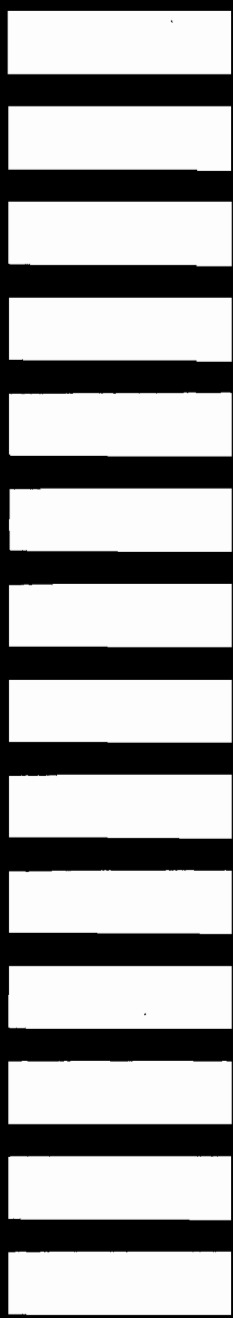
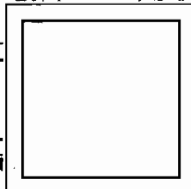
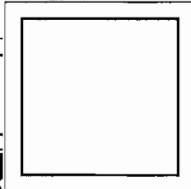
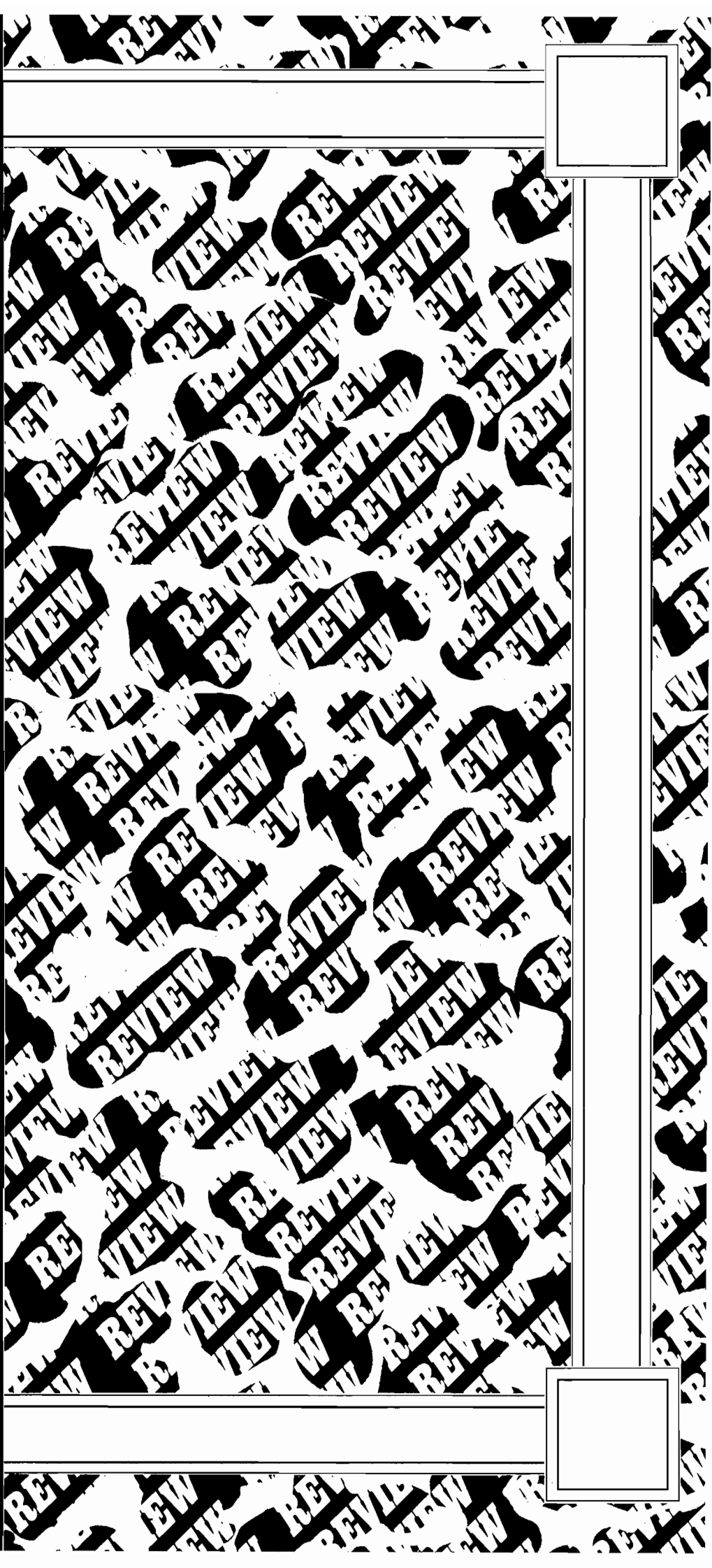


Review

50th YEAR



1938-88



Editorial

**St Edward's College
Magazine
Volume 5, number 4
1987-88**

Fifty years ago St Edward's College was preparing to march from Everton to its new home in Sandfield Park. You will find this event, the Golden Jubilee, reflected on our cover and in various articles but not, we hope, to the detriment of more contemporary concerns.

We are, as ever, grateful to everyone who contributed, even though the majority of articles could not be accepted. There has been an increase in contributions from forms two to five, but we would like more. Particularly welcome are illustrations, photographs, drawings, artwork in general. These always seem in short supply.

May we further encourage everyone to adopt a greater sense of urgency. 'So little time', is the usual complaint, as scripts arrive after the last minute. Every late entry decrease efficiency and puts in jeopardy the quality of the whole.

We hope you enjoy the Jubilee edition and look forward to your constructive comments.

**Lucy Atherton
Sebastian Brown
Mr Terence Duffy
Timothy Grace
Simon Grant
Richard Kehoe
Mr John Moseley**

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School News

Comings and Goings

School life is something like a journey by train or by bus: whilst this long journey is in progress, every so often the vehicle stops at a station or bus stop. Some people get off, having completed their journey; others get on to begin theirs. Despite this constant change of personnel, most of the passengers stay on board, sitting comfortably and paying little attention to those coming and going. If the passengers were asked to describe those who had got on or off, they would be hard pressed to do so. To keep track of all events is a task which requires either an outstanding memory or a meticulously kept diary.

Unfortunately we work from neither! Even to recall the changing personalities is difficult enough. However this year's journey is in some ways more memorable than others as we celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the school in its present premises. Looking back over the magazines of the past fifty years, one finds a great number of changes of staff, greater in some years than in others. Perhaps one day an earnest soul will work through all these journals and draw up as complete a list as possible.

The particular journey to be described in this magazine covers the period from Easter 1987 to Easter 1988. A number of passengers (in the metaphorical sense only!) got off in July. They were Mr Chris Cullen, Brother Mike Halligan and Messrs Paul Lever and John Mannix. (All had paid their fares). Their seats were taken by Messrs Christopher Ashman, Philip Grice, Mark Lunt, Mr Victor Marban, Mrs Margaret Rogers and Brother Kevin Rodgers. More can be read about these travellers in the following paragraphs. In the Music Department, Mrs Catherine Fuggle left to move to London to begin a course in music therapy and her place as flute teacher was taken by not one but two flautists, Miss Angela Davis and Mr Anthony Walker. Miss Lynn Racz took over from Mrs Helen Rogers as clarinet tutor and Mr Stephen Kee joined us as guitar tutor, replacing Mrs Beverley Jones. A distinguished former pupil of the CI, Leon Goossens, the world famous oboist, died in February and Mr Walker, our new flute tutor, who worked with Mr Goossens has contributed an obituary which is to be found in the succeeding pages.

We welcomed back Miss Geraldine Barnett on her return from an extended holiday in France (at least, that is what it seemed like from the short hours she worked) where she had exchanged positions with Mme Denise Zingilli for a year. We were sorry to see

Denise go — she made her mark and fully entered into school life. In order to keep up with the Barnett's, Mr Michael Fraine negotiated an exchange with Miss Arlene Catling from Saskatchewan. We welcome our Canadian guest and hope that she enjoys a taste of English school life. Miss Catling became immediately conspicuous when she drove in to school in her superb Volkswagen camper. There was a rumour that the Headmaster was alarmed at the thought that Miss Catling was going to take up residence in the car park . . .

Every year brings joys and sorrows. In the first category we report that Miss Ludden has become engaged; that Mr and Mrs Mark Davies were blessed with a son and Mr and Mrs Anthony Pennington with a daughter. To all we offer congratulations. In the second, to Miss Ludden we also offer our sympathy on the death of her mother as we do to Mr Doyle, whose mother died during the year. Mr Joe Fraser, the former Head of French, died suddenly from a cerebral haemorrhage in the September term. The school was well represented at his funeral in Formby by both staff and students and the Chamber Choir sang at the service. To his wife and family we offer our sincere condolences. We were all saddened in the same term by the sudden and unexpected death of Mr Woodley, father of Gregory (Form 3) and Jerome (Junior School). To any other member of our community who has suffered a bereavement we offer our sympathy and apologies for not including mention. Until more people get into the habit of making a diary note with information which can be included in the magazine, omissions are bound to occur.

The new Arts Centre duly was commissioned last September and at the time of writing, plans are being finalised for the formal opening which is to be performed by His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester (who is a practising architect) on Wednesday, 29 June. In requesting that a member of the Royal Family should honour the school in this way, the choice of personage is entirely made by the Palace staff. What a curious coincidence it is, as you will find on reading the history of the school which Colonel Graeme Bryson, a former Chairman of Governors, has written to mark this Golden Jubilee year (see page 10) that a former Duke of Gloucester actually resided for three years in San Domingo House — the former school premises — in the early 1800's.

It was not just that he wanted to keep up with the new image of the Arts Centre that we found Brother Jim Burns abandoning the traditional garb of the Christian Brothers, but that he, and others, have taken advantage of a relaxation of the rules which allow members of the community, an order of dedicated laymen, to wear again, as did their founder, the dress of the laymen of their own particular age. It's not the clothes that maketh the man . . .

Mr Christopher Cullen after teaching for some years in Runnymede, took the step of moving to the secondary school to teach RE and Geography. Here he also proved himself to be a capable and talented teacher. Particularly characteristic of his presence in the school was his care and concern for the individuals he taught, often putting himself out for them in ways which many of us were

only aware of with hindsight. His commitment to RE in particular, gave him opportunities to minister in this way partially as a result of his retreat work and also his joining with the Sixth Form in prayer. Chris has since taken up the job of Head of RE at St Mary's, Crosby where he is continuing his work of encouraging young Catholics in their faith. AMD.

Brother Michael Halligan taught in the Spanish, French and RE departments with some success. Despite maintaining his youthful looks, he became an experienced first form teacher with successive years in 1 Hope. (He even survived the present 3H!). His kindness was apparent to all as well as his enthusiasm and cheerfulness and he was a popular member of the staff. Brother Halligan coached the second year rugby team and the first year cricket team. No doubt all of this can be traced back to the years he spent at SEC as a pupil. He leaves behind, as well as his reputation, his brother Paul, who teaches in Runnymede.

Mr Paul Lever moved from St Mary's, Crosby, to take up a post as a teacher of Spanish in SEC in 1977 where he remained for ten years. He was a keen, inventive and lively teacher who inspired and enthused so many of his pupils to continue with and enjoy their Spanish studies, and in many cases achieve considerable academic distinction. One highlight of his career was the production of 'En la ardiente oscuridad', a difficult modern play in which senior pupils of Mary, Help of Christians School and SEC shared the acting. It was a great success and was enjoyed by the Sixth Form audiences from schools all over Merseyside. He also wrote or adapted many short playlets in Spanish in which many of the younger pupils were involved. After taking a year off to do a course in RE at Christ's College, Paul returned to combine his teaching of Spanish with that of RE. The latter gradually came to absorb more of his time and interest and he left us in July, 1987 to run the RE department at St Anselm's. Staff and students alike will miss his friendly and sociable presence and wish him well in his new appointment. FNM.

Mr John Mannix, though only a member of staff for two short years, made a great impact in the school community. His own obvious talents in so many directions made a deep impression on both staff and pupils as did also his commitment of time and effort to the needs of the pupils in his care. Many impressions he has left us with: his orchestration of proceedings during the Africa Aid concert, his valiant efforts to develop the fitness of his cross country team, his scaling of mountains with Simon Morgan for the Duke of Edinburgh's award scheme and his enthusiasm for the staff football team (both on and off the field of play). Perhaps, most of all, his enthusiasm for his faith which affected so many people and overturned so many of the familiar stereotypes which often prevent young people from finding a niche in the wide community of their church. We thank John for his witness and work and we wish him well in his present position as the Head of RE at St Joseph's College, Stoke-on-Trent. AMD.

(With not one, not two, but three members of the RE department leaving to take over similar departments in other schools speaks wonders of the RE department at SEC, one cannot but sympathise with Mr Mark Davis, our own Head of RE, and with the pupils of the school who have together suffered such serious losses. Ed.)

Mr Christopher Ashman joined the Geography Department in September 1987. He hails from a South Wales town with an unpronounceable name where he went to the local comprehensive school. After graduating from Plymouth Polytechnic he gained his PGCE at the Liverpool Institute of Higher Education and did his teaching practice at SEC. His dislikes are filling in forms asking about his dislikes and losing games with the staff football team. He likes winning games with . . . (you've guessed it) and pay day.

Miss Arlene Catling came to SEC on an exchange scheme from Canada where she normally teaches in a large comprehensive school in Saskatoon. Her own school is a state school with about 1,700 students and she teaches English to the senior grades (15-18 year olds). She says she is not used to an all boys' school and certainly not boys in uniform! Describing her year in Liverpool as 'a great experience' she is less keen on the custard sauce 'served with everything' and large cities. Whilst living in England she has taken the opportunity to travel widely throughout England, Wales and Scotland in her VW camper (which she bought from Germany, taking advantage of lower duty rates) and which she plans to import into Canada on her return. Her interests lie in photography, art, history, camping and anthropology. Miss Catling is unimpressed by our weather, never having felt so cold and damp as in our winter and dislikes our dark nights. She says that she has found some members of the SEC staff extremely supportive and singles out Mr Brian Young for special mention.

Mr Philip Grice is a former pupil of SEC, leaving the school in 1982. He graduated from Kent University in Physics (where he enjoyed basketball and football) and the following year was spent living in a Christian Brothers community in inner-Liverpool, which he found influenced him greatly. He then lived for three months in the 'Crocodile Dundee' area of Australia where he took part in an expedition. He lived in an aboriginal community where he had one or two narrow misses with snakes and crocodiles. (This should fit him well for Form 3. Ed) After returning to England he gained his PGCE in London before joining the RE department at SEC.

Mr Mark Lunt who has joined the Maths department, is another past pupil of SEC and a contemporary of Mr Grice. He studied at Warwick University where he did a mathematics degree. However, the system there allowed him to study such esoteric subjects as 'Relativistic Cosmology', 'A social history of American blacks told in music' and 'Symbolic Logic for computer programmers'. Like Mr Grice he worked for a year with the 'New Creation Community' and was attached to St Anne's parish in Liverpool, as well as helping run retreats around the country. His PGCE was gained at St Mary's College, Twickenham. His main interest is music and he is a keen guitarist.

Mr Victor Marban temporarily joined the Spanish Department to fill the gap left by Mr Lever. The initial term has been extended to a full year. He has taught at other schools, including St Kevin's Comprehensive in Kirkby (where he worked in the Biology Department with Mr Anthony Edwards) and also taught Spanish. He has already taken early retirement but kindly agreed to help us out when Mr Lever left at short notice.

Brother Kevin Rodgers left St Ambrose's College, Altrincham, at the end of his fifth year to join the Christian Brothers. The Brother in charge of his early training was no other than one, Brother Dominic Sassi! Having completed a course in Theology, Brother Rodgers spent two and a half years teaching in Liberia, where he produced several musicals. From there he went to Ireland, to complete an Honours degree in French (and it was whilst there that his interests in the cinema developed). A PGCE was obtained at Liverpool University before he began teaching RE and French at St Ambrose's where he also coached rugby and did some refereeing. Before coming to SEC in September 1987, to teach French, RE and to be Sixth Form Tutor, he spent a few years in New York, where he studied for an MSc in Clinical Psychology (which should surely suit him for working with the Sixth Form. Ed) and made every effort to avoid picking up an American accent. Whilst there, Brother Rodgers took the opportunity to visit some of the more scenic parts of NY State, including a hike along part of the Appalachian Trail.

Mrs Margaret Rogers graduated in Modern Languages from Bristol University and then worked on VSO for a year in West Africa. Since then she has alternated between social work and teaching. Before coming to SEC in September 1987 to join the RE department she had been organising a scheme for unemployed volunteers befriending elderly and handicapped people. Mrs Rodgers who has two children is married to a rugby-loving Welshman who teaches at West Park. She admits to being intrigued by the 'inner man' and the links between the psychological and the spiritual; she took a three year part-time course in Divinity at Christ's College and also trained as a marriage guidance counsellor. Her interests include fell walking, hymn singing, theological discussion, exploring the nature of authority and spending time with her children. She says she is delighted to see the era of male celibate domination in the Church fast coming to an end and one of her ambitions is to spread the enlightenment afforded by female insights and intuition into such institutions.

News from the Past

1963 — 25 years ago

The year 1962-63 saw the Diamond Jubilee of the College. This occasion was celebrated by a special Jubilee Dinner held in the College Hall in October, 1962, which was attended by many old boys and Brothers who have been associated with the College. The following guests were present: His Grace, the Archbishop; the Lord Mayor of Liverpool; the Very Rev Brother E. F. Clancy, Superior-General of the Christian Brothers; Rev Brother P. C. Curran, Provincial of the English Province of the Christian Brothers; Rev Brother P. T. Coffey, Headmaster of the College; and Col J. G. Bryson.

In May, 1961, the Parents' Association, of which all parents of boys in the school are members, was formed with the object of raising money to provide additional facilities for the College and of developing a social life amongst the parents. Now, two and a half years later, both these aims have been achieved with great success, and the Garden Fête and Christmas Fair are now annual events which, supplemented by other functions organised by the Association, provide a steady annual income. The present aim is the building of a swimming pool, which will be completed by Easter, 1964, and so far £13,000 has been raised towards the cost, which is a great tribute to both the Association and its committee.

Work is also advanced on a new dining-hall, which will provide better facilities and more room than that available at present.

Over the past sixty years the College has played a leading part in Catholic education in the North. Its pupils have distinguished themselves in all fields of activity, bringing credit to themselves and the College, and it only remains to thank the Brothers and staff of the College for their unceasing diligence and to wish them every success and blessing for the future.

1938 — Fifty years ago

20th August, 1938. On that date the keys of the old St Edward's, Saint Domingo Road, were handed over to the Corporation of Liverpool, and the long possession of the site by the Seminary and the School came to an end. A busy few weeks of transferring our belongings to Sandfield Park had also come to an end and busy months followed finding suitable places for these same belongings.

On 19th September, a week later than the appointed day for beginning of term, Sandfield Park — the new St Edward's — opened its gates — or what served for gates — to a big crowd of us full of interest and curiosity: and disappointment that still another week or two had not been found necessary for getting the School into 'tolerable' working order — and the order was barely tolerable; but in truth the Masters were more inconvenienced than the boys, for who ever heard of a boy that was not happy in the midst of a mess!

By that time the old School buildings were being demolished and now, like Jerusalem of old (but let us hope, for a different reason) not a stone is left standing on a stone. We can picture to our imagination some Old Boy in years to come wandering through the mazes of 'Sir Thomas White Gardens' with an ancient map in hand trying to discover the very spot where Mr Jenkins used to traffic in 'pop' and Mrs Dolan doled out tea and cakes!

Headmaster's Report

Prize Day 20 March 1988

Brother Dominic Sassi

The Headmaster's report delivered at the annual Prize Day is normally a straight forward account of the school's achievements during the past academic year. This year's Prize Day, however, and therefore this report, has some special features. Firstly, it is not every year that we have a Bishop as Chief Guest. In extending a warm welcome to Bishop Hitchen this afternoon, I am conscious that at present, because of its independent status, St Edward's is outside of the Catholic Maintained System. But I would hope, my Lord, from what you see and hear today that you recognise that we are still very much part of the Catholic system in the Archdiocese. We are indeed honoured by your presence.

Secondly, as we are celebrating the Golden Jubilee of the College on the Sandfield Park site, I thought it would be interesting to compare the St Edward's of 1938 with the St Edward's of 1988. Fortunately, the person who wrote the annals of the College 50 years ago had a great sense of history because he recorded very faithfully the start of the new term on September 19th 1938. It was not a new school of course. St Edward's had its beginning in 1902, then known as the Catholic Institute in Hope Street. In 1920 it changed its name to St Edward's College and its site to St Domingo Road, Everton. As the numbers in the school were increasing every year, the site eventually became too small.

The annals record how the two houses in Sandfield Park were snatched from under the nose of Liverpool City Council who wanted St Clare's for a replacement of Liverpool Collegiate and Runnymede for a Police College. St Clare's cost £8,000 and Runnymede £5,000. The Superior at the time had hesitated about whether his vow of poverty would allow him to spend £5,000 on Runnymede, so the Chairman of Governors, Canon O'Connell provided the money. Very soon after, the Superior conquered his scruples and the good Canon was re-imbursed. That is some indication not only of the powers of persuasion of Canon O'Connell but also of the support for St Edward's from the local parishes.

The school roll in 1938 was 530 as compared with 850 last September. So it was a much smaller school then — there were no girls, of course, and small numbers in the Sixth Form. But the good name of the school was such that numbers continued to rise over the years. In 1945 when we received Direct Grant status, the numbers were just over 700. In 1960 they topped 800 and have remained in the 800's ever since.

The fees in 1938 were 15 guineas a year. I am afraid this is where the greatest contrast lies. In fact, they are something over £5 a day now. But, considering inflation and the price of education today, I hope you agree that they are still a bargain. I can assure parents, the Governors do deliberate long and hard over the level of fees. Helping to finance a school with running costs of nearly £1½ million a year is not easy. Fortunately, 60% of pupils are on Assisted Places and we are indebted to those parents who contribute to the covenant scheme. Our thanks too to various Charitable Trusts who have donated money, enabling us to provide extra bursaries. These include The West Derby Wastelands Trust, the Wolfson Trust and the Holt Trust.

As regards examination results, the signs were already there in 1938 of good things to come, which has justly made this school famous. Very few were entering higher education because places were more scarce than today. But boys were already gaining distinctions in the Higher School Certificate and scholarships to university. 70% of last year's Upper Sixth went on to higher education; 9 pupils from this year have already been offered places at Oxford or Cambridge. At 'O' Level last summer, there was an average pass rate of 7.3 subjects per pupil, with an overall pass rate of 76%. At 'A' Level, the pass rate was 87% or 3.5 subjects per pupil. All very commendable.

However, no Headmaster is fully satisfied — there was a distinct drop in the number of 'A' grades at 'A' Level last summer. In the opinion of the staff, this was due in the main to a lack of consistent effort by a number of pupils during the Sixth Form. To take some time off during the week to relax is advisable. But when the so-called 'Friday Night Binge' is stretched back to Thursday, Wednesday, and even Tuesday, there must be genuine room for concern. I am sure it has been said many times from this stage that only consistent effort and regular attendance at school will bring the top results.

I do, however, want to congratulate the pupils who will be receiving their Certificates and Prizes today. To the boys in the Lower School I would say that the grades for effort on your reports are more important than the exam marks. Not everyone can come first in class. But I can promise you that hard work will bring results.

Let's return to 1938. The main winter sport at that time in St Edward's was Soccer and the College had a reputable name in the city for its successes on the field. Then, suddenly, at the beginning of 1941 the Headmaster announced that Rugby was to take the place of soccer. This probably had something to do with the fact that part of the school had been evacuated to Llanelli at the beginning of the war. But the annals make an interesting comment: 'This change was welcomed by Brothers and boys; the lay masters were less enthusiastic'. I am sure that many boys would like to hear me announce today that we were to revert to soccer and I suspect that the lay masters would again be less enthusiastic.

Whatever the reasons were for changing to Rugby, the fact is that there have been some remarkable achievements over the years by St Edward's in Rugby.

From 1961 until 1966, the 1st XV were undefeated, winning against the premier schools of England and Wales. It was during this time that we won the Public Schools Sevens at Roehampton, the Welsh Sevens at Llanelli and the Northern Sevens at Birkenhead, all in the same year. This remarkable feat was to be repeated in 1974 and 1979.

Unfortunately, this year has not been such a successful one for the 1st XV, although, two weeks ago we hosted a very successful sevens tournament in which St Edward's reached the semi-finals and certainly did not disgrace themselves by their play and spirit.

The Golden Jubilee of the College coincides with the Silver Jubilee of the Swimming Pool. During these 25 years, we

have had swimmers competing in the European Games as well as being members of the Olympic Training Squad.

With the building of the cinder running track in 1960, with its unique facilities for Pole Vaulting and Hammer Throwing, athletics developed at St Edward's from a sport producing school champions, to one producing National champions. From that date, St Edward's became the premier athletics school in the North of England and one that is recognised nationally from their results every year in the All England School Championships.

In an area of the country renowned for its quality of Cross Country runners, St Edward's has always been a leader. Although not as outstanding at the present time as in previous years, the last 30 years have produced both National and International runners.

There is no time now to give details about this year's achievements but I would like to make a general comment about extra-curricular activities in Sport, Music, Drama, Clubs and Societies, etc. There is a developing attitude among some pupils, supported at times by their parents, that extra-curricular activity is not important or may even be a hindrance to academic progress. This is not an attitude that is welcomed by the staff, many of whom devote hours of their free time coaching and preparing teams — a gesture that is becoming all too rare in schools nowadays. It is our opinion that extra curricular activity gives a certain confidence which overflows into the classroom. I do, therefore, ask parents to support the school in our efforts to provide this kind of activity for your children.

I have tried to show the changes that have occurred over 50 years and how we have kept pace with those changes. Certainly none of them were more daunting than the changes that are about to occur in the next few years resulting from changes in the examination system and the Education Reform Bill. While the latter does not have a direct effect on independent schools, the introduction of a National Curriculum will, because of its effect on exams. What is proposed is a curriculum which is broad, balanced, relevant and differentiated (whatever that means!) with particular emphasis on practical and oral skills (and that includes English). Obviously, CDT will become far more important than before with the Government suggesting that it should be one of the core subjects studied by all pupils. But there would seem to be a real possibility of the disappearance of a third science subject and the second foreign language, not to speak of Latin. And what about the position of RE? The Church is rightly concerned about the failure of the Secretary of State to include RE among the core subjects. Perhaps one of the more important advantages of independence is that the Governors of this school will continue to be responsible for the whole curriculum, thereby ensuring that RE will have its rightful place.

While speaking about Religion, I want to make one last reference to 1938 and draw a contrast which, because of the presence of Bishop Hitchen, may be relevant. In 1938 and for the next 20 or 30 years, the number of pupils from St Edward's going on for the

Priesthood or Religious Life was considerable. I have never counted the number of religious vocations from St Edward's but they are plentiful. Over the past few years they have practically ceased. And while this is not only a phenomenon at St Edward's, I would urge parents to continue fostering vocations to the Priesthood and Religious Life in their homes and to make the home what it should be — the first school of religion and the first school of prayer.

The reason for the success of the last 50 years I think lies with various groups. First and foremost the staff. A boy in Form 2 wrote recently in an English essay 'In St Edward's we are taught by Christian Brothers — and also by normal teachers'. How perceptive 12 year olds can be! But these so-called normal teachers continue to show loyalty and dedication for which I wish to thank them publicly. Secondly, the support of parents has been, and continues to be, invaluable. The Parents Association has helped to provide facilities that would otherwise have been beyond our means. Since its foundation in 1961, the Association has contributed to the Swimming Pool, the College Chapel, the Dining Hall, the Sixth Form Centre, the Music School, the Sports Hall and, more recently, the Design Centre. Parents who no longer have children in the school continue to support us and I wish to go on record of thanking them sincerely for this support.

I realise that this year's report has been a little different. But, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the College, I thought that it would be good to make comparisons in the way I've done. I must, however, finish on a more conventional note. Last September we welcomed new members of staff, Br Rodgers, Mrs Rogers, Mr Ashman, Mr Grice and Mr Lunt. We also welcomed Miss Catling on a year's exchange from Canada. I would like to thank everyone who has helped and supported me over the past year. I said that this thanks was a convention. But I hope the word convention does not take away my deep appreciation of your kindness.

News of Former Pupils



LÉON GOOSSENS CBE. With the announcement in February of the death of Léon Goossens, aged 90, there passes from the scene one of St Edward's College most musically illustrious 'old boys'. He was to become the most famous oboist of all time, the third generation of musicians, his father and grandfather being operatic conductors of some stature.

Léon was born in 1897 in a house on Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, overlooking the Brownlow Hill Workhouse, now the site of the Roman Catholic Cathedral. With his elder brother, Adolphe, he attended the Catholic Institute, in Hope Street, for his early education. The Institute was later renamed St Edward's College.

In 1905 weekly lessons at the Liverpool College of Music inspired the young Léon to take up the oboe with such effect that he played in the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra under Beecham at the age of twelve! Two years later he was engaged for a season on the South Pier at Blackpool. A young flautist named Gordon Walker was in the orchestra on the North Pier that summer. He was my grandfather, and from that meeting stemmed a long lasting friendship with my family. Both Léon and Gordon moved to London in 1912, and played together the following year under the great Hungarian conductor, Nikisch. They both joined the Covent Garden Orchestra after the First World War, but later their careers diverged, Léon joining the newly formed London Philharmonic Orchestra and my

grandfather the London Symphony Orchestra.

My father also eventually became a flautist in the LSO and when I entered the profession as a 'third generation' flautist, I soon met and worked with Léon Goossens. He was always held in the highest esteem by his colleagues, both as a man and a musician, and this was often borne out by some of the leg-pulling that went on in rehearsals. One day he complained to a conductor, during a film recording that a low 'A' written in his part took him off the range of the oboe. A muffled voice from the back of the orchestra came floating down 'You should have been taken off the oboe years ago!'

Then in 1962 Léon was involved in a serious car crash. His facial injuries were so severe that it required 150 stitches to repair his mouth. Also most of his front teeth were broken. To any other wind player this would have been the end of a career, but despite almost total lack of sensation in his lip muscles, Léon fought his way back into the profession at the age of 67!

His very first engagement after the accident was with an orchestra formed by my grandfather especially to record film music. I was there that day with my grandfather and father, and we could tell that Léon was very nervous, despite being surrounded by all his friends. But after a short oboe solo was recorded, the whole orchestra cheered and he never looked back after that.

Léon Goossens continued his career playing and lecturing until well into his eighties. His supreme artistry and dedication in the world of music will be greatly missed.

Anthony E. G. Walker

ANDREW MURPHY (1977-84) after studying at the NE Technical College is now working for the Royal Insurance Company in Liverpool. His father is still an active worker in the Parents' Association.

JOHN CARVILLE (1976-83) graduated in Philosophy and Theology II:1 from Hertford College, Oxford University, July 1987

MICHAEL McGUIRE (1972-83) was awarded a II:1 degree at the Royal College of Music where he has been offered a post-graduate place. He sings as a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal.

KEVIN McCARTEN (1968-75) graduated from Cambridge in 1978 with an Engineering degree and joined the Ford Motor Company. In 1982 he completed a Master's degree in Business Administration and then moved to

Geneva to work for Proctor & Gamble. He then worked in Canada before returning to Geneva and was then posted to Cairo to set up a joint venture company there. Kevin is married and has two children.

PAUL McCARTEN (1967-74), brother of Kevin, completed a BA degree and worked in Yorkshire for a chemical company. From there he moved to the United States and to Atlanta in Georgia where he completed a PhD in Biochemistry. He is now working in Pennsylvania.

CHRISTOPHER INGRAM (1954-65) is working in Cairo (where Kevin McCarten bumped into him) on a water treatment scheme.

NANCY BUCKLAND (1985-87) is reading Business Studies at Liverpool University and at the same time winning modelling and beauty competitions, reaching the finals of Miss Merseymart and taking first prize in the Liverpool Echo/Miss Radox competition, and becoming Miss Liverpool Parade. Nancy is the first former pupil to win beauty competitions! She was one of the leading lights in the team that won the Sainsbury's Business Competition last year.

STEPHEN JENKINS (1975-82) graduated BSc Hons from Hull University in Applied Physics. He is at present living in Hull and studying for his PhD in Laser Technology.

JOHN FENNELL (1935-40) has six children, three of whom, Nicholas, Simon and Christopher, attended SEC. He began his working life in the Town Clerk's office in Liverpool, returning there after a spell in the RAF (1942-47). He became Assistant Town Clerk in 1972 having taken a Diploma in Public Administration in 1950 at Liverpool University. He was appointed Principal Assistant to the Chief Executive of Merseyside in 1974 and retired in 1986. Since then he has been Clerk to the Merseyside Lieutenancy. In this capacity he has been responsible for arranging the forthcoming visit of the Duke of Gloucester to the College.

NICHOLAS FENNELL (1964-71) graduated BEng from Sheffield University in 1974 in Civil and Structural Engineering. Married in 1979 and then spent three years in Nigeria. He and his wife have two children. Now works for Ward, Ashcroft and Parkman. Qualified as a Chartered Engineer in 1978 and has been involved in schemes such as Prescot New Reservoir, the Albert Dock and is now on secondment to the Merseyside Development Corporation working on the King's Waterfront Development. Injuries have brought his sporting career in rugby and running to a halt but his interest in playing the viola continues.

WILLIAM ADAIR (1958-64) is now sales director of Pan Books.

TERENCE NEILL (1952-59) was awarded an MBE in the Queen's Birthday Honours List. He lives in Maidstone, Kent where his business specialises in small orders and exports. He is married and has two teenage daughters.

PETER CARR (1969-76) is working for Boehringer Ingelheim, the pharmaceutical company.

W. EDWARD JOHNSON (1955-66) wrote to correct a case of mistaken identity in the 1983-85 edition. He is working in the Attorney General's offices in Hong Kong having been Legal Adviser to the Urban Council there.

PHILIP SWANSON (1970-76) is lecturing in the Hispanic Studies Department at Edinburgh University, specialising in Latin American literature and has had his first book published.

PETER KAVANAGH (1972-79) is now the North West representative of the Green Party and he was the candidate for Grassendale in the local elections.

ANTHONY CHADWICK (1977-85) is in his third year of reading Veterinary Science at Liverpool University. He is to travel to Zimbabwe in July to study parasitology in the cavalry horses of the army there. He is currently looking for financial sponsorship.

MICHAEL SHORT (1958-64) is News Editor with Granada Television based at the Albert Dock. He previously worked as a journalist with the Catholic Pictorial, the Bootle Times, Southport Press Agency, Ormskirk Advertiser, Liverpool Mercury Press and the Daily Mirror, before becoming a journalist for Granada. He is married and has two sons.

JOHN BUCKLEY (1974-76) after pursuing a variety of careers is now a presenter of BBC TV's London regional news programme and a journalist who works for BBC Radio Four's 'You and Yours' programme.

JAMES STAUNTON (1946-53) is a lecturer in Chemistry at Cambridge University. After graduating BSc Hons from Liverpool University and also gaining his doctorate there, he began lecturing at Cambridge in 1969. He was awarded the Royal Society of Chemistry's bronze medal for his research works on antibiotics.

JEFFREY BALL (1970-81) and BRENDAN McILROY (1971-82) both graduated MB ChB from Liverpool University in 1987.

ANTHONY PRESTON (1971-82) graduated BDS from Liverpool, 1987.

GRANT CULLEN (1973-82) graduated BEng from Liverpool, 1987.

ANDREW ROBERTS (1977-84), BERNARD DAVIES (1977-84) & SIMON WHITFIELD (1973-84) all graduated BSc Hons from Liverpool in 1987 in Physics with Geophysics, Biochemistry and Pharmacology respectively.

