity? YES OR NO.

#### QUESTION 16

What is a coat hanger?

#### QUESTION 17

Who is buried in Grant's Tomb?

#### QUESTION 18

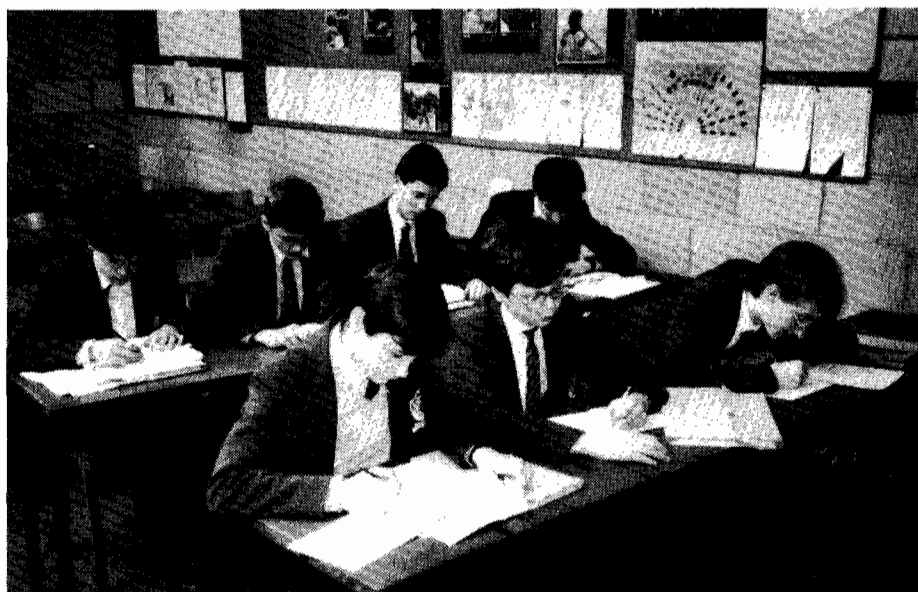
At what time is NEWS AT TEN on?

#### QUESTION 19

Where is the basement in a three storey building?

#### QUESTION 20

Explain Le Chevaliers principal of Dynamic Equilibrium Forces,  
OR write your name in block letters.



Photograph by Anthony McNerney, Form Six

## Excuses, Excuses!

Mark Flannery  
Form Six

For those of you already in or about to enter Mods classes I have prepared a handy sheet of reusable excuses for a variety of situations.

### HOMEWORK NOT DONE

Indispensable prefix: Sir you just won't believe this but . . .

1) The \*dog/cat/budgie got at my textbook/papers/mother and bit/scratched/mauled it/them/her last night and I just couldn't manage it.

2) I didn't know that the essay/preparation/A level coursework was for today/yesterday/three months ago. I'm sorry but another teacher/Br Sassi/God told me that it was due in tomorrow.

### ASLEEP IN CLASS

Indispensable prefix: 'Asleep? Me? Not at all. I was merely . . .

1) Opening/closing/setting fire to my desk/folder/classmate and wasn't being very attentive/responsible/sane.

2) Making sure that the inside of my desk/bag/eyelids were in order and when I appeared to slump in my self/fall onto the floor/snore loudly I was doing no more than relaxing/refilling my pen/commenting on your teacher.

### FAILING EXAMS

Indispensable prefix: 'Well Sir I know I did less well than usual but . . .'

1) Half way through the exam I lost my pen/exam sheet/mind and had a hard time with the questions/the answers/my co-ordination.

2) I didn't do as badly as last year/the class dunce (probably yourself)/my pet jellyfish and besides it's only a test/the summer exams/my A-levels.

(\*Delete where applicable.)

I hope these will be of some use and would be interested to hear about the extent of their success.

## The Hispanic Year

Mr Neville Mars

### I Teacher Exchange

In the summer term of 1986 I was fortunate enough to take part in a teaching exchange with Don José Ramón del Águila. Whilst he was teaching at St Edward's I taught at his school in Southern Spain. The experience was fascinating.

I went to the town of Baza which has a population of 20,000 and lies in the North East of the province of Granada at 2,500ft above sea level. Despite this latter fact, Baza is surrounded by mountains with Sautra Barbara in the Sierra de Baza rising to 6,500ft and the town itself dominated by Mount Jabalón at 5,000ft. Baza is the main

town of the area with related villages each with their individual character and having such exotic names as Zújar, Benamaurel, Cortes de Baza, Baúl and Castril. Below Baza stretches a vast plain where numerous crops are grown including almonds and olives. Many of the people keep pigs, goats, sheep, hens and rabbits. There is a weekly general market which takes over the centre streets of the town and also a livestock market for the whole area. Baza has its own mini-climate due to its special location with big temperature differences between the seasons. In May last year there was a variation between 40 and 100°F. In May, June and





July, apart from brief freak storms it was over 90°F every day.

The rock of the area was long ago found to be ideal for cutting caves and these caves are an intrinsic feature of all the villages from Guadix to the border of Murcia. There are still 344 families living in caves in Baza. I visited one, which was spacious, pleasantly cool and had all the modern conveniences and facilities of a normal house. They nevertheless lend a fascinating, primitive air to the place as do the still numerous mules and donkeys used to carry things. There are no large estates here and little mechanisation. The people of Baza (Bastetanos) find their recreation in the beautiful lakes and forests of the sierras rather than on the coast which is several hours away by car.

Man has been in Baza for a very long time: a recently unearthed statue, now named the Dame de Baza dates from the 4th Century BC. Carthaginians, Greeks and Romans have settled there followed by the Arabs who, over 700 years of rule perhaps left the strongest mark on the town and its traditions. The annual fiestas in many of the villages still take the form of mock battles between Moors and Christians. In more modern times the railway reached Baza in 1894 and was closed in 1984. The first hospital was built in 1910 and closed, after its last operation (on me) in 1986. A splendid new hospital for the region has now been opened there on the outskirts.

Living in Baza is pleasant and leisurely as one would expect in a predominantly rural society. People are reserved and quite unused to outsiders but once one is known their hospitality is overwhelming. The town centre is old and very Andalusian — a network of narrow alleyways and tiny squares. Food and drink is excellent and very cheap though shoes and clothes are surprisingly expensive. On Sundays the whole town strolls along its only boulevard for the traditional 'Paseo'. A brass band plays and open air bars and cafés stretch along its whole length. I met some interesting characters: the doctor, the dentist, the barber, a policeman and several teachers were all hunters, for example, and hares, rabbits, partridge and the occasional wild boar were their game.

The school I worked in, with nothing like the facilities we have at St Edward's, was nevertheless a most attractive community. With enormous classes, one of 39, I never had any discipline problems. The ability and age range was incredible. There would be 17 year olds in a class of 14 year olds as the system there demands that a pupil repeats a year until he reaches a certain standard in every subject. They had no uniform and break times were spent in local bars. The pronunciation of English (which I was teaching) defeated all but the very able. And yet I must stress that there was a great deal of talent — with singing, dancing, acting and instrumental music of a very high level. Sporting facilities were abysmal but again standards in the most popular sports (basketball, football, cycling and running) were very high. Many of the staff were, by our standards, temporary, doing one or two years at the school then leaving to move on as the Spanish system demands. The headmaster is elected on a yearly basis by the staff and this further undermines the basis of continuity. When I left a new idea of 'school councils' was being introduced whereby a committee of staff, parents and senior pupils was selected and had the power to elect the headmaster and determine the running of the school. Serious teething problems with this system were being experienced. I hope, for the sake of this generation of Spanish pupils, that they will soon be ironed out.

## II The Canning Trophy

After several years with the occasional individual success, this year pupils of Spanish in the 5th and upper sixth have come together in all sections of this national competition and have won the Canning Trophy for St Edward's College. Exceptionally high standards in Spanish language and South American literature papers were achieved by the following. G. Chandler, S. McGlory, M. Flannery, D. Moran (5th form). S. Othick, A. Quill, I. Walker and A. Lappin (Upper VIth).

Congratulations to the 5th formers, now continuing with A-level Spanish and to the 6A pupils who are now studying Spanish at degree level: S. Othick (Leeds) A. Quill (Oxford) A. Lappin (Oxford) and I. Walker (Oxford).

## III Portuguese

Congratulations to Gary Chandler, Dominic Moran, Mark Flannery and Stephen McGlory on passing their 'O' level in this subject. A reminder to boys coming through that this subject is available. It is a difficult but fascinating language and goes well with the study of Spanish, opening up understanding of the whole of the Iberian peninsula and of South America.

## IV Pupil Exchanges

April 1987 marked our first exchange with pupils from Baza. Ten boys from St Edwards (from the 3rd, 4th and 6A) along with nine girls from Upton Convent School on the Wirral spent a fortnight living in families there. The Spanish children will visit Liverpool in July. I hope the experience will prove to be as useful and enjoyable as our past exchanges with Zaragoza.



## Individuality — a personal view

Gary Chandler  
Form Six

Individuality is an abstract concept and one which is open to numerous interpretations. It is highly subjective: adequate definitions are extremely difficult to find. Nevertheless, most people have some understanding of the word and what it represents.

When the term is used pejoratively, it is startlingly obvious that the instigators of this misuse are ignorance and fear. The striking example of this is the eternal rebellion of the young in an attempt to achieve individuality and attain the desirable quality of originality. This rebellion is usually accompanied by the blatant disapproval and even contempt of older generations. Nevertheless, the constant striving for this abstraction has never been halted and, I hope, never will.

In examining my motives for introducing this subject I must conclude that the emotions that led me to write are strongly linked with both my social and academic lives. It would not be inaccurate to say that all my closest friends are strongly individualistic and I believe that it is because of their exceptional personalities that our friendship has developed. They are opinionated and single-minded and yet do not sacrifice their impartiality. These qualities, which I hope are found in myself, are often mistaken for arrogance and superciliousness — facets of a character that are not so attractive. If, however people are too blinkered to consider that which lies beneath the surface, then I can have no sympathy with them.

The academic connection with this topic is less profound. At the empirical level, it appears the scientist deals with the tangible whilst the modern student tends towards the less well-defined and even the emotional. This year is no exception and one needs to look no further than the A-level set works of literature for French and Spanish. Predominant in the former category is François Mauriac's powerful account of sexual frustration and emotional and social repression within the confines of a claustrophobic social code. The novel 'Thérèse Desqueyroux' explores the causes and consequences of such repression and must serve as evidence of the need for inner-satisfaction and individuality. The Hispanic contributions are numerous but the most relevant here is Lorca's portrayal of ineffectual defiance within an out dated and oppressive family environment. 'La Casa de Bernarda Alba' is exceptionally well structured yet much symbolism can easily be disregarded and consequently the true and important message of the need for individuality for survival is unfortunately

ignored. It is these underlying themes which have compelled me to write.

Most important artists are strongly individualistic. The works of say Matisse, Schoenberg, Rilke rely heavily on individual perception. The surrealist movement exemplifies this in the often perplexing but always highly personal work of Dali and Bunuel.

I often wonder how these artists would have been able to express these frightening and often violent images if they had not had artistic abilities.

Possibly they may have turned to violence — a natural result of pent-up emotions and frustration. This is the defence given all too often for the growing crime rate and I place much credence in the theory that repression can lead to aggression.

