

REVIEW



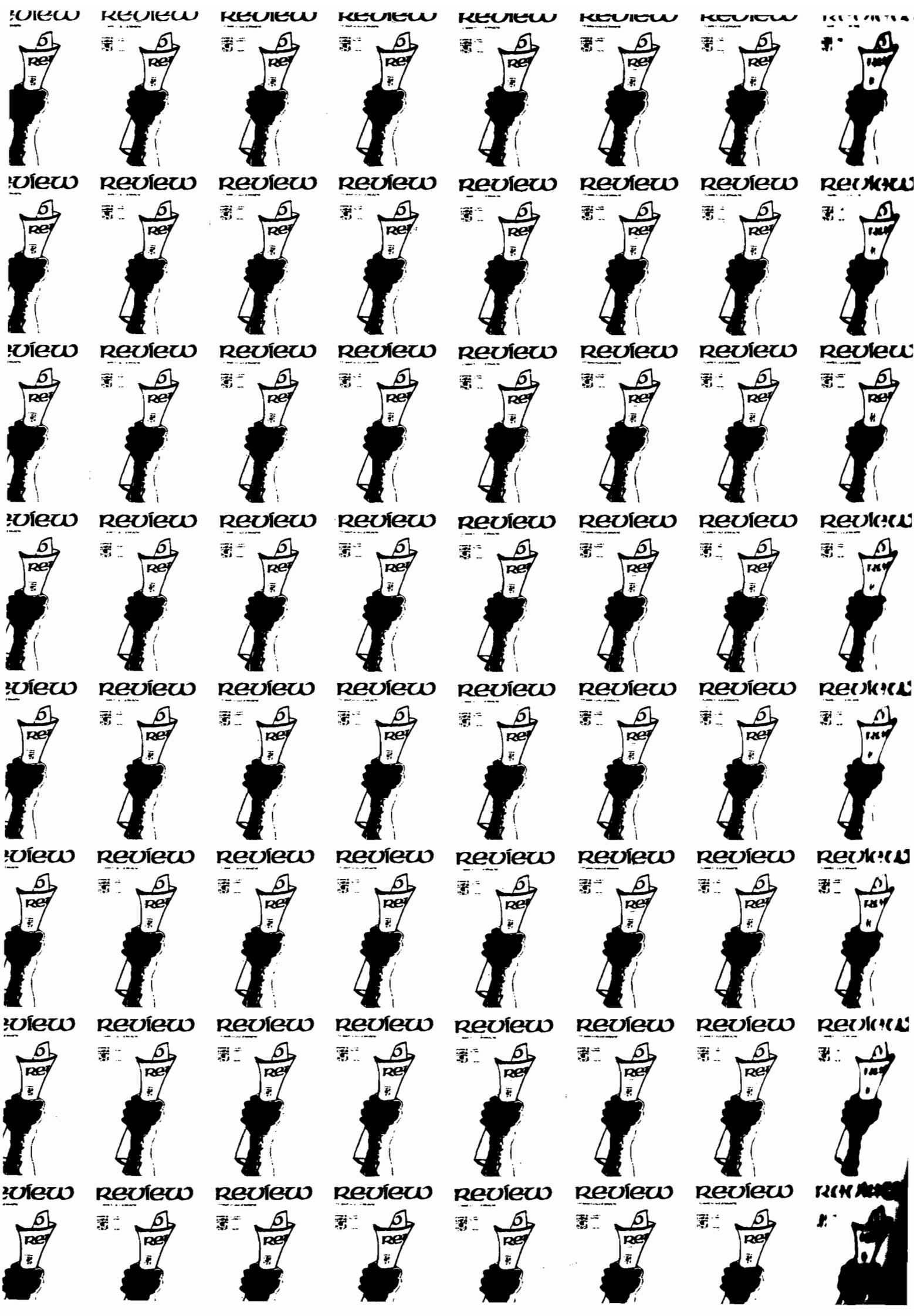
REVIEW

ST EDWARD'S COLLEGE



Volume 5
Number 1

1988-89



Editorial

**St Edward's College
Magazine
Volume 5, number 5
1988-89**

The last magazine came at the conclusion of fifty years of the school in Sandfield Park and was somewhat retrospective.

This issue comes at the beginning of the next half century and in looking forward, we wonder how much the school, in general and the magazine in particular, will change. It would have been more eye-catching if we had the money to print in colour, but would this encourage a greater artistic content? We feel that the magazine still lacks visual impact.

In whatever direction St Edward's goes we hope, above all, that the magazine will continue to reflect life there in its variety and vitality.

Gerard Davies
Mr Terence Duffy
Claire Jones
Philip McCall
Mr John Moseley
Martin Smith
Photographer
Adrian Faulkner

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School News

Comings and Goings

During the period covered by this issue of the magazine, Easter 1988 to Easter 1989, we can record a 'first' for the College: we were both privileged and proud to receive our first Royal visitor, HRH the Duke of Gloucester, who honoured us by formally opening the new Arts Centre in the month of June. The Chairman of the Governors, Mr John Morgan, who welcomed the Duke, has written an account of this event, which you can find in the ensuing pages.