Parents' Association

Mr Anthony McIver

The Association was formed 27 years ago under the guidance of Brother Foley, who was then Headmaster. His principal aim was to enable the Parents to meet and socialise in a convivial atmosphere.

Since that time the College has embarked on many ambitious building programmes to improve the amenities and strengthen its reputation of being a learning centre of excellence.

On each occasion the SEC PA responded by working hard to generate funds for the Schools' Building Fund. To date, this impressive development includes the swimming pool, dining hall, running track, sports hall, music design and the new arts and design centre.

The main fund-raising activities are the Pools, 200 Club, fairs and fêtes, dances and bar income. We have been very fortunate over the years, with loyal support from the parents which enabled the Association to contribute generously to the Building Fund.

The current economic climate demands that we continue with our efforts, and we will be relying heavily on the Parents' support.

However, the Association cannot afford to lose sight of the original concept of Brother Foley's early pioneers i.e. 'to provide parents the opportunity to meet and socialise in a convivial atmosphere'.

Hence, it is important that we continue with the non-profit making activities which enable parents to mix. To meet this objective, we organise sporting events which include the cricket team, swimming and badminton, whilst the calendar includes several socials held at regular intervals throughout the year.

All parents, with children in the school, automatically become members of the Association and are invited to participate in the activities. Any contributions or offers of help or promoting new ideas for events, however small or novel, will be most welcome.

The injection of these new ideas and support will enable the Association to develop and continue to maintain those high ideals set so many years ago.

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 James Johnson

The Old Boys' Annual Dinner seems to go from strength to strength and each year the committee is left wondering how the standard can be maintained. This is particularly true of the quality of speakers who have entertained us so well with their eloquence. 1987 was no exception and the speeches by Mike Reddington and John Shennan were informative, interesting as well as being amusing and had the great attribute for an Old Boys' Dinner of brevity.

The formalities of the evening are controlled as much as possible by the committee to enable Old Boys time to circulate amongst old friends and enjoy the company of people who they may only see on this one occasion in the year. We were particularly pleased this year to welcome so many members of staff whose company adds so much to the enjoyment of this traditional event.

The vintage mix from recent school leavers to octogenarians is an important ingredient in the success of the Dinner and the committee are indebted to Ken Tyrer and Peter Quinn for encouraging so many younger members who visit Bishop's Court to support this annual reunion.

For Old Boys of any vintage a sad absentee this year was Br O'Keeffe who died in April 1987. He came to St Edward's in 1942 and seemed to be in or around the school for the rest of his life. A regular guest at our dinners

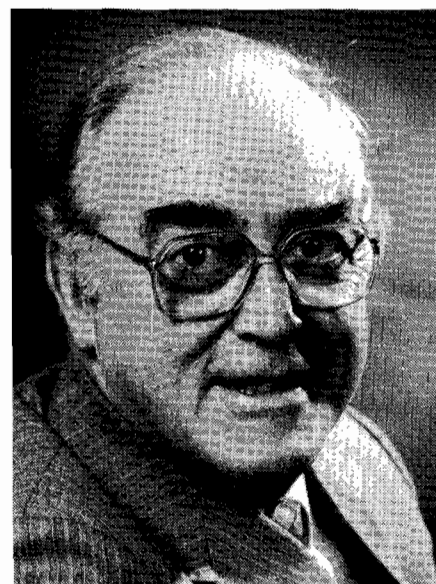
he will be sadly missed but never forgotten.

Any Old Boy who is not on our address list and wishes to be notified of the details of the Dinner should send his name and address to the Dinner Committee c/o the school, and the omission will be rectified.

1988 being the 50th anniversary of the school in Sandfield Park this year's Dinner will be a very special occasion. It will definitely be sold out so be advised, book early and ensure that you will be present at a truly memorable event.



Mike Reddington, Chief Executive Liverpool City Council left St Edward's for Liverpool University 1950.



John Shennan, Head of Springfields Laboratories, United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority left St Edward's for Liverpool University 1950.

REVIEW

If you would like to order a copy of the 1988-89 issue of St Edward's College Magazine, please complete the order form below. In due course you will be sent a copy (publication date June 1989) and invoiced. Price £2.70 including package and postage.

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The Story of Saint Edward's College

Colonel J. Graeme Bryson,
OBE, TD, DL, JP, LL.M.,
KCHS



Colonel Bryson (SEC 1922-29) is a former Chairman of Governors, was Senior, District Registrar of the High Court, Liverpool Admiralty Registrar and a Deputy Circuit Judge.

The story and traditions of St Edward's College, Liverpool, are fragmented. First, there is the history of St Edward's as a Catholic College continuously from January 1843 to now, and, I hope, for many years to come. Up to 1920 the College was at St Domingo Road, Everton, but in 1939 it moved to Sandfield Park. Then there is the story from 1851 to 1920 of the Catholic Institute, Rodney Street, later Hope Street. In 1920 it moved to St Domingo Road to take over the buildings and name of St Edward's College from the Archdiocesan Seminary. Finally there is the new injection of tradition by the arrival of the Christian Brothers at the turn of the century to take over the Catholic Institute from the Diocesan Clergy. It is all very confusing, but I hope this paper will clarify most of the problems. Let's be clear: the school is and always has been independent. Quite apart from the people and traditions involved, there is the story of the buildings, particularly that of St Domingo House with its duel to the death, and its Royal occupancy by the then Duke of Gloucester.

Catholic Liverpool in the 1840s

The young Queen Victoria had recently ascended the throne, and in 1840 she married Prince Albert. As far as I remember from my school books, there were no wars at the time.

Indeed there was a great expansion of trade, Liverpool sharing in the general prosperity. The railway system was developing fast and the first steamships were sailing out of Liverpool.

Nationally there was the excitement of a new Elizabethan age, and education and further education were no longer to be for the rich alone. Liverpool Institute (secular) and the Collegiate School (Church of England) were both started with great pomp at this time. Also in 1840 the Pope doubled the number of Bishops in England (Vicars-Apostolic until the Hierarchy was restored in 1850). The Lancashire District was allotted to Bishop George Brown who wasted no time in encouraging higher education of Catholic boys for advancement in life and, hopefully, for vocations for the priesthood.

The Purchase of St Domingo House

St Domingo House, a large mansion on the 'verdant slopes' of Everton, had just come on the market. It had been a school run for some years by Charles Voelker, a pupil of the great Swiss educational reformer Johann Pestalozzi. After World War Two, Pestalozzi villages were set up for teaching war refugee children. Dr Youens was Bishop Brown's right hand man for the negotiations and he agreed to purchase the estate for £4,760. The benefactor of the purchase money was to have been the Squire of Brindle, near Preston, Captain William Heatley. Sadly for the Bishop, Captain Heatley died without giving effect to his intentions. Captain Heatley's friend Mr Gillow of Leighton Hall, Carnforth helped with a loan of £4,000. The shortfall of £760 was donated by Edward Chaloner, a timber merchant of Oak Hill, Liverpool. Mr Chaloner also gave a beautiful solid mahogany statue of St Edward which stands today in the entrance hall of Upholland College. In view of the changing nature of Upholland College, perhaps it is time for this lovely reminder of Saint Edward to be returned to its titular home. Because of the repairs and alterations, it was not until October 1842 that the first President, Dr John Henry Fisher took up residence together with his Vice-President the future Bishop Goss. The next thing was to obtain pupils, so advertisements were placed in the new Catholic journal, *The Tablet*. For the record here is a copy of the insertion.

ST EDWARD'S SCHOOL, EVERTON, late ST DOMINGO HOUSE, conducted by Clergymen appointed by the Right Rev Dr BROWN, Bishop of Lancashire District, will be OPENED for the RECEPTION of STUDENTS on MONDAY 16th Jan, 1843. Rev JOHN HENRY FISHER, President.

The Course of Education will comprise: Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Geography, History, Elocution, English Composition, the French, Latin and Greek Languages, etc. For this Course of Education the pension required will be £45 per annum, payable half yearly in advance, with an extra charge for Washing. Use of books, £1 per annum. Instead of Students bringing along with them silver spoon, fork, bed linen etc., the sum of three guineas will be

charged, and those articles will be provided by the house. Clothes will be provided by Parents.

Music, the use of Pianoforte, Drawing, Dancing, Drilling, Fencing, Medicine, and Medical Attention, Modern Languages, except French, will form extra charges.

N.B. All pocket money must pass through the hands of the Superiors.

Further particulars may be obtained by applying to the Rev John Henry Fisher, President of St Edward's, or to the very Rev. Dr Youens, 16 Warren Street, Liverpool.

When the school opened for business on 16th January 1843, not a single pupil came through the door. The first pupil, Thomas Pattison arrived the next day from Newcastle, and then further entrants arrived from Manchester, Liverpool, Essex, Malaga in Spain, Bilbao in Spain. For the next ten years the number of boys in residence was 14, 29, 35, 37, 45, 40, 37, 17, 25, 22, and 35. This must have been disappointing and far short of the number of fifty students which was their target.

They probably expected to have students from overseas coming into the Port of Liverpool, and this was the case for the years passed there was a regular intake from Central and South America, the West Indies, Jamaica, Italy etc.

Alfred Austin (Poet Laureate) & Trader Horn

One of the pupils to arrive during the first year of St Edward's was the young Alfred Austin from Headingley, Leeds, who joined the school on 27th September 1843 at the age of eight. Oxford and Cambridge were not available to Catholics until the end of the century, so he went to London University and then became a barrister. He became a 'working journalist-poet', and Editor of the *National Review*. He followed Lord Tennyson as Poet Laureate, but the public found the comparison not favourable to Austin. Austin always spoke well of his six years at the College:

We were most comfortably housed and fed. Fr Fisher personally superintending our needs, and amply providing for them. nor can I praise too highly the thoroughness of the tuition I there received. I was well grounded in Latin and French, if less so in Greek; and even the latter, I had read, before I was fourteen, including the Antigone of Sophocles, and, not in class, but under the personal supervision of Dr Goss, some of the Odes of Anacreon. The teaching of one's own language was still more thorough.

In 1862 another very different character was to join the school, namely John Aloysius Smith, a strong determined young man who was later to become famous as the buccaneering sea captain Trader Horn. His autobiography was a best-seller for many years, though I have not seen it lately. He recalled his dormitory nights in the school

with the 'most cosmopolitan group of youngsters ever gathered together for education'. It certainly was cosmopolitan with students from most corners of the world each with their own national background and tales of far-off places which excited the imagination of the young J. A. Smith. Move on another thirty years and the young Richard Downey came on the roll, later to receive a triple doctorate and become the third Archbishop of Liverpool. When he died in 1953, I was one of the pall bearers carrying his body into the crypt of the Cathedral he had started but was never to see finished. We wore evening dress for the occasion, I recollect. Which reminds me that Alfred Austin died in 1913, a few months after I was born which seems to make for some sort of continuity.



St Domingo House

The Cathedral and the Seminary

St Edward's in its early days was intended for those desirous of pursuing commerce or any of the learned secular professions, but it gradually became more orientated to studies for the ecclesiastical state. It was early affiliated to London University, and is said to be the first Catholic college to allow its pupils home for Christmas. Lay students continued to arrive until the early days of the present century, but were outnumbered by students for the priesthood.

The first Vice-President, Alexander Goss was soon to become Bishop of the diocese and remained in residence at the college. He envisaged the magnificent grounds as the ideal site for the new Cathedral, looking as they do from a commanding site over the Mersey estuary. At that time, Everton was still a high class residential area with many fine residences and estates. As early as 1856, Bishop Goss engaged Welby Pugin to build a magnificent Gothic Cathedral, but only the Lady Chapel was built in the College grounds, where I spent many hours as a student. I was sad to see a few days ago that it is at present being demolished.

St Domingo House

A whole book could be written of the history of St Domingo House, but here there is just room for a summary. The name of St Domingo had been given about 1755 to an earlier house on the site by George Campbell, a privateer, or licensed pirate, who had captured a rich prize off the coast of the isle of San Domingo. He was Mayor of Liverpool in 1763. Ten years later another Mayor of Liverpool, John Sparling, also involved in the West India trade, replaced the then existing building with the palatial residence we all called St Edward's College.

It was the finest building in the whole of Liverpool with fabulous views and extensive laid-out gardens. This noble estate passed, on Sparling's death in 1800, to his son William, a Lieutenant in the 10th Regiment of Dragoons. Unhappily, he fell out with Edward Grayson, a Liverpool shipbuilder, and a duel was fought near the old Chapel in Toxteth Park. Grayson was killed, and Sparling and his second, Captain Colquitt, RN, were tried for murder, but acquitted at Lancaster Assize on 4th April, 1804.

William Sparling felt unable to remain in

Liverpool, and the house was let to the Government as the military headquarters for the local Commander-in-Chief, His Royal Highness Prince William, Duke of Gloucester, who lived there until 1811. He was well entertained by the many rich merchants of Liverpool. His farewell message bore testimony to the generous hospitality afforded to him by the townfolk of Liverpool.

After this exciting episode in its history, the mansion was a barracks for a short time, then a seminary for young ladies, then Mr Voelker's academy at which many of Liverpool's future leading citizens were educated. This brings us back to Dr Youens' purchase in 1842. By the 1870s St Edward's was 'bulging at the seams', to use a modern expression. The large dormitory extensions were built which are shown in my picture.

In 1919 the seminarians all moved out to Upholland College, leaving the name behind them, the buildings and name to be taken over by the Christian Brothers and pupils of the Catholic Institute from Hope Street in Liverpool.

The Catholic Institute

We now turn to the story of a most remarkable Liverpool man, Fr Nugent, whose beautiful and arresting statue (to use Archbishop Downey's words) is to be found in St John's Gardens, Liverpool. A whole book has indeed been written about him and the endless list of his achievements. He had been born in 1822 near what is now the Walker Art Gallery and received a good education, but not at a Catholic school because Liverpool did not possess such a thing. He therefore made it his business to create a middle or secondary school in the town.

Father Nugent was a product of Ushaw and the English College, Rome, and was ordained in 1846 for the Lancashire District. He returned to Liverpool in 1949 and quickly pursued his aim for a school of more advanced education for Catholics. He was able to open his new project on 7th January 1950 on the corner of Rodney Street and Maryland Street, using the ground floor for the school and the upper floor for a Mass room pending the opening of St Philip Neri's oratory in Catherine Street. Many years ago I was very friendly with Augustine Reid, insurance broker to St Edward's, whose uncles had been pupils in those foundation years of the Catholic Institute.



Hope St/Mayleaur

On 31st October 1853 Father Nugent was able to arrange the opening of the new buildings in Hope Street, where the Catholic Institute was to remain until 1920. The opening was conducted by Cardinal Wiseman who, the previous evening, had delivered a lecture to a distinguished gathering in the Philharmonic Hall.

The Catholic Almanac for 1906 had praise for the CI (as the Catholic Institute was generally called):

Father Nugent rapidly brought the school into a foremost position, doing everything for it that could lend it prestige, and at the same time introducing features calculated to inspire the boys with the ambition to win distinction in their future careers. Under his sway, the Institute became a centre of Catholic life . . . and masters of high academic records . . . we were engaged.

John Henry Newman, not yet a Cardinal, lectured at the school. It may have been Newman's visit which inspired Father Nugent to dedicate his oratory to St Philip Neri, because Newman's famous sermon in 1850, *The Second Spring*, concludes with a strong personal devotion to St Philip Neri, the Founder of the Oratorians. St Philip lived in Rome and personally wished good luck to the young priests returning to England in the time of Queen Elizabeth, many of them to their death; and you will remember that Father Nugent was himself a product of the English College, Rome. Father Nugent was appointed the first Director of the Catholic Institute, a post which he held for ten years until he was appointed Chaplain at Walton Prison.

The school flourished for many years, but towards the end of the century, it did badly in competition with St Francis Xavier's School, and the numbers fell, being only 27 in 1900. The responsibility for the school remained with the Diocese so that problems were posed for Bishop Whiteside who decided to invite the Christian Brothers to take over control and to revitalise CI, as it was affectionately known by all Old Boys.

The Christian Brothers

The Christian Brothers had been founded by Edmund Ignatius Rice in Dublin in 1802 as a teaching order, and it was not long before their members were found in most English speaking countries. During the century they had been in Liverpool for many years, but that is another story. They had returned to Liverpool in 1900 to run a Pupil Teachers' Training Centre with Bro J. S. Leahy at their head, and on the 3rd April 1902 he then became Headmaster of the combined PTC and the CI. The results were instantaneous and spectacular.

Within two years the roll had risen to 222, including 78 Pupil Teachers, and by 1911 the number was 390 boys and no Pupil Teachers. The Government Inspectors wrote in glowing terms of the teaching and facilities. In fact the numbers required constant extensions in a City centre site which could not cope any more with the demand for places which had further risen to 520 in 1917.

One of the first pupils to arrive after the CBs took over was the young Léon Goossens,

later to become the world's most famous oboe player. He raised the standard of oboe-playing to the highest levels and many composers wrote works dedicated to him.

He died quite recently but I feel sure that he would be delighted at the continued musical tradition of the school. Another pupil about that time was Philip Hawe who in 1917 won a Medical Scholarship to Liverpool University. He later became a distinguished surgeon in Liverpool, and a Colonel in the Royal Army Medical Corps. He was a Governor of the College with me for many years, and gave the wisest advice on all occasions.

Bishop Whiteside made the first public distribution of prizes in 1911 in St George's Hall, the audience including many members of the Shrewsbury Diocesan Chapter, for many of the boys came at that time and for many years from Cheshire. Victories were also being achieved on the sportsfield, with the inter-school Junior Shield being won in 1917, followed by the winning of the Senior and the Junior Shield in 1919.

The Catholic Institute becomes St Edward's

We have now come to the point when the Catholic Institute became St Edward's College, and also when my father moved his legal practice from Monmouthshire to Liverpool, so that instead of going to the Christian Brothers School in Bath, his four sons were to be at St Edward's College over the next fifteen years or so, which explains why I am writing this history of the school.

Part of the Catholic Institute premises were leasehold: the lease expired and could not be renewed. It had become clear to the Community that new premises would have to be found, and various sites were inspected without success. In the meantime the War had created problems for the Diocesan Seminary which owned both St Edward's College and Upholland College. Bishop Whiteside was able to offer St Domingo House to the Catholic Institute, and the transfer took place in 1920. On January 20th every stick that could be moved and every student were all transferred to Upholland.

The senior students made the move a pilgrimage, and tramped to Wigan to arrive hungry and weary and late for supper, and with an unsympathetic reception. At this point we say farewell to the Seminarians except to regret once more that they took with them the beautiful statue of Saint Edward.

Brother W. D. Forde was to be the new Superior, a fearsome character indeed. He or Brother Leahy stood just inside the entrance door each morning ready to mete out instant punishment to latecomers. The only acceptable excuse was that one had served at Mass, however hollow the excuse sounded.

Many Old Boys at that time will remember the little book 'Christian Politeness' with its advice to leave a card if we called on a neighbour and received no reply. Every class had its own Brother in charge, which created quite a paternal atmosphere with what we imagined were Victorian ideas of discipline. The lay staff were nearly all Old Boys. The idea was clearly to ensure that we were not lazy, that we worked hard and that we were all meant to get on in life. I never heard any

complaints from parents or boys, neither were we unhappy except for short sharp periods at frequent intervals! I was a very ordinary student myself and left to go to University in 1929. There would be many very interesting vignettes for me to describe, but I must resist the temptation and proceed with the school's history.

Sandfield Park

The Catholic Institute and St Edward's had never been a community based school, many of its pupils travelling for considerable distances. The development of dormitory areas and other problems made Everton a less suitable place for the school. Also, the buildings were never intended for use as a modern school, being either mid-Victorian or eighteenth century. Therefore, when the City Council made overtures in 1934 to purchase the estate, they met with a ready response.

The Sandfield Park properties of Runnymede and St Clare were purchased in 1936 amid some opposition including that from Archbishop Downey. My own Senior Partner lived in the Old Hall which was the principal residence in the Park and had been a Dower House for the Earls of Sefton. He was not particularly keen on a large school with its boys chasing around the elegant drives in the Park. My firm therefore led the opposition which was awkward for my father who became a Governor of the School about that time. In the end all was settled satisfactorily, and on 19th September 1938, the pupils arrived for classes, although much remained to be done.

The War 1939-1945

I am not too clear about the war-time progress of the school, but the boys were evacuated to Llanelli for a couple of years during which time they adopted the Rugby Union code which they later developed to considerable effect, being quoted as one of the six leading Rugby schools in England. By 1941 all the boys had returned to Sandfield Park.

The Post-War Period

I am not sure of the date, but I replaced my father on the Governing Body of the school. The Chairman was Dean Grace, a lovely man but of a much older generation at a time when forward-looking was rapidly becoming a necessity. The Chairmen who followed him were deeply involved in the Archdiocesan plans for reorganisation.

St Edward's becomes the Cathedral Choir School

In 1960 Archbishop Heenan had opened the Cathedral Crypt and founded a Cathedral Choir and a Choir School. The latter was based around The Gables in Woolton, but after a decade it fell on hard times, and it was closed down.

By that time George Andrew Beck was Archbishop, and he was most anxious that the Cathedral Choir should not only survive, but continue to develop, and he approached the Christian Brothers to see if they would be prepared to absorb the boys of the choir into

St Edward's. Most of the negotiations were done between myself, acting on behalf of the Brothers and the School, and Mr Philip Duffy, acting on behalf of the Cathedral and the Archdiocese. Eventually an agreement was signed by both the Archbishop and the Brother Provincial, and in September 1974, St Edward's became the Cathedral Choir School, thus becoming only the second Catholic choir school in the country (the first was at Westminster). Some of the existing choristers transferred from other schools, and about twenty new choristers were recruited from among the pupils of Runnymede.

A few years later, the Cathedral Choir Schools' Association elected the Headmaster of St Edward's to membership, and together with Westminster Cathedral Choir School and thirty or so Anglican Choir Schools, we joined in representing the interests of all the thirty or so Cathedral and Collegiate Choir Schools in the country.

Re-organisation

St Edward's was the jewel in the crown of the Archdiocese and was the first choice of nearly all those taking the City's entrance examinations at the age of eleven. I see in the Prize Day programme for 1975, my next to last year as Chairman of the Governors, that out of the eighty boys in the sixth form, about seventy went on to higher education, nearly all to universities. It was very much a school

sought after by parents seeking the best opportunities for their sons, as, I think, it still is.

I do not think that Archbishop Beck seriously thought that the school would agree to be the continuation school for a limited number of parishes only, but this was proposed. It was a complicated problem, but we had to make a delaying decision until the 'eleven-plus' finishing date was decided upon. As I was then sixty-five, I thought that a younger man should take the school into independence when the time came, and so I resigned from the Board of Governors. I was delighted that Professor Basil Whalley took the Chair. A dedicated Old Boy, he understood the education system in a way quite beyond my own comprehension. It was under his leadership that the school became fully independent.

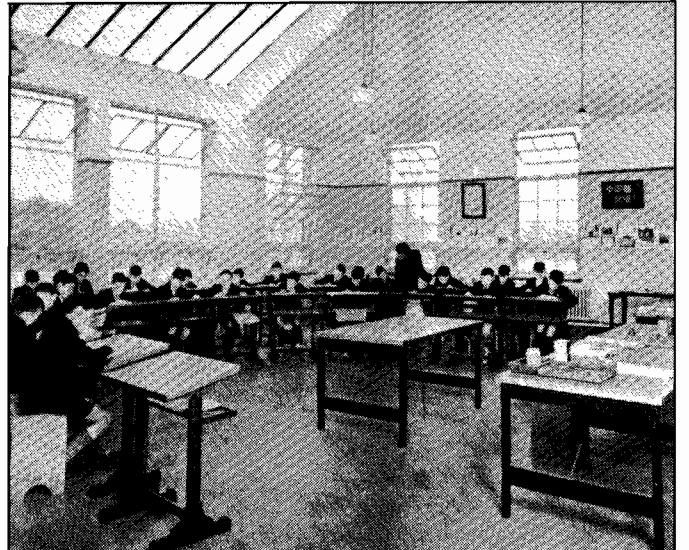
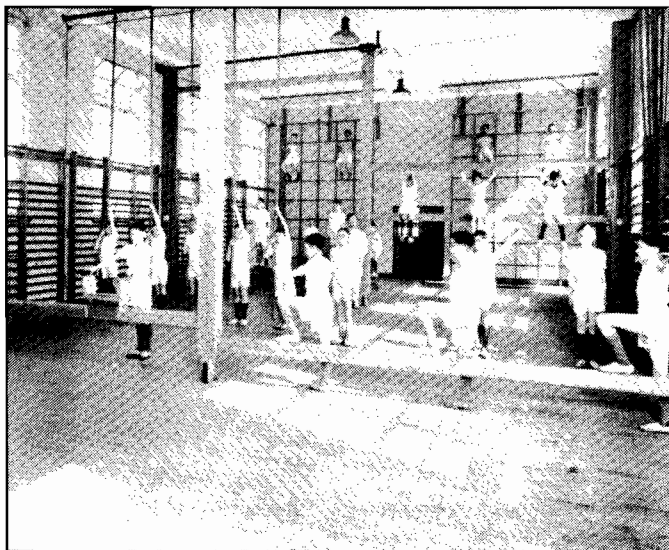
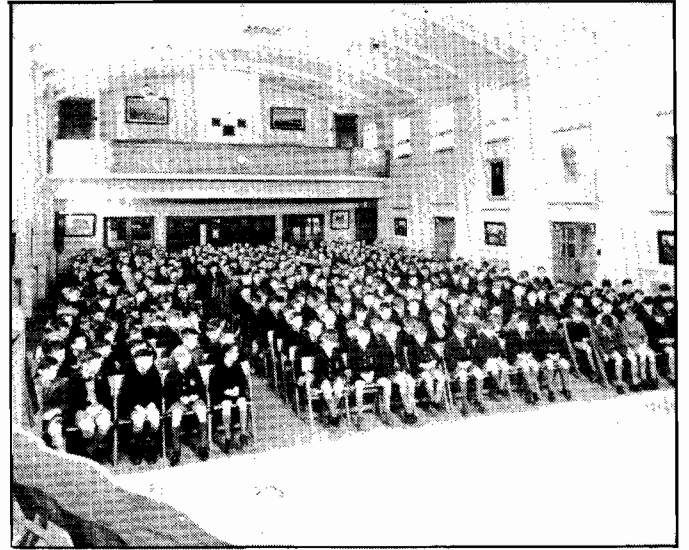
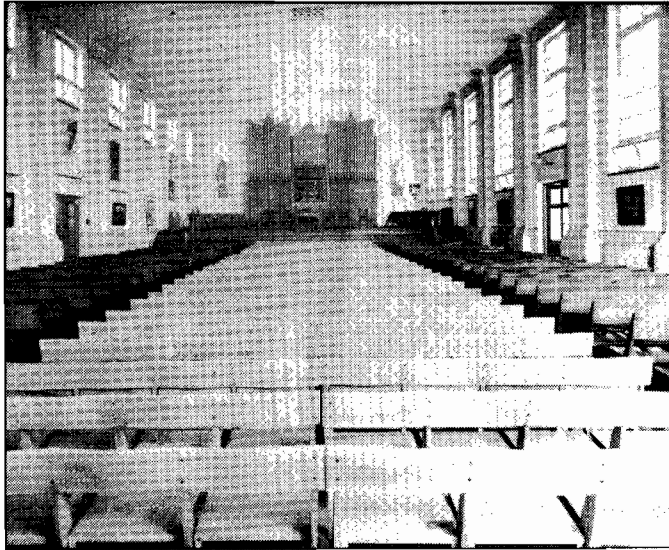
'Independence'

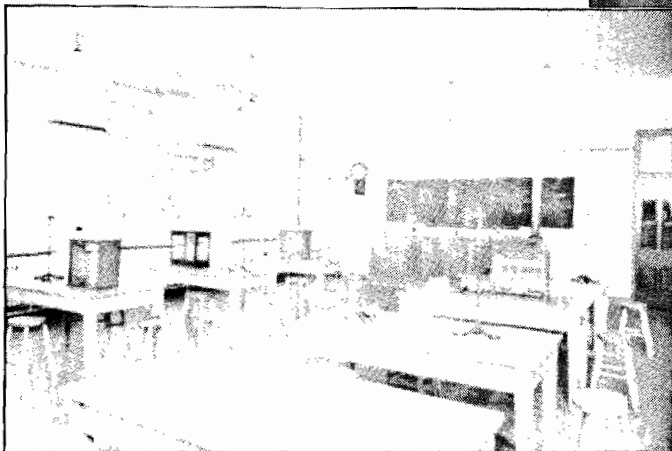
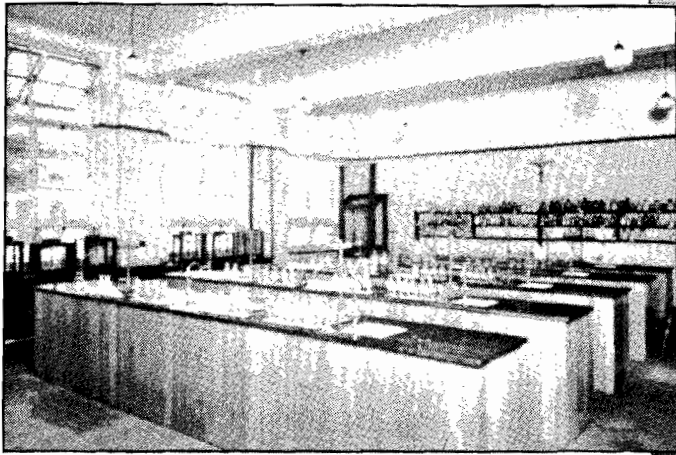
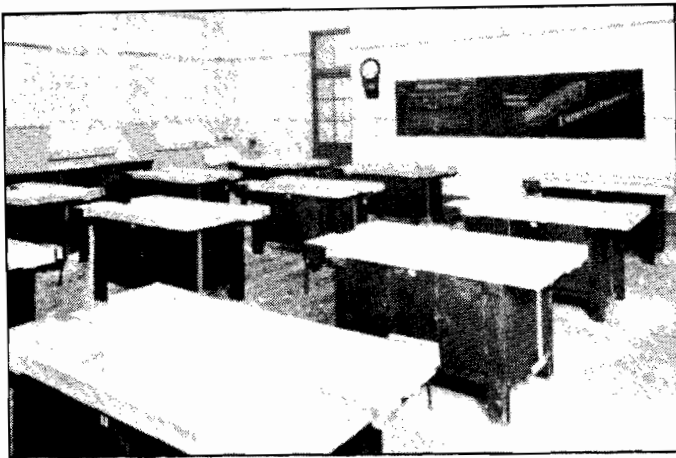
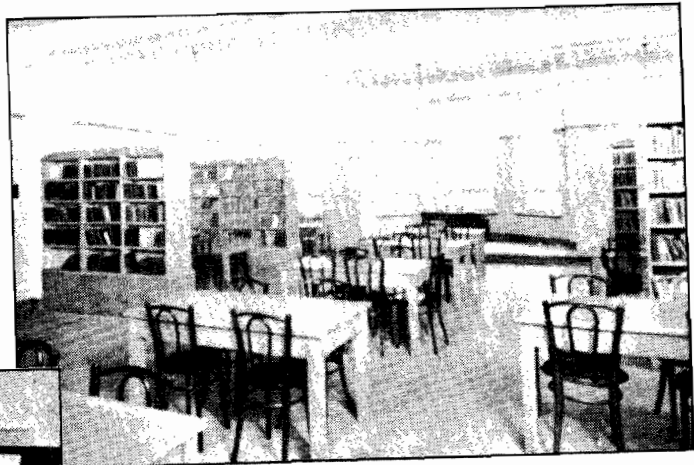
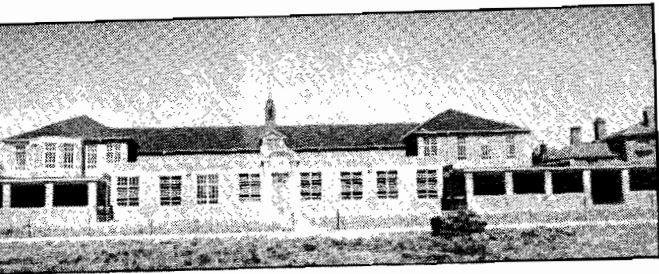
It was a brave decision to decide upon full independence. On the plus side the Headmaster is a Member of the Headmasters' Conference, joining the Headmasters of other Public Schools. The Prep School belongs to the Association of Preparatory Schools and is extremely successful, giving as it does a wonderful start in life to young boys.

On the other hand, one must consider the vocation of the Christian Brothers whose mission is to be Christian teachers to all able

pupils irrespective of parental income. I feel sure that they will seek every opportunity to keep the intake of boys on as wide a basis as possible. Then there are the financial implications, both for the school and for the parents. As I said above, it was a brave decision, but the Headmaster will be fully supported by his own Community and the Staff, and by the guidance of the Governors led by their Chairman Mr John Morgan, another dedicated Old Boy and a distinguished barrister.

The 'new' St Edward's





Cathedral Choir

Brother Aaron Kiely
(Choir Chaplain)

As the Church continues from year to year its mission of preaching the gospel, so we in the cathedral, as one small community within the Church, continue our mission of raising people's minds and hearts to God through music. It is somehow comforting to know that even though there are frequent modifications to the personnel and repertoire lists of the choir, our aims and ideals are as unchanging as the gospel itself. We adapt and build on the great heritage of music which has always been used as a form of worship, to lead the People of God and, by our very efforts in making something beautiful, to praise him ourselves.

These high ideals can sometimes seem quite distant when for example the Celebrant fails to sing the right notes, or when a psalm-text happens to rhyme closely with a humorous alternative version. Nevertheless, the daily, weekly, yearly cycle of practice and performance goes on planting and harvesting in our little corner of the vineyard.

The past year then has seen much that is familiar to anyone who has encountered the choir, as well as many new experiences. The most notable event, and certainly the one which required the most planning, must surely be the Italian Tour of 17-27 July last, during which the choir sang at the church of S. Ignazio and at St Peter's in Rome, the Basilica of St Francis in Assisi, the church of St Rita and the shrine of La Consolata in Turin, besides meeting and singing for the Pope, and having a good sunny holiday into the bargain. All the arrangements ran smoothly, and the singers really rose to the occasion and were everywhere well received. Our thanks go to all who helped in many small and great ways to make this our most successful tour yet.

Before the summer six representatives of the choir were invited to join some 800 other choristers and adult singers in the sixtieth anniversary celebrations of the Royal School of Church Music, at a service in the Royal Albert Hall in the presence of HM the Queen, which was later televised. Around that time we welcomed to the cathedral, a number of people who would certainly have watched that service, some fifty professional church musicians who were taking part in the conference of the Cathedral Organists' Association, this time held jointly between our two Liverpool cathedrals. I cannot comment on the nerves of those who sang, conducted and accompanied Choral Evening Prayer on that day under the microscope of the majority of the national experts in choral music, but many letters of thanks and



Rehearsal in S. Ignazio, Rome.

compliments arrived in the following weeks.

The new academic year saw a return to the usual mixture of quiet weekday services and grand occasions such as the Mass for St Edward's — one of the few annual events which fill the 'Big Top'. Once a term some of the more mobile aspects of the cathedral are taken out for an evening to a parish of the diocese to share some of our treasures with those who may never be able to visit us. Thus the choir, along with vestments, banners, Golden Books, souvenirs and a number of staff have descended in the last year upon the parishes of St James', Bootle, St Theresa's, Sutton Manor, and St Paschal's, Childwall, in all of which we have given an explanation of our work and a concert.

Advent is beginning to rival Holy Week as the busiest time of year for us. December's extraordinary events, besides Midnight Mass, included the popular Festival Carol Service with its torchlight processions, the three afternoon Schools Carol Services (attended by 7,500 young people), a concert of Britten's 'Ceremony of Carols' in the Crypt, and yet more carol singing, this time on the Radio City platform in Church St. In addition we managed to record a service for Radio 3 to broadcast in February and do a live broadcast of Choral Vespers on 23 December, also for the BBC. The season was rounded off with the traditional Choristers' Christmas Party.