Here, then, is the heart of the matter. If frustration manifests itself in violence then individuality must be nurtured if we are still striving for peace, if we are still in pursuit of excellence. To achieve this the lines of communication between people must be reopened: bigotry and prejudice eradicated. Once impartiality becomes ubiquitous then tolerance will follow. (Tolerance, which for me, signifies the acceptance of anything and everything that does not impinge upon the individuality of others.) Yet bias and prejudice are inherent within education. I would say that education as we know it is a misnomer on the grounds that education has been overtaken by indoctrination. At least, until the end of advanced level teaching facts are fed to the student who stores them away and reproduces them in public examinations. Latin provides the source of the word 'education' with 'educare' meaning 'to lead out'. This is what education should be, but sadly is not. Once the student is solicited for his opinions and feelings without his perception being clouded by a barrage of 'facts' and statistics coupled with the highly subjective view of the teacher, then individuality will be allowed to prosper.

The scope of this subject is enormous, so I must limit myself to only one other reflection. Christianity proclaims that God perceives us all as unique — no two persons the same. Assuming this is true then it should be the intention of every Christian to erode inhibitions and to allow their true personality to show. Once this is achieved, and I believe this community is far from it, then individuality will prosper and tolerance will abound. The elegance and desirability of this ideal are mirrored only by its importance and its necessity — things which are no strangers to the genuine individual.

## The Rocky Horror Show

Adrian McDonald &  
Mark Flannery  
Form Six

This year the performance ran from 28th April to 2nd May at the Liverpool Empire. A group of ten people from our school went to see it this year.

Over the past decade the show has attracted a Cult following. The show grew from an idea by an unemployed actor — Richard O'Brien — who wanted to write a musical based on the old American science fiction movies of the 1950's and late 1960's. The show opened in London in 1979 and has gone from success to success, with a film version being made in 1976, in which the author played Riff-Raff, one of the major roles.

Briefly, the story centres on two all American teenagers, Brad Majors and Janet Weiss, who find themselves one dark, misty night outside an old rundown castle in the middle of nowhere. They enter, and stumble upon a convention of aliens from the galaxy of Transylvania who are celebrating their leader's new escapade — the creation of the perfect man, named Rocky. The mad scientist Dr Frank N. Furter assisted by Riff-Raff his hunchback butler manage to entice the young couple upto Dr D's laboratory in order to give them a private viewing of his creation. After several unfortunate events, such as a frozen rock singer named Eddie escaping from Dr X's fridge, and Rocky breaking away from his master in order to seduce Janet, Dr X decides to make the best of things and seduces both Brad and Janet. A semblance of order returns with the arrival of Dr Scott, a government scientist who has rumbled Dr X's plan to take over the world. Several more convoluted twists of the plot later, Riff-Raff reveals himself as Dr X's new commander — since the latter's plan for world domination never really got off the ground. Dr X is 'zapped' by Riff-Raff and the show ends with the house and the Transylvanians blasting off into space leaving Dr Scott, Janet and Brad behind to rejoice over having saved the world.

It is impossible in such a brief space as this to do justice to the show, nor is it possible to describe the great songs (sixteen in all) which form an integral part of it: such melodies as: 'The Time Warp', 'I'm Just A Sweet Transvestite', 'I Can Make You A Man', and the final tear jerker 'I'm Going Home'.

The Show comes to Liverpool for only one week every year, and as usual, this year it was sold out. Hopefully, we can organise a bigger delegation to go and see it next year.

## Sainsbury's Retail Business Challenge 1986

Nancy Buckland  
Form Six

1986 was Industry Year, and the Economics Department was even busier than usual. A series of lectures was given by local businessmen on the theme 'Understanding Industry', and these were followed by the Retail Business Challenge, which was being sponsored by Sainsbury's as their contribution to Industry Year. The aim of the Challenge was for schools and colleges to put forward a business proposal, with full details of location, market research and evaluation, labour requirements, finance etc., and to include supporting materials which might help the idea to be viable.

Getting an idea involving a ladies exclusive fashion boutique to be accepted by a male dominated group was a great achievement in itself. There followed several months of hard work, with different students working on particular aspects of the project. After a visit to Mabel Fletcher College, we were confident that their student's designs were sufficiently unusual and of a high standard to be used as a basis for the business. As a result of a certain person's French connections and youthfulness, 'Jeunesse' was chosen as the name of our boutique which would cater for the 18-28 age range.

Whilst the written project was being completed, work began on the supporting material which included a model of the shop and its interior, promotional bags and T-shirts, advertising posters and the all important 'Jeunesse' logo: work carried out with great skill and dedication by Philip Downey.

The final part of the project consisted of a fashion show which took place in the Ley Hall on 14th July, complete with catwalk arranged by a willing band of 'workers' and superb lighting effects by Peter Ahearn and David Flattery. The filming of the show took 12 hours as Jane Bracken patiently stood on 6 foot high platforms to ease her fear of heights. The resultant 25 minute video was well worth it, particularly when we heard later of the Judges' approval. After some rapid model training Jane Woosey, Bernadette Brown and myself modelled the clothes, and Simon Humphreys joined us to prove that 'Jeunesse' garments could look just as good on the Vice-captain of the 1st XV.

In October, Mr Thompson heard from Sainsbury's that we had reached the last 50, and our pleasant surprise turned to delight when, in November, he received a letter from Sir John Sainsbury informing us we had made the top three out of the finalists and were invited to London to receive a cheque.

On 2nd December a party of 12 students



Nancy Buckland, Simon Humphries and Jane Woosey.

Photograph by Mr Stephen Wells.

and Mr Thompson took the Liverpool to London Pullman for a day of delights. On arrival at Sainsbury headquarters in Blackfriars we met several of the Directors, who were also on the panel of judges, for an informal chat when the art of answering questions while eating jam doughnut was perfected. Each of the three teams were then interviewed separately, and we realised that we had to make an impression since they were the experts. We then had to wait two hours during which time we were given a guided tour of the archives and a film show depicting the growth of Sainsbury's from grocer to hypermarket chain. The

presentation then took place preceded by speeches from Sir John Sainsbury and Paul Channon MP, Secretary for Trade and Industry. The prizes, as always, were announced in reverse order, and as I look around I could see many nervous faces and a mass of black blazers waiting patiently. As I went up to collect 1st prize and a cheque for £1000 I knew all the hard work had been worthwhile.

There followed a champagne lunch and considerable back slapping. Several of the judges expressed delight and surprise that such a good business proposal should come from a city which had received such adverse criticism. It did not take them long to realise that Liverpool was no ordinary city and that St Edward's College was no ordinary school, particularly on seeing the girls wear blazers with the motto 'Viriliter Age'! A couple of hours were then spent visiting a superstore at Nine Elms, followed by a visit to a local hostelry, before catching the train home. The revelry continued on the journey home, and everyone agreed on what a memorable day it had been for ourselves, our school and our city.

Thanks are due to all participants, no matter how much or how little they contributed:

Nancy Buckland — Deviser  
Philip Downey — Design and Graphics  
Judith Roberts — Market Research  
Catherine Byrne — Market Research  
Paul Brennan — Finance  
Philip Collins — Advertising  
Ian Kirby — Advertising  
Martin Murphy — Design (Fashion show)  
Damian Nolan — Management Consultant  
Christopher Sheron — Interior fittings  
Edmund Fazakerley — Site Consultant  
Ian Connor — Production Consultant

Thanks also to all those who helped to make the Fashion Show such a success, and last but by no means least, many thanks to Mr Thompson for his organisational skills and advice.



The winners with Mr Paul Channon, MP and Sir John Sainsbury.

Photograph by Mr Philip Thompson

## Speke Airport: The war years

Mark Moore  
Form Three

The first connection with the armed forces was in 1936 when on the 8th January, No 611 (West Lancs) Squadron moved to Speke. This squadron was soon equipped with Arro Tutor aircraft to be joined later by Hawker Hart Bombers.

In May 1939 No 611 Squadron was equipped with Hawker Hinds and Fairey Battles and soon this squadron was no longer the sole RAF representation at Speke. Having been joined by No 61 Squadron from RAF Hemswall and within a couple of weeks No 144 Squadron arrived also with both squadrons being equipped with Hampdens. These two squadrons operated from Hemswall by night flying sorties into Germany and returning to Liverpool at daybreak. The object of this exercise was to confuse enemy intelligence and fail Luftwaffe attempts to bomb East Coast RAF bases.

In September, 1939, No 5 FTS equipped with Oxfords moved to Speke from RAF Sealand near Chester. Military activity now exceeded civilian use of the Airport and by December 1939 yet another unit appeared (No 37 Squadron) equipped with Wellingtons. This squadron's stay was short-lived but during the five-months of operations they carried out intensive training before leaving for the Middle-East. 1940 saw the war effort increased and Liverpool's importance as a seaport produced the inevitable influx of aircraft flown into Speke, dismantled and shipped abroad to such destinations as Rhodesia, South Africa and various points along the West-African coast. Inbound from the USA came thousands of American aircraft mainly shipped into the docks and transported to the Airport for assembly. Both The Douglas Aircraft Corporation and Lockheed Aircraft Corporation used the two main hangars to assemble Mustangs, Lightnings etc. Meanwhile, the Rootes Group using the present Scandura Company factory (taken over from Dunlop's Company factory) were producing British Blenheims at a steady rate.

Speke was now overloaded with aircraft after over 200 being evident at any one time No 13 Squadron having arrived with Lysanders and No 7 OTU with Hudsons, No 608 (West Riding) Squadron arrived for night training with Bothas and later No 308 (Polish) squadron equipped with Hurricanes was transferred from Blackpool Squire's Gate. This squadron soon moved to Coventry Bagington and was replaced by No 312 (Czech) Squadron also equipped with Hurricanes. It was one of No 312's Hurricanes, a JU88, that recorded Speke's

first kill. The Czech squadron was replaced by No 315 Squadron (Polish) and No 766 Squadron, Fleet Air Arm, soon appeared with Roes; this squadron being engaged on Naval Co-operations training.

On the 18th December, 1940, No 96 Squadron was formed purely for the defence of Merseyside, being equipped with Hurricanes and based not at Speke but at Cranage, Cheshire. The defence of the city was supplemented by two balloon squadrons — Nos 919 and 921 — with headquarters at RAF Fazakerley. This unit, working in co-operation with the army, had 76 anti-aircraft guns sited around Merseyside providing large scale cover. During 1941, with numerous air-raids on the City of Liverpool, locally based Spitfires and Hurricanes were almost continually airborne. The main raids on the city occurred on the 12th, 13th March, 7th and 26th April, and the famous May blitz on the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 7th May. Of the raid on the 12th March, it is known that a force of 316 bombers were despatched against Merseyside by the Luftwaffe and a total of 303 tons of high explosive was dropped on the Liverpool area on that one night.

In 1941 Rootes Securities were awarded a contract to provide Halifax Bombers. The first Speke produced aircraft, made its maiden flight on the 15th March, 1942. Two months

later the merchant ship fighter unit arrived for tests of catapult launching of aircraft and these trials took place in the vicinity of the original farm house terminal building adjacent to the River Mersey. The first launch of an aircraft from this equipment took place on the 5th July, 1942; the aircraft being a Hurricane on detachment from 605 (County of Warwick) Squadron.

Three Fleet Air Arm Squadrons — Nos 1832, 1834 and 849 — moved to Speke in 1943 and these Squadrons were all equipped with Martletts, Corsairs, Tarpas and Hurricanes. The assembly of American aircraft continued with the types now including P47s for the USAF and Rootes continued to produce Beaufighters, Blenheim and Halifax bombers. From 1944 Speke's role as a military base was run down but the production of American types continued until the end of 1946. On VE Day it is reported that the American aircrew at Speke gave the Airport staff a spectacular impromptu air display using any aircraft that were available and by all accounts a Mustang stole the show with some spectacular low flying.

