



**Brother Jim Burns** joined the Art



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 Runnymede 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

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.





*Professor Basil Whalley*

It is not overstating it to say that my







## 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.







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



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!'

*Photographs by Mr Stephen Wells.*







# '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 winners with Mr Paul Channon, MP and Sir John Sainsbury.*

*Photograph by Mr Philip Thompson*





*Nancy Buckland, Simon Humphries and Jane Woosey.*

*Photograph by Mr. Stephen Wells.*





*Photograph by Brother Andrew Rock*