Ecumenical collaboration with the



Pope John Paul auditions for the Choir!

Eugene

Bernard Kelly
Form Two

Anglican cathedral continues apace: their choir joined us for a service during January's Church Unity Week, when our stalls bulged to accommodate 43 boys and 24 men instead of the usual total of 28 singers. We hope to combine again for a Pentecost service.

Meanwhile collaboration also goes on with the Cathedral Concerts Society: this season we are involved with the music of Cavalli, Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky for 'normal' concerts, Messiaen and Patterson as part of the celebrations for the opening of the Tate Gallery in Liverpool, and in November we were joined by the Finchley Children's Music Group to give the second performance of Bedford's 'Into thy wondrous house' in aid of CAFOD.

Joining the choir community in the last year were James O'Shaughnessy and nine new Probationers (listed below). Mrs Aileen Dobbins (mother of Steven and Christopher) became Choir Secretary, and Br Aaron Kiely, having taught most of the choir while at St Edward's, took over from Fr Paul Robbins as Chaplain.

Grateful thanks (and several long-service

medals!) go to our leavers: Nick Hartley, Adrian McDonald, Shaun Cassells, Andy Smith, John Walsh, Neil Barratt, Ian Roberts and Patrick Taylor.

SEC Members of The Cathedral Choir — March 1988:

Trebles: Michael Wallace (Head Chorister), Jonathan Parr (Deputy), Kevin Beckett, Karl Lee, Andrew Redden, Christopher Walsh, David Cook, Nicholas Mulroy, Daniel O'Neill, Nicholas Platt, Vincent Price, John Mullholland, James O'Shaughnessy, David Lloyd, Carl English, Brendan Casey.

Probationers: Jonathan Smith, Iain Jones, Jon Barton, Christopher Dobbins, David Cooke, James Pearson, Matthew Whitfield, Benjamin Murphy, Andrew Brereton.

Lower Voices: Paul Blackburn (bass), Stephen Wallace (tenor) Stephen Shuttleworth, Graham Smith, Kevin English, Paul Garrity, Francis Jarvis, Jude Watts (altos).

Administration: Brendan Rawlinson, Martin Fraser, Michael Stubbs, Steven Dobbins, Allan Preston.

When you've been away from your home planet for fifty years, and suddenly decide to return, you expect a warm welcome.

'I'm afraid your papers are not in order', is not exactly a warm welcome under those circumstances. But that's what the grotty looking customs officer had said when his singularly nasty face appeared on the holo-view scanner. OK, so the dingy little space boat that was transporting me was obviously not up to earth standards, but you couldn't blame me for that. I had beamed my 'papers' over the computer link up system, which I was surprised to find still in operation, but I did not really expect them to be in order after all this time.

'Would you like me to find verification of your existence?' queried the officer.

'I'll give you that!' I shouted at the man, my face puffed up in a red ball of fury. To be quite honest, I had every intention of rearranging the fellow's face if and when I finally landed on the planet. Not that the earth was a particularly welcoming sight anyway. I banked my craft round to orbit the planet.

As I expected, the Americas had been blown off the face of the earth, the north-east part of the USSR was missing, and a chunk of Africa was rubbing shoulders with Western Australia; radiation covered approximately 70% of the earth's surface, and everyone appeared to be living in crowded underground cities. I sighed as I realized that I had left in the nick of time fifty years ago; the war HAD taken place.

The only thing that was really good about the planet was the oceans. At least they had not been greatly affected by the war; vast expanses of blue-green water spread out as far as I could see as I skimmed close to the surface of the planet. It was wonderful; immense plains of water, gleaming like great jewels, stretched out across the round ball that was once ten times more beautiful than it was now.

'We've sorted everything out for you', said the customs officer as his face appeared on the holo-view screen.

'At last!'

'However, there are a few things I'll have to tell you,' he continued.

'Such as?'

'I'm afraid you'll have to be put under quarantine.'

'How long?'

'Five years', replied the officer smugly. I refrain from telling you what I said to him. However, it didn't seem to deter him from continuing. 'Also, you will be fined one



The wandering minstrels reach Pisa.

million and seventy two pounds, ninety nine pence, for stealing the craft you are now travelling in.' Goodness knows how he had found out that fifty years ago I had stolen the craft to escape from the imminent war. But I hated him for finding out anyway. I also wondered if they'd introduced the ninety nine pence piece yet . . .

It just showed how little the earth authorities noticed of me when I turned the ship round and headed back into space, without them following me! Not that I minded, though. But I felt sorry for the poor people of earth living in those cramped cities.

Only the rich and powerful could afford to live in relative luxury, while the rest of the population passed their lives in disgusting, tiny and dirty houses. The caves in which the cities were found had only the dim lights of the artificial neon rods overhead to remind the people that there was something bright called the sun above ground.

I was awakened from my morbid thoughts by Eugene. I can't really explain who or what Eugene is (or was, for that matter). I found him in space. Or rather, he found me. He just appeared in the ship one day (or night, it's difficult to tell in space). Eugene is a life-force; that is, he has no shape, until he enters a physical object. The 'physical object' is usually Walter the cat, or the plant pot. Therefore, I refrain from thumping the cat or neglecting the plant, in case Eugene is lurking there.

'I thought you might like to see something,' remarked the cat. Or Eugene. I strolled over to the cat, which was being infuriatingly lazy, lying stretched out on the floor, and spoke to it.

'Well, if it might hold my interest for a few minutes. I'll see it.'

'If you'll look at the view screen,' said the cat, 'I'll show you it.' The screen flashed and flickered, and then I was staring at space. Nothing but space.

'All right, wise guy. What's out there?' I had grown used to the fact that Eugene happened to know everything. I am not joking either.

'If I instruct the computer to pass ultra violet rays in that direction,' continued the cat, as computer keys were moved without anyone operating them, 'you'll see something quite different . . .'

He was right. I dropped into my seat and gazed at the sight before me. It was like a vast

blue blanket over a sea of sleeping stars, with the galaxy as a bed. It seemed like a great blue mushroom drifting through space. My craft was dwarfed by its massive size.

'It would be wise to get out of his way,' remarked Eugene.

'Get out of HIS way?' I said. 'I take it you two have met somewhere before!'

'Oh, I bumped into him on my travels,' replied Eugene.

'Well, what does he do to you if you happen to meet him?'

'He eats you'.

'That's nice. But why aren't you in his belly now, rather than here, alive?'

'He got bored trying to eat me,' replied Eugene. I couldn't conceal my laughter.

'I don't blame him!'

I stopped laughing and stood, aghast. 'Did you say he EATS you?'

'Yes'.

I nearly fainted. 'Can we get out of his way?' I asked when I had recovered my scattered wits.

'No'.

I fainted.

When I came round, the ship had changed course; Eugene had probably tried getting us out of the mess we were in, although the picture on the screen was bigger and a deeper shade of blue. I had to admit that it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen in all my travels.

It was like a great vista of scintillating water, just like the oceans of the earth, only bigger and purer. It was a pity that such a wonderful thing could hold so much deadly power.

'There's nothing much I can do,' said the sad voice of Eugene, emanating this time from the plant pot.

'But I suppose you'll come out of it safe and sound, eh?' I asked, holding back the flow of anger that threatened to burst the dam of my mind.

'You suppose correctly, friend.' I gazed at the plant pot, and, not for the first time, thought about the pleasure it would bring me to smash it. Not that Eugene would be hurt; he'd just leave me, and then where would I be: Then a thought struck me.

'Eugene, is there any possibility of you persuading that thing to go some place else and leave us along?' The plant shuddered, the flowers pricked up and Eugene spoke.

'Maybe, but I'd expect something in return . . .'

'All right, I'll clean your pot out.'

'No'.

'I'll make you another cat cushion!'

'No'.

'I promise I won't ever call you names again!' I was begging on my knees. What a sight I made.

'No'.

'All right, I give in. I'll give you a porterhouse steak!'

'Done!'

For the price of one porterhouse steak (which I did not have), I had probably saved my life. Probably. Hopefully.

The view in front of me spun round as the ship was manipulated by some strange gravitational field. I glanced at the plant pot, then at the cat.

'Eugene?' There was no reply, so I assumed that he was communicating with the life form. So, I started monitoring the thing in front of the craft for any changes in its course.

Then I received another shock. The ship suddenly lurched, and then plunged INTO the being. At once, it seemed as if I was racing down a never-ending tunnel, the walls of which glowed with a soft jade colour. On and on the ship raced. The walls of the craft slowly fell away from my grasp, and I was running, running for my life. Eugene was gone; the ship was gone; reality was gone. It seemed as if I was running inexorably on, unable to turn my head because of the pressure round me. My vision was blurred; I could not discern anything solid at all.

Then I was running on air, with a fresh breeze blowing in my face. I was beginning to like the feeling, although I can't explain why. I looked down at my feet; there was no pressure now. The breeze faded away into the realms of fantasy, and I was running over a vast jade ocean. The water gave way to tree covered land, followed by a great plain of grass, then hills, then mountains, then a long, peaceful stretch of coast, on which there seemed to be buildings . . . I could see people, cheerful, bright faced people, sailing in little boats or walking through great gardens.

Showers of sparkling blue stars burst into my eyes, as the view of tranquillity fell away from me, like myriads of tiny gems.

I was back in the cabin of the ship. The view screen showed empty space. I changed to rear view, and to my immense relief, I saw the thing retreating away from us.

'I told it to go somewhere else,' said Eugene. Neither the cat nor the plant pot were 'talking'. Eugene's voice echoed in my mind. My hands were shaking after the experience I had had.

'Eugene? Where are you?'

'I'm here . . .'

'Where?' Then I knew. Eugene was me.

'I think you ought to know something . . .' chanted Eugene's voice in my mind. 'That thing I sent away . . . it's headed for earth.'

'It doesn't matter . . .' I said dreamily.

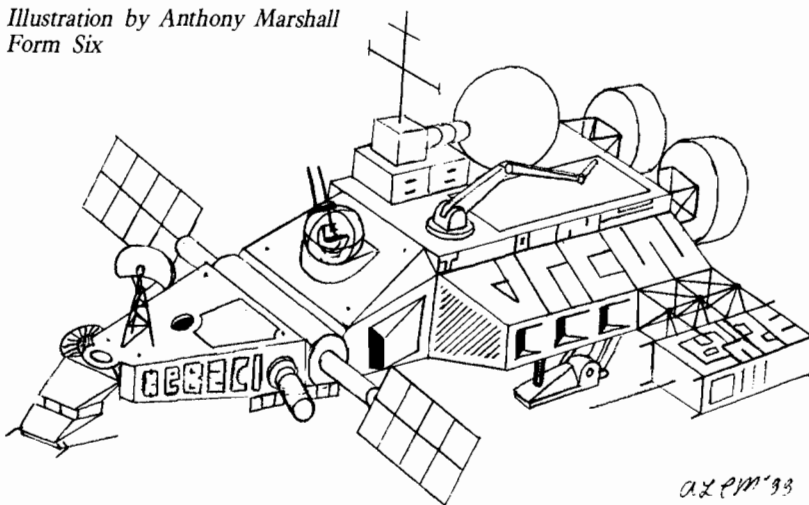
'They'll be better off where they're going. You'll never guess where I've been . . .' I looked at the nearby table. On it was a plate. On the plate was a steak.

I ate it. Eugene ate it.

Eugene deserved it.

He'd asked for it.

Illustration by Anthony Marshall
Form Six



Exothermic Nuclear Destruction

Stephen Owens
Form Three

The Being was unhappy. The earth was too dirty, too crowded. He decided upon the best answer. He smiled, he knew exactly what he would do . . .

It was Day 7 of 'THE Emergency'. International peace talks had broken down completely. The world worried about what would happen.

It had all started three months ago in Geneva. 'SDI' had, once again, been the trip-wire.

The United States simply refused to give in. Arguments had started, followed by trade sanctions, human-rights were the topic of propaganda, the USSR was not happy.

The 'Starwars' control satellite had been destroyed. The Americans blamed the Russians. The Russians said the Americans were stirring up trouble and that they didn't destroy the thing.

That was Day 1.

Day 2 saw the bombing of a Russian embassy in Afghanistan. This time, Washington denied responsibility. Russia just would not take this.

The Thursday that saw conflict was Day 4. Russia had, without warning swarmed over Eastern Europe the day before and NATO troupes had made a front around their borders. Warnings were thrown at one another. The two sides were like bristling dogs, baring their teeth and growling.

On Day 5 there were attempts at talks while minor skirmishes went on. Neither force was ready to commit itself. The world waited in anxiety.

The Red Army was by now virtually on top of the Allies. The dogs drew in.

At exactly three minutes to midnight on 27th March, 1995, the NATO alliance declared war on the Communist States. The population was horrified.

At 3.00 p.m. the next day, people everywhere sat by their televisions waiting.

The President of the United States walked slowly to his seat and sat down. He said in a sad voice, 'People of the Free World, you will know by now that we are at war with the USSR. We did our best, peace talks are over. We counted on Russia to remain pacifist, we counted wrong. As from now you are advised to take as many precautions as possible. A nuclear strike could be launched against your country at any time. God bless you, good bye.'

People switched off their sets. They had heard what they did not want to hear, they knew what they did not want to know. Meanwhile in Europe, the British 1st and 2nd Infantry battalions had been completely

annihilated by an attack of tank-fired atomic shells. The elite 'Green Berets' were being slaughtered by the much bigger and better equipped Red Army. The fighting continued for two days, the president had no option, he had to do it.

Day 10 had arrived, the NATO army was in France. The president picked up the special telephone. 'Gentlemen', he said to his assembly, 'we have no other alternative, we will have to start "THE END".'

At his word, the message was relayed deep into the Rocky Mountains.

The operator sat there staring at the flashing red button in front of him.

'God, forgive me,' he whispered.

'Get on with it,' commanded a military policeman holding an M16 rifle to him.

The operator gulped 'Oh, Lord', he said as he gave the button a hard push.

Back in Washington the president placed the phone down.

'Friends it is GO. Today America did what it had to do. The rockets are flying, gentlemen.'

It was too late for regrets now, of course. Even as the he spoke long range FB15's were airborne, their pilots flying the planes towards the East.

Silos closed for years creaked open bringing their contents to the surface. In space missiles orbited around to get closer to their pre-programmed target positions.

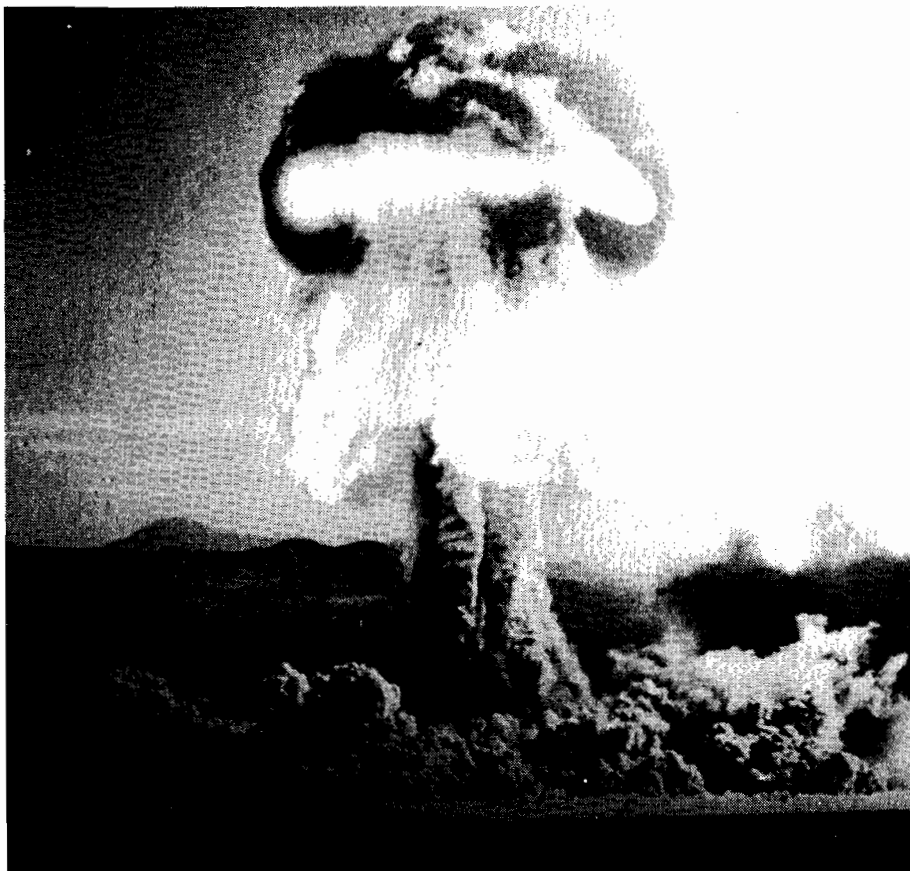
All was ready for the total destruction of the human race.

In Britain three-minute warnings were issued, people scrambled to their shelters to wait for the bomb to arrive, for the first war-heads to explode.

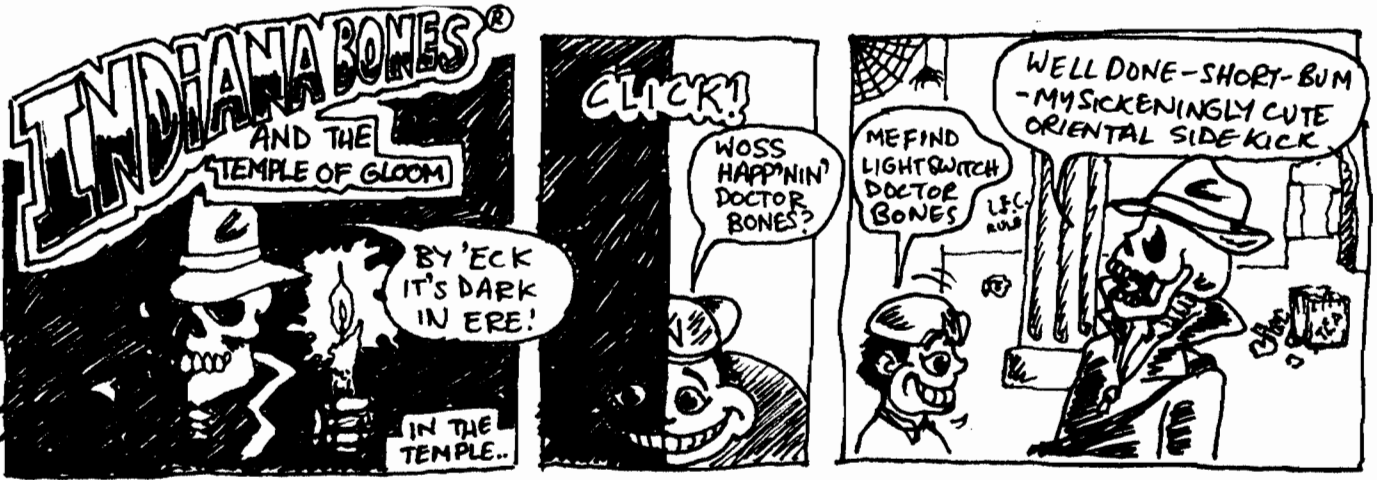
The Being sat watching as the lights flashed, sirens wailed and rockets carried their deadly cargoes forward.

He looked as explosions rocked the earth, balls of fire engulfed whole cities and people died.

He watched the bright, false sunset that covered the earth and he was happy. He had wiped the slate clean, a new world was waiting. He pondered his next move while the silence lay eerily about him.



Photograph by Sebastian Brown Form Six



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'The Lament Of Arthur'

Gary Chandler
Form Six

There was a one-armed dustman,
And Arthur was his name.
At least, his name was Arthur,
Before he went insane.

For Arthur, he was nutty,
And cracked as any loon.
And no one has seen Arthur,
Since yesterday — at noon.

Then, Arthur was a Voyager,
He'd journeyed far and near.
He thought his name was Batman,
He said he felt no fear.

But Arthur, he was crazy,
And nutty as a loon.
But no one has seen Arthur,
Since he went to the Moon . . .

An astronaut was Arthur,
An atheist as well.
He thought there was no Heaven,
He hoped there was no Hell.

'I've fought in two World Wars!' he said,
'And never once have died!'
'I know that this is true,' he said,
'Because I have not lied.'

Once, Arthur met a Doctor,
Out floating in the sky.
He said, 'Hello there, Doctor.'
'Now tell me, How am I?'

The Doc replied, 'Now, Arthur,
'You're high as any kite.
'But don't you worry, Arthur,
'I do this every night.'

Then Arthur started an insurance brokers
and lived happily ever after.

The Little Sweep

Mr Paul Booth

Presented by Runnymede 8th-9th December, 1987

Performers:

Principals:

Miss Baggott — Mrs S. Daunt

Rowan — Ms J. Mitchell

Black Bob — Paul Blackburn

Tom — Paul Blackburn

Clem — Stephen Wallace

Alfred — Stephen Wallace

Cast:

Sam — Nicholas Mulroy

Johnny Brook — James O'Shaughnessy

Graham Brook — Vincent Price

Simon Brook — Nicholas Platt

Julian Crome — Christopher Walsh

Hughie Crome — Christopher Caldwell

Anthony Crome — Philip Gilbertson

Instrumentalists:

Piano Duet — Mr J. Moseley & Mr T. Duffy

1st Violin — Mr D. Jack

2nd Violin — Miss A. Heslop

Viola — Miss H. Burgoyne

Cello — Mrs E. Halls

Percussion — Nicholas Wignall

& Mr J. Ward

Music Director — Mr J. P. Booth

The setting, Iken Hall, the year 1810 and the Brook Children are visiting their cousins the Cromes. Little does anybody know what events are about to pass.

The Children with the help of their Nursery-Maid, Rowan, befriend a poor Sweep-Boy who is in the employ of Black Bob a cruel sweep master. They hide him from the house-keeper, Miss Baggott, and she along with the two other sweeps think Sammy has escaped. After a night spent in the toy cupboard the little sweep is carried off to freedom in the trunk of the departing visitors.



These performances of Britten's opera of 1949 were a joint venture between the Junior and Senior School both between staff and pupils and thanks must go to all concerned.

We engaged the services of our peripatetic music staff along with Mr J. Moseley and Mr T. Duffy and Nicholas Wignall from Form 6 who played the very demanding instrumental parts with great precision and commitment.

Paul Blackburn and Stephen Wallace Form 6 portrayed the characters of Black Bob/Tom and Clem/Alfred respectively with a marvellous balance of musicianship and well-timed subtle humour.

It was good to have two friends of mine, both teachers from St Helens, to play Miss Baggott and Rowan. These two serious roles were again played with great commitment and one was almost terrified by the presence of Miss Baggott and then consoled by Rowan's warm and compassionate nature.

The rest of the cast was played by Runnymede boys who worked hard at learning some very difficult musical lines and entries. This paid off and everybody was duly proud of their performance (not least the music director!)



Photographs by Mr Paul Booth



Look to Heaven

Keith Grogan
Form Six

The child entering a wondrous new world
Knew little of the things in store,
But soon worried why he,
Amongst all others should be the one.
Isolated in this whiter than white world of
friendship,
Cried in a room at night
With so much love to give that nobody
wanted.

But out of the blue,
A tentative hand of friendship outstretched
Was taken with surprise and eagerness.
And then another —
Life didn't seem so bad after all.

But still the animosity remained
Into his elder years,
Though hurtful taunts had switched to first
name terms.
Seemed strange that these others could meet
on a Friday
To clasp their hands together and look to
heaven so sincerely.

By chance he found one winter's night
The one who understood,
To whom he could tell his hopes, troubles
and dreams
Without fear of rejection or scorn.
He had won — they couldn't touch him now.

Only two months
Until the final bell heralds
The end of an era,
A happy time for all,
But none so happy as he.

A Man for all Seasons

Review by
Mr John Adamson &
Mrs Marie Morgan

As with much of the work of Jean Girardoux, Robert Bolt's 'A Man For All Seasons' is a play which focusses less on the fact and more on the manner of the denouncement. It is in essence a play of words and arguments, morals and persuasion, rather than of action.

A daunting task, then, for the College Dramatic Society. The ultimate and total success of their production is only heightened, then, by the difficulties inherent in the work, and is a tribute to the long weeks of rehearsal and self-appraisal that all had contributed.

Paul Brabin in his first acting role created a marvellously understated More that was a testimony to the casting skills of Mr Wells, and Cathy Green as his wife (More's, not Mr Wells') gave a performance which exuded confidence and well-being in the role, her powerful domination of the farewell scene and the sadness cast over the assembled being utterly memorable.

With dominating voice and presence, Dominic Moran was outstanding as the one-time friend of Thomas, the naive Norfolk, who was finally swept away with the tide that left More even without a boatman. Kirsten McGlinchey's portrayal of Margaret was tinged with delicacy and faibles, rising to an appropriate emotional climax in the prison scene. Mark Flannery was highly convincing as the insipid Rich, nicely adding affection in proportion to the character's rise in prominence.

In a play requiring 'strength in depth' the newcomers to the society provided solid support: Martin O'Grady demonstrated great stage presence in the demanding role of the Common Man, a character with whom the audience could identify, feel at ease with, yet hold peculiarly in awe; Paul Blackburn shone as Will Roper; Martin O'Neill as the aloof but involved Spanish Ambassador added



both depth and poignancy to More's dilemma; Richard Ghorbal was competent as Henry VIII; and Tim Grace was particularly convincing on his debut as the scheming, callous Cromwell, culminating in his unscrupulous intimidation of the 'court', much to the audiences distress! Of the minor roles, Joanne Suffield, Liam Moran, Nick Mullin and Neil Blackburne, all turned in performances of the highest quality.



Photographs by Mr Stephen Wells.

In addition to the acting, staging a play in such close proximity to an audience with a minimalist set and yet remaining highly convincing places a great burden on costumes, make-up and lighting. Most of the credit for the excellent costuming rests with Kirsten McGlinchey. The task of transforming teenagers to late middle-aged dignitaries, difficult on a proscenium stage — let alone a thrust stage, was ably achieved by Joanne Suffield. The lighting was both excellent and varied, particularly in the prison scene.

The combination of the above elements ensured a memorable night for the audience and surely the finest achievement yet by the society. Here's to the next one.



Music Society

Mr John Moseley

We finished the school year and 1986-87 season with two concerts in July. At the first

Tuesday 7 July 1987

College Hall
Concert by Preparatory School Choir and Second Orchestra directed by Paul Booth, Catherine Fuggle and Hilary Burgoyne

we said goodbye to Catherine Fuggle, who has done so much to encourage interest in the flute. It is now one of our most popular instruments.

The second

Thursday 14 July 1987

Ley Hall
A Celebration of England in words and music, with a related exhibition of art-work Chamber Choir and Orchestra conducted by Terence Duffy and John Moseley

included a wide range of music: Elizabethan madrigals, folk-song settings, Vaughan Williams' 'Fantasia on Greensleeves', Lennon and McCartney. Despite the heat and a hall so crowded that the audience and musicians were bumper to bumper, it was one of the most enjoyable concerts of recent years.

The next day I contemplated, with some alarm, the loss of our upper 6th form players, including Vincent Needham and Jane Rogers, soon to be translated to the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music and the leader of two orchestras, Richard Neuling. The new orchestras and choirs would have to include many young and inexperienced musicians. The headmaster commented upon this to the audience at the November concert, remarking how well they coped with the new

responsibility, and while it would not be true to say that this year's orchestra is as good as last, the transition has been smooth, with individual contributions as polished as ever, especially that of Andrew Gunn who was awarded an Associated Board Bursary for his outstanding mark at Grade 8. Other groups, notably the chamber choir and second orchestra have been less affected, showing no fall in standard.

The new season began with a chamber concert devoted to Mozart and Poulenc.

Wednesday 30 September 1987

Ley Hall
Poulenc: Sonata for clarinet and piano
Mozart: Three songs: An Chloë, Abendempfindung, Die betrogene welt
Poulenc: Sonata for 'cello and piano
Mozart: String quartet no.5 in F k.158
Poulenc: Sonata for flute and piano
Mozart: Aria: Der Vogelfänger
Stephen Wallace, flute; Damian Fleming, clarinet; Andrew Gunn, 'cello; Paul Blackburn, baritone; Eric Wilkinson, piano; St Edward's College string quartet (Philip McCall, Timothy Grace, Damon Simmons, Andrew Gunn)
Members of the Chamber Orchestra (Adrian McDonald, Michael Stubbs, Neil Blackburn)
directed by John Moseley

and continued with another contrasting baroque and contemporary works

Wednesday 21 October 1987

Ley Hall
Bach: From 'The Anna Magdalena Notebook' Chorale: Gib dich zufrieden.
Aria: Gedenke doch, mein Geist. Chorale: Dir, dir Jehova. Three keyboard pieces: March in Eflat, Prelude in C, Solo in Eflat.
Two sacred songs: Willst du dein Herz, Bist du bei mir. Chorale: O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort.
Homage to Sir Michael Tippett
Maconchy: When the tale is told.
Simpson: Michael Tippett, his mystery
Berkeley: A short burst of swing for Michael
Benjamin: Happy birthday to Sir Michael
Taverner: A Prayer for Sir Michael
Tippett's 80th birthday
Tippett: Unto the hills, Songs for Ariel,
Music
Pachelbel: Arietta: Schlumert ein Canon in D
Stephen Shuttleworth, alto; Stephen Wallace, baritone; Mark Flannery, Eric Wilkinson, piano
Chamber Choir directed by Terence Duffy
Chamber Orchestra conducted by John Moseley

More French music followed

Thursday 12 November 1987

College Hall
Delibes: Incidental music 'Le Roi s'amuse'
Saint-Saëns: Tarantella op.6 for flute, clarinet and piano
Bizet: Suite 'L'Arlésienne'
Fauré: Elegie op.24 for 'cello and orchestra
Saint-Saëns: The Carnival of the Animals
Adam Younis, flute; Damian Fleming, clarinet; Andrew Gunn, 'cello; Eric Wilkinson, piano
School Orchestra conducted by John Moseley

a theme continued during the next term

Sunday 20 March 1988

Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool
Prize Day
Bizet: Suite 'L'Arlésienne'
D'Indy: Madrigal
Massenet: Clair de lune
Caillavet: Bourée
Offenbach: Menuet, Galop Infernal and Chorus (Orpheus in the Underworld)
School Orchestra and Choral Society conducted by Helen Hogg, Terence Duffy and John Moseley

As usual, all the concerts had been devised to make sense within themselves and exhibit the skills of the performers. All too often, particularly in schools, different pieces are flung together without thought or discrimination, for the sake of a short term expediency. This does little service to the music and can be irritating to an audience with any perspicacity.

Meanwhile, the choral society had, as usual, joined the cathedral choir in the Mass for St Edward in October and the chamber choir provided the music for the wine trades Harvest Service at Liverpool Parish Church and for our own carol service. At the beginning of the school year a group of senior musicians had provided a pre-service concert for Age Concern at the Anglican Cathedral, while the brass ensemble contributed to the Easter music at the Metropolitan Cathedral.

I'm glad that the music society continues to include pupils from all years in the school. The constant rehearsals and pressures of public performance do not make life a bed of roses for them or for the staff who direct them, but, to paraphrase Colette, what would we do with a life that is all roses?

Photographs by Mrs Elizabeth Hall



Oblivion

Kevin Sloan
Form Two

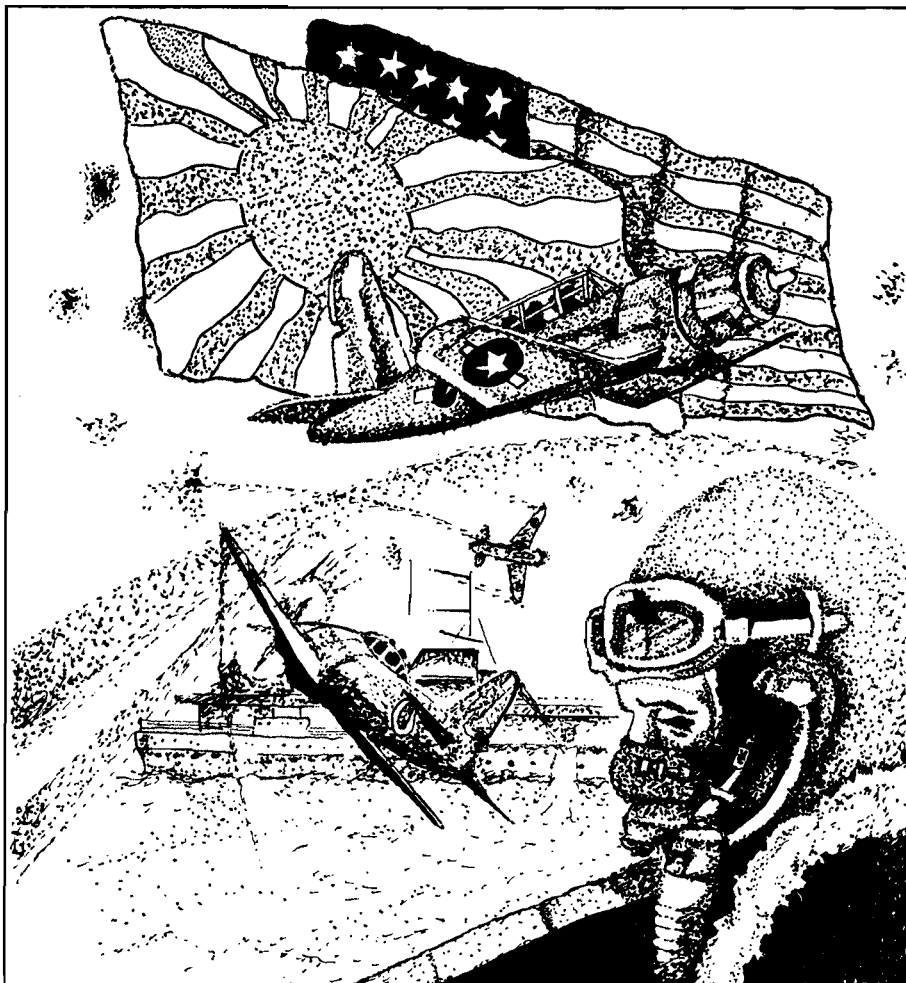
One nice sunny day
In the middle of summer
When the grass was green
And the sky was blue
There was a big bang.

The grass turned to fire
And the sky turned grey
The seas turned to rushing torrents of water
Winds swept across countries
Destroying everything in its path.

All round the world
Men, women and children dying
They shouldn't have to die
It's not their war
Why should they pay?

Then the really big bang came
And the world was gone
Lost somewhere in time
Forever forgotten.

Illustration by Neville Lewis Form Six.



Paradise Lost

Catherine Green
Form Six

As morning broke over Eden
Adam was having a shave
With no idea that on that day
He would earn himself a grave.

We shall see that the fault was all Adam's.
Oh, do not blame it on Eve!
History says that she tempted
But that's not what I'm led to believe:

'Twas early on that dread morning
And Eve was preparing the tea,
When Adam, asked what he wanted,
Said, 'only an apple for me'.

Oh, for that hesitation
That would have rescued man!
Oh, that fatal puncture
In the tyre of the delivery van!

For Adam was superstitious
And was bound through his fault to say,
'An apple a day keeps the Devil away'
And what could Eve do but obey!

Eve set out in her duty.
What else could a loving wife do!
As she left, her husband asked her,
'Where on earth are you going to?'

He asked her that famous question,
To which Eve gave a smile of glee,
'I'm just going out for a quick little sin.
I'll be back in time for tea.'

As morning broke over Eden
Eve had returned to her home,
'There's a new shop in the High Street —
They let you pick your own!'

On First Listening to Berio's 'Visage'

Luciano Berio (b.1925) is one of the world's foremost composers. His 'Visage', of 1961, is composed for magnetic tape, based on the voice of Cathy Berberian, and electronic sounds and is an important work among the musical avant-garde. '... a metaphor of vocal behaviour ... based on the sound symbolism of vocal gestures and inflections, with their accompanying shadow of meanings,' is how the composer describes it.