During the war period the home based Squadron No 611 claimed over 240 enemy aircraft destroyed and awards to officers and men included 10 DFC's and 4 bars, 2 DFM's and 1 American Silver Star.

## St Edward's Assembly Hall

Brother Andrew Rock

A report on St Edward's buildings in August 1971 said 'The hall is adequate in area and although probably not well suited to modern drama work would be expensive to adapt.' When the school was inspected by a HMC team 12 years later the only adverse comment was on poor facilities for drama. In spite of this much good work has been done on the stage.

By 1985 the paint in the hall was peeling and the area was due for rewiring but we decided that any changes should be included in the new colour scheme. The problem was to make significant improvements for all users with minimum disruption to a room which is in regular use.

The hall is in daily use for Assembly — once a week for the whole school — it is used for external and internal examinations and also for music and drama as well as functions like Colours Day. The hall and stage are often used by various groups during the week. So it has to be able to meet a variety of different requirements, sometimes in rapid succession.

A major problem was lighting. We have replaced thirty-six 60 watt lamps with their chandeliers and 22 × 8 ft fluorescent tubes which were on the walls by four 'SON' 400 watt lamps. These give twice as much light as the previous set, more evenly and using far less power. They are set in the ceiling — less obtrusive while easier to clean and replace.

This covers the main lighting for assembly, exams, etc but we now have six lights which can be dimmed, together with lights in the corridor, for plays and other evening functions with an audience present. There are more switch control positions and far more power points too.

The stage was large but awkward to use. The proscenium was a late addition to the original hall and with one set of curtains any audience could see far too much above and beside the stage. Stage lighting was fixed to a bar hanging in the middle of the hall and scaffolding was needed to adjust this (or to change one of the normal bulbs).

We now have three sets of curtains, much better masking and access. We have restored the two doors on each side of the proscenium and moved the organ to the side of the stage. Front of house lighting is from the sides and the ceiling — less obtrusive and much easier to control.

A major change was to move the lighting control from the small perch on the side of the stage to the old projector room at the back of the balcony. This simplifies the wiring and improves control.

The rewiring and redecoration would have



Photograph by Brother Andrew Rock

been a major expense in any case. The estimated cost without any alterations was over £20,000. (It is a very large room and the work was overdue). One quotation for improving the stage lighting alone was over £13,000.

We have done a great deal more than this

e.g. a new staircase, new catwalk over the stage, more equipment, better and safer access to the roof space. So a total cost of £31,500 including VAT is good value for a much more functional and better looking hall with minimal disruption.

## Theme tunes

ART: Some day my prints will come.  
 BIOLOGY: If I were a carpenter.  
 CHEMISTRY: Chitty, chitty, bang, bang.  
 ECONOMICS: Money, money, money.  
 ENGLISH: Young and foolish.  
 FRENCH: Day tripper.  
 GEOGRAPHY: Climb every mountain.  
 HISTORY: Yesterday.  
 LATIN: Roman in the gloman.  
 LIBRARY: Paperback writer.  
 MATHEMATICS: 54321.  
 MUSIC: I got rhythm.  
 PE: Shake, rattle, roll.  
 PHYSICS: Sound of silence.  
 RELIGIOUS EDUCATION: Little donkey.  
 SPANISH: Spanish eyes.

The emphasis on aural skills in many GCSE subjects and the media-orientation of present day living have led to the decision to assign theme tunes to the different subjects:

Idea by AFD  
 Contributions from DB, CJC, RJD, JTM,  
 JSM, BY.



# “WHO SAID THAT?”

“Are you following? I don't think you are!”

**“BLOODY HELL, THERE'S ALWAYS ONE”**

**“Who says, Hey?”**

**“RIGHT, RIGHT, EH, EH”**

**“Yis Laddie”**

**“And so on and so forth”**

**“That's fine and dandy”**

**“I know why you said that, but it's not quite right”**

**“OOH, VERY GOOD”**

**“Easy as falling off a log”**

**“YOU'LL FALL ON YOUR B-O-T-TOM”**

**“Who's got the squeaky beeper?”**

**“CHEST OUT, STOMACH IN, SHOULDERS BACK, FINE BODY OF MEN”**

**“THIS IS WHAT I CALL THE 3RD YEAR BLUES”**

**“The Angels of death will descend upon you”**

**“QUIETEN IT DOWN”**

“The bell is a signal to me that the lesson should end in the near future, not a signal to you to show how ill-mannered you are”

“A man on a galloping horse could see that!”

**“Right lads, dead easy”**

**“IF YOU DON'T WANT TO WORK, THAT'S OKAY BY ME”**

**“OF THE ORDER — MILLIAMPS”**

**“NEGATIVE FOOWR”**

**“FUDGED IT UP”**

**“AL-U-MIN-I-UM”**

**“RHUBARB LAD, RHUBARB”**

**“WHO'S BEEN A NAUGHTY TORTOISE TODAY THEN?”**

**“HOTCHPOTCH”**

**“Do you see the pun in that?”**

**“GREETINGS!”**

“Coming out of a pub on Scottie Road, dodging the bullets like Japanese snipers”

**“WHERE'S YOUR WHITES?”**

**“Meanwhile, back at the ranch”**

**“LOOK PLEASE, I AM NOT ACCUSTOMED TO CORNER-BOY MANNERS”**

# Letters

Dear Editor,

*I am writing about the school dinners. Although the meals are good the number of chips provided varies according to the lady serving and if you have something with the chips then the number is less than if you have just chips.*

Though we strive to make sure all portions are even, we are only human, but there should not be a large difference in portion size. Nevertheless since chips are high in cholesterol, they are not recommended.

Mrs E. Roberts (Catering Manageress)

Dear Editor,

*Due to the building of the CDT building there are no longer any tennis courts. Many people enjoy this game. Is there any plan to build a new court or make room for tennis in the sports hall?*

Mr Gibbons regrets that there is no space to build a new court and feels that pupils already have a good choice of activities.

Dear Bro Sassi,

*I have been wondering why our school has no tuck shop. I have been told that there used to be one and am wondering why this facility is no longer available?*

Many of the items once available in the tuck shop and others, such as fresh fruit and drinks can now be purchased at lunchtime from the dining hall.

BDS

Dear Mr Duffy,

*I have a complaint about Choral Society. I think Choral Society should be a permanent lesson like English. This is the way I see it because before Choral Society on a Friday the queues for lunch are exceedingly long and a lot of us are late and Mr Moseley wants to see them after Choral Society and it is always the same reason.*

John Riley (Form 1)

Thank you for your letter which draws attention to a real problem. I would prefer to have rehearsals during the timetable as I reckon with full and prompt attendance we could do twice as much work.

The Choral Society numbers about 120 members and is unique in drawing so many from all years who simultaneously take part in its work. Friday lunchtime rehearsals begin (theoretically) at 1.10 p.m. and end at 1.40. Never have we had 100% attendance — someone (about 10-20 on average) is taking part in some other activity ('It's only this once, sir'). Nor have we ever started with more than about 70% actually present. The rota of admission into the dining room works on priority on a yearly basis and is a fine example of the school being tailored to suit an intransigent system. Thus the first and second years which contribute the largest number of members to the choir are not the first to be admitted but have to follow Forms 5 and 6. Consequently these younger boys are frequently to be seen shovelling their food into their mouths at a record rate (even for 1st years!), running at full tilt to the Ley Hall to aid digestion and then being rewarded for their efforts by being told off!

Regular appeals for change to the Deputy Head have resulted only in the suggestion that our singers should bring packed lunches on Fridays.

TD

Dear Mr Moseley,

*We are writing to complain about the state of the french horns and brass instruments in general. The mouth pieces are always dirty from the person who was using it before us.*

Fair comment. Ideally each pupil should have their own mouthpiece and I would encourage them to purchase one. When this is not possible they can be cleaned. There is a sink and running water in music room 3.

JSM

Dear Mr Moseley,

*We are writing to complain about conditions in the Music School. Not only are we not allowed entrance during morning break, which could be useful for looking-up lesson times, but during lunch break, if we enter, the prefects either harass us or simply throw us out for no reason whatever.*

The Music School is open for practice each day between 8.20 and 8.55, 1.00 and 1.50, 4.00 and 5.00. There should be no necessity to have to consult timetables during morning break. I realise, however, that there is not the space to provide a room for every person when they may want it.

The prefects have a difficult job. There are very few of them to manage a building on three floors. As many as sixty to a hundred musicians may want to practice at any one time and we cannot cope with these numbers. The prefects have to use their discretion and sometimes they, like everyone else, make mistakes. If you have a particular grievance, see me.

JSM

We have again received a number of letters asking for soccer to be included in the schools sports curriculum. Mr Gibbons asks those interested to refer to his answers to similar enquiries which appeared in last year's issue, page 44.

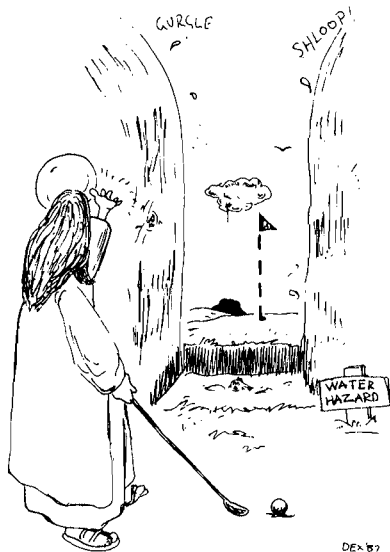


## Fourth Year Prayer Group

Adrian Faulkner  
Form Four

Back in 1985, a third year Prayer Group was started by Mr Lever, which met once a week, during the lunch hour. Now, nearly two years later, the third year Prayer Group has attended the weekly prayer meetings, which are held every Wednesday lunch hour, in the Prayer Room, and are led by a different member of the group each week. Leading the Prayer Meeting entails choosing a Bible reading which is important to you, and explaining its significance to the rest of the group. This is followed by prayers of thanksgiving and intercession, which may either be made privately or shared with the group.

In February of this year, the group went on a trip to Dent, staying in a house owned by Prescott Grammar School. Dent is a small, quiet village in the Yorkshire Dales, which is ideally suited to a weekend retreat. Walking in the tranquil countryside played a large part in the weekend, and when we returned to Liverpool on the Sunday evening, everyone agreed that they had had a most enjoyable weekend.



Ian Bowden Form Six

## Kintbury '87

Louise Kenny  
Form Six

It is a difficult task to describe the 'Kintbury Experience' in such a way that the reader will appreciate the feeling behind the language. Since Kintbury means something different to each person it would seem that everybody could write their own story. However what follows is a brief but hopefully accurate account of the most recent retreat.

Early in March twenty sixth formers, accompanied by Mr Cullen, Mr McCarthy and various cuddly toys made their way by car and minibus to Kintbury, to spend a long weekend on retreat with sixth formers from St Mary's, Crosby. The arduous journey came to an end in beautiful Berkshire countryside which was still in the middle of winter.

The first thing that struck everybody was the peacefulness and silence of the place. The house itself is remote, being a mile from the nearest 'village' and this lends to an atmosphere of quietude. Throughout the retreat great emphasis is placed on the value of silence but for the first evening the house echoed with sounds of relief and joy at being free from the demands of school and home.