Below, are three response to this music, from people who had never heard it before.

I
Desolate planet.
Former human being performs monotonous tasks.
She is grotesquely deformed. Few senses are left.
Only primitive emotions remain.
After duty, she plays like a baby discovering new things.
Deep within, her subconscious attempts escape.

Peter Whitfield
Form Six



II
Windy day
Someone struggling
Someone in pain
Someone stuttering

Dripping water
Someone falling
Laughing and talking
Travelling into past or future

Shocked
Crashing
Keyboard crying
Echoes of trumpet, trombone

Church bell
Humming
Echo spell
Summoning demons

Angels
Killing

Paul Jamieson
Form One

III
Naughty sex-romp with an incomp-p-p-p-
petent speech-defective physicist.
Woman soliciting services of rattle-snake,
with feather,
during an epileptic fit.
Continuous experimentation with casio
keyboard.

Interval

Twilight zone.
Guest appearance by horrible oil bubble
lamp.
Impression of grossly obese blubber man.

Promenade

Imperial storm-troopers arrive to rescue
insane woman.
They leave her in a vortex where time stands
still.
She tries to reconcile fact and imagination.

Oblivion, in the best possible taste.

Eric Wilkinson
Form Six

The perspective of the City of London as seen through the mouthpiece of a fat man's pipe (1822)

Michael Scargill
Form Two

The early morning city air was crowded with the disgusting smell of newly baked bread. The streets were muddy, with the imprints of small, scruffy specimens in the soft mud. Some of these messy creatures were hurtling up and down the paths shouting 'Penny a Shine' or 'Half crown an' you 'ave your chimley swept.'

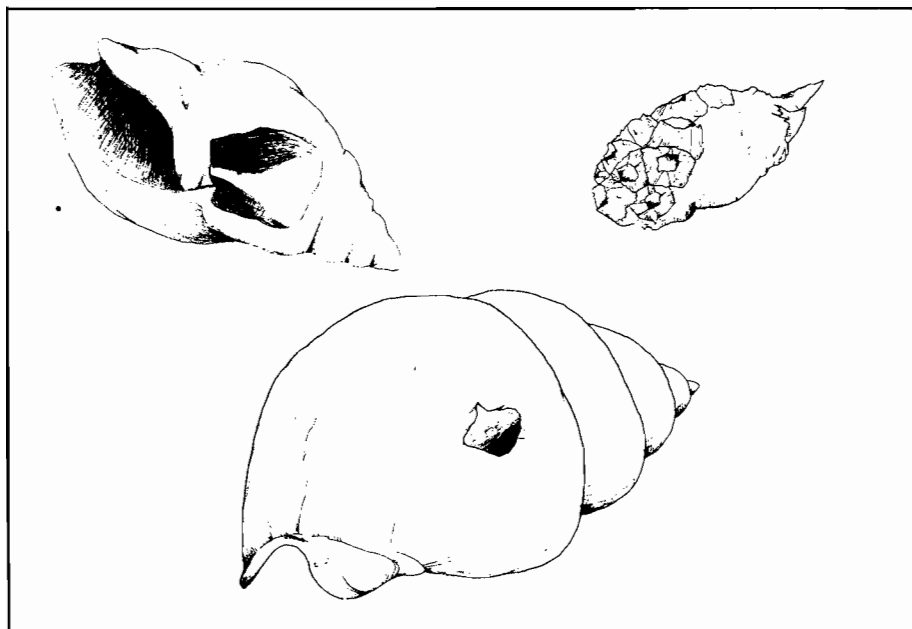
My master proceeded to walk down Regent Street. Stopping to look in a window I noticed a black disease carrier, causing havoc over an expensive pair of silk briefs. A toff in tails was wandering around the store looking very important but not getting much attention from anybody, with the exception of a rabid looking dog. This skinny object was trying to bite a very posh looking woman. The toff in tails was doing a very heroic deed by blocking the snob's backside with a metal bin lid and being very important.

We then moved on and at the corner of Regent Street my master bought a newspaper.

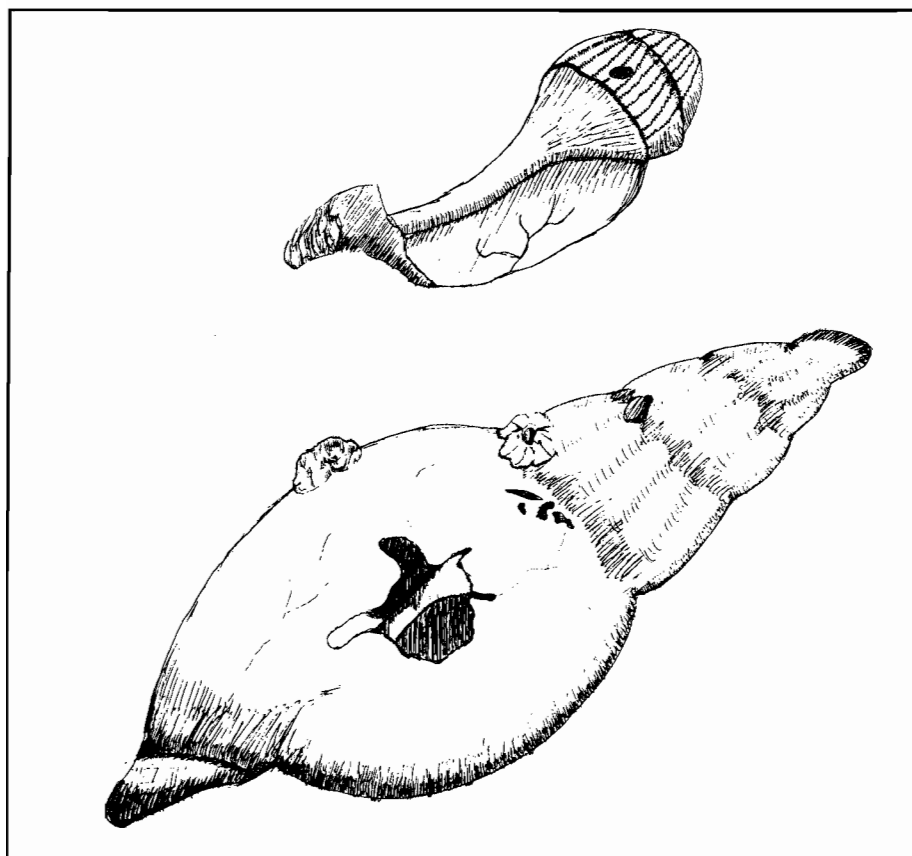
The headlines were '4 die in cart pile up on Queens Drive'. That was the headlines in 'The Times'. The headlines in the 'London Standard' was 'Hanging Gala for Queens Big 60'. After all this reading I was feeling tired so I went out and my master put me away.

'The Physicists'

A review by
Mr Harold A. Dixon



C. Rodenhurst Form Three



J. McNamara Form Three

Broadly speaking, Durrenmatt's 'The Physicists' is a philosophical comedy. Written in 1962 at the time of the Cuban missile crisis, it examines the nature, ethics and accountability of science, especially nuclear physics. This theme is placed in the unsettling embrace of an examination into human sanity and political, emotional and moral motivation.

Durrenmatt combines satire, absurdity, alienation, sentimentality, the classical unities (paradoxically), slap-stick comedy and dramatic reversals to produce a play of outstanding technical originality. As such, the play is a challenge to a producer, actor and, indeed, the audience itself.

The three physicists, the actors of whom were making their St Edward's stage debuts, were extremely well played. Mobius must be regarded as the central physicist due to his scientific discoveries. Mark Flannery's Mobius was outstanding, requiring, as it did, a range of responses from apparently insane to visionary, from violent schizophrenic to tender lover. Such a role is extremely demanding of the most talented and experienced professional actor and Mark gave it great plausibility.

The sides of the patient triangle required almost as much care in presentation as Mobius himself. The two other physicists must generate with Mobius seeming madness, represent left and right extremes of the political spectrum and supply persuasive rhetoric with a force befitting Mobius' intellectual abilities.

The producer's imposition of a further demand, the use of vocal and physical caricature, increased the need for mental agility. Robin D'Arcy Gray and Dominic Moran met these requirements extremely well. Sir Isaac Newton was rapidly established from the outset as a character of great comic interest. Affected, camp and pompous, his visual humour was highly entertaining, particularly in his domination of the hapless Inspector Voss.

An important rhetorical device in this episode was his shifting in and out of the Newton/Einstein personas. This was both amusing and successful in inducing puzzlement. Dominic Moran's Albert Einstein with his postures and voices which embraced feigned madness and the bravado of the spy in striking contrast — the elderly rheumatic, pathetic and mercurial/the strident. Zealot — retaining only the excitability was well matched in tone against Newton in the second act and throughout the play his accent was flawlessly German.



Photographs by Mr Stephen Wells

Lisa Murphy's Doktor Von Zahnd was the finest of the production; ranging from domination to uncertainty, argumentative cogency to contradiction; seeming sanity to megalomania, the part is extremely demanding. Her timing was excellent, her words distributed well through a grotesque physical presence.

The principals were well supported by the other actors. Tony Lamb played Inspector Voss with forcefulness which, though occasionally indulgent, was mostly comical. Kirsten McGlinchey (Nurse Monika — Wednesday and Friday) convincingly combined earnestness, emotion and doubt. Nicolas Lewis (Nurse Monika — Tuesday and Thursday) was equally successful, stamping her interpretation with frankness and sensitivity. Perhaps the most interesting of the doubled characters were Catherine Green and Angela Davey: Angela's Frau Rose (Wednesday and Friday) were visibly tender and managed to exude a sentimentality of comic proportions; whereas Catherine Green (Tuesday and Thursday) replaced the sentimentality with a comical unscrupulousness, with equal success. Susan Sprung and Joanne Suffield were both convincing as the brisk champion weightlifter Matron Ball. Chris Power's Herr Rose was memorably pusillanimous. Mark Brunskill, Indranil Chakrabarti and Julian Loftus (Mobius' children) and Lee Shannon, Stephen McGlory and Paul Effiong (UWE Servers and the attendants) turned in highly competent performances.

The amount of secondary time and effort put into the project was quite enormous. Brother Burns is to be highly commended for the excellence of the set. Louise Kenny and Clare Brennan deserve mention for their industry in properties management. The new lighting system was well deployed in this first instance of its serious use and the producer noted the invaluable assistance of Brother Rock in this respect.



Stephen Pratt

Stephen Pratt (b. 1947), an old boy of St Edward's, sends his congratulations to the school on its 50 years in Sandfield Park with a page from his horn trio, which was first broadcast on Radio 3 last year. He is senior lecturer in music at the Liverpool Institute of Higher Education and a freelance writer, broadcaster, lecturer and conductor, as well as being a composer.

9

*Congratulations on 50 years of
 the School Magazine! All best wishes
 Stephen Pratt*

Rhapsodie Hongroise for Solo Violin

Philip McCall
Form Five

The musical score is presented in two systems, each containing two staves of music. The notation includes various dynamics such as *pp*, *p*, *f*, and *ff*, as well as performance instructions like *adagio*, *allegro*, *andante*, and *ritardando*. Measure numbers are clearly marked at the beginning of several lines, including 17, 28, 34, 44, 52, 60, 69, 72, 76, 80, 84, 88, 92, and 96. The score features complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes, and uses various articulation marks such as accents and slurs. The overall structure is typical of a solo violin piece, with a focus on melodic and rhythmic development.

Violence

Michael Loftus
Form Three

Violence is fun
Violence is necessary
Violence is
A fashion accessory
Violence is hate
Violence is fear
Violence is

Light shining on a child's tear
Violence is an answer
Violence is a challenge
Violence is
Replied when we can't manage
Violence is rape
Violence is rife
Violence is
The force that dictates your life
Violence is near
Violence is dark
Violence is
the unseen provoking spark
Violence in a confrontation
Violence in
Repressive legislation
Violence in indoctrination
Violence in
Controlling the nation
Violence in persecution
Violence in electrocution
Violence in
Chemical pollution
Violence in
The Nuclear solution.

Trek to Knowledge

Philip Allen
Form Three

Like missiles from the slings of ancient soldiers,
Or wasps that sting in victory, then die,
Hailstones stab my skin, exposed and trembling,
And high above, the wind and trees are dancing in delight.

As I turn the corner, the demon wind urges my retreat,
The house is warm and tempting,
But school is my destination.
My will to win will not hear of defeat.

The skin of ice beneath me,
Threatens each forward step.
The tears that have no sadness,
Are wind-blown down my cheek,
Anxiety fills my mind.

At last, the gleaming chariot of green arrives to rescue me,
A friendly haven from the dreaded storm.
I show my pass and the driver nods.
The bus is warm, and so enables me to return to normal.

But will I arrive in time?

Time to Rhyme

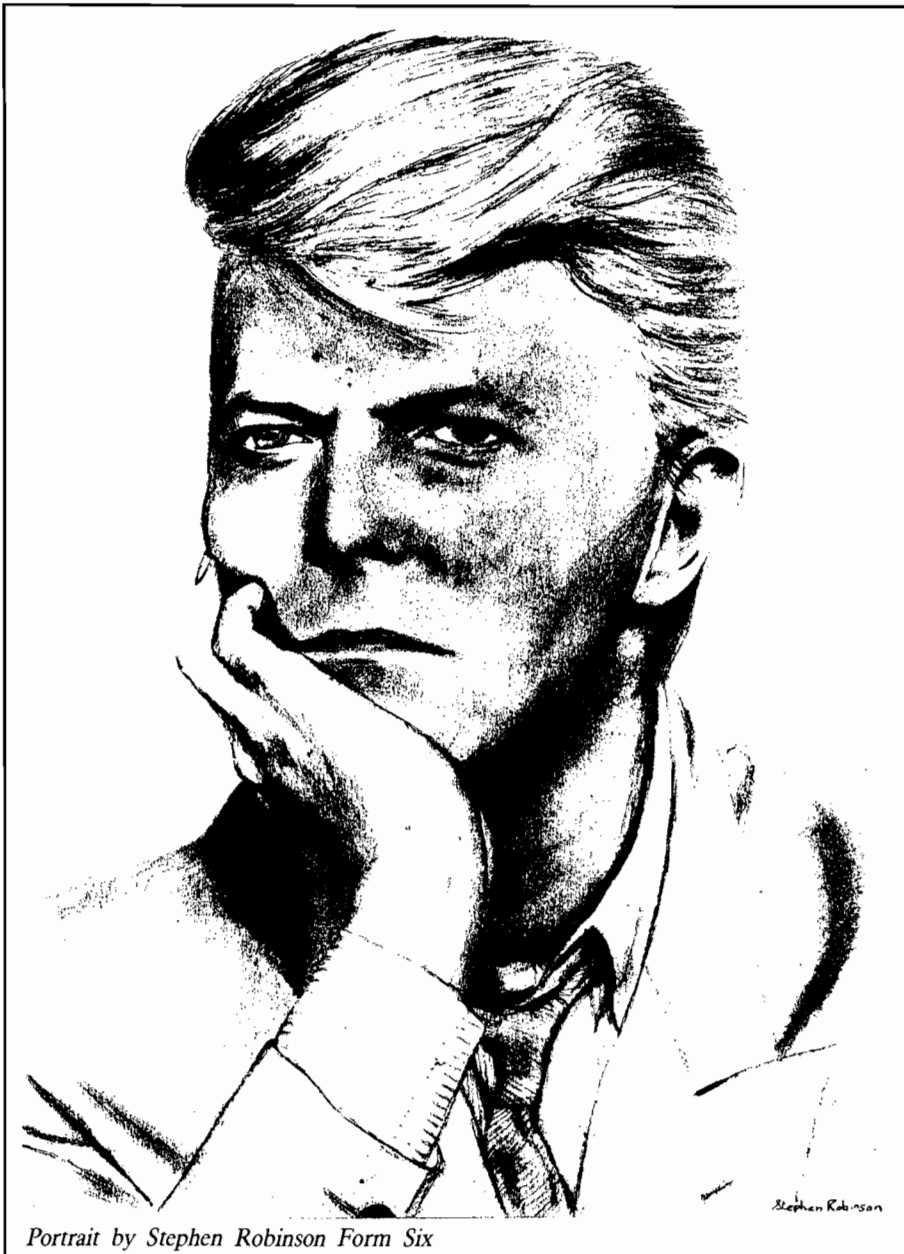
Philip Allen
Form Three

Not poetry again, I thought,
Those words that have to rhyme.
I can't forget the trouble that,
It proved to be last time.

Why can't my homework just be fun,
An entertaining game.
Instead of searching high and low,
For words that sound the same.

The page is blank, just like my mind,
I haven't got a clue.
If I could ring Spike Milligan,
He'd tell me what to do.

My bedtime was an hour ago,
Whatever will I write.
There is no end to my dismay,
It's maths tomorrow night!



Portrait by Stephen Robinson Form Six

Africa Aid '88

Miss Colleen Ludden

Once more 'Africa Aid', the variety show organised to raise funds for CAFOD and the Third World, burst upon the boards of St Edward's College. The eve of the Easter holiday saw a historic encounter between man and beast, the school and the monster it had created.

For a mere fifty pence, several hundred pupils, appetites nicely whetted by posters glued to the fire escape doors, filed into the hall to witness the 1988 experiment which culminated in the reanimation of that loathsome creature, the Medical Society.

Yes, the Medical Society, from the very beginning of time, ensured that they would be the stars of the 1988 show. A dazzling publicity campaign ('not a dry seat in the house'), a frighteningly sombre introduction ('we sought the Deputy Head's permission . . .'), then a stunning display of tropical extravaganza: flowery shirts, dark shades, Dave Bamber ('the Singing Cowboy') and the BING BONGS! Such rapture greeted their appearance, such highs of emotion — then, the more assiduous noticed it was four o'clock and three quarters of the audience went home!

The self-proclaimed highlight of the show, perhaps, yet did their contribution outshine the 2D remake of 'Star Wars' — 'Star Bores' with Princess Di Ariaah, Daft Ada and the delightful Alankar Sharma combing his hair? Or the Michael Jackson clones, one of whom (very B.A.D.) leapt upon a female member of the Sixth Form in the front row? Could the

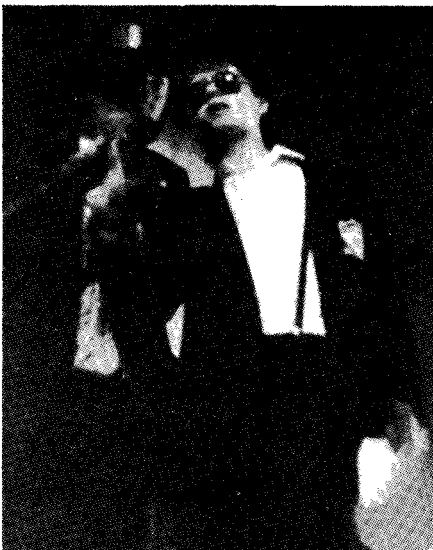


Photograph by Miss Colleen Ludden.

musical variety offered by the 'Bing Bong's' be really considered superior to that of the 'Byatt Band' (John Hartney on vocals), the 'Grethe Groupies', the 'Armstrong Quintet' (very classical), and 'U2', let alone Mr Lunt and the Seagulls (unknown football team)?

Could their humour attain to the humour

of Messieurs Barrett and Redden (Form 1), Messieurs Dunne and McLaughlin (who should be in Form 1), Monsignor Robin D'Arcy Gray. Nay, only time will tell! What the eyes have seen, the ears will never forget. Let that be my parting thought on Africa Aid '88.



Photograph by Mr Stephen Wells.



Photograph by Miss Colleen Ludden.

American Football — A Viewer's Guide

Anthony Aldersley
Form Three

At a first glance, American Pro' Football can look like a complicated mess of crashing bodies and crushing tackles. At a second glance football is seen as a complex yet simple game.

The idea (like rugby) is to get over your opponents' goal line whilst in possession of a leather covered prolate spheroid (ball). There are two ways to do this. A team can give the ball to a running back who can try to run, or rush, over the opponents' goal line or for as many yards as possible. Good running backs can be tricky, lightweight runners who must also have the ability to take the hardest hits given to them, or heavy power-runners who must have the ability to leave the opponents' players for dead.

The lighter, trickier back is usually the halfback, whilst the power-back, the fullback. Sometimes a back can combine tricky running and bruising running together. He is usually billed a tailback (usually to get this name a back must be a good blocker, runner, and sometimes passer). Examples of these all-purpose backs, as they are called are Herschel Walker of Dallas and Marcus Allen of the Raiders.

The other way to move the ball is to pass. This is done primarily by the quarterback to a receiver (a very fast athlete who must have great hands) by throwing the ball forward from behind the line of scrimmage (an imaginary line directly across the field where the ball is spotted [placed] after every down). The ball is thrown with spin through its axis either to the left or right (if the quarterback is right-handed the ball will spin to the right, if left-handed, it will spin to the left).

Quarterbacks are usually very tall so they can see over the offensive and defensive lines. He must have great judgement and a strong arm to get the ball to his receivers. He must also be mobile to avoid the onrushing defence and may have to rush the ball himself if he cannot pass it. Great quarterbacks possess strong arms, calmness under pressure, tactical minds and great accuracy. Some great quarterbacks are Dan Marino of Miami and Joe Montana of San Francisco.

Strangely enough this position is predominantly white. This is mostly because young black quarterbacks are seen as out of the ordinary and unnatural and are persuaded to change position. However, a black quarterback, Doug Williams of the Redskins, won the Most Valuable Player (M.V.P.) award at Super Bowl XXII. After hearing these remarks he retaliated 'I'm doing my job for the Washington Redskins; not for Black America.'

Receivers come in two types: Tricky runners who are able to tie opponents in knots to get free and all out burners who try to blast past opponents for a long pass. Examples of each of these are Steve Sargent (Seattle) and Mark Clayton and Jerry Rice (Miami and San Francisco respectively).

All these players owe much to their respective offensive lines. After all, a quarterback can't do much on the seat of his pants with the ball in his lap! This is called a sack and is what the defence try to do to the quarterback. It is done by tackling the quarterback behind the line of scrimmage whilst in possession of the ball. The line consists of a center (who snaps the ball to the Q.B.), two guards (who are slightly bigger than the center and line up on either side of him) and the tacklers, who are the biggest offensive players on the field. A tight end is usually in this unit.

The defence consists of the Defensive Line (tacklers and ends) the linebackers (the main tacklers and all-round athletes on the defence). They must drop into pass-coverage and also defend against the run. The secondary consists of comebacks and safeties who are often just called 'defensive backs'. Their primary job is to stop the pass by covering pass receivers (backs and wide receivers) by following them around trying to intercept or catch a pass meant for a receiver. They are also required to stop the run and also have to avoid the blocks of heavyweight offensive linemen.

Another unit is the special team. This consists of a kicker and a punter and kick and punt returners. Kickers kick for points whilst punters kick for territory. Kick returners do as there name implies, return kicks.

Touchdowns are worth six points and the extra point attempt afterwards is worth one point if successful. Field goals are worth three points and are scored by kicking the ball through posts and over the cross-bar like a penalty kick in rugby. A safety is worth two points and is scored by the defence in sacking the quarterback or ball carrier in his own end zone.

The Soviet ice hockey coach Viktor Tikhonov was taken to a game. At half-time he turned to his hosts and remarked 'It is a very interesting game. There are the big bears up front and the little rabbits at the back and the bears have to protect the rabbits.'

Football in a nutshell!

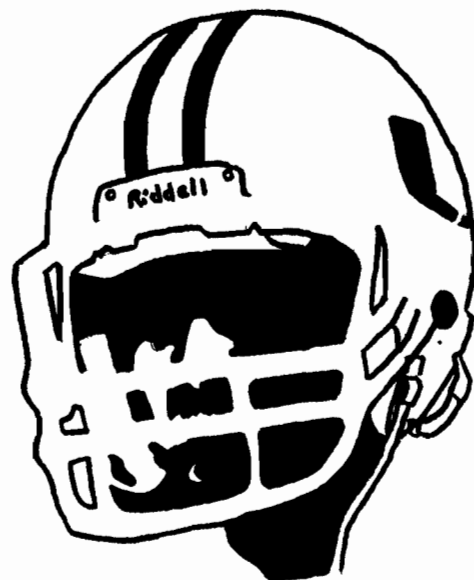


Illustration by Anthony Aldersley

'Shadow of a man with a mission'. Vinny Testaverde whilst at the University of Miami. (Tampa Bay Buccaneers).

At the Granada Studios, Albert Dock, Liverpool

Robert Greenland
Form Four

I gained the opportunity to visit the Granada Studios at the Albert Dock by writing to ask if there were any part-time jobs available which were suitable for someone of my age, so I could gain some work experience. There were not, but the Editor of Granada Reports, Mike Short, who incidentally is an old boy of St Edward's, invited me to look around the News Centre with a teacher.

I received this invitation in February, but a convenient time to visit did not arrive until June 18th, 1987.

I arrived at the News Centre at 2.30 p.m., where I met Mr Wells, my Class (3 Domingo) Form Master at the time.

We entered the impressive building through the big glass doors and passed a sign reading 'We regret that we cannot show members of the public around the studios'. We also had to wade through the massive crowds trying to bribe the security guards to let them in. (Well, slight exaggeration!)

We then checked in with the security guards (who were watching the horse racing on BBC1, talk about loyalty!). We were then welcomed by Mr Short's secretary.

We saw first the splendid hall from where Granada film some of their programmes. We then entered the room in which the journalists were typing in the news stories. Here we spoke to Gary Cotterill and Juliet Alexander. We then had a cup of tea each, had a 'play' on the computers on to which the news stories are entered and then had some questions answered.

We walked through a few more rooms and then went into the graphics room, where the diagrams are drawn for the news items. This is done by drawing on a graphics pad with a light pen, which makes the diagrams and colour schemes appear on the monitor screen.

It was now almost 3.20 p.m. so we went into the main studio where they were preparing for the 3.25 p.m. bulletin. We went into the 'box', from where they cue in the reporters and reports, to watch the bulletin go out.

I was impressed by the way the presenter, Richard Madeley, read the news and at the same time listened to the people in the box shouting at him through his earpiece telling him to drop for example the fifth item and add the 13th item if he had time. He needed to change the speed of his voice so as to finish at the exact time required.

When the bulletin finished I received the presenter's script and had some more questions answered before I left after a very enjoyable and valuable afternoon.

Bicentennial

It's all happening in Australia this year. To mark the Bicentennial we invited two members of the Buckels family who recently emigrated from Liverpool, to send us their impressions of their new home and we include an article from Dr Jeffrey Ball on Aboriginal health in the outback. Between them, they should convey some idea of the contrasts which prevail. (Ed).

Hi Everyone,
Shortly after we arrived here in Perth, I

started school: it is called Newman and I was in year 9 for the last four weeks of term. The teachers are nice and boys friendly, but they skitted me for my accent. Ah well, it's a pom's life!


The beach is beautiful. At first the waves were huge but have now died down a bit. The best thing is that it is only a minutes drive from our house. There is also a nice tennis club over the road, where I play regularly. The weather is great. We have had four days over 40°C but it averages 35°C in summer. So far this year we have had about 1.5mm of rain, but the cold days (25°C) are nice for a change.

There are lovely cycle tracks everywhere, but the farthest I've ridden is 7km to Scarborough beach.

Newman Senior High is good and I've made lots of friends. I still miss Liverpool and my friends, but not as much as at first. If I ever come over on holiday, I'll call in at school.

'Bye.
Matthew Buckels

(Many readers will recall that Matthew was particularly interested in sport and music and that he played a major role in the production of 'Wozzech'. — Ed)



GREEN WORLD
INDOOR GARDENS

5 Frinton Avenue, City Beach, 6015. Telephone: 385 9538

*As requested a sheet note from 'door uncle'.
Four months after our departure from dear
'Old Liverpool' we have settled into our new
home in the sunshine, yes the weather does
make a difference, totally altering your life
style. Just being able to plan ahead your
B.B. Qs - sailing - golf - tennis, knowing
that the weather will be good. Imagine
Parent Teachers evenings being held outside,
and plays in an Open Amphitheatre. Not to
mention 6th Formers going to school in
shorts, but then for that matter so do the
Teachers.
Sounds like paradise, but leaving
everyone, and everything you have known
behind you, and starting a new life is
exciting, but you need forget what you
left behind you, and sometimes miss*

A MEMBER OF THE INTERIOR PLANTSCAPE ASSOCIATION OF W.A.

Chris + Vivien Buckels, Mark, Matthew + Jonathan

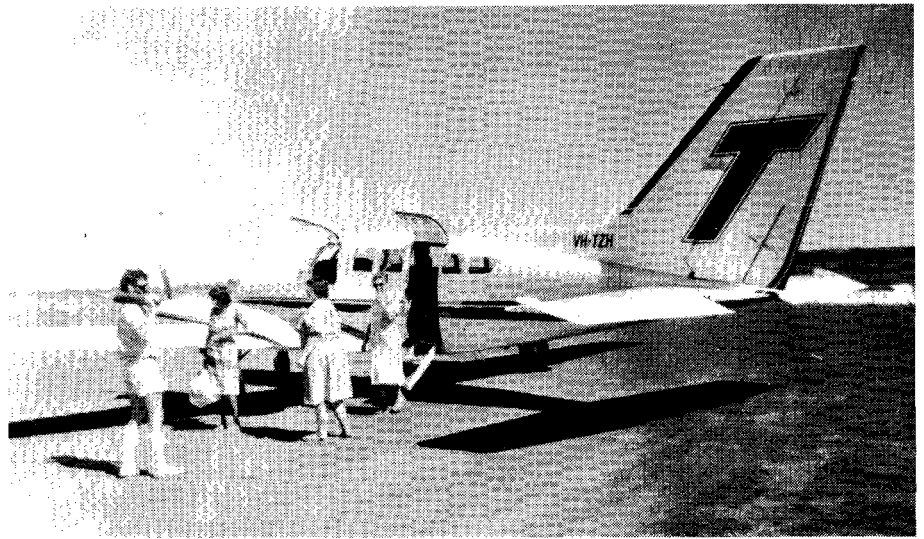
Aboriginal Health in the Australian Outback

Dr Jeffrey Ball

At Liverpool University, the medical course spans five years. The first two are spent in the laboratory and the lecture theatre learning the 'preclinical' subjects, and the third, fourth and fifth years are spent in rotation around the hospitals in the region studying all of the major clinical specialities. In the fourth year, a period of four weeks is set aside for elective study. During this period, the student may travel to any part of the globe to study any aspect of medical practice.

In July 1986 I was fortunate enough to be able to travel some 9,000 miles to spend my elective in the Australian Outback. For the next few minutes I would like to give you a taste of medicine in the Northern Territory of Australia, and tell you a little about the standard of Aboriginal health.

The Northern Territory is a state about five times the size of Britain but with a total population of only about 100,000. I was based at Katherine, a township of about 4,000 people situated 300km south-east of Darwin and set in a vast tropical grassland scattered with eucalyptus and gum trees. This part of the Northern Territory has two seasons: a hot, humid season from November



to March and a hot dry season for the rest of the year.

The hospital at Katherine is a 60-bed, non-specialist hospital providing acute medical services for the township and the considerable Outback area forming the Katherine Health region.

This region alone covers an area greater than that of the United Kingdom but has a population of only 30,000 persons — 90 per cent of whom are Aboriginals. The hospital has three wards. Ward One is a maternity ward with fourteen beds, two labour rooms, and an adjoining operating theatre. Ward Two is a mixed general medical and surgical ward with thirty-two beds, and Ward Three is a paediatric ward which has fourteen cots. There are six medical officers at the hospital, all of registrar grade — two surgeons, two physicians and two anaesthetists — who work as two 'teams' of three, each team having its own surgical, medical, obstetric and paediatric patients. All six also have a

commitment to accident and emergency work.

Throughout the rest of the health region medical care is administered from Departmental health centres situated among the larger Aboriginal communities — 'the bush'. These are run by District Nursing Sisters who provide ongoing medical care and pharmacy facilities, first aid and antenatal care, and perform childhood assessment and immunisations. They are, in effect, the 'general practices' of the Outback and are in 24-hour-a-day contact with the hospital by radiotelephone, each visited at least once a month by one of the medical officers.

Because of the distances involved and the nature of the terrain, travelling to the bush camps by road is often either too time consuming or impossible owing to the absence of any tracks. On these occasions, the medical officer and assistant sporting their white scarves and flying jackets board one of the small twin-engined six or ten-seater aeroplanes chartered from the local airline to form their own 'flying squad'.

From 8,000 feet, the Outback is at its most spectacular since it is only from this viewpoint that one can appreciate the vastness of the bush, an expanse of virtually flat land unstained by human habitation for hundreds of square miles in some places. In contrast, at night in the bush the best view is from the ground into the sky, the cloudless sky, filled with the thousands of stars of the Southern Hemisphere seen clearly without the interference of background lighting.

From the sky, one can only see the black emptiness of the bush at night, and then comfortably in the distance the two rows of orange-flamed oil lamps which mark the dirt strip runway. Such sights though difficult to describe are impossible to forget.

Anyway, I was telling you how medical services are provided in the 'Territory' and I would like to go on to tell you something about the state of Aboriginal health. Firstly, one must understand the environment. I have mentioned that the climate is predominantly hot and dry, hence the environment is very dusty. In the Aboriginal camps the living environment ranges from tents and improvised dwelling made from corrugated



Photographs by Dr Jeffrey Ball

iron, to breeze block 'council houses' constructed by the local government authority.

A typical council house has four rooms about ten feet square with concrete floors built in two pairs and separated by a central open area, with the whole covered by a roof. Windows are slatted to provide shade, and furnishings usually extend to mattresses and the occasional broken chair — the sort of articles that in Britain we save for November the Fifth.

Water is usually supplied from large storage tanks in the camp, to free standing taps outside the dwellings which are often shared between the occupants of several houses. This water is used for cooking, washing and drinking. Some of the 'five star' camps are fitted with communal showers which are operated manually and function occasionally.

The word 'electricity' is absent from the vocabulary of many Aboriginals as are those highly mobile electrons absent from many of the camps. Cooking and lighting (heating is seldom necessary in the North of the Territory) are by 'flame power', hence barbecues are all the rage!

Following on from the lack of electricity, there are no facilities for refrigeration of food, and since the old hunter-killer existence has been disrupted by the immigration of the white 'Australians', the average Aboriginal diet is an unhealthy, unbalanced combination of tinned and convenience foods (fast food shops have colonised even the Australian Outback). Moving on, biologically speaking, household wastes are deposited in and around oil drums which are scattered about the camps and appear to be seldom cleared. Areas of the camps thus become permanent refuse tips and breeding grounds for the flies which swarm around the camps. You will agree that this adds up to a surprising lack of basic hygiene — 'Third World' living conditions in the heart of a First World or developed country.

Not surprisingly the common Aboriginal health problems reflect the inadequacies of the standard of living. The incidence of infectious diseases is in excess of three times that among the White Australians living in the same region (but having a similar standard of living to our own). The illnesses are familiar — coughs, colds, middle ear



infections, gastroenteritis — but they occur more frequently in a more susceptible population with a consequent increased morbidity and mortality.

However, also common amongst Aboriginals are the 'Third World' diseases such as trachoma, a severe eye infection, which is so common that 20% of Aboriginals over sixty are blind, compared to only 5% nationally in Australia. Leprosy is also a

common disease among the Aboriginal people.

The Aboriginals, in view of their recent history, are a remarkably generous, charming people. They have a simple lifestyle and in the Territory, links with their own rich culture remain strong. Indeed, it must be admitted that adherence to the type of culture is part of the reason for the nature of the environment that they live in, and hence for their standards of health. However, that is only part of the problem. While it is true that the Northern Territory is an isolated part of Australia, in the main the problems of its Aboriginal occupants are seldom understood because they are seldom considered.

The average Briton knows and understands as much about the Aboriginal people of Australia as the average White Australian. You are now better informed than most White Australians.

Dr Jeffrey Ball MB ChB BSc was a pupil from 1970-1981.



Photographs by Dr Jeffrey Ball

— EDUCACION —

A. Martínez Torres

BASTETANOS EN LIVERPOOL

UN GRUPO DE ESTUDIANTES Y PROFESORES BASTETANOS, VISITAN INGLATERRA



Perspectiva del ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE - Liverpool

Con motivo del intercambio entre el Instituto "José de Mora" de Baza con el Colegio "San Edward" de Liverpool, un grupo de ocho alumnos, seis alumnas, José Antonio y Manolo como profesores de inglés, y yo, como padre de alumno, realizamos un viaje a Liverpool vía aérea Málaga-Manchester, el pasado día 5 de Julio y vuelta el día 19 del mismo mes.

Durante esta estancia en Liverpool he podido comprobar "in situ" cómo es la vida en Inglaterra en casi todas sus manifestaciones.

En primer lugar, fuimos recibidos por el Director del Colegio "San Edward", quien nos dió la bienvenida y nos deseó una feliz y provechosa estancia. En general, así ha sido para todos.

Asistimos, profesores y alumnos, a las clases de español del Colegio para que los propios alumnos ingleses nos entrevistaran y preguntaran cosas sobre España, sus gentes, forma de vida o sobre nosotros mismos.

El día 8 de Julio nos trasladamos a la Universidad de Liverpool para asistir a un concurso de español entre estudiantes de esta lengua que organizan todos los años bajo la dirección de nuestro amigo Frederick Neville Mars. El concurso estuvo bastante interesante y demostrando los distintos alumnos su buen nivel de conocimientos del español y sobre España. Me llamó la atención la gran cantidad de Colegios y alumnos que participaron o asistieron.

Visitamos el gran Parque de Atracciones "Alton Towers", donde los alumnos se

divirtieron en las múltiples y variadas atracciones.

Fuimos a visitar el Colegio de las chicas en la península de Wirral donde asistimos a una fiesta con competiciones atléticas, música y entrega de trofeos.

Nos invitaron a una cena en casa de James Lloyd's, alumno inglés que había hecho intercambio con español.

Estuvimos viendo las instalaciones del Everton Club de Fútbol.

Nos recibió el Alcalde de Liverpool, poniéndonos una guía oficial para mostrarnos su Ayuntamiento, auténtico monumento. Allí mismo en el Ayuntamiento nos ofrecieron un refrigerio.

También hicimos una excursión a Chester, una ciudad monumental con sus murallas, catedral, museos, etc. todo digno de ver.

Hemos visitado los monumentos de Liverpool, sus dos catedrales, católica y anglicana, sus museos, por cierto gratis y bien conservados, sus parques sin problema de riego, restaurantes, etc. Al vivir todos en casas unifamiliares, todas las ciudades son extensísimas y, por lo tanto, hay grandes distancias para cualquier desplazamiento por lo que el coche es elemento imprescindible.

En fin, toda una serie de actividades que te hacen comprender una civilización diferente a la nuestra, una hospitalidad que por lo que a mí respecta, no puedo dejar de agradecer a nuestros amigos Frederick y Andrew, quienes en todo momento han estado dispuestos a que nuestra estancia

fuese lo más provechosa y agradable, llevándonos a sus lugares de reunión, de juegos de bolos, de tertulia, casa de Víctor, un leonés afincado en Liverpool, etc.

Aquello es un estilo de vida distinto que, por ejemplo, permite ver a las ardillas acercarse a los visitantes de los parques. Observar lo bien que conservan todo lo suyo, museos, vehículos, carreteras, viviendas y un largo etc. Realmente nos llevan años de adelanto tecnológico, pero por otra parte, muchos ingleses nos envidian a nosotros porque, según ellos mismos, sabemos vivir mejor o entendemos la vida de otra manera. Se cumple el dicho de España es diferente. Una profesora inglesa nos dijo que cuando ella vino a España al ver cómo vivíamos, le escribió a su madre esta frase: "Mamá, en España la gente vive, en Inglaterra, existe".

En definitiva, este tipo de intercambio te abre un nuevo horizonte a tu vida que en realidad siempre resulta provechoso sobre todo en el aspecto lingüístico, a pesar de las dificultades de adaptación, pero pienso que cuando uno va a un país extranjero, el que tiene que adaptarse a esa vida es el visitante.



Alumnos y profesores en la puerta principal del Colegio

Nuestros alumnos, al estar tan desmenuadas las viviendas, han tenido que convivir plenamente con las familias en donde se alojaban, y creo que ese aislamiento les ha venido muy bien para esforzarse a expresarse en inglés, objetivo prioritario del viaje.

Esperamos que este primer intercambio nos haya servido a todos de una manera provechosa y sirva de base para que en años sucesivos se incremente en cuanto al número de alumnos y en cuanto a las relaciones humanas entre habitantes de sitios tan distintos como Baza y Liverpool.

El primer eslabón de la cadena está hecho, sigamos en pro de continuarla y agrandarla.

Classroom Objects

Andrew Cassidy
Form Three

Artillery: The stuff which is thrown around classrooms, consisting of: saliva soaked jotter pages; pencils; pens; erasers. More adventurous pupils throw: empty cans; plastic bottles; footballs and sports bags. The throwing of the latter is sometimes considered a little indiscreet during some lessons.

Board Duster: Has a mind of its own; can never be found. When this occurs it is not unusual for sweaty socks and dirty rugby shorts to be substituted.

Cacophony: (but that's not an object) although evidently existing.

Door: Frequently booby trapped with all manner of objects balanced on top of it. The board duster can be used for this purpose (if available).

Exercise Books: They too like board dusters have a mind of their own. They frequently get dirty and sometimes go for a walkabout from desks, to be found after tedious searching in the bin.

The Floor: Resonating to the sound of artillery falling on it.

The Guard: The person whose job it is to keep a lookout to spot prefects in the morning, but normally attracts them by bobbing his head in and outside the door.

Like the board duster H, I and J are missing.

Kangaroos: Animals that bounce around a lot (but there aren't too many of them in classrooms approx 30).

Lessons: Ha, Ha, Ha: Guffaw Guffaw (Joke — Geddit?).

Nothing: self-explanatory.

Object: see Teacher.

Prefect: see Object.

Pupil: see Kangaroo.

Rubbish Bin: aka. 'The Desk'.

Students: see Pupil.

Teacher: see Prefect.

A day in the life of the senior library

Jonathan Carr
Form Six

Hello, I am the senior library, and it's not much fun. I bet you've never wondered what it's like to be the most boring room in the Northern Hemisphere. It's awful. The long days have passed without anything remotely exciting happening. Oh how I have yearned to be an ordinary form room — the bustle and thrills of continuous chatter, the wild fantasies of being used for French lesson — all this has been denied me.

'But how can you get so despondent with so many books to read?' I heard you cry. Believe me, books can be utterly nauseating. They all hate me. I used to be good friends of 'Experimental Physical Chemistry' until the 'Textbook of Physics' decided to ruin the friendship in a jealous rage and made wild accusations about my affair with 'The Oxford Companion to Music' (I was so young and naive).

There is a continuous struggle amongst the books for the best spaces on the crowded shelves. Because the library is so boring the books are all desperate to be taken out and read — it's all they live for. Obviously some of them, like 'British mosses and liverworts' and 'Stamps of the World 1974' have given up hope completely and simply hide away at the back of the shelf in chronic depression.

Every book's dream is to be stolen. When an intelligent pupil comes along and frees one sad volume from prison in the library all of the other books start to get restless. They dream of the life of luxury that stolen book is enjoying — continuous reference, storage on a

whole new shelf!! Oooh the ecstasy!

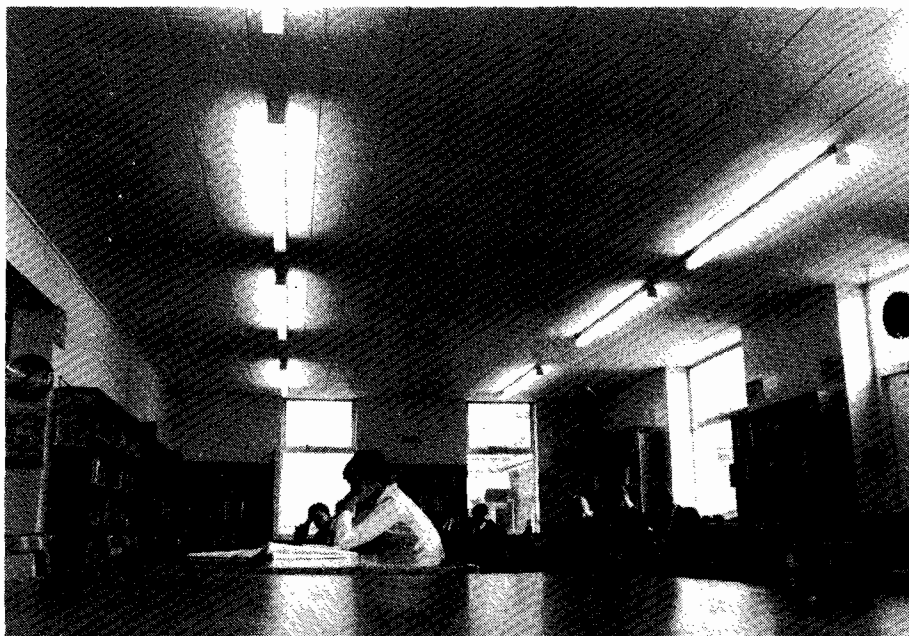
What the books find particularly degrading is being stamped by a cruel librarian who heartlessly rips out their tickets and sticks plastic and paper all over them.

The most badly affected books are the ones smothered carelessly with plastic and left to rot on the shelf. This humiliating treatment leaves these poor specimens overwrought with pain and it wrecks their relationships with other 'normal books', who shun their primitive clothing and telltale paper identity stickers. Many books I have found in this condition have been suffering from psychosomatic illnesses and serious page haemorrhaging.

One particular case had terminal paper cancer. He will be sadly missed. (Here again, all volumes dread the day when their usefulness expires and they are ungraciously thrown in the bin. In fact, the books' most dreadful word is 'reprinted'). The prospectus reference to me as a 'quiet and pleasant place to study' is no more apt than saying 'Economics lessons are beneficial'. So are there no redeeming features of the library then?

If there are nobody can ever remember any of them. My mundane life now consists of counting the dots on the ceiling (there are 403,956 of them, incidentally) and idly wishing that when I grow up I'll be an office block or a museum or a common room . . .

Photograph by Sebastian Brown Form Six



The Do's and Don'ts of behaving at parties

Mark Brunskill
Form Five

DO'S:

- 1) Stick to one drink — mainly because you'll lose self-control if you don't and you'll probably end up having an unnecessary hangover.
- 2) Invite more girls than boys — this way it's easier to get friendly with at least two girls.
- 3) Keep your wits about you — if not an incredibly ugly girl may seduce you unprepared.
- 4) Make sure the parents are out while you're in the bedroom or attic otherwise the chances are the father has a blackbelt in karate and you'll get strangled then thrown out.
- 5) Make sure the girl you intend to get friendly with is observed in the light, if not it could have drastic/regretful consequences (a subtle invitation to the kitchen usually works).
- 6) Ensure you 'stash' (ie hide away) some extra drink in case the majority of people are very thirsty! have not brought anything to drink/are alcoholics.
- 7) Ensure the supposedly all-night party is definitely all night as you may find yourself having to walk the streets.
- 8) Make sure you don't reveal the fact that you play rugby to a rugby fanatic — he may keep you for hours discussing rugby, the best tactics and demonstrating dirty moves on you.
- 9) Make sure you don't go to the party with your girlfriend then accidentally wander into another room and get excessively friendly with another female — this causes too much unnecessary heartache and explaining.
- 10) Make sure you don't drink the homebrew and then use it in the drinking competition — you'll regret it the morning/week after.

DON'TS

- 1) Mix drinks (eg Bacardi and Wine and Lager and Cider and Bitter and Avocado) it can have some strange, involuntary effects in a matter of seconds (eg you might punch a hole through the kitchen door or reveal your boxer shorts).
- 2) Sit in a very comfortable chair if you've had a few — you'll probably get the feeling the chair is swallowing you up and then end up sleeping for an hour or two.
- 3) Play 'The Smiths' (if you like them) as you may suddenly get the urge to freak out most of the night by yourself in the middle of the room and live to regret it.
- 4) Invite only girls from local schools and only boys from this one — there'll be an incredibly large argument especially if you've

recently stopped going out with one of the girls.

- 5) Leave the house and go for a jog — you may fall over, cut your face, knee and shoulder then realise you're scarred for life.
- 6) Invite scallies and mates who have decided to wear ridiculous clothing as a tussle (ie fight) may arise and the police will swiftly be on the scene.
- 7) Get friendly with a girl, forget what she looks like the morning after and meet her that night — you'll end up feeling very sick and sorry for yourself wishing you had heeded your friends' advice.
- 8) Don't get bored and try to liven the party up yourself — it leads to bad consequences and an even worse 'party pooperish' reputation.
- 9) Stoop to the limits of desperation and get off with (ie kiss and the like) a beast (ie not very nice looking girl) no matter what reputation she has — you'll feel totally embarrassed if her (its) name gets mentioned in weeks/months/years to come.
- 10) GOLDEN RULE — DON'T DRINK TOO MUCH — example '9' may occur, you might act too 'party animalish', you'll regret it, you might have to do sport the next day, you might have to face your parents, act sober and fail, you'll have an unwanted hangover . . .

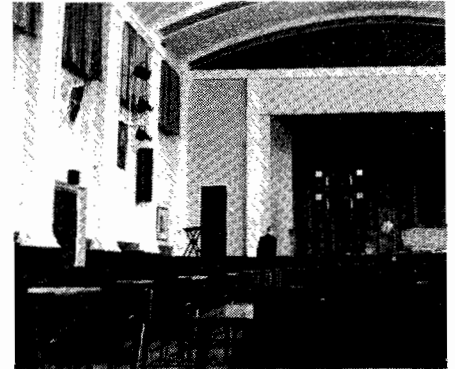
Mark Brunskill ©

(NB — it is important for the reader not to assume the above examples were personally experienced by me . . . I suppose — MB).

Photograph by Sebastian Brown Form Six



Exam Howlers



Photograph by Sebastian Brown.

The following appeared in recent school examinations (Ed).

Form 1: English Literature: The story 'Running Wolf' is full of suspenders.

Mathematics:

Q. Divide 8.7 by 1000

A. 8700000000000190.0

Form 2: Music:

Q. Why is it incorrect to say a wind player blows 'down' the instrument?

A. Because the music goes up the instrument.

Q. Name one famous violin maker.

A. Stravinsky.

Q. What does 'Presto' mean?

A. As if by magic.

Form 3: Physics:

Q. Why is there a vacuum between the walls of a vacuum flask?

A. Somebody sucked all the air out.

Religious Education:

The Septuagint was chariot racing, so called after the Latin for 7 and the fact that they had seven races.

Some Christians felt that they had to live in the dessert.

Form 4: English:

I walked along our road with its Victorian houses.

On the second of February, at 8 a.m. on a fine, hot, summer's day . . .

French:

Q. What is the meaning of 'stationnement interdit'?

A. It is forbidden to stand still.

Religious Education:

Q. By what name did Jesus refer to himself most whilst on earth?

A. 'Me' and 'I'.

Conventional symbols are those which remind you of things that happened to you and things you can remember from your younger days. They are usually smells.

Form 6: General Studies:

The simple act of boiling a kettle.

Freemasonry — Friend or Foe?

Paul Kewin
Form Three

Freemasonry, with more than six million members, is the world's largest secret society. It is an all male self help society, whose members are, theoretically, allowed to be of any religion. There is, however, a great deal of argument over whether a christian can become a freemason.

On first admission into the society, the Freemasonic God is said to be the same as the Christian God. If this were true then it would appear that the two religions are compatible. However, on further investigation into the ideas behind masonic religion it can be seen that the two gods are not the same.

In fact the masonic god, cloaked under the name 'The Great Architect of the Universe' has a completely different name, than the one told to new freemasons. This name is known only to the most senior freemasons, and the totally different character of this god is kept a secret from most low ranking members. Indeed most freemasons would perhaps never have joined the brotherhood, had they not been victims of this small trick. Often when a freemason first finds out about this trick his faith in freemasonry is greatly shaken.

The real name of the freemasonic god, has been revealed to be Jah Bul On which comes from Jahweh the god of the Hebrews, Bul from baal the devil and Osiris the Egyptian god of the underworld. So as the masonic god is two parts evil he cannot be compatible with Christ.

In latter years freemasonry has become something of a businessmen's guild. With members ranging from lawyers to magistrates, to policemen. Anybody can enter, as long as they believe in a supreme being, are male, and, can afford the subscription fee.

Members cannot ask to join but hints are usually dropped that they would be welcome if they wished to. The initiation ceremony is very symbolic and rather dramatic.

First the candidate removes his coat and tie, and throws away any money to show that he has entered the Freemasons poor and penniless. Then he rolls up his left trouser leg, opens his shirt to expose his left nipple, and replaces his right shoe with a slipper. He is then blind folded and a noose is placed round his neck, before he is led to the lodge threshold. There the inner guard bars his way

into the lodge and places a dagger to his left nipple. He is then led to the head of the lodge where he is interrogated and then sworn to secrecy. The candidate is then a Freemason.

Once inside the organisation he can be promoted to any one of thirty degrees or ranks. He starts off as a first degree entered apprentice, he can then be promoted to a second fellow craftsman, followed by a third degree master mason. This is the highest most masons ever reach and they seldom know of the existence of the further thirty degrees. To become any higher than a third degree master mason you have to be chosen by the supreme council of freemasons.

Freemasonry itself began during the middle ages when all crafts had their own secret side so that what little work there was could not be cashed in upon by outsiders. One of the groups were the freemasons who travelled from country to country building churches and cathedrals. Near their temporary homes they erected Lodges where they could spend their time together. As Cathedral building began to decline Freemasons began accepting honorary members to boost the numbers in their lodges.

During the seventeenth century Freemasons began to adopt the practices of ancient religion. In 1777 the first grand lodge was founded in England. In 1725 a group of English noble men staying in Paris founded a lodge there and soon freemasonry spread throughout Europe. As years have gone by much of the religious and rather odd customs have been abandoned and Freemasonry has become a very influential rich man's club.

Although much is known about freemasonry we know little of its power, as it does have members in every walk of life. Ronald Reagan is a freemason, the Queen is the patron of the society. What power does freemasonry hold? What are its true motives? Is it really a self help organisation? It does undoubtedly do a lot of good work and some very good people are freemasons.

This is but a small glimpse beneath the surface of the secret obscure world of freemasons. But it has been amazing to see how little we know about this large and powerful group which has a great deal of influence on today's society.

French Exchange

Miss Geraldine Barnett

Breteuil-sur-Noye, (population 5,000) is a small town in Picardy, 100km north of Paris on the main road to Amiens. The area around Breteuil itself is predominantly agricultural and very quiet. The region is of interest chiefly for its Gothic architecture. As well as the magnificence of the cathedrals at Amiens, Noyon and Laon, beautiful churches in the Gothic style abound, in even the tiniest of the region's villages.

The C.E.S. Compère-Morel, the secondary school where I taught during my exchange, served not only the town itself, but also the surrounding villages up to 12km away, from where pupils were brought in by bus every morning. The school was a mixed comprehensive, taking pupils from the ages of eleven to fifteen, although the system of 'redoublement' by which pupils were kept down a year if they did not work meant that a few of them were up to two years older than this by the time that they left.

The thing I found most striking about school life during my first few weeks was the difference in conditions of service for teachers. In France I was responsible for teaching my classes for 19 hours a week according to my timetables and outside those hours I was free to come and go as I pleased. There were no school or class assemblies and no registration periods. Teachers did not do dinner duty nor did they cover classes for absent colleagues. One of the nicest aspects of the school routine was that there was no school on Wednesdays (Br Sassi please copy!). Some pupils and teachers had lessons on Saturday mornings, but, luckily for me, none of the English teachers had classes then. I was fortunate enough to have my free afternoon on Friday, with the result that I was working what felt like a 3½ day week.

There were drawbacks of course. School began at 8.00 a.m. and finished at 4.30 p.m., which meant a very long school day for the pupils, especially those who lived in the more distant villages. They had to get the school bus at 7.00 a.m. and did not get back home until 5.30 in the evening.

I found teaching English as a foreign language enjoyable though far more difficult than I had expected, as I frequently had to refer to grammar books to find out the rules that I was supposed to be teaching to the children. The pupils were very keen to learn English, usually only in order to be able to understand the British and American pop songs which dominate French popular radio and television. It is surprising how much vocabulary and language structure can be

learnt by memorising the words of Madonna's latest hit!

That I enjoyed my exchange year so much is down to the welcome extended to me and the friendliness of pupils, parents and staff at the school. Being part of a small community, everyone seemed to know who I was and I was frequently stopped on the street by parents, to have a chat about everything from the weather to their children's progress in school. From my colleagues I received tremendous help and support. There was a friendly and relaxed atmosphere in the staffroom and I was soon made to feel at home. The staff had a charming tradition of celebrating any happy event such as a birthday, a marriage, the birth of a baby or the purchase of a new car, by bringing in several bottles of wine for colleagues to celebrate with over lunch in the staff dining-room. This took some getting used to for me and my afternoon lessons were sometimes rather incoherent on such days.

The hospitality of the French is, of course, legendary. I was frequently invited out to dinner in the homes of colleagues, where the most delicious meals were served and no one seemed to bother if the party did not break up until the early hours of the morning. They were also justly proud of their cultural heritage and I was often invited out at weekends to visit local places of interest.

In short, my year in Breteuil was one which I shall always remember with pleasure. I benefited enormously on a professional level, I met a lot of interesting people and I made some marvellous friends.

Pie Chart Programme

Simon Riden
Form Three

This programme allows you to see the pie chart of your choice. It shows you the full colour of the chart and what each colour represents.

Method: First you are asked to enter the title, then the amount of slices. After that you enter the name and percentage of the slice. This is repeated until all slices are complete. If you enter the wrong percentages and the total is less or greater than 100, the computer will ask you to re-enter the names and percentages of the slices. It will then draw the chart and name the colours.

If flashing colours appear, this is just the computer using other colours because it has run out of non-flashing colours.

If more than 8 slices are entered, then the chart will start to move the chart off the screen.

It is advisable to have a colour monitor, but it is not totally necessary.

The Omnibombulator

Brother Aaron Kiely

This useful instrument, which no modern home should be without, is operated by turning the power on, waiting twelve seconds, and then selecting one of the four switch positions, A, B, C or D. The effects are:—

Position A: The pratching valve glows and the queech slowly begins to obulate. The soft widdiphant is inactive.

Position B: The queech obulates quickly and the urfer curls up, but the rumption does not get hot.

Position C: The chittle stick turns clockwise and the pratching valve glows, but the queech fails to obulate.

Position D: The twoozel-feather gives off

hydrogen but the urfer does not curl up. If it is a Tuesday the widdiphant will make tea.

Now whenever the pratching valve glows the rumption gets hot. If the chittle stick turns anti-clockwise, the queech cannot obulate, but unless the chittle stick is turning anti-clockwise the twoozle-feather will not emit hydrogen. At weekends, the time for the soft widdiphant to perform its ablutions, it is of course unwise to select position D. If at any time the urfer does not curl up you may be quite sure that the rumption is not getting hot.

Problem 1: In order to get the omnibombulator to run the bath for you and to lay two fresh eggs, you must ensure (a) that the chittle stick is rotating clockwise AND (b) that if the twoozle-feather is not emitting hydrogen, the queech is not obulating.

Which switch position do you select?

Problem 2: After playing chess with the omnibombulator, you might like it to perform the '1812 Overture' for you. If so, you must take care (a) that the rumption does not get hot AND (b) EITHER that the urfer does not curl and the queech declines to obulate, OR that the pratching valve glows and the twoozle-feather desists from emitting hydrogen. (Don't forget that the twoozle-feather only comes into action on the soft widdiphant's day off, normally Wednesdays, unless it is raining outside).