Inevitably at first social barriers existed between the two groups but the common bonds of Christianity, age and the search for spiritual revivment discouraged shyness. We were requested not to bring radios or play cassettes and there is no television so, cut off as it were from civilization we formed our own community and learned to appreciate each other's company. By the end of the retreat, which was thought by everyone to be too short, each school had lost its separate identity and everyone understood the meaning of a Christian community. Over the weekend strong friendships were formed and the enthusiasm with which they are now maintained illustrates how well everyone combated their initial reluctance and shyness. Indeed it is one of the most unique and treasured features of Kintbury that in the atmosphere of trust, honesty and understanding, barriers that exist even between friends are broken down.



"Course He won again — He's omnipotent."

Kintbury is an extremely beautiful and strong spiritual experience. The 'team' that operates the retreat consists of several De La Salle Brothers and young men and women who work for a period of a year at Kintbury. The gentleness and understanding which they exhibit at all times gradually spreads throughout the group until everyone feels confident being him/herself in an atmosphere of love and trust.

The group was split on the first evening into small groups of nine or ten, each a mixture of the two schools and each with a group leader. In the smaller groups discussions took place and everybody learned how to listen and how to be listened to. Pain, joy and frustration were experienced and everybody benefited from confiding and sharing with others.

There were three particularly beautiful aspects of Kintbury and from each spiritual benefits were to be gained. The first was the celebration of Mass. Many young people on retreat commented on the dull Sunday service and claimed it did not bring them closer to God. Mass at Kintbury was prepared and for the most part conducted by us. In all it lasted three hours but no one wanted it to end and the final hymn — Let There be Love — was sung with sincerity and hope not often expressed collectively by so many people. It was a thanksgiving and a celebration in the true sense of the word. The joy felt by everyone as they felt the love of Christ is something not easily forgotten.

Another experience that was inspiring was the 'Quiet Hour'. The hour was spent in silent reflection either in the Quiet Room in the roof of the house or walking in the grounds. During the hour it was intended that we make a personal effort to find God and to spend the time 'uncluttering' our minds.

Finally on the last evening there was a session with our small groups that almost everyone found to be a very moving experience. This time is called the 'compliment session' and as the name suggests everybody in the groups points out the other group members qualities in turn. This session whilst being slightly embarrassing was encouraging and was an emotional end to a beautiful weekend.

On the final morning hugs, address and telephone numbers were exchanged outside on the gravel drive before we watched our friends from St Mary's roll away in their plush minibus before we girls push-started our clapped out wreck for almost a mile in deep snow.

Kintbury cannot be described as words do not do it justice. It should simply be experienced.





## Meeting for Prayer

Mr Mark Davis

Before there were Church buildings designed specifically for this purpose, Christians met to worship in one another's homes. Here they shared their lives with each other, broke bread and joined in prayer. In every generation since, despite the emergence of large scale public worship and the vital time the individual sets aside for private prayer and devotion, Christians have felt a special call to gather in small groups to pray. This call comes from Christ himself who promised that if two or three gathered in His name, He would be there in the midst of them.

In our generation there has been a rediscovery of this experience, particularly among young people. Many who today grow to a mature faith have the experience of a prayer group behind them. Certainly in the 8 or 9 years I have been teaching R.E. the most fruitful situation in terms of growth in personal faith that I have seen, has been the prayer group for 6th formers. Year after year different individuals have grown in faith by regularly attending these meetings and some are so changed by the experience that they will never be the same again.

What then goes on at such a meeting? On the surface there is nothing very extraordinary going on. A typical meeting would involve a time of silent reflection, some singing of religious songs, some readings from scripture, a few minutes teaching on some aspect of prayer and a time of sharing life experiences, — particularly those in which the people concerned feel that God has been evident and involved. Nothing too extraordinary then, no brain washing, no hysteria. Why then is the situation so powerful?

In one sense you could say that it is mysterious, and yet perhaps we should have predicted it. We have the promise of Christ that he would be there and often in the silence or in a moment of sharing, His presence is almost tangible.

Getting used to this type of prayer experience takes some time and we have to start again each year as a new group of lower 6th begin to learn the ropes. To be able to share out loud with others in a group about your life and what is important, and your struggle to see the Lord in what happens to you is often difficult for people at first. Many come and are silent for weeks. Others who can more easily speak in a group are quicker to share — sometimes with good effect, sometimes not — because here we enter another dimension.

Prayer groups function properly when the people who share or read passages from the scripture, or suggest singing a certain song,

are led to do so. Perhaps we should say are inspired to do so under the promptings of the Holy Spirit. A prayer meeting that is so led has a life of its own. In hindsight one can look back on the hour or so together and see the themes that have been woven through the time for the building and encouragement of the faithful.

To get to such a position takes time and effort. Each participant begins to recognise the need for private prayer outside the meeting if they are going to bring anything worth contributing. A meeting in which nobody has been listening to God in the week, or reading His word, or making any effort to seek Him, quickly runs aground. There is an unmistakable heaviness in the air, a stifling weight which anyone with any discernment can recognise. The same thing occurs if the meeting is dominated by people simply sounding off or attempting to give good advice to the others without listening to God during the meeting.

For the group to grow as it should several other things need to happen

- (1) Those involved need to begin to trust each other enough to be free to be genuine with each other.
- (2) Personal differences between members of the group need to be put aside.
- (3) The group needs the stability of regular attendance.

With prayer groups among 6th formers other factors come into play which can often prevent full growth. Some who attend only do so simply to meet with their friends and 'have a good time.' The timescale is too short for the kind of openness and trust to develop as it should. The onset of exams in Upper 6th and the pressure of academic work can overwhelm every other part of their lives. Perhaps most significant is the fact that 6th formers are creatures of enthusiasm and judge too quickly the importance of something by their emotional response.

Despite these obvious drawbacks and the inherent limitations of a 6th form prayer meeting, I still believe it to be very valuable. My hope is that by attending and participating the young people involved might glimpse Christian community as it can be experienced and also begin to notice their God involved in the details of their lives. Hopefully this will provide the impetus required for them to continue to seek this as they leave the school to go to University. Some of those who have found the prayer meeting valuable would say more than this and see the experience as critical in the future course of their lives. How true this is only time will tell . . .

## The Mutant

Bernard Doyle  
Form Three

He opened his eyes. Another day . . . another day . . .

Deep in his cell, the mutant screamed. Raw anguish ripped from his very heart; the pain of years filled his cry. Uselessly . . .

Ten-foot thick walls absorbed the agonised sounds of a soul in torment, not ever giving him the pleasure of hearing an echo.

All the old thoughts sped through his mind, the daily ritual that fed his sole reason for existence: the need to escape from this living hell! He knew there had been a mistake. His deformities couldn't be as bad as the Norms had made out. They couldn't be!

Twenty years ago, when he was just a child, the Norm doctors told his parents that he was a threat to society and to himself. His parents had not argued; they were glad when the medics removed him.

'The citizens will not tolerate this degree of mutation living among them,' the doctors had told his parents. 'He is a living reminder of the hellish effects of the Neutron war.'

It had been the shortest war ever . . . One flight of satellite-to-ground missiles with Neutron warheads, aimed at the ten largest fusion reactors in the eastern hemisphere . . . One chain reaction which had almost shattered a planet!!!

And in the wake of the deaths — mutations, the like of which had never been seen before.

The word 'human' had almost become obsolete. Deep in his cell, the mutant moaned. His finger, horn hard from years of scraping, scabbled at the wall. The hole he was making was growing, surely it was!

He mustn't give up — he mustn't! The doctors had made a mistake. Nothing could be as ugly as they said he was. Nothing.

There was a radio in the cell, buried deep in the walls so he couldn't destroy it.

'Let me see myself,' he had screamed.

'We dare not,' was the reply. 'The sight of yourself would surely drive you mad! I do not wish to hurt your feelings — but you are monstrous!'

Recently they had ceased talking with him, even when he screamed abuse into the communicator. There were no more arguments with the Norm doctors . . . They had given up on him, and left him to die.

The Norm doctors knew about the tunnel — but they weren't worried. If the mutant did succeed in breaking through the walls, he would never be able to penetrate the solid concrete barrier encasing the cell.

Then he saw it, embedded deeply in the wall — a power cable.

A bolt of logic halted his frenzied activity. 'If the wire is live,' he thought, 'I'll be electrocuted and the Norms will have won.'

He needed something to give him leverage, something which meant his bare hands wouldn't have to touch the cable . . . Of course — his cloak! Wrapping his cloak around the wire he began to pull . . .

There was a loud crackle and a blinding flash as the cable snapped. The mutant was too slow. He fell backwards, heavily, wrenching his shoulder.

For a moment he lay on the floor — then he suddenly bolted upright as the door's machinery, dormant for twenty years, ground heavily into action.

The portal opened and the mutant sped through the door into what seemed like endless corridors. Suddenly up-ahead the mutant spotted a door.

For a timeless instant the mutant drank in the fresh air. It had been raining, a pale sun hung in the watery sky.

A passing citizen glanced up towards where the mutant stood, framed in the doorway under the sign AUTHORISED ENTRY ONLY.

'Look' the mutant cried, 'Look at me! Look at me!'

Other Norm citizens passing by stopped. Some turned immediately away, sickened; others paused, hypnotised by the revolting sight. Surprised, the mutant felt the first stone strike his leg. Then another hit him, then a third. The sporadic throws grew into a rain of missiles as the citizens stoned him, trying to blot out this vision from their war-torn past.

The mutant tried to duck away, but a well-aimed boulder hit his kneecap, and he fell sobbing to the ground.

He crawled along the ground trying to escape the stones and his hand touched a puddle. Raising himself on one fractured arm, the mutant gazed into the clear water — for the first time in 20 years he saw his reflection!

For the first time, the mutant saw himself revealed in all his ugliness. They were right — the doctors were right! He was hideous!

He forced himself to look again: two eyes looked back at him, eyebrows above them; a nose with two nostrils; one mouth, with lips, containing even rows of pearly white teeth . . . Another stone was thrown; it gashed his cheek. Blood spurted and the mutant turned to face his tormentors.

'Yes — disfigure me!' he shrieked. 'Slash me, cut me, bruise me — wipe away all memory of this terrible ugliness! Just make me normal — even if it kills me!'

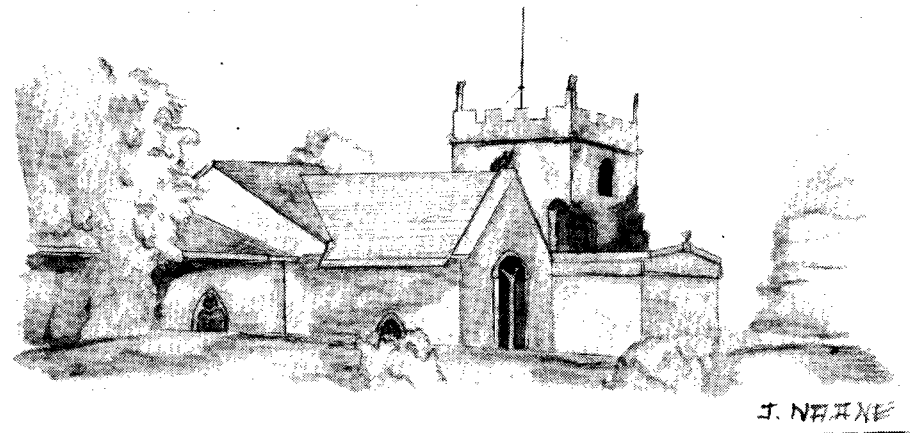
One of the Norms gave a shudder as the mutant's body gave a final twitch and lay still.

'Ugliness like that makes you lose all sense of reason, don't it?' he muttered. He picked absent-mindedly at one of the virulent green scabs that covered half his face. Then he scratched his trunk-like nose. 'Them mutants give me the creeps.'