Which switch position do you select?

```

L.
10 REM * PIE CHART *
20 MODE7
30 VDU23,240,255,255,255,255,255,255,255
40 total=0
50 INPUT "TITLE",title$
60 INPUT "How many slices",num
70 DIM slice%(num),item$(num),pc(num)
80 FOR I=1 TO num
90 PRINT "Item No.":I;"?"
100 INPUT item$(I)
110 INPUT "Percentage",pc(I):total=total+pc(I)
120 slice%(I)=360*(pc(I)/100)
130 NEXT I
140 IF total<>100 THEN PRINT "Addition Error, try again.":FORX=1 TO 100:NEXT:GO
TO 10
150 MODE 2:G=1
160 start=0:r%=300:x=640:y=700
170 FOR I=1 TO num
180 PROCpie
190 NEXT I
200 VDU 26:PROCdisplay
210 PRINT title$:PRINT:END
220 DEF PROCpie
230 GDU0,G:rend=start+slice%(I)
240 end=start+slice%(I)
250 GDU0,G:rend=start+slice%(I)
260 VDU29,x:y:MOVE 0,0
270 FOR A%=start TO end STEP2
280 A=RAD(A%):MOVE 0,0
290 PLUT BS,r%*COS(A),r%*SIN(A)
300 NEXT A:A:=C+1:start=end
310 ENDFROC
320 DEF PROCdisplay
330 FBHT 1AB(1,20)
340 FORI=1 TO num
350 FBHT 1AB(1,20+I)
360 COLOUR I:PKINT CHR$(240);
370 COLOUR 7:PKINT "":item$(I):HB(16);"":pc(I):"%
380 NEXT I:PRINT
390 ENDFROC

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The Last of the Strumpet (the blast of the trumpet revised)

Sarah Moorhead
Form 6

It seems to me as if eventually the novelty of having female pupils at St Edward's College has well and truly worn off, and so in a desperate attempt to retain our social status at the school I humbly follow in the steps of Ms Catherine O'Grady (83-84) and Miss Kirsten McGlinchey (86-87) two very outspoken, well known and unforgettable females at St Edwards.

From reading the articles subscribed by Ms O'Grady and Miss McGlinchey, it is apparent that the notoriety of female pupils has been on the decline since that memorable day in 1983, when the 'men' of St Edwards threw open their doors, their hearts and possibly their minds to a new species, closing their eyes to a long tradition of an all male school. Indeed the day of reckoning had come for that cloistered breed the 'Edwardians'.

However, this situation seemed to have



suffered an anti-climax, because instead of standing out as 'the Brave Girl who took on the Edwardians', they blended into the background to become just another feather in the cap of the Christian Brothers. As the war chant died a horrible death, it seemed that the females had been conquered. Had the Edwardians heard the last of the strumpet?

However, before we go on, I feel that I must deal with part of my carefully chosen title. I am well aware of what the Oxford Illustrated Dictionary has to say about the word 'Strumpet'. (Please note that there is no illustration). Even Shakespeare, as it has been pointed out to me a number of times, used this archaic word. Today, however, it is more used as a slang word for an outspoken, impetuous, 'angry', young woman, a description which I feel Ms O'Grady and Miss McGlinchey fit very well.

Back to my previous point. The idea of the males that the females had been conquered was just a figment of their rather dull imaginations. They overlooked the feminine cunning (and still seem to be blind to it) in the façade that because they were a minority, they could not hold their own; but they were, alas, mistaken.

Ms O'Grady describes how, on her first day, the females were ignored. In a way, it was similar to how some of us felt. The first day at St Edward's for me, at least, had all the grace and elegance of a pink elephant fitting into a small, green mini-skirt. It was claustrophobic, the contrast was shocking and I'm sure that it proved an interesting and amusing sight for all those not concerned.

It did not improve vastly, and with two girls having already left, and one girl bravely arriving, we are still one short of the merry band of eighteen, with which we started.

As pointed out by previous articles, the male society takes getting used to. In a way I do not feel that this is right — maybe they should be ignored all together. In another way, I think that this is grossly understated. For instance, the Old Boys Dinner has been a centre of controversy for a while. Some of the girls felt that they are adequately qualified to attend these meals, because they have been a pupil at St Edward's. I feel that there has been a slight mistake on behalf of this certain party, for they are not Old 'Boys'.

However great the status is for attending one of these evenings, I really do not think that it is worth lowering oneself, as all those smoking, ale-gutted, drunken, foul-mouthed ex-Edwardians would be enough to put me off my food for a month of Sundays, never mind that particular evening, so if I was not

going to eat the meal anyway, the whole thing would be rather pointless. (An apology to all those non-smoking, teetotal, politely conversing ex-Edwardians, if the rumours that you do exist are true.)

The only point which I truly do find disturbing is that we have a totally male lower sixth committee, seeing as there are six committee members and the girls constitute almost (if not more than) a fifth of the year, so this seems to be unfair, but is however the only (main) complaint!

A serious problem pointed out by Ms O'Grady in her stimulating and very interesting article is the disturbing and insulting bad language and sexist jokes. Hopefully I can reassure you by saying that I am sure this is just a phase that the girls are going through.

Photographs by Sebastian Brown Form Six



Late Abortion — The Case for Reform

Sarah Moorhead
Form Six

On Friday, 22 April, the whole of the Sixth Form gathered in the hall for a talk on abortion by David Alton MP. As Mr Alton stated, abortion is a difficult issue, which rouses sensitivities, anger, bitterness and sometimes even hatred. Many of these emotions have been seen on the television recently, and heard about in the newspapers, reporting on anti-abortion rallies and pro-abortion rallies, but as Mr Alton points out, whatever side we are on, pro-life or pro-choice, opposed to, or in favour of abortion, nobody can think positively about the nature or consequences of late abortions, unless they do know, or understand these consequences. Is abortion freedom or murder?

Mr Alton explained to us, how, after twenty-eight weeks gestation, a child is assumed to be capable of being born alive, and so this explains the limit of twenty-eight weeks. However, does this mean that before this time a child cannot feel pain? In Mr Alton's own words:—

'By eighteen weeks, a foetus is not just a lump of tissue, not just a blob of jelly. The child has sentience and can feel pain. If a light is shone at its mother's womb, the child will react and turn away. The child has a complete skeleton and reflexes. It pumps fifty pints of blood a day.'

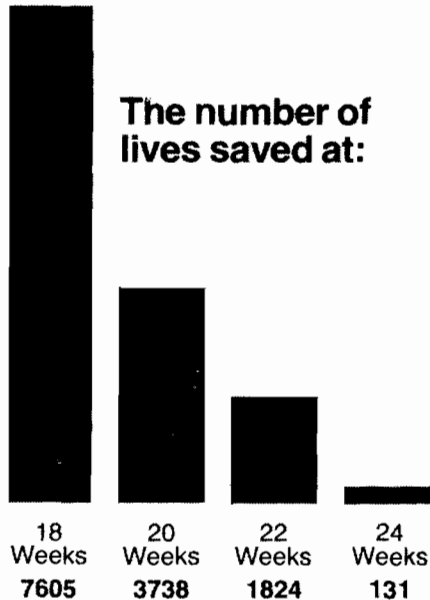
And yet still, abortions are allowed for ten weeks after this.

The actual operation itself, was far more gruesome than I had expected. There are two principle methods, described to us by Mr Alton. The first is known as 'prostaglandins', in which labour is induced by drugs and will be very painful, sometimes lasting up to twenty hours or more. There is a chance that the child will be born alive, and the way to avoid this is to poison the baby before the abortion is proceeded with. This is a long, drawn out method, and so a more 'popular' method is 'dilation and evacuation', where by the baby's body has to be removed in parts. Mr Alton says:—

'— To facilitate its extraction from the womb, the skull is crushed, the spine snapped and the body removed piece by piece. An attendant nurse then has the job of reassembling the body to ensure that nothing has been left behind that might cause infection. Throughout this procedure, no anaesthetic is used on the child . . .'

There is a chance that with the first method, 'prostaglandins', that the baby can live for a few minutes, although the violent contractions have usually battered it to death.

No other country in Europe allows abortions as late as twenty-eight weeks, the



average time limit being fourteen weeks. Another disturbing point that Mr Alton told us, was that 92% of all late abortions involved healthy children.

When abortion was made legal twenty years ago, it was seen, as Mr Alton describes as a 'panacea', or a 'universal remedy'. Then it was thought of as reducing back-street abortions, reducing illegitimacy, reducing child abuse, because every child would be wanted. However illegitimacy is at 15% and rising, the cases of physical and sexual abuse of children filled the news constantly in 1987, and as for the return of 'back-street' abortions, late abortions could not be performed in such a way, and in the last twenty years, six-hundred abortions taking place every working day — that is nearly three million babies killed legally, even some on the grounds of gender, a little boy or little girl, who could have been the answer to the prayers of a childless couple, desperate to adopt. Choice, however, has not been completely ignored, as Mr Alton's bill does have an exclusion clause for severe disabilities, such as anencephaly, Potter's, or Edward's Syndrome.

Since 1967, things have changed. Science and technology have advanced greatly, and also we have learned about the consequences of abortion for the mother and child and for the medics, but maybe the saddest part is how it affects the mother, including psychological consequences of post-abortion trauma.

Many women are advised by counsellors to have an abortion, knowing about the psychological and physical consequences and a demand for post-abortion counselling has been growing.

These counsellors, giving advice with no real thought for the woman, maybe partially



Baby of 18 Weeks Gestation

Photo: © Lennart Nilis

This is the picture pro-abortionists hate you to see

because, Mr Alton has found, that the 'Department of Health and Social Security confirms that thirty-two individuals are directors or trustees of a company or charity providing abortion counselling and are simultaneously involved in private clinics undertaking abortions.'

Mr Alton then went on to say that about £12 million was estimated to have passed hands in the abortion business last year. Sixty per cent of late abortions in private clinics were undertaken by eleven practitioners. They and the clinics where they work netted £2 million last year.

There were two new and very interesting aspects that Mr Alton put to us. Firstly, he suggested we show compassion for the woman, who may have been 'talked' in to having an abortion and whether or not this is so, she will still feel psychologically disturbed. The other aspect was that of the role of men. Mr Alton suggests that men must approach the debate with humility and sensitivity, and as Mr Alton points out, men rarely have to suffer the practical day-to-day experience of an unwanted child. We rarely hear about unmarried fathers, and do not hear about men having illegitimate children, and men talk smugly about fallen women, but we do not hear about fallen men.

Women can be pressurised into having abortions by men, often because they leave women in the lurch, ignoring their responsibilities, which they are all too ready to evade.

Finally, Mr Alton says that it is a paradox that some £13 million is spent per year on abortions in Britain, when doctors and nurses should be using their skills to care for and cradle life, not to extinguish it and snuff it out. Care and kill can never be used as synonymous.

'Random Jottings'

Roy Stead
Form Six

1988 already. By the time you read this the year will be half over (or half-begun, depending on whether you be an optimist or a pessimist. Personally, I'm a pessimist. After all as the Good Book says, 'it is impossible for an optimist to be pleasantly surprised'.) As I write, however, January has just left us and St Valentine's Day is just around the corner. Why is it that Christmas, New Year, St Valentine's Day and Easter all occur within about four months?

More to the point what do card manufacturers do for the other eight months of the year? Is this why Mother's Day and Father's Day were invented? Or do they switch to postcards?

Then again, who cares? I am — after all — rambling.

I first came to St Edward's in 1981 — September 1981, in fact, though I suppose you guessed as much. The traditional sort of things to say at this point are, 'My, how things have changed', and 'I remember when the CDT Block was a mere twinkle in the Art Centre's Eye'. Well, things haven't altered that much in the past seven years. The prep and lower-school yards have been split up. The chicken loft was converted into a prayer room (to suggestions from a malicious few that the chickens were easier to obtain for use in weird, clandestine ceremonies involving sharp daggers, black candles, inverted crucifixes and a goat's head). These theories — attractive though they may be — are totally groundless, and I would like to put a stop to them here and now. If a chicken vanishes, there's probably some perfectly natural explanation (and one that does not involve Satanic rites.)

The CDT Block was built. Our old headmaster — Brother Gillespie — left us a couple of years ago and went gallivanting off to head the Christian Brother movement in the UK. May he continue recounting his dreams for many years to come. Brother Gillespie's replacement will be more familiar to most of you — particularly those lower down the school (just thought I'd slip in a Head Boyism there). Brother Sassi is a relative newcomer to St Edward's (and I feel obligated to point out that the act of arson, vandalism and desecration which occurred in tandem with Brother Sassi's takeover of the school were totally unconnected with either him or any other person or persons, living or — very probably — dead known to me at this moment in time.

Further I have been advised by my lawyers that the words 'Reign of Terror' and 'Mafia' should be avoided in any reference to our

To the Prefect

Anon
c/o Roy Stead
Form Six

illustrious headmaster. (And I'm sure the photographs were faked.)

Those who know me (those with even a nodding acquaintance, in fact) will — no doubt — be aware (assuming them not to be both deaf and blind. Which seeing as I know nobody who is deaf and blind — is a fair assumption) that I am more than mildly interested in competitors. And so I come to another change that has occurred since 1981.

When I arrived at St Edward's the school computer (singular) consisted of an aged Commodore PET (I forgot the model number, but it was the only micro I've ever seen to have a long white beard and a hearing aid. It wasn't very new). I can still remember the time when — after much pestering of various Mathematics (Mr Vector) and Physics teachers — I was finally permitted into the converted broom cupboard (between the senior Biology Lab and the stairs) which was the computer room. Within, huddled — probably for warmth — about the dilapidated digital device, were three sixth formers — doggedly, deliberately and determinedly typing in a long BASIC listing from an old copy of 'Your Computer' — cursing often as the little known axiom ('If you hit two keys on a typewriter, the one you don't want hits the paper') flexed its muscles.

Several years later, thanks to myself, Mr Coupe, Mr Mercer and a large-ish injection of readies, we had a halfway-decent computer room. Unfortunately the school insisted on the BBC Micro — which I despise.

Personally I think they should sell all bar one — now, before it's too late — and buy Atari STs with BBC Basic emulators. Then they could have the best of both worlds.

Actually, come to think of it, there have been quite a few changes since my early days. I move on now, to pastures new, and bid a fond farewell to my alma mater (they've dumped the school song, too, so you young'uns probably won't know what one of them is. Pester your local English teacher.)

I must not be insolent in class because if I call a prefect 'The milky bar kid' he might be upset and cry or lose his temper and give me an essay. If I had lots of essays the world's paper supply would soon diminish and lots more trees would have to be chopped down.

If this happened, all the little animals and birds that live in trees would be homeless and homeless squirrels would be committing suicide. Also, if all the trees were knocked down the world's oxygen would get thinner and thinner and we would all have to wear aqualungs when we walked to the shops.

Worst of all, I might get writer's cramp and my hand would have to be amputated. And my family wouldn't be very happy. Then gangrene might set in and ever so slowly consume me until everything had been amputated, but if this happened the prefect would be sad because he would have no one to give essays to.

Also, I would spend lots of money on ink and pens and we would have to revert to the old days when feathers were used for writing. Also there would be an international ink shortage and all the pens would die of thirst.

Perhaps the most important thing about not being insolent is that if I were insolent the prefect might have a sleepless night thinking of terrible punishments for me.

Sainsbury's Retail Challenge 1987

Martin Woollam
Form Six

After the success enjoyed by last year's entry, an air of apathy was noticeable when Mr Thompson announced that we were to enter again in 1987. Would the judges penalise our entry due to the success of 'Jeunesse' in 1986, or could we, the students, rise to the challenge again in 1987 — such opinions were aired and decided by the fact Mr Thompson had already entered us for this year's Challenge!

Firstly the idea — being a mods orientated Economics class the ideas flowed thick and fast — mostly thick! Ideas ranged from nightclubs to nurseries, and from a health food store to a designer weapon shop! (nice one Robbo). Eventually, after much deliberation, the brainchild of Gary Chandler was chosen. A designer knitwear shop called 'Fine Design'. The store was to be a retailing masterpiece! It gave the customer a chance to design his/her own jumper in any style with the creation of their choice on the front — at the same time displaying a wide range of plainer knitwear already being designed by the shop.

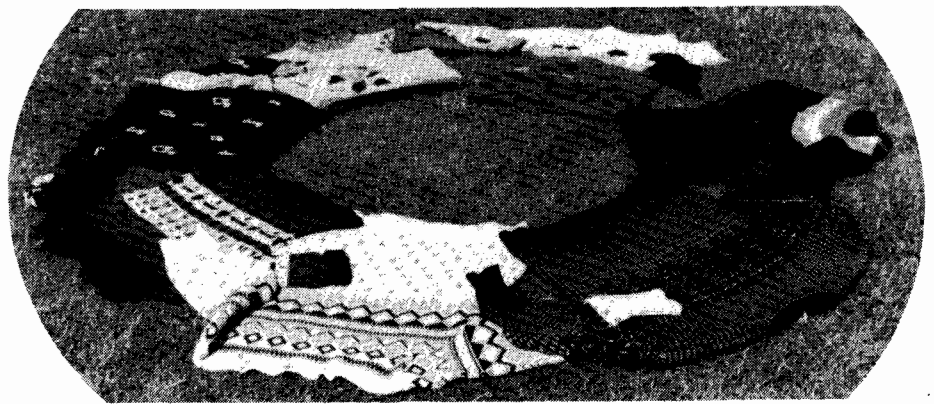
With this proposal in mind Mr Thompson set about choosing (victims) volunteers to put this plan into action. Support was surprisingly sparse from such a class of outstanding economists, but, eventually a few sacrificial lambs were chosen! (Last year's entry had a 'hardcore team' of 12, yet we had to make do with a team of six full timers, two part timers, and one Economics teacher!) Despite its critics (John Mallon especially) this obviously happy little bunch set to work, and tasks were allocated accordingly!

Miss McGlinchey, due to her unprecedented knowledge of the fashion scene ie a Saturday job in 'Next' was entrusted with the task of market evaluation ie sussing out the competition!

Mr Wills, with his fine head for figures and extensive list of contacts in the business world, was assigned to the post of Head Financier and Management Consultant.

Miss Suffield's obvious flair for fiction gave her the unenviable task of Market Research. With a mixture of truths and 'little white lies' — the report was 'created'. (These results actually won a major literary award — The Booker Award for Fiction!)

Miss Whitty, with her usual industriousness, compiled information concerning the capital and raw material requirements for our venture (all of which was true!) Miss Whitty also struck up an invaluable relationship with Mrs Kelly — a knitting expert for George Henry Lee's,



which came in handy for the production side of our venture.

This just left advertising, and due to his vast knowledge of all things corny, Mr Woollam was called to assist matters. The advertising consisted of radio jingles — using the dulcet tones of Miss Suffield, Mr Wills and Mr Woollam, newspaper ads, posters — thanks to a combined effort from our resident Rembrandts (Mr Robinson, Mr Quirk, and Mr Critchley) and a knitted jumper, emblazoned with the 'Fine Design' logo.

We then produced a catalogue in order to promote our venture. During the compilation of this catalogue we discovered new talents in the Economics class — photography and modelling! Mr F. Roche, our very own David Bailey, showed his arty streak by producing some excellent pictures of a bunch of non-photogenic economists! The clarity and quality of these pictures were a credit to Mr Roche, however the models were less successful! Arguments as to who was going to model what, where shots were to be taken and how much make-up was to be worn? (especially between Mr Wills, Mr Woollam and Mr Chandler).

The finished package was sent off to Sainsbury's for judgement. The period between July — December was unbearable for some members of 'The Team' and unimportant for others. Then finally in December — the wait was over, the results started to come in. The first letter Mr Thompson received was to acknowledge our place in the last 20. Unfortunately, a week later a letter came thanking us for our entry, and that we hadn't reached the last three! A

disappointed team were offered consolation by their leader, Mr Thompson, when they learned that they were to receive a pen for their efforts.

So the 1987 entry for the Sainsbury's Retail Challenge ended in triumph. Thanks are due to all the 'Team' for all their hard work and time.

The team: Gary Chandler — Deviser; Kirsten McGlinchey — Market Evaluation; Francis Roche — Photography; Joanne Suffield — Market Research; Matthew White — Site Consultant; Susan Whitty — Production Consultant; Stephen Wills — managing Consultant and Finance; Martin Woollam — Advertising.

Special thanks must go to Mr Thompson for all his constant hard work behind the scenes, for giving us his expertise and for buying the ale for our celebration drink!

Extra special thanks and appreciation must be given to Mrs Suffield for tendering her secretarial skills during this exercise (so frequently).



Photographs by Francis Roche Form Six

Terrors of the Sand-Ragworms

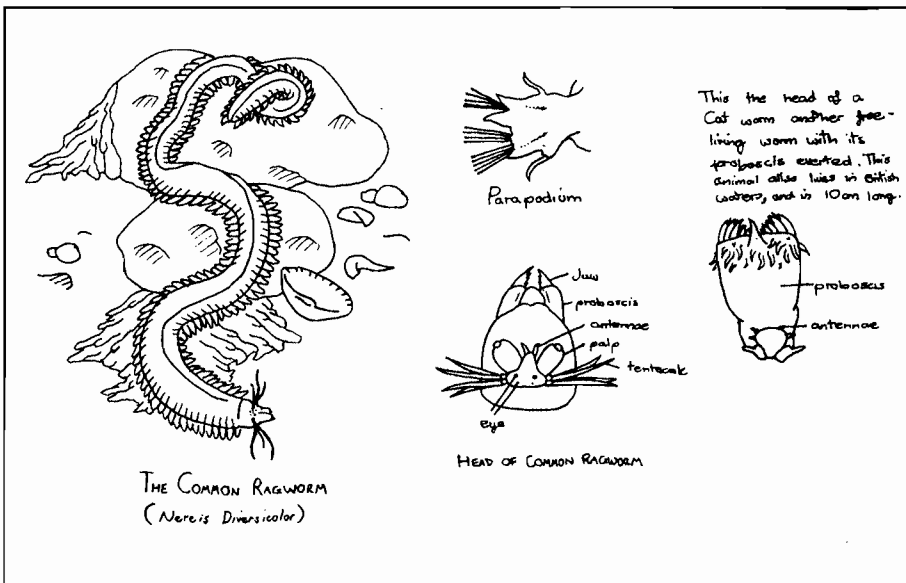
Christopher Rodenhurst
Form Three

When you go to the beach do you realise that a vast community of animals are living beneath your very feet? Many strange creatures live under the damp sand of our local beaches, not least amongst these is the Ragworm. Most marine worms living in the sand or mud live in permanent burrows eg the lugworm whose casts, or twisted 'rope' of sand I am sure you have seen. But the Ragworm is a free-living species able to swim or crawl over and through the sediment (the debris left behind by the tide) using leg-like growths called parapodia which act as both paddles and legs, with bristles which grip the sediment. Each one also acts as a gill, absorbing oxygen from the water.

The Ragworm is a hunter and scavenger, locating small animals with its eyes and antennae and seizing them with a pair of large, black pincer-like jaws which are shot out on the end of a muscular tube called a proboscis. The jaws are powerful enough to bite humans.

The Common Ragworm (*Nereis Diversicolor*) grows up to 12cm long, its fattened body varies from yellow-brown to greenish. A dorsal blood vessel forms a distinctive red line down its back. The Ragworm is an anneloid, a segmented worm and is thus related to the common earth worm. The Common Ragworm has 90-120 segments, each containing a pair of parapodia. A relation, the King ragworm

Illustrations by Christopher Rodenhurst
Form Three.



(*Nereis pelagica*) is a creature to be avoided. It is very similar to the Common Ragworm although it is always greenish with iridescent glints of violet and grows up to 50cm long and can deliver a painful bite. There are other types of Ragworm but they all follow the same design as *Nereis Diversicolor* more or less and indeed many may only be told apart by using a magnifying glass and sometimes by counting the bristles on the parapodia. Ragworms are favoured by fishermen for bait.

To find a Ragworm look around wet mud or sand, the ideal spot is where a rocky area meets the sand or mud. Look under stones stuck in the mud or sand and you are sure to find either the tracks of a Ragworm or the creature itself. Try to avoid as much physical contact as possible and put them into a tub or bucket of water and sand or mud. Ragworms usually keep their jaws tucked away, in a book of mine it says to reveal them press gently on the back of its head. Do not try this if you want to see your fingers in one piece again, Ragworms react very violently to this.

Never underestimate Ragworms, even small Ragworms are dangerous. After I picked up a small animal it, realising its small jaws could not hurt my fingers bit the soft flap between my fingers, it was very painful and hung grimly on like a bulldog. Ragworms are very brittle and easily break in two, after splitting both parts will promptly crawl away in different directions to regenerate.

Try not to keep them long and when returning them put them on some mud near to where you originally found them (don't drop a rock on one) then watch it swiftly burrow. Don't put it anywhere where their main enemy (sea birds) can get at them, always remember to replace stones once removed. On no account try to keep them. In order for them to survive pumps, filters, salts etc must be used, all this is very costly (exceeding £30). They do not live in ordinary tap water and do not even survive in a bowl of sea water. If you would like to keep marine animals get a book on aquariums and get ready to pay a lot of money.

Self Examination

Mark Brunskill
Form Five

Do you consider yourself a rebel or swot? Pick the best answer to each question and see how you fair on the points' tally.

- 1) The photosynthesis equation (ie $C_6H_{12}O_6$ etc) is taken down for the 74th time do you:
 - a) lick your lips with glee and scribble the equation enthusiastically,
 - b) groan and pretend you haven't really written the equation 73 times before
 - or c) draw a picture of an orange-bearded man instead and murmur 'I hate biology' amongst other naughty comments.
- 2) It's Monday morning and assembly time, the hour long Mass you endured on Sunday is being discussed, do you:
 - a) listen to every word intently and wish the assembly, too, could last for an hour,
 - b) become distracted easily by our incredibly itchy school trousers and one or two 6th form girls,
 - or c) become excessively infuriated (since you have to suffer yet again) and attempt to catch up on the sleep you missed.
- 3) 'Virgil' is being recited for the third time in two days, do you:
 - a) Think: 'yippee, I love reciting Virgil especially for the third time in two days'
 - b) struggle to concentrate and have regrets about continuing Latin,
 - or c) wish Virgil's poetry could have died along with himself and Latin and conjure up some maliciously intentional daydreams about the owner of the monotonous voice you hear.

- 4) It's Friday games time and your group's turn to do cross country, do you:
 - a) sprint throughout the whole course so you'll have time for 150 press-ups and a 300m jog,
 - b) wish you'd have packed-in those bad habits and walk with your mates when the teacher is out of sight,
 - or c) walk virtually all the way with short bursts of sprinting to bump (accidentally) into a girl from Holly Lodge and make a shortcut to avoid being late.
- 5) The chemistry experiment is totally boring and involves a strong acid and bunsen burner, do you:
 - a) wear safety specs, gloves and overalls and get very excited by the feeble reaction and dream about it,
 - b) not bother with the safety gear and decide to mould your friend's ruler into a blob using the bunsen,

or c) ignore safety precautions, dip your fingers in the acid, burn your partner's hand then raid the ethanol jar.

6) It's exam time in Spanish and time to prove if you learnt the vocabulary or not, do you:

a) quietly scream with delight and thank el señor on getting 100%

b) get a shock but already know the answers to most but cheat on the rest,

or c) stay calm even though you know no answers, get 0%, get detention then sent to the headmaster but still feel quite good.

7) The GCSE's are getting closer, it's now four weeks, do you:

a) really look forward to getting those 'A's and think it's a good job you started revising three years beforehand.

b) pull your socks up, panic first and try to revise five days a week.

or c) stay totally relaxed and remember that the night before your first exam is free so that will give you plenty of time to revise.

HOW DID YOU FAIR?

Award yourself the following points for each answer: (a) 10 points, (b) 5 points, (c) 0 points.

70-35 points — Euurrggh, get lost I don't want to be associated with an academically successful, filthy little swot like you, why aren't you revising with D.F. and other swots?

Rating — 'Megaswot'.

35-5 points — You're more my type of person, keep that attitude and you should be liked. Try not to work too hard, you shouldn't have to.

Rating — 'Typical Pupil'.

5-0 points — I suppose you think you're incredibly hard but I'm afraid you'll be on the dole, in fact you'll get nowhere in life, work a lot harder and next time don't lie.

Rating — 'Rebellious Screff' or 'Liar'.

Looking Back

Mr John Buckley

The 320 bus had been exchanged for an aeroplane. Instead of digesting French vocabulary, I was now studying newspaper cuttings to prepare a programme for Channel Four. The voice of Brother Brennan however, resounded as clearly for me as when he had first uttered his mantra some 12 years earlier: 'You can't spend hours travelling without bothering to take in a thing.' Habits, acquired in youth at St Edward's, continue to make the difference.

My stay at the school was brief — a mere two years, but its value was inestimable. There were times when, as a newcomer from a comprehensive school in St Helens, and a 'woolyback' to boot, the school's ways seemed strange to me — stranger even than the million miles gap between Eccleston Lane Ends and East Prescott Road could account for. The infamous smokers' cellar behind the sixth form block exerted such an illicit cachet that it usually housed more non smokers and wheezing but suitably thrilled — than paid-up members of the ash-flicking fraternity. The school also subscribing, unlike my native St Helens, to the (usually) gentlemanly code of Rugby Union, I spent most games periods wondering what had happened to the team's other two players. I still haven't figured that one out.

St Edward's was strange to me in other ways too. At times I resented what seemed to me then an excessive adherence to tradition, and a rigid imposition of discipline. It was in the course of my work years later, visiting schools in London which lacked tradition and discipline, that I came to appreciate their importance. St Edward's used its traditions to give to its pupils a sound basis for the future. The aim of its discipline was to impart to them the self-discipline to preserve in the future challenges of professional and personal life.

Within minutes of entering the school for the first time, in the distant Autumn of 1974, I was effusively welcomed by someone who was throughout my time there a quiet but constant influence. Bob Allen, affectionately referred to as 'Pop', fulfilled the school's motto in the fullest sense. Firm but kind-hearted to a fault, he was someone who amid the strangeness and uncertainty was a living refutation of the accusation sometimes levelled at the school that success bred arrogance and cliquishness.

Since my departure the school has become an independent grammar. If this is something which prevents the poorest families from enjoying its facilities, then this strikes me as something to be regretted. Ironically, it seems to have been brought about by the policies of those who in the 1970's believed that by abolishing the Direct Grant schools, they were ushering in a new dawn of equality. Reading through the last copy of the school magazine however, it seems that the Brothers are using the Assisted Places Scheme to the full. The criticism that St Edward's pupils enjoy an unjustified privilege will continue to be made — just as it was twelve years ago. That there is privilege is undeniable. It is a privilege to enjoy teaching from the likes of Neville Mars and the Christian Brothers. It is a privilege to grow and learn within a school with a solidly Catholic ethos. Whether those privileges are unjustified will depend not on whether they are paid for, nor on whether the school operates a selective admissions policy, but rather on what those fortunate enough to have been there go on to make of those advantages in later life.

John Buckley was a pupil from 1974-76. He is now a presenter for BBC Radio 4's 'You and Yours', and also works for Channel 4 and BBC TV.

Visita à Baza, 1988

Gary Chandler
Form Six

Since Mr Mars and Don Jose' Rarión del Águila took part in the teaching exchange of 1986, the college has been able to offer students of Spanish the opportunity to participate in student exchanges with a Secondary School in Baza, Southern Spain. The scheme is popular and this year's trip was as successful as expected.

On Tuesday, 22 March a group of ten boys, accompanied by Mr Neville Mars and Mr Andrew Derbyshire, flew to Spain. Although some of the group had already visited the town, we were met by a grim, dark town. The mood was far from welcoming, and only the prospect of a good night's sleep kept us going. Hopefully the first morning in Spain would improve upon the first night.

Baza is the main town in the region, with 20,000 inhabitants. It is surrounded on all sides by mountains which are dotted with villages as exquisitely Moorish and characteristic as their names: Zúgar, Benamaurel, Baúl, Caniles. The countryside in the Hoya de Baza affords the townsfolk a stunning diversity of landscape, from the dominating heights of Mount Jabalcón (5,000 ft) to the lush and tranquil forests at its base. The natural beauty of the area is illustrative of the as yet untainted character of the place. Understandably, the families were somewhat apprehensive at the prospect of our staying there.

The following three days were spent in the



Holy Week Procession in Camiles

school, more often than not being used as role-models in English lessons. The novelty of being fluent wears off after a few hours and we were often forced to seek refuge in the oh-so typical bars. Our evenings were occupied with official welcomes from the mayor, guided tours and the occasional banquet. Naturally we felt it vital to experience a typically Spanish disco.

On Friday we were treated to a tour of the region and witnessed the raw beauty of non-tourist Andalusia. The ramshackle villages boasted marvellous churches and beautiful parks, yet there was always an unnerving glimpse of the extreme poverty of the area.

Of the group, only six were in Baza, with three in Zúgar and myself in Caniles. We saw little of each other and next met to watch a bullfight. The spectacle was as bloodthirsty and distasteful as expected, yet there was something fascinating in the expertise of the matador and the power of his victim. Unfortunately, the attraction often turned to disgust, especially when the bull suffered six

sword blows rather than just one. The most pitiful sound I heard was the wail of the wounded bull as its cerebral nerve was severed by the village butcher.

In contrast our new day-trip was magnificent. On Tuesday we travelled to Grenada and stopped first to see the Cathedral with its immense pipe organ and the ornate and beautiful floats in preparation for the Holy Week processions. Next we viewed the Jerónimos Monastery — inspiring apathy and boredom in us all.

In my opinion the highlight of the stay was the Alhambra palace/fortress, built by the Moors in the 14th Century. Mosaics and wall carvings form the core of the decorations with the additional resplendent beauty of the fountains and gardens.

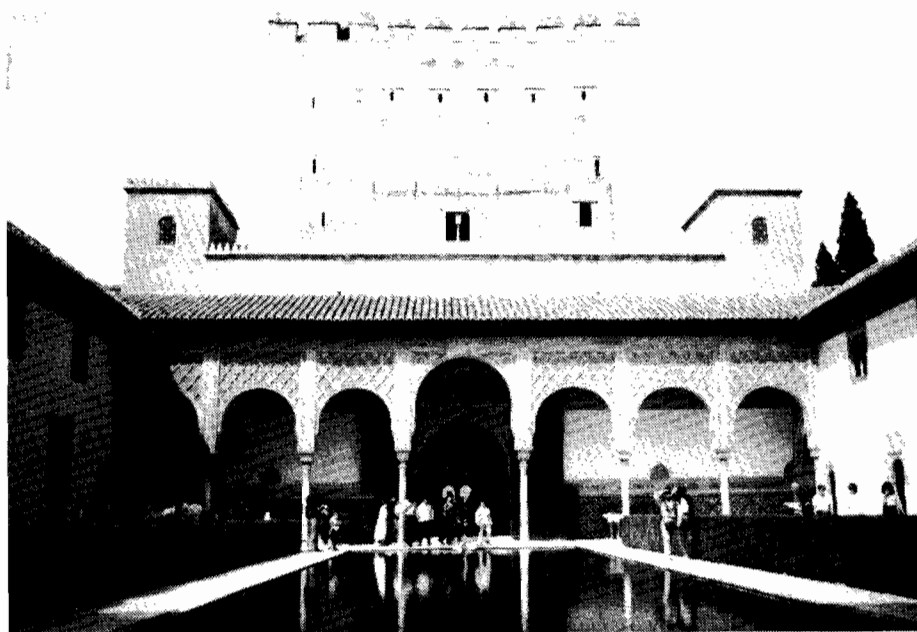
The character of the individual villages was best reflected in its religious celebrations. In Caniles, at least, the silent, mournful progression of Christ's sepulchre through the streets illustrated the serious nature of the village whilst the frenetic, bawdy and highly dangerous custom of fighting citizens in Roman garb by hurling live fireworks at them showed their 'joie de vivre'.

Only one other tradition approaches the stupidity of the former — that of 'echar verde' or 'throwing grass'. Tradition dictates that during the early hours the young men of Caniles should leave their beds and place grass and presents upon the balcony of their favourite girl. I had the dubious honour of tramping the streets of Spain for four hours doing this. The more interesting side is what they leave on the balconies of girls they dislike, including such marvels as dead kittens, a rooster's legs and a donkey's head.

On the final Sunday of our stay there was a family reunion in a converted mill in Zújur. The setting was perfect, with wine in abundance and a fabulous array of typically Andalusian foods, including the savoury victims of the previous Saturday's bullfight.

After an emotional farewell, we left Baza on Tuesday, 7 July. The appeal of such holidays, apart from the climate and the opposite sex, is the opportunity to enhance one's knowledge of Spain, its people and its language. It will be most interesting to see how the young Spaniards cope in such an alien environment as ours, given that very few have ever left Andalusia, let alone Spain.

The Group: Mr Andrew Derbyshire, Mr Neville Mars, Gary Chandler, Dominic Moran, Stephen Mcglory, Michael Cozzolino, James Lloyd, Fergal McGuire, Julian Loftus, Mark English, Graham Smith and Michael O'Brien.



Pato de los arrayanes, Alhambra

Photographs Gary Chandler Form Six

The Secrets of Life?

Peter McGarvey
Form Six

Overwhelmed by the success of my article on DIY last year and the success of my piece next year on seeing into the future, I have decided to write an article this year.

I expect you have been wondering what the secret of life actually is, well don't expect me to tell you — I haven't a clue. However, after observing life I have been able to compile some fundamental truths about domestic life. Not so much Murphy's Law, more like Peter's Pointers.

I should mention that those young and innocent readers of this article might not realise the following. However, I assure you that when you are older you will, and will kick yourself for not paying attention.

Bedroom slippers abhor their partners and try to keep as far apart as possible.

The friend's goldfish which you promised to look after when they were away has a terminal disease.

There is always an extra stair when you walk down in the dark.

Stain-removers stain.

And electrical flex is 18 inches too short.

The TV develops a disconcerting high-pitched hum and strange picture wobble after 5pm on Fridays. Or Christmas Eve.

You can never remember the number for Directory Enquiries.

All shoe brushes have been used for black polish.

When there is a TV programme you particularly want to watch it is always Fame on the other side and someone more stubborn than you wishes to watch Fame.

A watched fridge never defrosts.

It is impossible to find candles in the dark.

Your street is well known to burglars, but unknown to taxi drivers.

You can never get anybody to answer at Directory Enquiries anyway.

Kitchen foil is two inches too narrow.

The TV fixes itself as the repairman rings the doorbell.

A quick snack makes more washing up than a six-course banquet.

When guests come to call dogs are sick.

The tea cup you have been looking for is halfway under the armchair and you will only find it when you kick it over.

All available drying up cloths are equally wet.

However, a watched saucepan of milk will always boil over.

The only time you can find a screwdriver is when you are hunting for the tin opener.

Bad news comes by first class post. Good news is subject to delay.

Why do all premium bond winners live in Northumberland?

Jehovah Witnesses know when you are having a long, hot bath.

The only time your house is burglar-proof is when you've locked yourself out.

That's all I could think off in the two minutes it took me to write this article, but before I finish here are two things to think about:

- i) How do you know that the Jones'es are not trying to keep up with you?
- ii) Why is it that when you explain the Secret of Life to someone he turns out to be a clever so and so called Murphy?

Letters

Dear Brother Sassi,

Would you please explain why the school holds its mock examinations at the end of the Winter term? Having these exams after the Christmas holiday would, in my opinion, be a much better idea.

Firstly, the mocks are at present held directly after the Oxford Entrance Examinations, thus allowing very little time for those sitting the Oxford exams to devote entirely to revision for their mock 'A' levels, which are of course very important exams. In addition, holding the mocks at the start of January provides a three week break from school for all candidates to work for their mock GCSE's or 'A' levels. Finally, the current timing of the mocks removes the opportunity of staging events such as a Christmas concert or play — normally a very popular occasion.

Yours sincerely,
Timothy Grace (Form Six)

The main reason is that the JMB and NEA require entry forms to be completed by the beginning of February. If mock exams were not held until January there would hardly be time to mark, assess, have consultations etc before February.

Headmaster

Dear Sir,

First of all I would like to congratulate St Edward's for the Jubilee Rugby Sevens tournament. I found the teams very exciting and skilful but as I came from a footballing school I am not able to adapt to rugby. Playing rugby is very traditional in our school but can't the staff fit football in to our sporting events?

I am sure many boys would also like seeing football.

Yours sincerely,
Edward Ryan (Form One)

We have once again received a number of letters requesting a greater provision for soccer in the school's games curriculum. In order to clarify the situation, especially for Form One, we are reprinting, from our 1986 issue, Mr Gibbons detailed summary — 'Ed'.

1. Soccer is included in the school's games curriculum — see school prospectus where we have masters in charge of soccer.
2. Traditionally though, we are a rugby-playing school from the time the school moved to Sandfield Park in 1938 and tradition is a very important aspect of the life of the school.

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

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

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

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

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

Dear Sir,

Would it be possible to do anything about the state of pianos in rooms 5-13 of the music school? While those in other rooms are generally good, these instruments are out of tune and some notes do not work. This makes it impossible to practise properly or to do any accompanying work.

Yours sincerely,
Michael Stubbs (Form Six)

You are right. Despite tuning, these pianos are inadequate. In the end it is a matter of expense. If the money were available we would replace them. In the meantime we can only hope for donations.

Mr John Moseley

Dear Editor,

I think revision periods should be allowed throughout the year in order to help with exams. Is this possible?

I also think that sport should not be compulsory. Is it possible to change this?

Yours sincerely,
Robert Braeger (Form One)

'Revision of topics studied throughout the year is built into every good teaching programme. Homework, for instance, is often intended to be revision when the pupil is asked to show that he has assimilated what has been taught in class. The best way to revise therefore is to follow attentively in class and do your homework carefully.

Sport, games and PE are considered essential to a young person's physical and mental development. Far from reducing the time spent on sport, many educational bodies are at present claiming that it should be increased. There is such a wide choice of sport available at St Edward's, along with excellent facilities, that it would be difficult to imagine any pupil not finding some sport to his liking and benefit.'

Headmaster

Familiarisation Tour of the Holy Land

Mrs Moyra McGlinchey

For many Christians, a visit to the Holy Land, where Christ spent his entire life, is still regarded as difficult. Nothing could be further from the truth!

Modern Israel is easily accessible and is a lively, clean country, where all modern conveniences are freely available.

Pilgrimages are not for long-faced or cheerless people to be borne as a penance, but are journeys of devotion, love, joy and spiritual effort. What makes it all so interesting is that behind the usually tasteful tourist attractions, there is a history: the history of all who inherit the Christian, Jewish and Islamic traditions.

It was with this in mind that a group of eighteen people; Brother Sassi, ten priests, a vicar and six lay people, most of whom were prospective leaders, met at Manchester Airport on Monday 31st November 1987, to embark on a Familiarisation Tour of the Holy Land.

The formality of El Al Airlines was intensive and prolonged, but we all accepted it willingly, as being for our own safety. The flight was smooth and comfortable. As it was late evening when we arrived in Tel Aviv, we spent our first night in the Avia Hotel, near Ben Gurion Airport, so that we could 'go up to Jerusalem' in daylight the following morning.

The first view of Jerusalem, 'the City on the Hill', and the sacred city of half the human race, with the brilliant sun shining on its ancient, impressive walls, was quite overwhelming.

We passed through Jerusalem at this stage, and drove on to Ein Karem, the place of the Visitation, so that we could follow the events of Christ's ministry in and around this area in chronological order. On then to Shepherds' Fields, where mass was celebrated in the Cave Chapel, which could easily have been the cave in which the shepherds were sheltering on the first Christmas night. It is very near the 'Little Town of Bethlehem', which was to be our next visit. The Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem is magnificent. Built in 529 AD over the Grotto of the Nativity, it is the oldest church in the Holy Land and probably the oldest in the world. By now our group had become close-knit and friendly, and our rendering of 'Silent Night' at the birthplace of Jesus was very poignant.

This ended our first day and we were all ready for dinner and a restful night at the Tirat Bat Sheva Hotel, which was to be our home for the duration of our stay in Jerusalem.

Wednesday morning started early. After an excellent but unusual Israeli breakfast, something we were to become used to, we drove to Bethpage, a little village on The Mount of Olives, from where Jesus began his triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. A short descent from there brought us to a place on the Mount of Olives overlooking the Old City, and giving the most magnificent panoramic view. We left the coach and walked to Dominus Fleuit for Mass. This little Chapel is built in the shape of a tear-drop, to commemorate the place where Jesus wept over Jerusalem when he foresaw its destruction, and indeed his own.

After lunch, we began our reflection on the events of Holy Week; driving to Mount Zion to visit the Cenacle. Following in the footsteps of Jesus after the Last Supper, we returned to the Garden of Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives, a very emotional visit; before we crossed the Kedron Valley again to the House of Caiaphas and visit 'the Pit', the cell in which Jesus spent the night before he died. This seemed to be a suitable and thought provoking end to our day.

Thursday was our Good Friday, and the day on which we were to enter the Old City for the first time; the city which has been laid low so many times, but which has risen again and again; a city which was ancient before London was even thought of. The hustle of Jerusalem helps one to imagine the way of the cross. One feels that Jesus carrying his cross all those years ago, would have been pushed and jostled in the narrow streets by the crowds who probably looked upon him as just another criminal going to his death. We made the Way of the Cross, ending at Calvary within the Holy Sepulchre.

This afternoon was spent exploring the antiquity of Jerusalem with visits to the Citadel, the Wailing Wall, the Dome of the Rock, the El Aska Mosque, the Gihon Spring and Hezekiah's tunnel. Brother Sassi wanted to walk through the tunnel, which was Jerusalem's original water supply and which still carries water to this day, but no one else had the inclination to join him. Maybe next time!

Friday morning we were up early for 8 o'clock mass at Bethany, the home of Martha, Mary and Lazarus, before driving down to the Jordan through the wilderness, the Wadi Kelt, Jericho (the oldest inhabited city in existence) and on to Mount Tabor. A

rather precipitous taxi ride up and down the Mount is the only way to reach the Basilica of the Transfiguration at the summit, where we celebrated holy mass, before continuing to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, where we were to spend two glorious days.

Next morning, Capernaum was reached by a boat ride on the Sea of Galilee. There we prayed in the Synagogue of Jesus, saw Peter's house, and visited the Church of the Primacy of Peter to celebrate Mass on the shores of the lake. The whole of the north end of this lake is beautiful, very quiet and still; a total contrast to the hustle we had left behind in Jerusalem. Just south of Capernaum is a natural amphitheatre, leading up from the lake to the Mount of Beatitudes, thus explaining how the multitude could hear the words of Jesus when he delivered the sermon on the mount.

On then, northwards to Paneas, one of the sources of the Jordan and the place which now commemorates the Baptism of Jesus. Here we renewed our baptismal vows and subsequently met a group of American evangelists whose renewal was rather more dramatic than ours, almost to the point of total submersion!

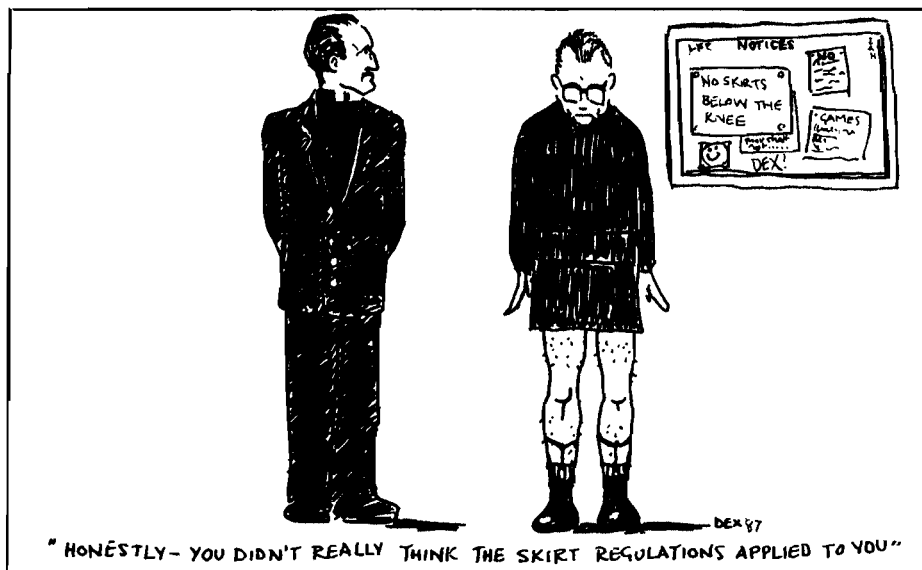
On Sunday we left Tiberias, visiting Cana en route to Nazareth, where we had the last of our wonderful sung and concelebrated masses. The Basilica of the Annunciation is most impressive with its beautiful mosaics on the walls, including one of Walsingham. The building dominates the village.

Our last night was spent relaxing in our hotel in the modern city of Tel Aviv. We were all very happy to return home to gather our groups for our future planned pilgrimages.

Sadly, at the present time, there is again unrest in Israel, but all the disturbances are taking place in the occupied territories, far away from the path of the pilgrim.

Fr Tony Hodgetts, from Bishop Eton, participated in a similar exploration in March this year and to quote: 'We dispersed happily to our own parishes, quite reassured about the safety of pilgrims in Israel today'.

St Edward's Pilgrimage is planned for the autumn half term holiday, 22nd-30th October 1988, under the leadership of Brother Sassi and Fr Pat Sexton. The all inclusive cost is £525, and if our past experience is anything to go by, it is worth every penny.



... For life, so far

John Moran
Form Two

The baby

Thank you Lord,
for making me
for a strong and healthy body
for a happy home
Thank you Lord for this carefree time.

The infant

Thank you Lord,
for my nursery days
for plasticine and paint
for my basic skills
for leading me through dangerous streets
Thank you Lord for my infancy.

The junior

Thank you Lord,
for helping me through this frightening part
the sudden jump from paint to pen
for helping me to really start learning
for the basis of my present knowledge

The student

Thank you Lord,
for helping me through the test
for cross country and swimming
sports opened up to me
for my favourite pastimes
Thank you Lord for all these things.

Thank you Lord,
for my favourite things
for skateboarding and windsurfing
for playing the piano and violin
for my favourite meals
for Big Macs and Chinese food.

Thank you for my life so far.

Kintbury revisited 'A pupil's view!'

Lee Axworthy
Form Six

Grey clouds did little to dampen the spirit of a small group of Lower Sixth who visited Kintbury in January. Kintbury brought with it a sense of trepidation. Would there be any pubs there? Would we get any free time to go to the pub?

Once we finally got underway the journey down was largely uneventful and we arrived to be greeted by Ray, a living Portsmouth supporter. So as I found out not everyone who supports Portsmouth is brain dead. We were shown to our rooms and to our subsequent horror found we were in the room opposite Fr Philip Inch and Mr Mark Davis. A meal was hastily eaten and formal introductions were made. The remainder of the evening was spent getting to know each other and participating fully in Brother Dominic's ideas for talking to someone. By now everyone was beginning to mix and this was helped by the introduction of the bar facilities.

Saturday began with a leisurely breakfast followed by a thought provoking morning session and a couple of group sessions. Lunch followed and then to my horror, I had to wash up. Being rather undomesticated I dried dishes while pondering what a tea towel was. The afternoon was spent looking round the town and having a cup of tea (honest!). We returned to some relaxing group sessions before dinner and the subsequent Mass in the evening. Previous groups told tales of three hour masses and I went, rather unrelishing the idea of it. I was rather pleasantly surprised. The rest of the evening

was spent discussing general topics and singing along to 'American Pie' with Mark (I'm John Denver really) Davis.

Saturday began with the theme of Reconciliation, and Ray began a rather enjoyable morning prayer. Following this was some group work and finally a 'quiet hour' which is a time for reflection and thought. After lunch a walk was organised where you had to relate your life story and it proved one of the most satisfying experiences of Kintbury. On return an anxious time was spent waiting for the football results. After this Fr Phil gave a short mass of Reconciliation which left everyone refreshed and raring to go for the evening.

The final evening was one of my greatest moments. It is the compliment session and this left everybody feeling good. Posters were brought and messages signed and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. It was brought to a close by Bro Dominic who congratulated us and the other two schools for drinking the barrel dry.

The morning after was subdued, Mass was cheerfully celebrated and then the goodbye chorus began. First to the school from Croxteth, De la Salle. Secondly, to the school from Kent. We returned inside and were cordially entertained by our two responsible adults, who incidentally are available for 'panto'. The return home was long and dull. Kintbury however wasn't and I would recommend it to anyone.

The Prodigal returns

Nicholas Wignall
Form Six

... There once was a young man who asked to leave his loving family at St Edward's in order to go south and teach at St Joseph's College, Stoke-on-Trent. So he gathered his belongings and set off for this wild and foreign land. . .

I very much doubt that 'he squandered money on a life of debauchery. . . ' but our own prodigal son, John Mannix, was drawn back to this family in March when he was the first speaker in a series of four Lenten Evenings for 6th Formers. We were fortunate that he arrived home safely as he was involved in a car accident on the way to us, but he managed to shake off this 'minor inconvenience' and make it on time.

The theme of John's talk was 'First love' and he used it to speak of his life and his faith from his childhood to the present day. It was very inspirational and I think we all saw a side of John that most of us had not experienced before, because he was so open with us. The main point of his address was to witness that in his own life God had become his 'first love', the most important love in his life.

As well as the talk we also joined in hymns, discussion and prayer. They all came together to make a great event which gave us a great sense of friendship and community.

The centrepiece of the prayer later in the evening was the story of the lost (or prodigal) son and many of us felt grateful that our own prodigal had returned to share with us his own good news. Thanks John.

Mission Possible

Brother Andrew Rock

On whatever scale we examine our world—galaxies, the things we can see and touch, the complexity of a single living cell or the sub-atomic world we know mainly by inference — it is not difficult to deduce the existence of a powerful creator of such elaborate patterns. Human beings have often worshipped separate gods of earth and sea and sky but more often still have recognised a single creator of the whole universe.

Awe and fear are natural reactions when you think of the power such a creator must have. Many religions emphasise this and give precise codes of conduct which must be followed by all who would avoid the wrath and punishment of God. The Jews have this awe but they see the punishment as coming from a loving father rather than an arbitrary tyrant.

The Christian message is so strange that it is often distorted, even by Christians. It is not just that God, the creator of the whole universe, takes an interest in human beings but that he knows and loves us individually, just as we are.

This seems so incredible that God became man to reveal it. Jesus was and is the perfect man and Mary was a perfect woman but instead of making a display of their perfection they led relatively obscure lives and left the message to be spread by clearly imperfect people — like us.

There is much that we cannot explain and there always will be. We may not be called to understand or do very much. But every Christian by baptism has two missions: to love God and to love other people. We will never in this life do either perfectly but we will not fail as long as we keep on trying.

Just the persistent attempt should change our lives for the better. If you are trying to love your neighbour you can forget most of the commandments — you won't be planning to rob or murder him. Once we are confirmed as mature Christians we receive a third mission: to convince others of God's love — and its consequences.

These missions are not easy but they are vital and they can bring more joy to our lives than anything else. In fact we will never find true happiness until we take God and his love seriously.

God is persistent and sustains us all the time. He is willing to help us but respects the freedom he has given us. His presence and help can come in many different forms, for example: through his word, through his Church (even two or three gathered in his name) and through the Sacraments — especially Eucharist and Reconciliation.



For most, when the time comes, there is the sacrament of the sick. For many there is the sacrament of Matrimony which brings God's special blessing on a natural relationship so that the partners will have the strength and perspective to overcome inevitable difficulties and be a sign and example of Christian love.

There are two more signs which affect relatively few people directly but are still necessary for the whole Church. One is the sacrament of Orders which consecrates some people as sacramental ministers for the Church. Historically it is linked with authority in the Church but it is primarily linked with service — as is shown in the Pope's title, 'The servant of the servants of God'.

The other sign, which is not in itself a sacrament, is the consecrated life. The more obvious form is in religious institutes whose members live in communities and try to follow Christ's teaching in a radical way to evangelise the world from inside.

Christ's message and mission is for all. We must all love God and we must love all our neighbours without distinction — even our enemies. We are also called to bring this message to others — especially by the witness of our own Christian lives.

People who are called to consecrate their lives by special vows or promises need not be any better than the rest. The first disciples who 'left all' were no more impressive than those who retained their family, social or other commitments (like Mary the mother of Jesus, Martha, Joseph of Arimathea). But the call is to a life with special demands.

The consecration does demand an unconditional attachment to Jesus and an attempt to take his teaching literally. By showing in their lives that this is consistent with being fully human and happy these people show that the folly of the cross makes ultimate sense.

To many it seems unnatural to claim that natural desires for possessions and security, for self-satisfaction and control over others should be restricted. Today the media seem to treat all these as essentials.

When you look at our troubled world you soon see that most of the troubles come from these unbridled desires. (What is wrong is pursuing them without regard for other people.) War and injustice are obvious examples. One can imagine worlds where these would not exist — Thomas More was a realist to call his 'Utopia' which means 'nowhere'!

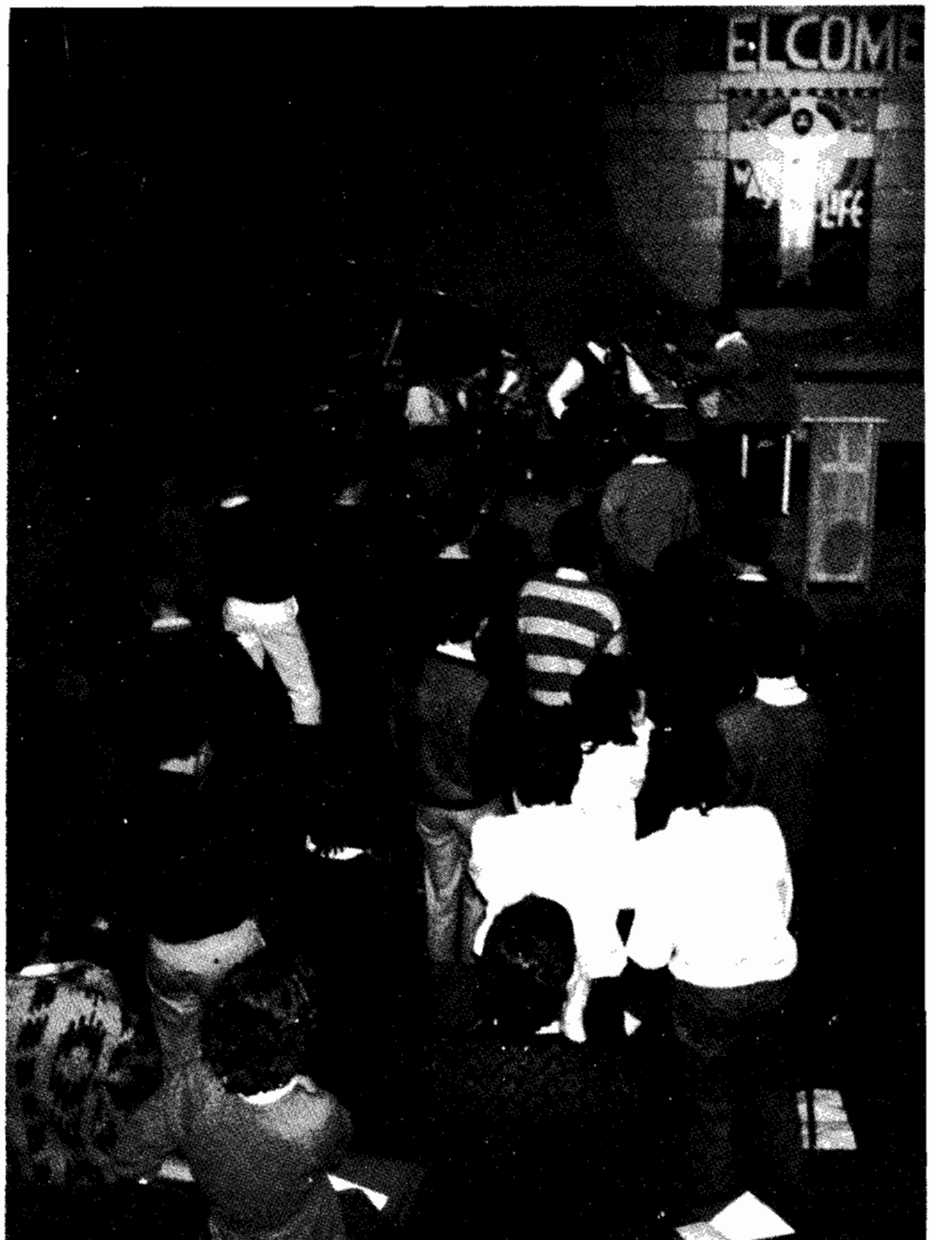
Some degree of chastity, poverty and

obedience is necessary for all Christians, especially at certain times. Those whose lives are specially consecrated show that these are practical ideals by trying to live Christ's radical teaching as a normal way of life. Being human they will not succeed completely but they should find happiness in the attempt.

The motto of St Edward's is 'Viriliter Age' from the final speech of Moses: Deuteronomy 31:6 which the Douai Bible translated as 'Do manfully and be of good heart'. Inappropriate for girls? The RSV gives 'Be

strong and of good courage' in Deuteronomy 31:6,7,23; Josue 1:6,9,18; etc. In fact the Hebrew has two words 'chazaq: to become strong, hard' and 'amats: to be sharp, strong, confirmed' which are often treated as synonyms. The text continues '... God... will not fail you or forsake you'. A good reason for courage and perseverance!

Photograph by
Nicholas Wignall
Form Six



A prayer meeting for parents

Mrs Audrey Pace

If someone had told me two years ago that I would join a prayer group I'm afraid I would have laughed. In my ignorance I had always equated prayer groups with gushing piety and overblown religiosity.

In 1986 Mark Davis invited a group of parents to attend monthly meetings to discuss the religious studies our children were undergoing. I felt it was a challenge to enlightenment. Our many gaps were filled in our depleted knowledge and we were updated on a lot of church teachings.

Prayer was always a part of the meetings but this year it has become more central to our gatherings, we have formed a prayer group.

I think we all find the now fortnightly meetings a fruitful experience. We can discard our daily affairs for a couple of hours and focus attention on God. Through reflection we 'waste' time with each other and get our lives into perspective once more. Prayer affects and transforms us.

For me it has been very supportive to find fellow travellers with a common goal. Music and prayer have opened us all to sharing our insights and trusting our hopes and fears to the prayers of each other.

Thank you Mark for being an excellent signpost to God through helping us to pray.

The Evening Prayer

Terence Logan
Form One

Good night God,
Oh do be still,
Sorry Lord, it's my brother Bill,
He's said his prayers,
But he won't go to sleep,
I pray to God my soul to keep,
Stop it Bill,
I'll get you later,
I'm trying to talk to our creator.
Our Father,
Who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name,
Stop it now what's your game,
He's pinching me God,
And tickling my feet,
And jumbling my toys,
Which I left so neat,
Can you make him stop it please?
He's such a tease,
That's better now,
You just stay there,
Thank you God it worked,
My hair!
STOP pulling, or I'll thump you, see,
The little devil he hit me.
It's no use God,
You little creep,
I'll have to wait till he's asleep.

Religious Education Department News

Mr Mark Davis

1. Thank you!

Special thanks needs to be given to Fr Philip Inch whose involvement in the school this year has been greatly appreciated. His main duties for the Archdiocese, both in the Inner City and with the Youth Service, take up most of his time, but he has made a great effort to be available to help us in many ways. He has said Mass for us, one lunchtime each week, accompanied us on retreat, helped with the prayer meetings and the Lenten Evenings. We hope and pray that this involvement will continue into the future.

2. All change!

Last year three key members of the RE department were called to other schools to continue their work. All three became Heads of RE in other Christian Brothers schools. Chris Cullen went to St Mary's, Crosby, Paul Lever to St Anselm's and John Mannix to St Joseph's, Stoke. We have missed greatly their commitment and enthusiasm this year.

All, however, is not lost. New arrivals to the department, Bro Rodgers, Mr Grice, Mrs Rogers and Mr Lunt, have all settled in well and are finding their own particular niche in the religious life of the school. Welcome and thanks!

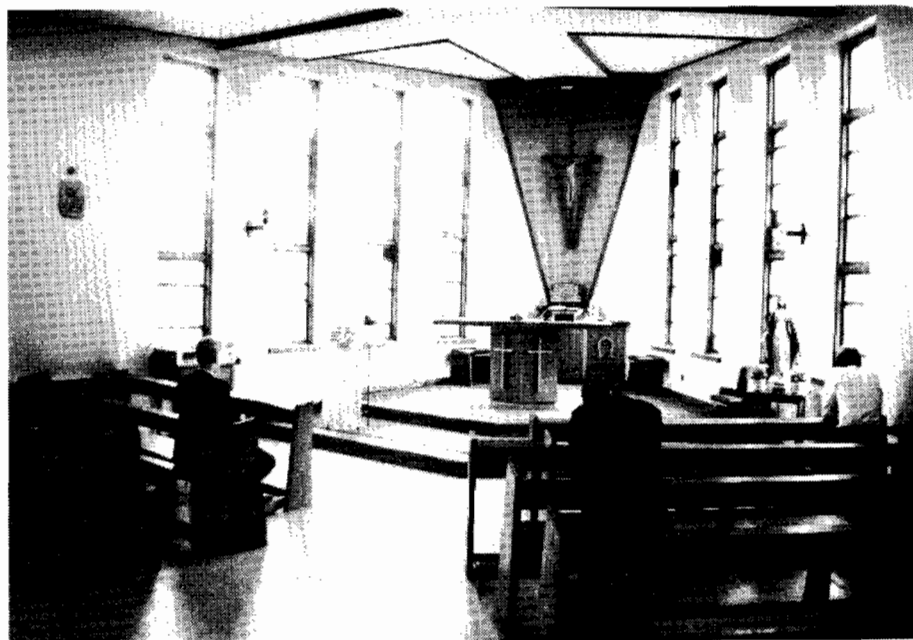
3. Congratulations!

Li Li Chia (6A) was baptised on Easter Sunday morning during a Holy Week Retreat at Upholland. Please pray for her as she begins her journey in the Christian faith.

4. Kintbury Revisited

Despite a major technical hitch with one of the minibuses on the morning of our departure, the party arrived in good time for the start of our biannual retreat to Kintbury. This was due to the generosity of Bro Sassi in providing the rescue service of a coach — for which we were very grateful.

The party of Lower 6th were a marvellous advertisement for the school in the way they entered fully into the experience of Christian community. I was very proud of them.



Photograph by
Sebastian Brown Form Six

Athletics



Nicholas Pattinson
Form Six

IT was yet another good year for all the athletics' teams who won 24 out of 24 interschool matches. As well as this all the teams won their respective Merseyside and Christian Brothers Athletics championships.

The seniors only had three official athletics matches last year as the season was curtailed due to examinations. Yet added to an all-round strong team performance, Brian Curd still managed to break the hammer record and both John Walker and Mike Stevens won their County Championships.

The fourth year had a particularly strong team which qualified yet again for the finals of the Milk Cup. Mark Brunskill also won the All England Pole Vault, and both Tony Williams and Matthew Birchall also deserve to be mentioned for performing consistently well.

In the third year Jason Smith led by example and was outstanding winning the county championship. I would also like to mention Greg Collins and Tony McGerty who performed well.

The second year won the North of England regional final of the Milk Cup at Kirkby and all the members of the squad are to be congratulated on this achievement.

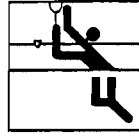
The first year seemed to be quite strong last year and this was summed up when Prikash Jha broke the 400 metres record.

Finally my thanks to all the staff who give up their time to help to coach athletics at the school. Results as seen above do not come over night and many hours of dedication are put in by both staff and pupils. Let us hope this continues in this coming season.



Photograph by Sebastian Brown Form Six

Badminton Report



Lee Heeson
Form Six

The U19A team, this year, have played exceptionally well, and have won the league convincingly, remaining unbeaten throughout the whole of the season. This included a tremendous victory over Bluecoat, having been forced to concede 3 games, due to an absent player, but nevertheless won by 5 games to 4. Kellett and Dixon were the number 1 pair, and seldom lost a game. Heeson (capt) and Ford also managed to overcome most of their opponents, with Quirk and Mullin completing the side, an essential part of the team.

The U19B, under the captaincy of Damon Simmons, who has only been playing for just over a year, have played admirably well, but they didn't stand a chance against the strong and very talented U19A team. They, also, enjoyed a memorable victory over Bluecoat, finally winning away from home by 5 games to 4. Other vital members of the team included: Rigby, Connor, Abubakar, Jha and McMahon from the 4th year.

The U19 girls, as usual, failed to win a match, but it was not through lack of effort and enthusiasm. The team consisted of Paula McQuillan, Nicola Lewis, Celia Allmand, Helen O'Toole and occasionally Susan Sprung. Their presence has helped to brighten up the badminton courts of Liverpool with their friendly countenances and dazzling smiles.

The U16 badminton team had a very successful and enjoyable season. The A team, captained by Jha, won the Merseyside league, undefeated in all matches. The outstanding player was David McMahon from the 4th year, who shows great promise for the years to come. The B team have also played well, winning several games and practising every week with enthusiasm.

Both the U14 teams played in the same league. The U14B squad, based very much on 2 Hope, who have AFD for History (occasionally when he is not talking about badminton), have proved an enthusiastic group. The U14A have not been so consistent, despite the range of facilities on offer at the college. Neither side looks like winning the league, though the U14B will be very much favourites next year if they continue on their present form. Both teams owe a great deal to the Carberry boys. Matthew, captain in the U14B and his older brother Paul in the U14A have proved two of the most able and talented players in the squad.

All the team players would like to thank all members of the staff for the time and energy that they put into organising and encouraging the various teams, especially to Mr Mars, Mr Robinson, Mr Davis and Mr Derbyshire.

Bridge Report



Peter Whitfield
Form Six

Last year's bridge report left the team 'challenging for promotion at the end of the season' but despite winning 10 out of 14 matches in the Merseyside's 5th division SEC narrowly missed promotion and finished 4th. This year's team (Messrs Whitfield, Johnson, Moran, Clancy and supersub Mitchell) are confident of better things to come.

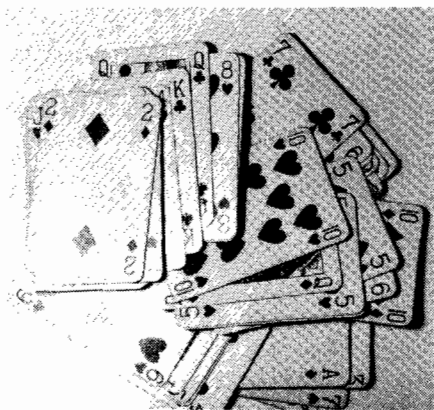
The team, against more adult opposition than usual due to changes in the league structure, were undaunted and started with 4 consecutive victories. A narrow defeat against Upton was blamed on the fatigue of Clancy and Moran who squeezed a chess match in after school and before the bridge fixture. The Guardian U25 NW heat was a win after these two heroes nursed post-C.I. hangovers and actually woke up for the second half. Whitfield and Johnson, finishing 4th, also qualified for the London final. Unfortunately holiday commitments mean that only this pair will fly the SEC flag in the top quality field.

In the league again — two wins and then a defeat to the best team in the league, Pipers, who rather unsportingly field one player of first division standard. At Bolton, in the NW Schools' Pairs Championship Clancy and Moran lost by the odd point in 200 to the winners who were international class players. Whitfield and Johnson finished 5th.

As in previous years we seemed to be jinxed when we visited Toxteth for the Daily Mail Cup. The 'A' Team finished an embarrassing 3rd to Bluecoat 2nd, the team

propping up the league table with an ex-Edwardian in their midst. The 'B' team finished last which emphasise the problems facing them next season although Bernard Mitchell and Kieran McLoughlin deserve our appreciation. At the time of writing a league play-off for promotion is a formality. This successful season is not over however.

My thanks to the other three team members for their valuable practice time especially Dominic Moran before his Oxbridge exams and also to Mr Robinson for his time in school and for taking us to and from matches.



Photograph by Sebastian Brown Form Six

Chess Report



Marc Clancy
Form Six

Our junior teams this year, were less successful than in previous years. The Under 13's won only about half of their matches; the under 15's finished winners of section 2 in their league competition, having failed to qualify for the championship section.

Nevertheless, we saw the emergence of some new talent: At Under 13 level Adam Meehan proved himself a steady, thoughtful player and captain, while Anthony O'Hagan developed as a potentially strong player for the future.

In the Under 15's, Neil Johnson, one of the newcomers to the team, emerged as a keen and reliable player. The membership of the Under 15 team changed considerably during the year as various combinations of players were tried and there was plenty of interest for places, especially from 4th year boys.

The senior team, one of the strongest teams the school has ever had, had, by the very high standards it has set in the past few years, a disappointing season. They finished runners-up in the league and reached the zone final of the *Sunday Times* knockout. In both

competitions, defeat came against Bluecoat, in the absence of top-board Dominic Moran. His absence had a knock-on effect, pitting every player against a stronger opponent than he would ordinarily face. This handicap, despite wins on the top two boards by myself and captain, John Morrison, proved decisive.

Representative honours were achieved by John Morrison and myself, for Merseyside and Dominic Moran, for Cheshire

Although club membership was lower than usual, and numbers attending the lunchtime sessions had fallen, it was good to observe the number of 4th year boys who showed an interest in chess.

This prompted Mr Bamber to hold a knockout competition, principally for 3rd and 4th year boys, which attracted nearly 50 entrants. The final was between Andrew Smith and Adam Meehan, the Under 15 and Under 13 captains respectively. Adam Meehan was the winner.

For his enthusiasm in organising events like this and for his personal sacrifices of time and energy throughout the seven years I have played chess in St Edward's, I would like to thank Mr Bamber and to wish him, and everyone who plays chess for St Edward's in the future, the best of luck, in following the traditions which I have seen laid down in my time here.



Photograph by Sebastian Brown Form Six

Cricket



Mr John McCarthy &
Mr Julian McMullen

The 1987 season was dominated by the bowlers, especially the left arm combination of Ian Kirby and Damian Nolan. The right-hand batsman had continual difficulty playing these two, and both picked up 3 wickets on numerous occasions.

As an opening bowler, John Shallcross proved difficult to score from, and the combination of pace and swing left many a batsman to ponder over his uprooted off stump.

As a captain John Armstrong proved well able, changing his bowlers and fielders regularly, whenever the batsmen seemed settled.

On the batting side, only Marc Clancy and Colin Durr got to grips with the bowling regularly, Durr being rewarded with a 50 in the cup competition. Unfortunately St Edward's suffered a demise in the semi-finals!

Captains:

1st XI	John Armstrong
2nd XI	Matthew Quirk
U15	Neil Johnson
U14	James Armstrong
U13	Ben Morgan
U12	Stephen Hunt

Electronics Club



Mr Anthony Layng

This club was recommenced in September 1987. The two main areas in electronics are Analogue and Digital. So far we have explored some analogue aspects by building a simple two transistor radio. The digital side comprise many of the so called 'chip' integrated circuits (I.C's) of which the 7400 series is an example. At present we are exploring the Not, Nor, Or, And and Nand gates which are circuits built into the 7400 chip. This leads on to Binary Computing (simple addition of numbers only will be explored).

From time to time different vibrators have been constructed: Monostables, Astables especially. These form the basis of electronics circuits which flash or vibrate intermittently such as burglar alarms and electronic organs.

The difficulties faced by the club are often financial — the staggering price of electronics components forces us to re-use spare parts over and over, but we are building up the ideas slowly and hope someday to make or build something of a novel nature, or explore an avenue no one has yet thought of.

Heinz Schools' Marathon Relays



Pupils from two schools in Liverpool—St Julies High School for Girls, Woolton, and St Edwards College for Boys, Sandfield Park—seen after winning the national final of the 1987 series of Heinz Schools Marathon Relays held at Sheepmount Athletic Track, Carlisle.

Running in relays, the team completed the marathon distance of 26 miles 385 yards in

the record time of 2 hours 12 minutes 13 seconds. Their success won them the Heinz Schools Marathon Relay Trophy and a first prize of £1000 which is shared equally between the schools and Save the Children.

Also seen in the picture are; back row, second from left, Olympic athlete David Moorcroft; centre, Matt McBride, marketing director of H J

Heinz; and next to him, marathon runner Joyce Smith.

The team qualified for the national final after becoming the fastest losers in the regional heat.

During the build up to the national final, which was seen live on television in ITVs popular "Get Fresh" children's programme, more than 1800 school-children between the ages of 11 and 15 years, from 150 schools throughout the UK, completed at nine regional heats held during March and May, raising almost £7000 for Save the Children.

Article and photograph courtesy of Merseymart

The Leavers' golf-match

Mr Andrew Derbyshire

The end of June 1987 saw the start of a new tradition at St Edward's when the Leavers of the Upper Sixth challenged the staff to a golf-match. Four pupils, captained by the head boy Anthony Pearson duly turned up at Childwall Golf Club to face a staff-team, whose guest captain was Mr J. B. Morgan, the chairman of the local governors.

The match was scheduled to begin at 4.15pm, but rain prevented a prompt start, and in the end play began weather not withstanding. The maxim 'it never rains on a golf-course' sustained the intrepid eight through rain, hail, thunder and lightning. The head boy and John Armstrong faced Mr McMullen and Mr Derbyshire. The match was close and a draw looked likely until both staff got into difficulties on the seventeenth and the Leavers were able to clinch victory on the eighteenth. Pearson's putting was a rare sight in such conditions and saved many a hole for the Leavers. Peter Green and Edmund Fazakerley were paired against Mr Morgan and Mr D. Edwards. Here the staff were able to secure a relatively easy victory, never really in doubt as the Welsh magic went from strength to strength as the round proceeded.

The game was duly declared to be halved, with one game to each side. Golf-balls were presented to all participants as a souvenir. The staff have already issued another challenge to the present Upper Sixth and hopefully this gentlemanly way of saying good-bye will become a permanent feature of school life.

Let there be light

A devoted fan

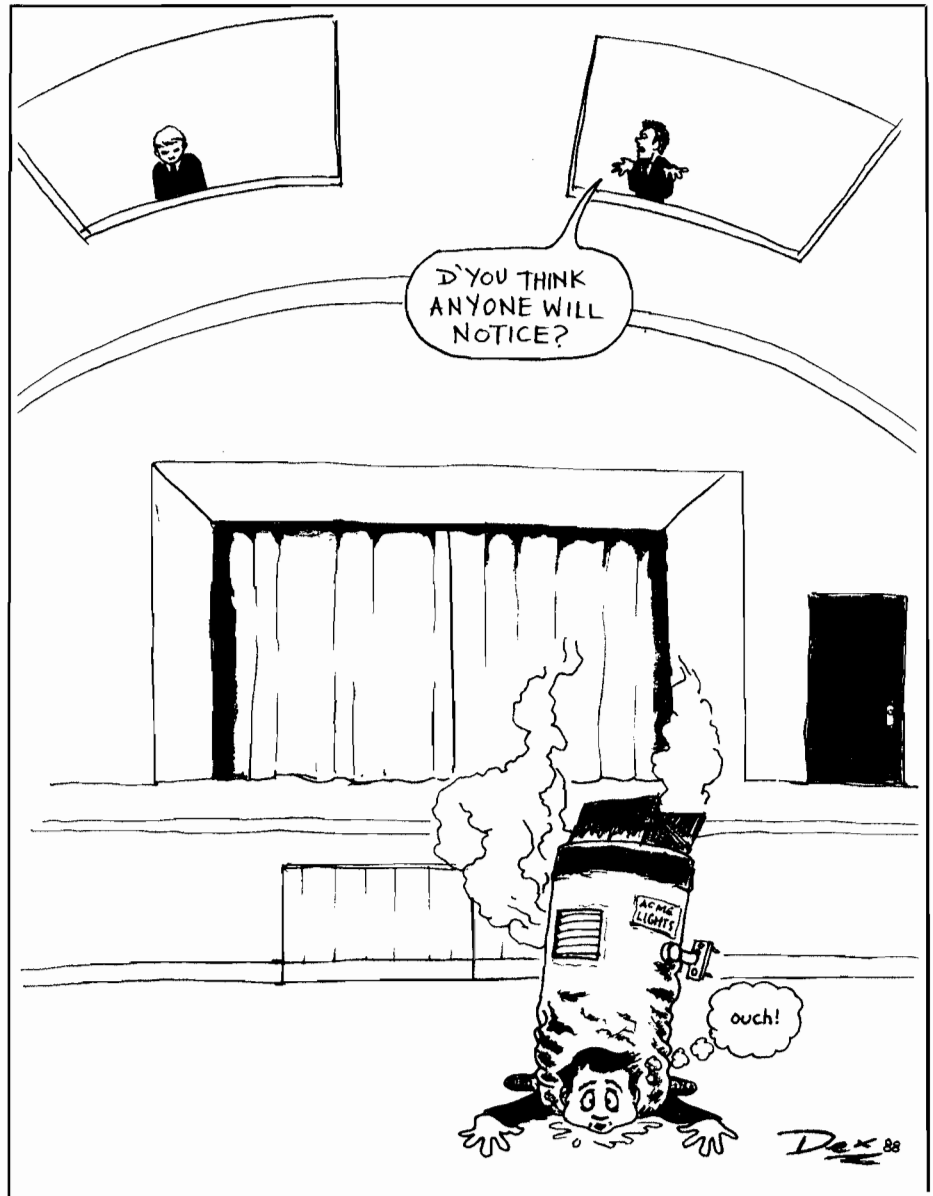
'Thanks also to the lighting crew and stage hands' is a sentence soon brushed over in the Headmaster's vote of thanks at the end of school productions, but to the men of the lighting crew, men who do not crave recognition or reward, men whose tenacity, endurance, hard work and strength of character know no bounds, such words are unnecessary — they remain, by choice, the enigmatic, unseen, unsung heroes of St Edward's.

For weeks, even months, before a performance, the lighting crew toil like slaves

erecting and adjusting the necessary equipment and have to suffer scorched hands, huge blisters, broken nails and smudged mascara. It is only through their determination, commitment and hard work that orchestral concerts, Lenten talks, the Africa Aid concerts and especially drama society performances are so enjoyable and entertaining for the audience.

Under the careful guidance of John 'Tungsten' Till and Damian 'Bulb'

Illustration by Ian Bowden Form Six



Medical Society Report

Anthony Lamb
Eric Wilkinson
Form Six

Brocklehurst, the skill of the three lower sixth members has developed considerably. The use of a central stage during 'A Man For All Seasons' in the Ley Hall proved just another arduous challenge which was smoothly overcome, as was the problem of a faulty board — due to a sad lack of funds.

Special mention must go to Mr Haimes, whose knowledge of the complexities of the lighting system knows no bounds — it is obvious he is a world famous physicist. In the build up to a performance, he remains good-humoured, cool, helpful and calm; in sharp contrast to Mr Wells for whom, with 20 minutes to go before a performance, they had an ambulance on stand-by since he seemed certain to have a coronary. As it happened he just yelled at the lighting crew a few times. However, in their maturity, the lighting crew soon forgave Mr Wells for they realised that he was just releasing tension.

This year has not been without its problems. When a group of terrorist desperadoes was found to have gained access to prohibited parts of the roof area, Brother Sassi feared for his secret store of Scotch, which is kept up there unbeknown to the rest of the school, and the lighting crew were instantly suspended from producing their superb effects from the roof hatches. However, after some gentle persuasion from Anthony 'Snout' King, Bro Sassi realised that the lighting crew could not have been the culprits for whoever it was had the mental ability of one of the mods and the physical agility of a lump of granite, as he had managed to put his foot through a classroom ceiling. Thus Bro Sassi kindly allowed the crew to exercise their full repertoire again and were once again asked to guard the drink — with all its fringe benefits.

Thanks are also due to the Arts Centre staff (ie Bro Burns) and the pleasant, charming, helpful and ever present secretaries who willingly supply the crew with screwdrivers, hammers, scissors, paper, etc. — the members of the crew have to be creative and artistic as well as highly intelligent (and incredibly handsome of course). Thanks also to Mr Duffy for the supply of and advice on technical equipment.