'Yeah,' said his companion, nodding the largest of his three heads. 'They should be put down at birth — easier all round that way.'

He scratched an ear with one of the tentacles that dangled from his middle head, and they turned to leave.

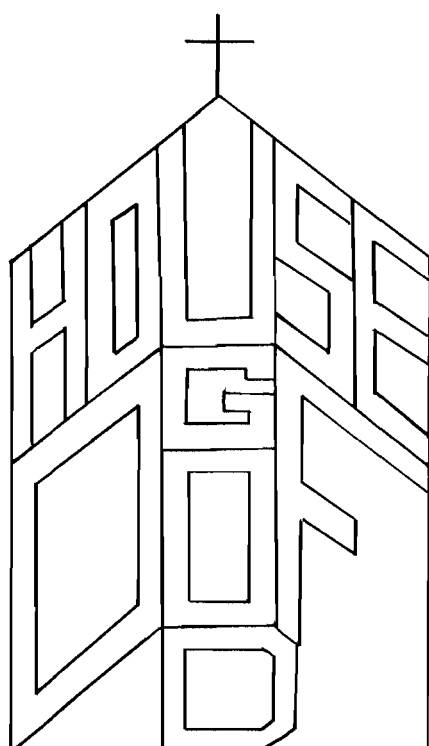
The mutant's body lay still under the pale, weak sun . . .



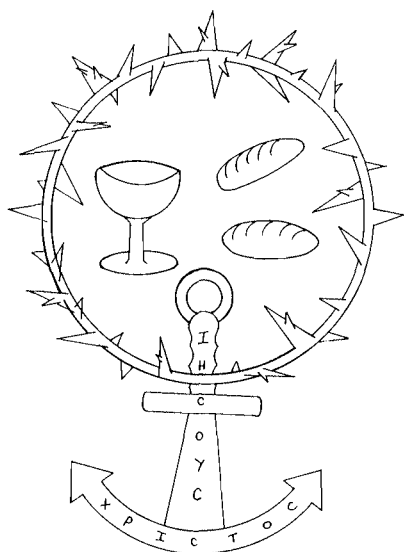
'The Church'. Pencil & water colour by Jonathan Noone Form Four.

# New Christian Symbols

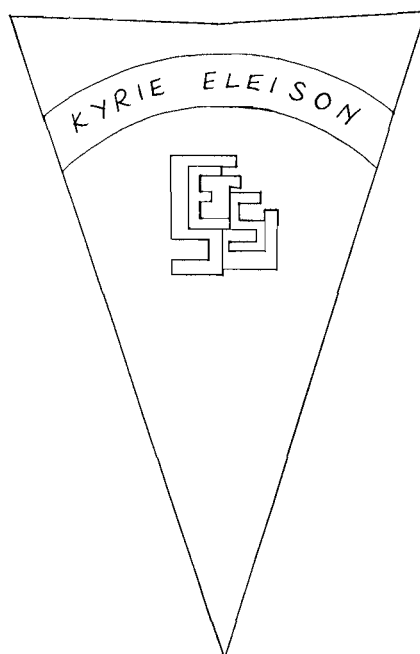
Following on from a piece of classwork looking at Christian Heraldry and the use of symbols to communicate the Christian message, some of Form Three came up with some new symbols designed to signify faith in Christ. Three of the best are shown below:—



John Leahy Form Three



Graham Jones Form Three



The Shield of Faith (Eph 6 vs 16)  
Stephen Hobson Form Three

## A Prayer

Ian Clarke  
Form Three

Thank you Lord for your gifts to us  
When we leave your house today  
Help us to carry your strength to the weak  
Your comfort to the sorrowful  
Your peace to the troubled  
Your joy to the sad  
May we bring the lights of your love into our  
streets and homes  
Our schools and classrooms  
Into our games and all the pleasures we enjoy  
And into the hearts of all who long to know  
you and reach out for your love.

## Opinion

Jane Deegan  
Form Six

I'm sure that many would agree that the opportunities available in the 6th form at St Edward's for us to express and deepen our faith are numerous.

As far as RE lessons are concerned, possibly their most important aspect is that there is freedom to hold an opinion. We are encouraged to think about and to explore more deeply into areas in our lives which we may not have considered or deemed important previously. Looking around the 6th form it seems that the message has been far-reaching in some cases and as yet unconsidered in others.

There is an open invitation to 6th formers, every Friday night, to meet to pray in the hope of developing a closer relationship with God. Prayer during the week beforehand is an integral part of the meeting. The spirit of openness in the prayers and experiences that are shared, the times of silence and the music, have enabled many to deepen their faith.

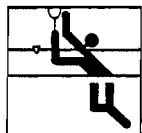
Unlike past years the prayer group and the New Creation Community organized a day of Lenten celebration. Around 120 6th formers from St Edward's and other schools gathered together. Admittedly there were a few technical hitches to begin with but on the whole everything went well. The hymn 'Here I am Lord' conveyed the main theme, as we were presented with some thoughts about the need for community and our own growth in personal faith.

After a shared lunch there was a slide presentation, accompanied by a meditation based on the first few chapters of Genesis. Group discussions led to the preparations for Mass in which everyone was actively involved. A lively and thought provoking celebration followed to say the least!

Only a few weeks ago a group spent a weekend at the St Cassian's Retreat Centre at Kintbury. Time was spent in getting to know each other, community prayer, group discussions and private reflections. To bring together all of the experiences of the weekend, and the hopes of the young people, a Mass in which everyone participated was celebrated. Although the group are now back at school, the friendships established at Kintbury still remain.

For my part I have felt encouraged and enabled to feel more positively about my faith and I look forward to taking those opportunities to continue this process which will be presented to me as I enter my Upper 6th year.

## Badminton Report



Paul Coffey  
Form Six

1986-87 has been a frustrating year as far as badminton goes for the U19 'A' team. In the league, the deciding match for first place was won 5-4 by Bluecoat in a close and nerve wracking match. The Top Schools Knockout competition proved to be a long and hard fought battle, resulting in the squad reaching the semi-final. The squad, consisting of Coffey (captain), Quirk, Pearson, Flattery, Dugdill, Kemp and McCormack, played well all season. As captain, I would like to thank them for their reliability and dedication.

The U19 'B' team finished third in the U19 league after a brilliant home win over Bluecoat, and promises to be a strong team next season.

The girls' team, while not winning a game all season, did seem to enjoy themselves especially when they managed to score a point.

The U16 'A' squad, captained excellently by Kellett and well supported by Dixon, Mullin and Burke, had a good season. Unfortunately not enough schools entered teams in their age group and consequently they had no league fixtures. However they performed creditably in the Barclays Bank competition and the Top Schools competition as well as in friendlies. The above mentioned players as well as Abubakar played for the senior teams in the league and did so with distinction.

The U16s 'B' team, although not playing in a league, lost only one game all season. Jha and Ramsey are players to look out for in the future.

The U14 'A' team lacked application and this showed in their league results.

The application of the second years was much better than the third years and the Carberry brothers deserve a mention.

On the whole, 'the future's so bright we've gotta wear shades'.

## Bridge Report



Paul Altham  
Form Six

Bridge at St Edward's has improved greatly compared with last year.

We again entered a team in the 5th Division of the Merseyside Bridge League.

The team is made up of four players chosen from Paul Altham (captain), Derek O'Hagan, Peter Whitfield, Mike Ainsworth, Mark Clancy, Dominic Moran, Paul Johnson and Justin McCormack.

Good results in the league (we were the last unbeaten team in the league), have put us in a very good position to be challenging for promotion at the end of the season.

These good results were followed by poor performances in the North West pairs and the Daily Mail Cup.

In the North West pairs, the best performances came from Altham and O'Hagan, and Whitfield and Ainsworth who finished joint 6th.

In the Daily Mail Cup, the A, B and C teams finished 6th, 5th and last respectively, with Bluecoat taking 1st place.

True form showed through in the Oxford Junior Pairs however, which took place at St Edward's and involved pairs from Bluecoat and St Edward's.

The school's top three pairs, Altham and O'Hagan, Whitfield and Ainsworth, and Moran and Clancy, came 1st, 3rd and 5th respectively.

When the results came back for the whole country, Altham and O'Hagan came 8th with Moran and Clancy in 28th position out of 180 pairs.

A 12-0 victory over Bluecoat in the league gave us high hopes for the Merseyside School Teams competition. This was dominated by Bluecoat and St Edward's, with six teams from Bluecoat and four from St Edward's with the only other team from Wirral Grammar.

Luck was not on our side with Bluecoat taking 1st and 2nd place, with Sharma and Mitchell leading the 'C' team into joint 3rd place with the 'A' team. The 'B' team finished close behind with Moran blaming Clancy for getting drunk. The 'B' team finished in last place.

A team was entered in the Swiss teams at the beginning of December, but gained little success against more experienced players, succeeding in finishing above only Wirral Grammar School.

We did not do much better in the Knockout Cup, being knocked out in the first round, albeit against 1st Division opposition, and hence qualifying for the Consolation Cup. We fared no better and were knocked out first time again, by another 1st Division team.

It has still been the most successful year for bridge at St Edward's though and I would like to thank Mr Robinson on behalf of the whole team for the amount of time he devotes to the club, not only at lunch time, but also outside school hours as well.

## Chess Report



Marc Clancy  
Form Six

The chess club was very popular attracting over 100 members to its lunchtime sessions.

Although the league competitions were severely limited due to the teachers' dispute, with only two matches being played before Christmas, St Edward's continued its tradition of being one of the city's strongest chess-playing schools.

In a competition limited to the few keenest schools the U13's, captained by Andrew Lodge, fared well, losing only one match, a tight contest, against Liverpool College. The U15's were also only defeated once, but this was sufficient to prevent them qualifying for their final play off. Bernard Mitchell and Anorag Sharma were our most consistent players at this level.

The U18's were our most successful team. For the first time ever they wrested the U18 championship away from Bluecoat (the trophy is called 'The Bluecoat Cup'). Captain, John Morrison, Dominic Moran and myself all achieved near perfect playing records for the season. We also participated successfully outside school at league and county level, winning several prizes in individual tournaments.

In the Sunday Times knockout a team drawn from the whole school was narrowly defeated in the Regional final.

Here I would like to thank Mr Bamber who continually sacrifices his lunchtimes and evenings, ensuring the continuity of chess within St Edward's.

## Cricket Report



John Mallon  
Form Six

Before I start this report I wish to thank the teachers of all the teams from the U12 to the 1st XV who have submitted individual reports. Without these reports this article would not have been possible to compile.

The summer was noted for its bad weather including a lot of rain. However, the season was able to continue only slightly interrupted. Each team gave satisfying performances and came out on top most of the time.

The U12 cricket team, coached by Brother Halligan, showed a keen interest in the game. It was necessary to have three separate practice groups for them on Tuesday afternoons. Those intent on making any marked progress in the game recognised the need to become members of local cricket clubs.

The team came out winners in half the matches they played. The most extraordinary victory perhaps, was a nine wicket win against a Prescot side all bowled out for six! Notable among the bowlers were Curran, Rooney, Hateley and McDonald. Moran, McNamara and Owens batted well in a number of innings for the side. The main point about cricket in the first year is that boys take an interest in the sport, and are able to play the game when the opportunities are there to do so.

The U13 team, under Mr Davis, had a very successful season losing only two of their 13 games. The spirit in the side was good and their enthusiasm was the most significant factor in their success. Many players made valuable contributions but particular mention should be made of J. Armstrong, D. Coombes and M. English for their consistent bowling. Mention must also go to A. McDonald, A. Shone, N. Rooney, M. Morgan and D. O'Rourke for their efforts with the bat, McDonald and Shone scoring over 100 runs each. Perhaps the teams' best all-rounder was D. O'Rourke.

The U14's enjoyed a successful season also, despite losing key players through injuries. Several players had good innings during the course of the season including N. Johnson, the captain of the side, S. Slavin, M. Othick, G. Symon and Philip and Anthony McCall. M. Othick was undoubtedly the pick of the bowlers but was well supported by N. Johnson and N. Doyle. Mention must also be made of D. Fleming who with great determination earned us a draw against St Mary's when a defeat seemed inevitable.

The U15's had quite a good season in getting fixtures played, losing one and drawing the first match of the season at St

*Drawing by Anthony McNerney Form Six*

Joseph's, Stoke. There was a squad of 16 enthusiastic players, who were all keen to bowl in practice and to bat, of course. However, the bowling did tend to drift down the leg side all too often. The bowling was tightened up in the matches and the fielding thus became relatively straightforward. Towards the end of the season the team was beginning to go for any slight chance of a catch and managing to keep hold of many of these chances.

After the trip to Stoke they had comfortable wins against SFX, Prescot (Dixon 44 no) and Bluecoat (O'Grady 26 no) but in all of these matches it was the bowling of Gilbertson which gave the side its consistency with a total of 7 wickets off 13 overs for only 19 runs. The next two matches were to be the highlight of the summer. The side was beaten quite easily by St Anselm's who batted first and made a good, steady start with the bowlers not able to make any breakthrough. The batting was then undisciplined and we never posed any serious threat to their undemanding total.

Two days later at Ormskirk the side held them to 94-5 in 25 overs and got off to a decent start but stuttered to 64-9 with plenty of over remaining. O'Neill then hit 19 (NO) with Rigby 7 (NO) to get us home. They then finished off the season by beating St Mary's and Cowley. At St Mary's, Gilbertson hit 8 fours in making 50 and, at last, Fraser got some wickets. At Cowley, they started off well, but ended up only making 54. Excellent catching and fielding with wickets from O'Grady (3-4), Dixon (3-17) and Hunt (2-2) gave them the match against a previously unbeaten team.

It was pleasing to see that many of the squad improved over the summer in all departments of the game — particularly Rigby's returns to the keeper, Abubakar's catching and Cullinane's slow bowling. The side was captained competently by Dixon, who led from the front with good batting and bowling. The experience of the summer has proved to the squad that cricket can be an absorbing and enjoyable game to play and that it has much more to offer than short-pitched bowling and trying to smash every ball over the fence!

The 2nd XI played only one game which was against Cowley. However the game was lost, partly due to the improved wicket keeping of P. Allen! The 2nd XI enjoyed a well fought game against the staff. Good all round play from D. Chambers, N. Rafferty and J. Larkin almost ensured a victory for the 2nd XI. However venomous batting from Mr



McMullen denied them a much deserved victory.

The 1st XI team, captained by D. Moran with D. Moon undertaking the job of vice-captain, had rather a disappointing season, after promising so much early on.

A disastrous batting collapse against a very strong Cowley side in the first game was followed by a run of victories during May, culminating in a well deserved victory over De la Salle, who fielded an ex-SEC fast bowler.

Throughout the season Shallcross bowled splendidly — well pitched up away swingers being his speciality. He set a fine example to the rest of the attack. Kirby, Durr and Moon all supported well, each taking three or more wickets on numerous occasions.

Good bowling figures were obtained due to the excellent support fielding from Craven (behind the stumps) and Riccio in the slips, both of whom took several outstanding catches. The fielding as a whole was of a very high standard throughout.

Batting on the other hand, left much to be desired. Often after a solid start from Pickup and Armstrong the middle order lost its way. There were however some excellent performances. Pickup and Craven both scored 50's, and Walsh put the high order batsmen to shame by the way he played the Ormskirk fast bowlers.

The highlight of the season was a very tense game in the Cup against Cardinal Heenan, won on the next to last ball by a superlative catch from Moon at full stretch — an awesome sight!

Let us hope that many more enjoyable cricket seasons, such as this one, are to come. Once again I must thank Br Halligan (U12), Mr Davis (U13), Mr McCarthy (U14), Mr Pennington (U15), Mr Adamson (2nd XI) and Mr McMullen (1st XI) for their full co-operation in submitting reports.

## Holland Trip

Stephen Wills  
Form Six

On a dull Friday morning, the last day in October, 19 (?) rugby players, two teachers and one travelling companion left the school grounds bound for Holland via Sheerness. The coach was shared with Widnes V1th Form College providing an early opportunity of sizing up one of the opposition teams. Their beer consumption was phenomenal.

On the overnight ferry crossing certain members of the squad showed more ability on the green baize of the roulette table than they had ever displayed on the green of the rugby field. The ferry docked early on Saturday morning and we then made our way by coach to Noordvijk where we were staying at the Hotel Waikiki. After a short stop to drop off our baggage we set off for Haarlem where a 15-a-side tournament between four English schools — Widnes, St Mary's, Merchant Taylors and ourselves — and six regional Dutch sides had been arranged.

In poor weather conditions the team defeated two poor quality Dutch College regional teams and Widnes to reach the semi-finals. After a heartfelt team-talk from our travelling companion, Anthony McNerney, the inspired players met a better quality Dutch team who, although physically bigger players, were defeated by strong tackling and skilful ball-handling. Unfortunately for an Anglo-Dutch tournament the final was between two English teams. In deteriorating conditions, as the heavens opened, the team was held to a disappointing 0-0 draw by Merchant Taylors. Confusion now set in, as no provision had been made in case of a draw. Finally, a coin was tossed and the team's luck held. St Edward's came home with a resplendent Cup whilst Merchant Taylors had to settle for a poor replica.

After the tournament, the fare in the clubhouse was soup and frankfurters washed down with a glass or three of 'Grolsch'. The captain, David Webster, was then presented with the Cup and the proceedings were to be rounded with a disco. The arrival some two hours later of three or four Dutch maidens could not deflect the wish of some members of the squad to return to the hotel for an early night. The tachograph of the coach driver came to the rescue of these despairing discophobiacs and after a final rendition of 'Scousers' Allouette' led by Simon Humphreys — (Do you know the words yet, Gus?) — we left with Mr Thompson clutching the Cup with tears of happiness in his eyes (or was that cigarette smoke?)

On arrival back at Noordvijk some of the livelier members of the squad set out to

explore the town. Certain comments that Noordvijk rivalled only Rainford on a cold, windy Monday night for excitement were, I felt, a bit harsh on the town. The day ended, or rather Sunday began, with a little celebration for the birthdays of Simon Smith and Paul Coleman — by the way, is the Ralgex still stinging Paul?

A match against the Hilversohn club colts team had been arranged for Sunday. However, the game was marred by poor refereeing and questionable sportsmanship from the Dutch side. The team after a mediocre first half, took command in the second and in the end won convincingly by 28-10.

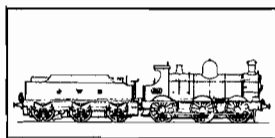
The highlight of the tour for some was the Sunday afternoon trip to scenic Amsterdam. Here the squad divided: one group went to see the Cathedral, the town square and the many bridges (not to be missed!) whilst the other group went off murmuring something about windows — I could only surmise they meant to do some window-shopping for presents. We returned to the hotel for dinner, before, once more setting out for the 'bright lights' of the town determined to fly the flag for Britain.

By virtue that 'I' was first up the following morning the flag must certainly have been flying high. This was the day of our departure — bags were packed and placed on the coach; breakfast was eaten; and we set off on the long journey home. The day crossing meant that the school of gambling had to turn its attention to the one-armed bandits — once again amazing dexterity was shown by certain members of the team.

The team arrived back on Monday night at school — a jaded but jubilant group who had shown great standards both in rugby on the field and behaviour off the field. I think that I speak for the whole squad in expressing thanks for such a well-organised and satisfying tour to David Webster, the captain; Simon Humphreys, the vice captain; Mr Critchley; and especially Mr Thompson who has given up much of his time to help raise funds for the rugby squad.



## Model Railway Club



Mr David Stewart

The last year has been a time of steady progress for the club, but one slow progress, since many of our founder members left at the end of the 1986 school year, and at present we have only half a dozen active members. Nevertheless, work is going on in building baseboards, rolling-stock and structures: Farrell has finished three new bases to add a terminus to the branch line; Moore and Murphy are completing buildings for Pencader, while Carroll and Marshall worked on railway structures. Track-laying is under way for a passing station, at which we will be using a mechanical lever frame instead of electrical control. One notable advance is that the Pencader signal-box is complete at last: Michael Hill found that the time which he had always lacked at school was available at university, and a superbly detailed model — interior and exterior — has resulted.

During the February half-term holiday we had the first of our outings this year, when we were the guests of the Operations Manager at Lime Street Station. We were taken round the Lime Street and Edge Hill power boxes, and shown the behind-the-scenes working of the whole of the Liverpool area. As our visit occurred on a day when the collapse of a bridge over the Manchester Ship Canal made re-routing of a large number of trains necessary, we were able to see the on-the-spot planning and reorganization which were invisible to the thousands of passengers being moved over the system.

Particularly at Edge Hill, the ingenuity and adaptability of the staff was fascinating to watch as they strove to keep — and succeeded in keeping — all trains running on time despite the complications of having trains arrive on unfamiliar tracks and having to despatch trains in whatever gaps were available on already well-used lines. Split second decisions were reached — at times it seemed like juggling — as up to ten sets of little coloured lights manoeuvred along the lines on the track diagram. While we watched the patterns dance and change to the direction of the signalman, the building shook to the vibration of the trains which the sparkling dots represented, as they whispered or growled past at speeds of up to 70 miles per hour. We were all left with a profound respect for the expertise and efficiency of the staff, and are hoping for a further invitation later in the year, when we may be able to see some of the older workings in the Olive Mount area. A trip to the Severn Valley Railway will depend upon the numbers wanting to go.

We do welcome new members to the society, though because of the cost of modelling equipment we do have to make a membership charge. If you wish to join, please speak to Mr Stephenson or Mr Stewart.

## Public-Speaking and Debating 1986-87



Mr David Stewart

For the first time in twenty years the College did not take part in what we normally regard as our premier competition, that of the English-speaking Union, because the Liverpool branch were unable to organise a local round. As a result, we have been unable to give as many of our fifth and sixth forms a chance to speak in public; though we did not reach last year's record, more than two dozen have represented us and acquitted themselves well. As most of those taking part have come from our lower sixth and fifth forms, we should have gained good experience for next year.

In debating, we won the Liverpool University Cup for the second time running; Paul Brennan and Dominic Moran were the victors, while Kirsten McGlinchey and Paul Brabin came a highly creditable third. In a very closely contested local round of the 'Observer' Mace, Brennan and Moran were narrowly beaten. The innovation of having regular inter-Fifth form debates against Belvedere has been continued this year, and the standard of argument and promise for the future has been most encouraging.

Our only public-speaking team competition this year, has been the Knights of St Columba competition, in which Lee Shannon, Kirsten McGlinchey, Timothy Grace and Karen Gosney represented Merseyside and reached second place in the North-Western Regional Final in Rhyl. In individual competitions, we entered the Junior British Chamber and the revived Catenian competitions. Kirsten McGlinchey and Anthony McGlinchey won prizes in their respective sections in the Liverpool heat of the JBC and Kirsten and Dominic Moran won places in the final of the Catenian.