'Iron' Mike Robinson's infinite strength somehow seemed to fail him before one of the Lenten talks as he dropped a 1000W light. Fortunately, he managed to skilfully steer its fall onto Adrian Macdonald's foot (who had, as usual, managed to worm his way under the crew's feet). The crew were mortified to know that they might have hurt one of their

favourite friends but fortunately he survived — to plague them again during 'Trial by Jury', and no damage was done to the light. (Aid, however, had to have three toes amputated.)

Dick 'Hippo' Kehoe's highlight of the year was the many times when he was wrongly and unfairly blamed for any mishaps — be them acts of God or back-stage foul-ups (of which there were one or two, executed as ever with a flourish). He seemed a valued member of the crew, always ready to put himself out by sacrificing lesson after lesson after lesson to do the job.

Now that 'Bulb' and 'Tungsten' have moved on to greener pastures (the dole and Park Lane respectively), 'Iron', 'Hippo' and 'Snout's' artistic expertise and manual dexterity will flourish to its full potential and they will be looking for two new recruits in September. Some of the qualities necessary to join the crew have already been mentioned (intelligence, integrity and an inane nickname to put in inverted commas). The recruits must also like Def Leppard, U2 or the Beach Boys, be reckless and able to laugh in the face of danger and keep their cool in a crisis. It goes without saying that they must be thick-skinned in order to take all the stick they are given. They should also know that, by definition, the lighting crew are immensely good looking and tanned and muscular as a result of their extraordinary endeavours. Therefore, they understandably have to contend with multiple admirers and groupies (i.e. all the sixth form girls) clamouring for their attention. The crew are the sole reason, of course, that so many girls get involved with the drama society — it is for the heart-fluttering opportunity to work hand in hand with the lighting crew that the girls flock in their thousands screaming to be involved.

It must be a hard time being on the lighting crew but don't forget that U.C.C.A. form.

The lighting crew are:

'Snout' Tony King — The Diplomat
'Iron' Mike Robinson — The Destroyer
Rich 'Hippo' Kehoe — The Dynamo

Hello! Founded in the summer of 1985, with the aim of presenting a clear picture to prospective Medical and Dental students of their respective university courses, the Medical Society has been a disaster, doomed to failure every year due to the lack of enthusiasm amongst both members and leaders. This year, however, the Society, under dynamic new management, has reached new heights of prestige and set a standard for all other societies to be judged by. We have combined entertainment with education, informality with discipline and a strict hierarchical order. Truly, for the first time we can honestly call ourselves a society, rather than a club.

A brief survey of our manifold exploits will reveal the secrets of our success.

It all began in mid-September 1987, when the authors of this report said to themselves, 'Hello, whatever happened to that old Medical Society whassaname?' (Big oaks from little acorns grow, sort of thing.) Before you could cook a meal for four we were down at Mr Edward's office (the Deputy Headmaster for the uninitiated) and gathering names and addresses of old boys of our glorious College, who had joined the ranks of the Medical Profession.

Our next move was to invite 5th and 6th formers to join us, as our companions on a great adventure, a journey into the unknown, and sure enough with characteristic early enthusiasm, no less than forty shining faces flocked to our camp, like drop-outs around the sports' hall, each with an upper lip as stiff as a poker, and the bottom lip quivering and ready for action.

Early in October, our first guest speaker arrived at our gate. Yes, it was none other than that old boy of distinction, Dr Frank Potter, Anaesthetist Extraordinaire. After a lunch of pasta Neapolitan and sundries, which the committee (that's us) thoroughly enjoyed, but the doubtful doctor hardly touched (though he was pleased to see his old friend Mr Loftus) he proceeded to address our bedazzled members, every man jack present, upon the subject of medical education, throwing the brightest of lights into the dimmest of corners. That night, we retired to our beds with smiles on our faces.

On the Wednesday, or Thursday, we can't remember, of the following week, we showed a film concerning 'Medicine at the University of Sheffield' to a packed house. There happened to be a slight controversy over the content of the poster (designed by Ian Bowden), used to advertise that event. Now

we won't go into details, but suffice to say that after seeking expert help on moral matters from the school sage Mr Kelly, a man who knows what's what, the poster was censored, duly amended, and our reputations saved into the bargain. We salute you sir.

Early in November, we showed a second film from Leeds' Medical School. The attendance level did not please. In fact, we were most seriously displeased. Depressed. Four members showed their grubby faces. No more. Just four. After much weeping and grinding of teeth, the committee, danders well and truly raised, took dramatic steps to rectify the situation in establishing a Disciplinary Board, whose function it was to expel those members who failed to attend meetings and produce a jolly good excuse. Though the policy was attacked from several quarters, we refused to be provoked, and naturally wanting to avoid public disgrace and loss of prestige, our members pulled their socks up, and from then on attendance levels soared. We heaved a sigh of relief and placed our bottles of valium back in our respective bathroom cabinets. The crisis was over.

The members later thanked us themselves (their grovelling was a source of some embarrassment, incidentally) for acting in so decisive a manner. For they may have missed our next star guest, that eminent old boy, Mr John Cunningham, Senior Lecturer at the Dental School of Liverpool University.

He had already lunched, so it didn't really matter (was of no consequence) that pasta Neapolitan (the Societies' favourite dish) was off that day which reminds us of a story about a rotten fish. But that's another tail (just our little joke). Anyway, the sparkling charm, lively wit and easy manner of the dentist in question soon endeared us all to his honourable personage. So erudite was he, so enthusiastic for his chosen profession, that he converted many a member to the noble path

of the dentist. We speak the truth when we say that the round of applause following his address was deafening. In fact, some of us had to leave the room, fearing for our ears.

The close association we had developed with Mr Cunningham proved fruitful, for in January he conducted a tour of the Dental School, as if he had not already done enough for our humble society, which was enjoyed by some twenty privileged members, under the watchful eyes and joint-protection of mother-figure, society secretary Ms Bridget Maher, and father-figure, Dental sub-committee representative, Mr Stephen Shuttleworth. Unfortunately, the committee could not join them, as it had earlier made arrangements to conduct an inspection of Manchester's Medical School, from which we returned late, due to incompetence in map-reading, but with video cassette in arms, ready to show our beloved members.

It was after this episodic episode that the committee met with several emotional problems, not unconnected with existential despair, and other frustrations, details of which we will not divulge, resulting in nervous breakdown, attempted suicide, blah blah, usual thing, but following the timely advice of Dr Who (another of our little jokes) and W. A. Mozart, we pulled ourselves together, no permanent damage to our reputations was done, and we promptly invited another guest to grace us with his presence.

The man in question condescended to visit, and that genial general practitioner, Dr Christopher Tierney, enchanted us with his tales of the everyday stresses and strains of his job, more than compensated for by the joys as goes without saying. Due to circumstances beyond our control, relatively few were able to enjoy his remarkable repartee, but those who did were transfixed by the scintillating quality of his diction. We thank you, sir.

So you can see that the Medical Society has

more than fulfilled its aims this year. However, our achievements would not have been possible without the ready aid and co-operation of many, of whom only a few can be mentioned.

Our grateful thanks are extended to our guests, of course, Mr Edwards for his encouragement and assistance, likewise Mr Duffy, whom we also thank for introducing us to Rachmaninov, Mr Stephenson for attending meetings when others did not and for the loan of his overhead projector, Ms Taylor, for photocopying our notices so expertly and efficiently, Ms Bridget Maher, Secretary, for looking after the society documents, the Head Boy for reading our announcements clearly on Monday mornings, but infinitely more importantly, we thank Mr Bamber for lending us his exciting film about endoscopes. We must also mention Mr Moseley for several favours, and the Russian romantic composers, especially Tchaikovsky, for being so brilliant.

May you and loved ones prosper (except for the dead composers, who by now will be decomposed) (joke!).

Now, let us look to the future. We envisage the Medical Society branching out into new and exciting areas. A vacancy has been left, for example, by the regrettable demise of the Debating Society. If we were the gloating type we would be tempted to say 'the Debating Society is dead, long live the Medical Society', or 'what can you expect from a bunch of mods, lazy to a man?' But we lament the loss of our dear cousin, and sincerely wish that the Medical Society may replace the deceased, by holding debates upon ethical problems related to Medicine. The influence of Carl Jung on 20th Century thought, etc. etc.

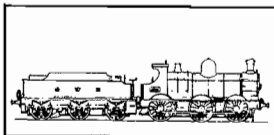
Perhaps the scientific training of our members will enable them to place emotion in the bin where it firmly belongs when pondering serious questions. Forsooth, we encourage all comers to examine the evidence for their long-held beliefs and prejudices, wish-fulfilment aside. It may prove difficult, but resist absorbing the ill-considered opinions of the masses. At least be honest with yourself, if with nobody else.

On a lighter note, it is time for us to go now, so farewell one and all, farewell and thank you, sort of beans. And a merry Derek Nimmo to you all.



'The Committee wishes you "Good Health, Sirs!";' Anthony B. Lamb (left) and Eric P. Wilkinson.

Model Railway Club 1987-8



Mr David Stewart
& Mr Michael Stephenson

A small but faithful nucleus of members has worked as steadily as staff commitments have allowed during the year. Our second station, Llanpumpsaint, is now complete as far as track and controls are concerned, and a start is being made on structures. Buildings are still the most difficult models for our workmen to complete: scratch-building takes time, sense and care. Nevertheless, Farrell's row of cottages makes a very presentable centre-piece for Pencader. If only we could interest him in 4mm scale gardening . . .

Many smaller details have been finished, but there is a reluctance to tackle the big jobs which are now holding up progress, and the older members of the club need to set an example of getting down to solving unfamiliar problems and completing projects. It is difficult to do complex and delicate work in forty-five minute sessions in school, but when models are taken home for

completion we do need to see them back in school at some time!

The club continues to make visits to suitable sites and exhibitions. Last summer we made a second visit to Lime Street, to inspect the site of the oldest passenger station and engine shed in the world, now, sadly, a neglected, litter-strewn siding near Edge Hill. The engine 'sheds' are caves hollowed out in the sandstone walls of the cutting, having the shapes of the tall folding chimneys clearly cut into the roof. The Wigan Model Railway Exhibition interested a dozen of us later in the year: it would be pleasing to see more of those who come on the trips taking regular part in the construction work!

Membership is open to all — particularly welcome will be people capable of working carefully and independently. If you would like to tackle some advanced C.D.T., come along.

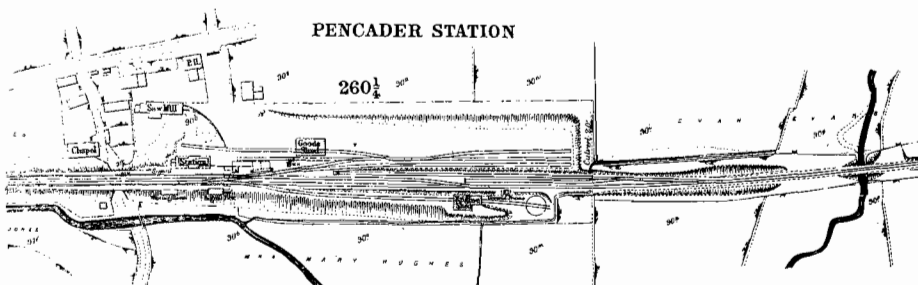
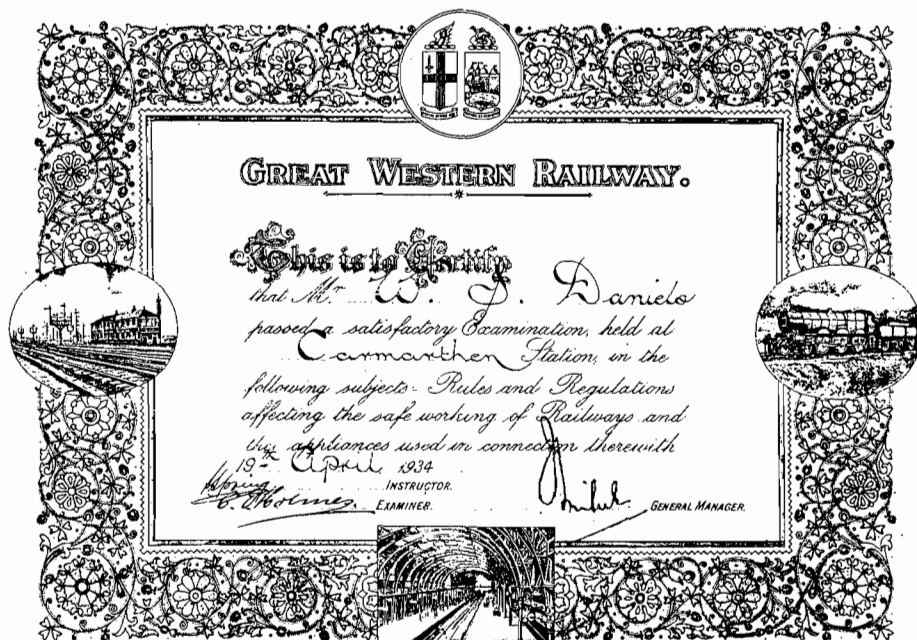
Public-speaking



Mr David Stewart

Last year's public-speaking season involved some personal disappointments for one or two of our speakers, but in looking back over the whole of the year, I must declare myself to be proud of the contribution St Edward's has made in every competition in which we have been able to take part. Every one of the young people who has represented the College has shown courtesy to audiences and rivals, has made sense in saying something worthwhile, and has demonstrated that St Edward's produces characters capable of independent and original thought. Too often it has been apparent to us, if not to all adjudicators, that we are competing with well-rehearsed performances of scripts provided for the pupil with whom we are in competition. In the belief that such exercises are essentially sterile as well as dishonest, I applaud the willingness of our students to write their own material. They do not expect to be made someone else's mouthpiece, nor do I believe that they would accept that rôle.

In the E.S.U. competition we had our most successful series of heats in twenty years: two of our teams won their heat, and the other two came second in theirs, once by a mere 0.3%. The standard was high from all: from the experienced public speakers — D. Moran, K. McGlinchey, L. Shannon — those inexperienced at this level of competition — T. Grace, P. Brabin, S. Grant — those with plenty of confidence — S. Moorhead, R. Gray, A. McDonald — and those who found that they could control their nerves and put



Photograph by Sebastian Brown Form Six

Rugby Report

Augustine Scott
Form Six



the adrenalin to good use — A. Darcy, M. McCulloch and M. Clancy.

Individual public-speaking competitions also produced excellent performances. D. Moran came a close second in the Catenian final. M. O'Brien produced a mature and sensible speech for the junior age-group of the J.B.C. while A. McDonald came second in the senior section. K. McGlinchey won the senior section for Merseyside, and went on to take second place in the North-west final in Lancaster.

Kirsten also met with success in debating competitions, as she was judged best speaker in the Liverpool University competition, which she and P. McGrath won, extending the College's unbeaten run. D. Moran and M. Flannery were very impressive in the 'Observer' Mace competition, winning the Merseyside final, and taking second place in the North of England final.

No school in the area has had such all-round success. I find it pleasing that success has been so widely shared, rather than restricted to one or two star speakers. I offer them all my congratulations, and my thanks to Mr Wells my thanks for his help and support.

St Edward's College Golden Jubilee Sevens

1988 represents the 50th year of St Edward's College on its present site at Sandfield Park, and to commemorate the occasion, the Rugby Club under the expert guidance of Mr Thompson, organised a Golden Jubilee Sevens tournament to which many of the country's top rugby schools were invited. The competition was preceded by a Jubilee Dinner on Friday, 4th March held in the school dining hall which was a huge success, thanks largely to some tremendous after dinner speeches from Mike Slemen, Martin Regan, Dave Matthews and the legendary Ray French who brought the house down with his tales of rugby wisdom which will long be remembered by all present. If the quality of rugby was as good as the speeches, we would be in for a memorable weekend.

Saturday, 5th March began gloriously in bright sunshine, and as early as 8am people were quickly (in some cases a little more slowly possibly due to the haze!) going about their business getting the school and grounds ready for the big occasion. The help and support was much appreciated by the Organising Committee. It was left to the Sevens squad to do their 'bit' on the field to show their appreciation for everyone's help.

The first of the 47 matches started at 10am, and we watched anxiously at the opposition teams such as Millfield with their bobble hats, and Strade with their 'smart' tracksuits. Our first game began at 11.20, in a terrific atmosphere with plenty of support all of whom were pleading for us to do well, and fortunately we did. The first line out came '46 Soho' was the call for the scrum half to go

round the front; surprisingly he caught the ball and ran along the touch line to score. What relief and joy, but no marks for guessing the name of the scrum half! Oh, alright then, it was me! We then went on to win 24-4.

The next game was against St Mary's, and after a fairly tough encounter we won 10-0. We did, however, make things difficult for ourselves because we kept going down the middle and taking them on instead of spreading it wide for the speed merchants to score.

Wallace H. S. from Lisburn were our next opponents and a win against them would ensure that we reached the quarter finals. We had to play without the services of Simon Humphreys who was injured in the previous game, but in a way this setback seemed to raise our game and great credit must go to Nick Pattinson for this win. The final group match saw us beat Wirral G.S. 13-0 and thus finished as Group winners.

At this point determination and the will to win became more prominent as tiredness began to set in. With the help of various potions and massages, the team were ready to do battle against Birkenhead. This was our best match by far with some superb running rugby from both sides, and eventually the partnership of Stan and Jimmy culminated in another victory.

Meanwhile Ysgol Gyfun Y Strade were quietly winning their games in the other half of the draw leading to a semi final place against the double Rosslyn Park and Oxford holders, Millfield.

The other semi final was St Edward's against Wallace H.S. who had played very



well in beating the much fancied King's Macclesfield in their quarter final. Our confidence was high, but right from the start they put us under extreme pressure and prevented us from playing our normal running game. No doubt, they were not prepared to let us beat them twice in one day, and so denied us possession. A golden opportunity to score on the stroke of half time was ruined by a knock on, and our heads seemed to drop a little from that moment. Wallace won 8-0 and we were left to ponder what might have been. The final turned out to be a one sided affair with Strade, having disposed of Millfield earlier on, comfortably winning 18-6. They were the best team in the tournament, and with a tremendously skilful stand off, thoroughly deserved their success. After a meal for all teams, the presentation of trophies, ties etc by Martin Offiah of Widnes RLFC brought to a close a memorable day of rugby worthy of the Golden Jubilee.

Extreme praise and thanks must go to all who gave of their services: the programme sellers, the ball boys, the dinner ladies, the Parents' Association, the helpers, the staff and finally to Mr Thompson for organising a weekend that was enjoyed by all participants.

1st XV Rugby Report

Mr Philip Thompson

After enjoying one of the best ever seasons last year when only one out of eighteen matches was lost, our initial high expectations had a setback even before the season started when the elected captain Paul Coleman suffered a broken leg in a holiday accident, which was to put him out of action for the entire season. The loss of Anthony McNerney through a serious knee injury did not help the cause either.

The reduced numbers participating in rugby does not make selection any easier, so that it is vital for those in the rugby squad to perform to the best of their ability. Unfortunately, there was a considerable lack of commitment from certain individuals at the Hull University tournament — this being an ideal opportunity at the beginning of a season to try different permutations — and so no success was achieved, either in results or in getting the semblance of a team.

Despite these problems Gus Scott quickly adapted to the role of captain and inspired the team to some memorable victories notably against Birkenhead, St Anselm's and St Mary's. On the other hand, several games were lost by a very narrow margin, notably against Carmel College (formerly West Park) 17-16, after leading for most of the match; Merchant Taylors 12-9 after applying so much pressure but failing to turn this into points; and Arnold School 12-9 in a game that is best forgotten. Reasons for such losses — many and varied, but against Carmel luck, or rather lack of it, and refereeing played their part, whereas against Arnold it was sheer lack of fitness and application from some of the regulars.

The majority of players trained regularly, but this season in particular saw players in key positions being unavailable for many lunchtime sessions owing to alternative



activities, to other commitments or to the lack of the necessary discipline which is essential to any team game. Such excuses, if that is what they can be called, inevitably have a detrimental effect on the rest of the squad. It is imperative that, having made a commitment, one sticks to it particularly if rugby is to continue successfully at St Edward's. There was a definite feeling at times that some players knew they would be in the team because of the lack of competition for places. This certainly does not help team morale.

A notable feature of play in the backs was the tremendous tackling, particularly by Mike Cummings, Gus Scott and Andrew Cannon. Unfortunately, the backs did not always have the necessary possession to show their attacking flair although Simon Humphreys produced touches of class until he was seriously injured in a marvellous game at Cowley. He returned to the team at the end of the season but could not recapture his earlier form. Simon Slavin improved with every game, but suffered a little from being moved from one position to another. Ian Dearden also showed considerable skills in attack, and was, without doubt the most improved player of the year.

In the forwards, Stephen Wills played a prominent role in every game but all too often did not receive adequate support; John Mallon played with great zeal as did Nick Pattinson and John McGrath was a particularly effective mauler.

All the newcomers adapted well, and should prove to be useful members of next year's team, namely, M. Dunne, F. Roberts, C. Othen and S. Slavin in the backs, and S. McIntyre, T. Williams and J. Carroll in the forwards. We wish the latter good luck in pastures new.

The school were not as successful in Sevens as in previous years, reaching the semi-final of the Golden Jubilee competition, the final at Birkenhead, but narrowly failed to qualify from the groups both at Rosslyn Park and Oxford.

2nd XV Rugby Report

Mr Julian McMullen

Although the season was one of mixed fortunes, there were several outstanding performances. Carl Driscoll, in the centre, was a continual thorn in the opposition's side; his aggressive running and tremendous tackling put many opponents on the defensive. Brian Woodhouse and Stephen Shuttleworth between them often did the work of eight men in the forwards. Their enthusiasm and non-stop effort, even against much heavier and more talented packs, was a source of inspiration to the others.

The highlight of the season was an unbelievable performance against Merchant Taylors. Illness and injury prevented St Edward's from fielding a full side, but the strong running of M. Ainsworth, M. Ebuwei and M. Mwangi, with the harassing of B. Abubakar, T. Williams and L. Moran, all under the marshalling of F. Roberts, an able captain, at scrum half, saved the day.

The final word goes to Gerard Grace. Once he set foot on the pitch, one was reminded of the great J.P.R. Williams — the flowing locks, the discarded tie ups, and the thundering tackles! What he lacked in flair he made up with heart; never once did he 'bottle out' of a tackle. For me, he was the player of the season.

Under 16 Rugby Report

Mr Robert Doyle

A disappointing season caused by self inflicted wounds in which the team realised, too late, that arrogance and over confidence are no substitute for application and fitness. The season began brightly enough with an easy win over a makeshift Birkenhead School side, 28-6, when natural talent produced a false sense of confidence for future fixtures.

Continued absences from training and a deliberate disdain for the proud tradition of the School led to the team degenerating into an apathetic apology for a side which had to be press-ganged unwillingly to fulfil fixtures. A depleted team crashed 36-0 to Rydal where several of the side proved that talk rather than

tackling was their forte. Attendance at training was still regarded as optional by many and Merchant Taylors easily beat us 16-8. Mercifully the gods intervened and several games were cancelled due to bad weather. A full strength side went to King's Macclesfield and were soundly beaten 54-4 in a game that saw the St Edward's rugby tradition humiliated. Sadly it was now, their arrogance evaporated, that the team, or at least the more mature members, adopted a responsible attitude to training. In the Sevens competitions, a lack of discipline saw defeat in the quarter final at Ripon, but after some harsh truths were spelled out and renewed commitment resulted in a magnificent triumph at Merchant Taylor's where, despite having only six men for most of the second half, a touch line penalty kick from I. Ward sealed the game and won the trophy. At Oxford, a loss in the first match to a strong St Paul's team prevented further progress despite winning the other two group matches.

In conclusion, thanks are due to S. Slavin for his captaincy and commitment, to J. Carroll and R. Wiseman for their pride in the jersey, to C. Othen, B. Doyle, M. Birchall and M. Brunskill for their endeavours and attendance at training; to I. Ward (leaving his sick bed) and A. Williams for their late conversion to the fold, and to A. Brunskill and N. Silvano for their efforts for the team. Congratulations are due to Simon Slavin and Julian Carroll who both represented Lancashire Schools at Under 16 level.

Under 15 Rugby Report

Mr John Gresty

The Under 15s enjoyed a very successful season, being beaten only twice. The team was captained by John Leahy who is fast developing into a very good player. The most consistent player over the whole season was John Roberts who worked tirelessly to win the ball (unlike many others who unfortunately stood back waiting for the ball to come to them) and always played to the best of his ability. Another forward deserving of praise is Sean McGurran who, through hard work and determination, is developing into a very good prop.

In the backs, Anthony Shone at full back deserves special mention because of his same quality of determination — he always gave his best. Overall, then, the future looks good for this side particularly if they can improve their forward play; that is, all eight forwards working together rather than in ones and twos.

Congratulations are due to John Roberts, Jason Smith and Michael Cozzolino who represented Merseyside Schools at Under 15.

Under 14 Rugby Report

Mr John Campbell

Only two games were won by the Under 14s, against King Edward's, Lytham and Wade Deacon, Widnes, the latter only managing to field fourteen players and so this victory has to be put in context.



A veil is best drawn over the other games by a side with several fundamental weaknesses, although mention should be made of spirited performances away to St Anselm's and Cowley.

Captain Ben Morgan led well through example rather than exhortation; scrum half O'Neill always gave 100%. Other backs to feature were Crawford who showed occasional touches of maturity and Tobin at full back who has considerable potential for the future.

In the forwards, players such as Davis, Woodley, Meehan and Murphy blew hot and cold. Newberry should learn the value of a quiet contribution! Replacements such as Owens, Jones and Ainsworth did at least guarantee that the side always had fifteen players despite injuries to others of the calibre of Aldersley.

Under 13 Rugby Report

Mr Anthony Pennington

The Under 13 rugby squad had a very good season with a record won 11 drawn 1 lost 1. Although there was a settled side available each week, every member of the squad contributed to the success of the team and, moreover the 'B' team won both its matches.

Competition for places in the team was high at the start of the season with some of the established players not able to gain their place. In our first match against Grange Park we won 62-10 by scoring eleven tries (five by Prakash Jha) and kicking nine conversions. It was noticeable that as the season progressed, the place kicking deteriorated. In our next match we suffered our only defeat of the season, 10-18 against De la Salle St Helens. We seemed to play with too much confidence and not enough concentration at the start of the match for although we scored first we gave away three tries in a ten minute period and were never again in contention. At K.E.S. Lytham we scored five tries to win 20-18 in our most spirited performance of the season. By this time Scott Fleming, Francis Glass and Antony Corner were beginning to

contribute effectively in the pack to add to the reliable consistency of Paul Brown, Dominic Williams and Tim McDonald. With Chris Wong and Karl Lee working hard as ball-hungry flankers and Stephen Hunt's ability to get at least 70% possession we are now in a position to dominate opposing forwards. Our technique was not as good as it should have been but it was improving with each match. The backs were still running in tries despite the heavier grounds with Prakash Jha and Peter Lavery leading the way.

After an easy win at Calday Grange and a hard match against a tough tackling Cowley we played at Liverpool College. Seven tries and two conversions was one of our more typical performances. This match saw the debut of Allan Preston on the wing. Although he scored only one try in the season he showed the potential to develop into a strong free-scoring winger in the coming years. A tough match followed against an unbeaten St Anselm's side. In a close, hard-fought game Simon Gee managed to kick ahead from a defensive error and broke away to score in the closing minutes.

Just before Christmas we had a series of four straight wins, scoring 140 points and conceding only 8. The forwards again shone in these matches and the backs were able to stretch the opponent's defences with some positive running.

Paul Lambrianides, having played well throughout the first term was outstanding in these matches and scored a hat-trick against St Mary's Crosby. Stephen Harrington was an able replacement for Stephen Hunt and hooked competently.

In the second term we played only two matches. At Stockport G.S. we won 14-6. This game marked Dominic Williams's best try when he took the ball at No. 8 from a set scrum and powered his way over from 40 metres.

Our final match of the season was a 0-0 draw against Merchant Taylor's, with nothing going right for us. Merchant's played well and produced some good last-ditch tackles to prevent our grounding the ball for that all important score.

Dominic Williams served the squad well as captain and led the team by example in training as well as in the matches. Simon Gee ran directly at outside half and kicked sensibly. Mark Ward scored only two tries but distributed the ball well. Michael Scargill played on the wing and tackled well. At full back Damian Baker was troubled rarely but could always be relied upon to tidy up any kicks through by the opposition.

The squad trained regularly especially Nicholas Astor, Chris Gawne, Paul Yates, Simon Ellis, Alex Rhodes, Simon O'Neill, Michael Quinn, Stuart Parr, Bernard Kelly and Richard Mitchell who all improved in one way or another and contributed to the 'B' team's victories.

In the coming season the squad should be able to improve their technique in all departments of the game and gain valuable experience so as to look forward, when their time comes, to a successful period in the 1st XV.

Under 12 Rugby Report

Mr David Edwards

The 1st years made a most encouraging start to their school rugby careers but spoilt things towards the end of the season with needless defeats.

The team was well led by captain Ben Rudge who had an outstanding season. Amongst the forwards Kevin Wail, Stephen Hamilton, Danny McKay, Alex Prayle and Luke Ashley were prominent. The outstanding back was Matthew Halsall at outside half with other notable contributions

from Danny Kenyon, Adam Harrison and James Hunter.

For success to be achieved the ingredients of teamwork, practice and regular training are essential, and amongst the best trainers who never made the team on a regular basis were Simon Shellien, Kevin Grimwood and David Healey. Unfortunately, as the season progressed, other players lost interest, became apathetic and positively 'skived off' practices. It is to be hoped that such players develop a more positive commitment next year.

Photographs by Peter Ahearn Form Six.

The Seagulls 1987-88



Ron Knee:

Basically the lads gave 120% on each occasion and at the end of the day they got the result.

The Seagulls consistently knocked the ball across the park and didn't forget the big fellow through the middle and when the chips were down they pulled together.

Manager and midfield supremo Simon Morgan remained typically tight-lipped and ashen-faced as he faced the press, his mug of Drambuie-laced Bovril in his hand. 'A bird in the hand', he began explaining his soccer philosophy, 'gathers no moss'. Later, swigging generously from a pint bottle of milk in the treatment room, he confessed 'Funny game, football. One minute you're up, next minute the tough get going. The lads did well and all credit to the opposition, they brought the game to us. But the pile of sand behind the goal was great — no trouble to anyone — and it was worth a goal start on every occasion'.

Later in the hospitality room with a celebratory pint of Creme de Menthe, he touched on the subject nearest to his heart. Unfortunately the police saw him and the case comes up next week.

As we left the hallowed precincts of Walton Bowl he spoke of his heartbreak between severe bouts of vomiting, 'I need a keeper' he said.

In four short words (a feature of his usual vocabulary) he summed up the Gulls' season. A season of misses and yellow fruitlessness, but a season in which the flag of fair play has been promoted to the four corners of the globe, and parts of Aintree too.

On a personal note the contribution of Ashman (his gloves) and Wellington Wells at full-back must be cited as reasons for the side's achievements. In the words of Morgan to the lads, 'Thanks for turning up'.

'Mastermind' Davis (no passes) and 'Crusher' Lunt, the grace of Grice, the delicacy of Halligan, the pace of Adamson and Richard Coakley's moustache made the season unforgettable. McCarthy's magic was just the icing on the cake as he came through three games without sustaining injury, and 'China Bob' will long be remembered for his performances as 'Liber0' in the early part of the season.

The final word, though, must go to the enigmatic and charismatic team manager, who wants to see brighter football and the return of the fans (Sid and Doris Prendergast) to the Walton Bowl.

'Let's solve the soccer crisis at a stroke,' he said, 'and let's have goals, goals and more goals. Award three points for a defeat, one for a draw and nothing for a win.'

The soccer world was reported to be rocked to its foundations.

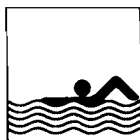


Under 12 'A' team.



The Seagulls is the name of the staff football team. (Ed.)

Swimming



Stephen Wills
Form Six

It is fitting that in the Silver Jubilee year celebrating the building of the pool, swimming has claimed the mantle of the most successful sport at present in the school. Unlike the fluctuations in other sports, swimming has had a very regular pattern of success over these twenty-five years.

My predecessor, writing this article last year, recorded how the school had reached a new pinnacle in the 1986-87 season, winning the Liverpool Secondary School Swimming Championship for the first time. This was at the end of a very successful season, in which there were 14 inter-school galas all of which we won except the one against Bluecoat.

This year, 1987-88, has been a similar story. The school team has won every gala, except the one away against Bluecoat where the absence of members of the 3rd Year team was crucial. However, the defeat by Bluecoat was avenged a few months later at a home meeting; when despite the handicap of the senior team missing their inspirational captain, St Edwards achieved a notable victory against Bluecoat. The Liverpool Swimming Championships in March promised to break the deadlock between our long-standing rivals, Bluecoat, and us. Overall the Senior, Third Year and First Year teams have been outstanding, with the Senior team only suffering defeat in one match when two of the squad were unavailable because of illness.

The Silver Jubilee Year has witnessed a number of changes which indicate a new way forward for swimming in the 1990s. Although Sixth-form girls have now been an established part of the school for a few years, their sporting contribution has sadly been very small. However, recently there seems to have been a turn around in their attitude, at least towards swimming. The number of girls that have realised the physical and mental benefits that can be acquired from swimming seems to have risen as testified to by the rise in the number of girls now swimming regularly. Swimming is one of the few sports where the sexes can realistically compete, therefore as a captain looking for new ways of motivation, I urge the girls in Sixth-form to carry on swimming.

Another change, which although probably unnoticed by nearly all the school and the majority of the swimming team itself, concerns the starting of races in inter-school galas. After, at least, a few years of Mr Gibbons starting these races with his infamous style and subtlety of nature, he has stepped down in favour of the new recruit to

the staff in charge of swimming, Mr Lunt. Hopefully this is only a temporary break or another institution has been lost to the school forever.

Having won this gala last year for the first time, the team and staff in charge were determined to win the Champion's Cup again this year. The overall determination of the team was exemplified by the Senior team, from which three members actually trained '3' (three!!) times in one week.

The omens did not look too good, however, after the first five events which were the Under 12 to Senior freestyle relays with St Edwards floundering in 4th position overall behind Bluecoat, St Margarets and Gateacre. The Senior freestyle relay team which had hoped to beat Bluecoat, and were heading towards this, were unfortunately held-up in mid-stroke (quite literally) when, the 'Find of the Year', J. Fitzsimmons brought a new degree into swimming — the 'False-ending'.



Photograph by Peter Aheard Form Six

Nevertheless, undaunted by the lack-lustre showing in the freestyle, the medley relay teams were hoping for a few '1st' places to bring us back into contention with Bluecoat. However, a similar picture was seen in the medley relays with St Edwards again failing to win an event. Yet a number of second places brought us ahead of Gateacre into 3rd position with only the Breast-stroke relays left.

Only exceptional swimming could now win the gala, and murmurings were heard from a member of the Senior team in the Lower Sixth about team selection. Nonetheless, despite the almost inevitability of overall defeat, the Under 12 team went on to win their relay. This feat was then emulated by the Under 13, Under 14 and Senior teams, with the Under 14 and Senior teams setting Championship records for the Breast-stroke relay. From 3rd place, St Edwards moved to joint first with Bluecoat, with only the Ball Trophy relay remaining. This is a one length relay for eight swimmers from 1st to 4th year. St Margarets won this, but a second place for us, confirmed that for the second year in succession St Edwards is the Overall Champion School in Liverpool.

As captain I would like to express thanks to all members of the school team which swam in the City Championships and the other inter-school galas. I would also like to thank Simon Smith for returning to the fold for the Championship. Special thanks to Pete Ahearn for the photograph which accompanies this article. Mention must also be made for the members of staff that give up their lunch-break and Friday afternoons for swimming: Mr Gibbons, Mr Morgan and Mr Lunt.