## Debating Society — a personal view

Dominic Moran  
Form Six

Due to the short length of time which pupils spend in the sixth form, the School Debating Society has always been a rather nebulous and obviously fragile organisation. In order to rectify that situation Paul Connolly (president of the society in 1984-1986) elected a committee which he hoped would organise regular lunchtime debates and thus promote 'serious political and ethical argument within the school'. Indeed, for the first three weeks of the new School Year the Committee acted sensibly and efficiently; two debates were arranged and were well-attended with all the speakers performing creditably. However it was decided that the next debate ('This House believes that Mixed Education is a Distraction to Academic Study') should be open to sixth-formers alone.

Unfortunately a potentially constructive step was somewhat abused and during that debate the humour occasionally reached a rather crude level, whilst cogent argument virtually vanished; the overall result was rather disappointing. The withholding of the lower years from debates not only deprives them of the opportunity to listen to some of the school's best speakers, but also gives those speakers a somewhat undesirable licence.

Two notable consequences are the corrosion of former standards and the discontinuity of debating excellence within the Society.

After the 'Mixed Schools' debate (at which it was unanimously agreed that sexual integration was not a distraction from academic study, but a supplement to it) the committee seemed to catch a severe dose of apathy, and weeks slipped by without the slightest indication of an argument within the Physics Lecture Room. Eventually three intrepid individuals arranged a debate in which the merits and faults of the CND movement were discussed in a session which was so controversial and hyperbolic that disorder arose within the Society and punitive measures were taken, despite the fact that only three members of the committee were present and that the debate was obviously contrived in order to demonstrate the dangers latent within the decision to have debates for the Sixth Form alone.

Since that day three months have passed without a debate, a rather sad occurrence when one considers that twenty debates were staged during the previous year. The concept of a committee installed to direct debating within the school has failed; organisation has been lacking; enthusiasm was moribund and has now been laid to rest. Let us hope that next year a more efficient system operates; that hope is far from baseless since certain speakers (notably Mark Flannery, Robin D'Arcy-Gray and Kirsten McGlinchey) have shown both eagerness to take part and persuasive technique on the podium (even if the latter ability of the two male speakers has tended to overflow into flagrant acerbity during particularly emotive arguments). With their help the Society can have its former prominence restored.

The person who merits the greatest gratitude during an extremely turbulent debating year (which has occasionally caused him personal discomfiture) is undoubtedly Mr Wells, who has sacrificed many of his hours in order to direct, advise or caution the society. His patience is indeed remarkable, his suggestions always welcome. He has often stressed that debating is essentially an art; from time to time it may be flippant yet it should usually be both interesting and informative. Perhaps with that knowledge as its basis the Debating Society may in fact become 'A forum for serious political and ethical argument' within the school.

## Rugby Report



Stephen Wills  
Form Six

### 1st XV

The 1986-87 season has been a very successful one for the 1st XV losing only one game — in fact the very last game, due in part to injury to key players. Up until the final fixture, St Edward's had been unbeaten since November 1985. This is an excellent achievement which exemplifies the determination and enthusiasm of all players involved with the 1st XV squad this year.

Reaching the final of the Hull University 15-a-side tournament in September seemed to 'set the scene' for this outstanding season. Almost every match was played with confidence, skill and commitment which had often been lacking in previous seasons. The team put in some particularly good performances against Cowley, Rydal, Kirkham and St Mary's with excellent support play and good defensive play.

In October, the 1st squad had a very successful tour of Holland winning a 15-a-side tournament involving three other Merseyside schools and six regional Dutch sides, and winning their full game the following day despite some atrocious tactics by the opposition. This short tour gave the boys valuable experience and extra confidence for the remaining fixtures of the domestic season.

The major factor in the success lay in the tremendous team spirit which was engendered by the captain, David Webster who set a fine example, with his tackling and work-rate, for others to follow. He received great support from fellow forwards Bryan 'big fella' Curd, Alan 'the butcher' Doyle, Stephen Cottee and Stephen Wills. The vice-captain and model, Simon Humphreys added some deft touches at stand-off, and skilful, adventurous back play was seen from Paul 'Coco' Coffey, Paul 'the Iti' Coleman and Gus 'I can't see' Scott!

Success continued at the Sevens Competitions with most of the above mentioned players as well as Michael 'Stan' Cummings, Colin 'Smiler' Durr and Michael 'the comic' Stephens making up the squad. Winning the Birkenhead Sevens was soon followed by reaching the quarter finals at Rosslyn Park where St Edward's lost to Strade from Llanelli. Revenge was sweet because St Edward's beat Strade at the Oxford Sevens and went on to reach the semi-finals — with a little luck the final kick might have gone over and taken the team to another final but undaunted the final competition saw another semi-final place and the thrill of playing at Stradey Park, home of

Llanelli RFC. Magnificent performances all, and a thoroughly deserved success for a committed group of boys, making the season a most enjoyable one for the team coaches.

### Under 16's

The Under 16's in fulfilling their fixture list faced two insuperable problems — frost and the inability of other schools to raise a team at this age group. Thus for much of the season the players trained for enjoyment rather than purpose.

Grange Park provided an initial stern test for the side but ten days later King Edward's School, Lytham, capitulated before an onslaught which included two tries by 'Bello' with such 'je ne sais quoi.' The Birkenhead 3rd XV saw our Under 16's at full strength apart from captain Sean Smith, and almost at full potential, overcoming a second half resurgence by the opposition. The final game of the season was against King's Macclesfield who had to deal with a St Edward's pack in rampant mood. A pushover try late in the first half put paid to any hopes the Cheshire schoolboys had of ending our unbeaten run.

In winning all their games, the team averaged 30 points a match but most gratifying was the development over the season, of aggressive, determined defence. The unforeseen success was appreciated by that well known rugby journalist Aristotle when he wrote 'A plausible impossibility is always preferable to an unconvincing possibility'.

### Under 15's

It was clear at the beginning of the season that the Under 15's were a talented side, with plenty of reserve strength. However, as the season progressed, it was also clear that there were many good sides in this age group which resulted in several close fought games and a 65% success rate for St Edward's.

There were several outstanding individuals including Matthew Birchall, Simon Slavin the captain and Julian Carroll the latter two representing Merseyside Schools. Special praise is due to the boys who regularly and willingly turned out for training, particularly Michael Donafee who was an excellent example to all.

Praise also to the Sevens squad who ended the season by winning both the Christian Brothers Schools and Merseyside Schools competitions.

### Under 14's

The 'Rambo Megastars' won all but one of their fixtures, often by a very large margin and usually scoring in excess of forty points per game. The major factor was the ability of the two centres, namely Jason Smith, the captain, and John Leahy whose speed, skill and determination were consistently on view, and who look to be excellent prospects for the future.

The forwards, although failing to play cohesively as a pack, on occasions, did contain many individuals with potential. Most notable amongst these was John Roberts who was a valuable asset as hooker winning scrums, mauls as well as supporting in loose play. Of the others, Michael Cozzolino, Mark Karalius and Greg Collins played consistently well. Perhaps the most improved player of the year was Raymond Vasey who achieved a highly commendable standard of play by the season's end.

### Under 13's

The Under 13's had a rather torrid season losing quite heavily in several matches. The unfortunate aspect of the year was the reluctance of a number of potentially good players to commit themselves with any real consistency to training. This lack of determination meant it was very difficult to make any real progress or learn very much about the game.

This said, there was some indication towards the end of the Christmas term that the side was capable of playing very well and with some degree of commitment — evidence of this came in the games against Kirkham, St Mary's and Marple Hall.

Players of note and potential were Paul Curd the pack leader, and Meehan, Murphy, Davis, Crosbie, Aldersley, Carroll and Newberry in the forwards. John O'Neill and Ben Morgan played very well in a number of games, ably assisted by Carberry, Tobin, Fitzsimmons, McNamara, Crawford and McEvoy.

### Under 12's

The 1st years reserved their best performance for the first game of the season — a 28-0 win away at Cowley. After this game, the team seemed to relax and their performance and commitment gradually deteriorated. As defeats came, team spirit weakened with too many players inclined to blame, and shout at, others and even imagine injuries to avoid the struggle.

It was sad that such a potentially fine team should reach this point, and one hopes that experience will strengthen their resolve. The outstanding forwards were Paul Brown, Stephen Hunt, Anthony McLoughlin, Karl Lee and Dominic Williams whilst the pick of the backs were Paul Lambrianides, Simon Gee, Parkash, Mark Ward and Damian Baker.



*Photograph by Mr Philip Thompson*

## Swimming Report



Bryan Curd  
Form Six

Fortunately this year, swimming competitively has returned to normal, after the previous year's great loss of fixtures, and consequent lack of incentive to train in long periods of competitive inactivity.

Fifteen inter-school fixtures were arranged and all but one were swum. Of the other fourteen galas, one was lost (away versus Bluecoat), two were drawn, and overall the team recorded eleven victories. It is pleasing to note that in the face of such recent industrial action, the amount of boys putting in regular training is excellent, especially in the lower years, and numbers are on the increase.

In the non-competitive side of school swimming, many boys train weekly throughout the year for ASA personal survival awards, with coaching by many sixth formers. Swimming also forms a part of many boys 'Duke of Edinburgh' award schemes, and training for the Royal Life Saving Awards continues to be a main feature in the club's weekly agenda.

Finally, since the demise of the old Liverpool City championships for competitive swimming involving relays and individual swimmers, this year a new city championship was inaugurated to be held in early April every year. All the usual Liverpool teams competed, and for the first time since the start of St Edward's swimming club, St Edward's won the greatly coveted 'Ball Trophy' for breakstroke swimming, and had great success in winning the overall championship for the first time.

## Editorial Afterword

Now that you have read the magazine here are our promised conclusions.

We do not feel that the number and quality of submissions adequately reflects the talent and variety of the students and staff. Twenty years ago sport seemed to dominate each issue. Nowadays the balance has changed, but did you notice that there is scarcely mention of athletics, cross-country or the Duke of Edinburgh award scheme? This balance has been achieved partly due to our policy of commissioning articles and excluding the mediocre. We shall have our critics. Those who have contributed nothing, we shall ignore.

**Gary Chandler**  
**Mr Terence Duffy**  
**Catherine Green**  
**Anthony McNerney**  
**Mr John Moseley**  
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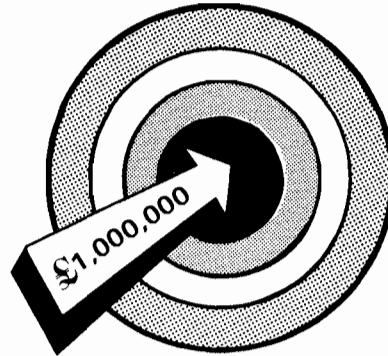
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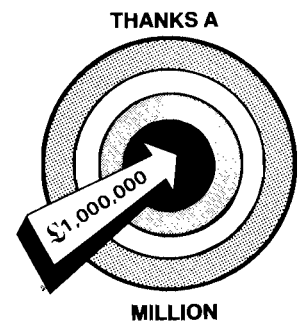
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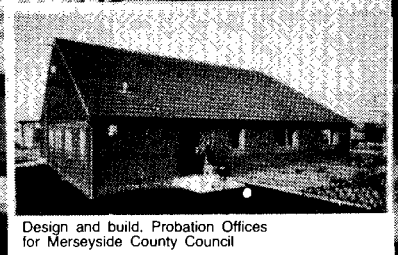
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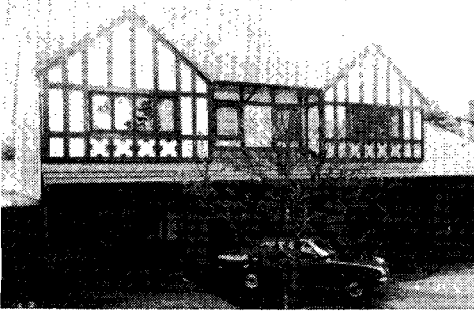
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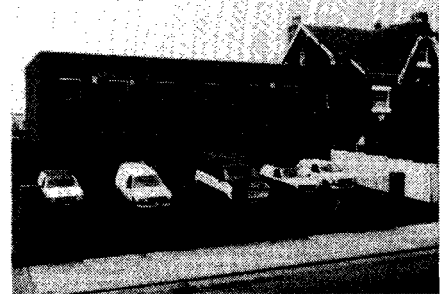
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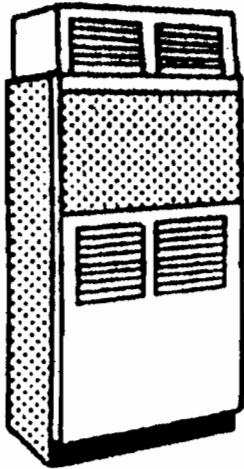


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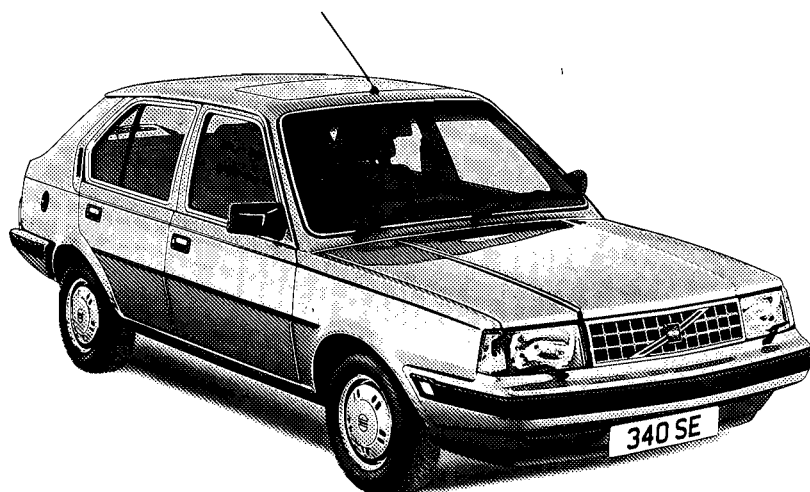
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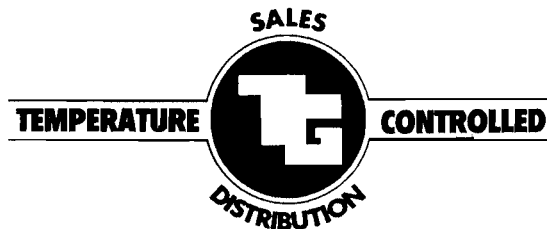
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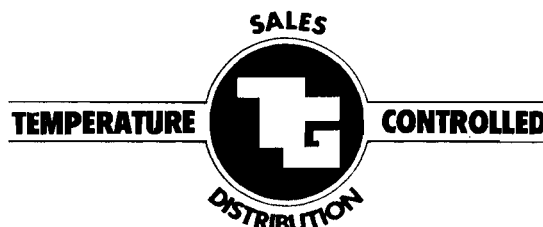
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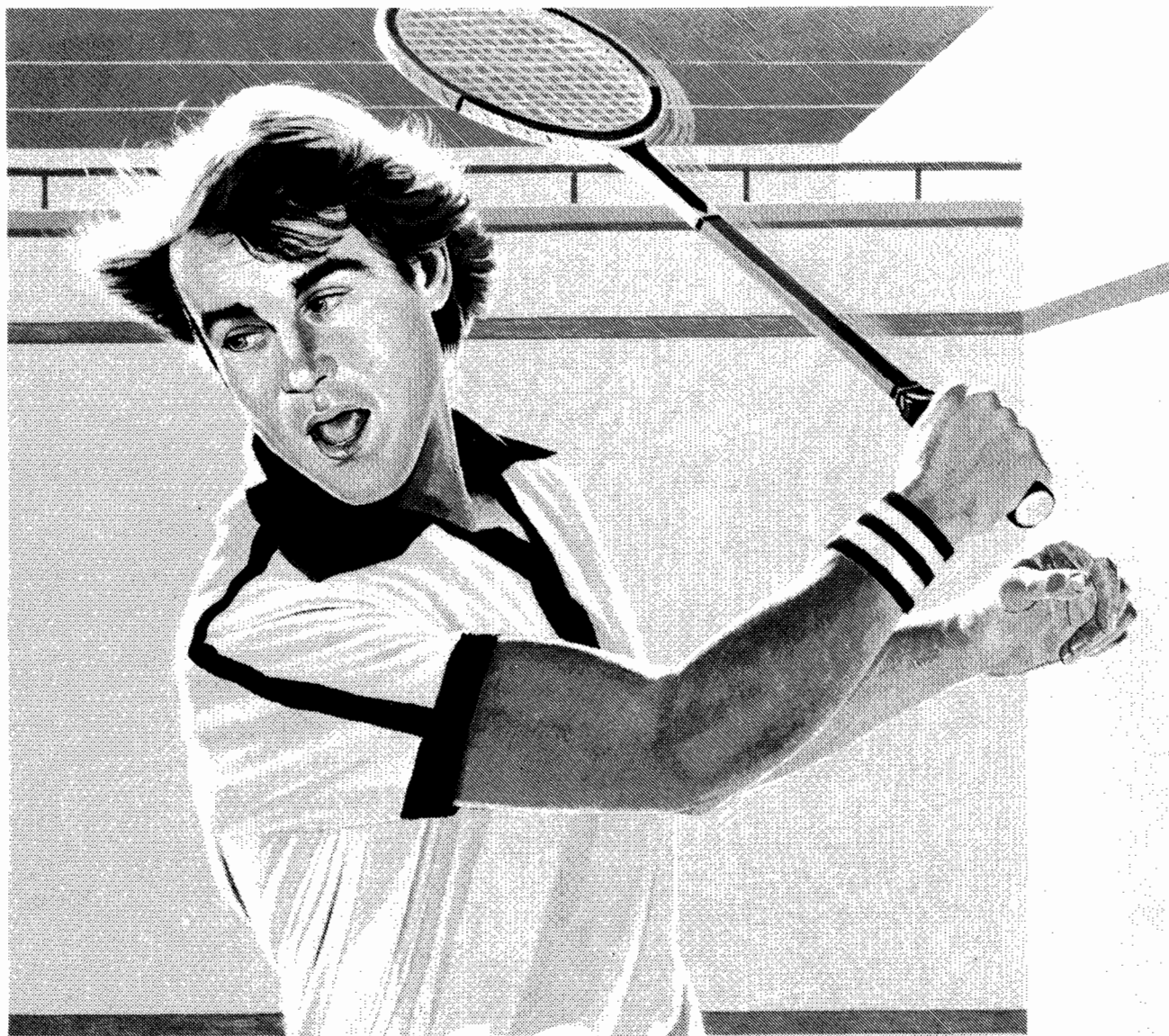
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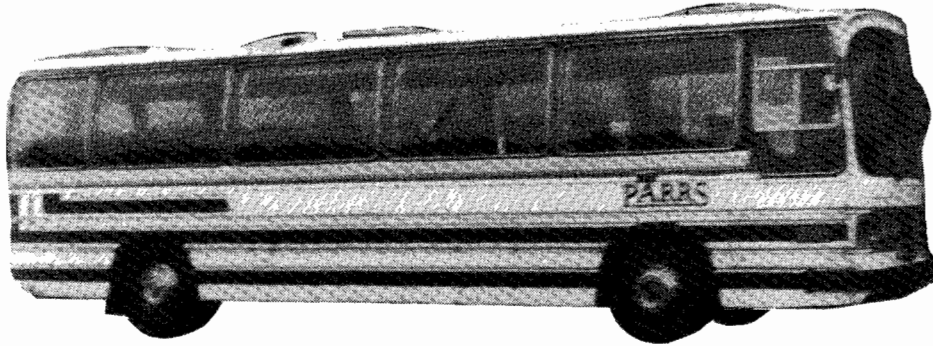
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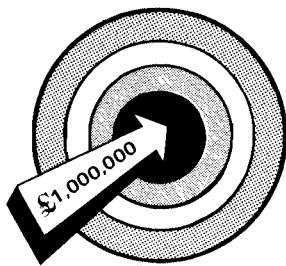
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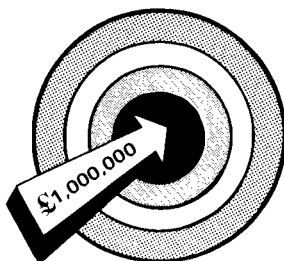
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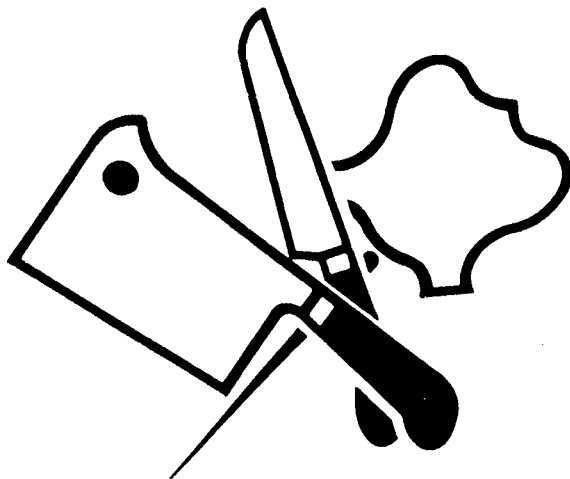
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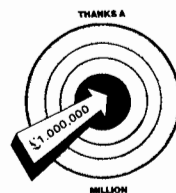
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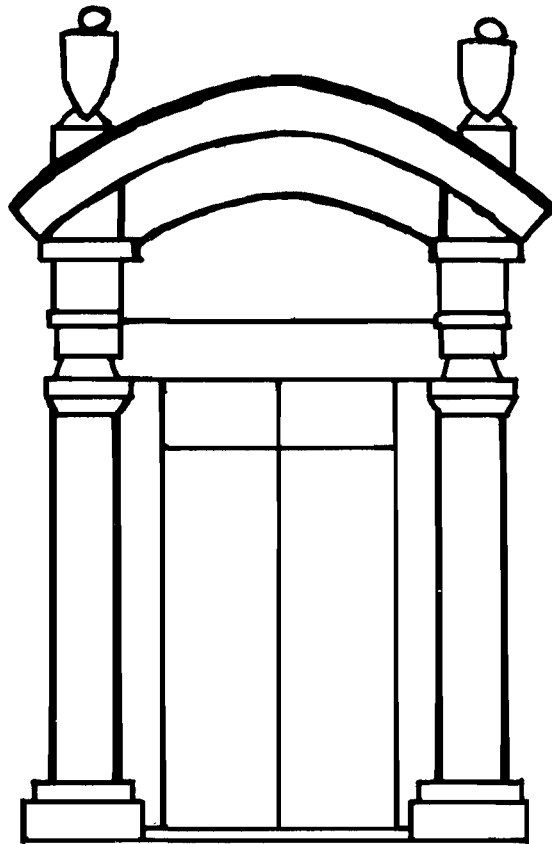
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