The great ship of St Edward's continues to plough through both calm and troubled seas and in the July of 1988 the captain and crew and working(?) passengers saw the greatest exodus of staff in living memory when five members left, namely Mrs Margaret Rodgers and Messrs Robert Allen, Philip Thompson, Michael Fraine (who, having arranged an exchange visit with a Canadian teacher, jumped ship and failed to return), Christopher Ashman, with a sixth, Mark Davies, going to America for a year to gain further qualifications. Mr Allen's retirement marks the end of a long association with the school and you can find an appreciation in this issue. Mr John Campbell has taken over as master in charge of rugby. However, before our readers get altogether the wrong impression that the crew has abandoned ship, we hasten to add that in September, new members came aboard and we welcomed Mrs Mary Foster, Mrs Mary Freaney, Miss Andrea Ince, Messrs Frank Linnett (who transferred from Runnymede), Ian Hughes, Charles Hitchen, Geoff Park, Andrew Treherne, Joseph Kerwin and also Mr David Dukes who returned to the staff on a part-time basis after an absence of many years. Six people were replaced by nine!! Fr Philip Inch, himself a former pupil and a brother of sixth former Simon, joined us as chaplain. Mr Victor Marban who had helped out in the Spanish department last year, has continued to act as a lifebelt. You can read something about all who came up the gangplank in the following paragraphs. The lifeboats are not yet needed . . .

Although strictly speaking outside the ambit of this issue, it seems only right to record two further events that brought great sadness to all of us at the beginning of this summer term. Form 4S bore the brunt of the news that reached us of the death of one of its members, Neil Murphy, aged 15, who was found dead in bed on the day before the beginning of the term. We offered our condolences and prayers to his parents and

young sister and brother, parishioners of St Mary's, Woolton. Neil's fellow pupils from 4S, the Headmaster and representatives of the staff and also the Chamber Choir were present at his Requiem Mass. Pupils from 4S have contributed their memories of this gentle and polite boy and you can read their thoughts later.

Shortly afterwards, the awful scenes at Hillsborough were witnessed by a number of pupils who were present in the stadium. Some boys were actually present in the terraces where so many people died, fortunately all of them escaping injury or death. At least one boy had earlier moved from the very front of the crush and realises that he is lucky to be alive. Francis McAllister, a pupil from 1972-78, a fireman from London, lost his life and to his family, his parents and brothers Mark and Michael, also former pupils, we offer our heartfelt sympathy. Ian Clarke, who left the school only last year to transfer to Cardinal Heenan School, was hailed as a hero, having given artificial respiration to about ten people. It also seems appropriate to mention here that Mrs Margaret Rodges has been one of the team setting up the new bereavement counselling service at Alder Hey Hospital.

Everyone at school was shocked to hear of the death in August, 1988, of Charlie Whiteside, a member of the school maintenance team for many years. Charlie was well-known as a fitness fanatic, who could often be seen training long and hard on the running track. Mr Neville Mars' father also died and to Neville we offer our support and sympathy. Adrian Faulkner, a pupil in 6B, suffered the loss of his mother. Francis Seed's (Form 1) brother died. Stephen Daly's (Form 4) family lost their father, as did Terence Owen, (Form 6B) and Nicholas Platt (Form 1) whose father had suffered a long illness. Mrs Patricia O'Connor, mother of David (Form 2) also died. The mother of former pupils Adam, Simon and Stephen Roxburgh died, also after a long illness. Whilst we try hard to include mention of all the bereavements affecting our community, we also offer apologies to any family who for reasons of human frailty we have omitted.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Mr Ray Thomas's wife, to whom we wish restored health. Mr Edward Coupe, a former member of staff, was professed as a Brother in 1988.

In last year's issue, due to a simple misunderstanding, a composite play review did not acknowledge Paul Connolly's important contribution and to him we offer apologies.

The continued existence of the staff football team, the 'Seagulls', will probably be reviewed by the Headmaster and Governors after two of its members suffered from more serious accidents. Mr Hitchen had a prolonged absence after a severe fall caused the bruising of his heart and Mr Grice was to be seen bound up after breaking his collar bone. There were suggestions that members of his form had greased his trainers but after investigations by the Serious Crime Squad, this was discounted! Mrs Margaret Kerwin, wife of Mr Joe Kerwin who joined us in September, was able to step in and temporarily replace Mr Hitchen, whom we were pleased to welcome back later in the year.

Plans have been laid during the last few months to establish a new 'umbrella' organisation which would take under its cover all the established associations connected with the school. These include the CI Edwardian Association, the Parents' Association and the Trust Fund. The reasoning behind setting up this new body, which will be known as 'The Friends of St Edward's College' (FOSEC), is to allow the school to keep in touch with many previous members of its community who are not readily served by the existing associations. Allowing for about 100 pupils leaving every year, even since the school moved to its present site in 1938, indicates a population of former pupils of at least 5,000, most of whom have, for one reason or another, lost contact with their Alma Mater. No doubt amongst them will be some who prefer it that way (!) but many others make occasional contact. The parents and families of these former pupils are also possible contacts. It seems a great shame that the school does not capitalise on the support of so many and that it has not kept in contact with them. In the next few months efforts are to be made to contact as many former pupils as possible, beginning with a direct mailing to those who left in the last ten years and whose addresses in the school records are likely to be useable. Adverts in the local and national press will also be aimed to reach others and most importantly, word of mouth and the supplying of names and addresses by those we can reach will be of enormous help. The records will be computerised and all sent details of the newsletter to be published each term, the school magazine will be available to order and social events organised to allow the renewal of contacts. The school Development Officer will be much involved, but voluntary and occasional part-time help by former pupils and other friends will be of great importance. A more formal organisation will be set up in due course and it is hoped to invite our more famous past pupils to serve as President and Vice-presidents. There are plans to extend the weekend of the Patronal Feast, now marked with the Former Pupils' Dinner and Community Mass at the Cathedral, into a bigger and more varied event, possibly with open days to welcome former pupils back to the scene of their crimes.

Mr Robert Allen — an appreciation

43 years teaching at St Edwards! This record probably stands unsurpassed in the school's history and will probably never be equalled. It belongs to someone who became an institution in Sandfield Park — Robert Allen. Known as 'Bob' to his colleagues and 'Pop' to his pupils (though never in his hearing) the end of his career at SEC, which began in 1945, finally came last July.

Bob taught many subjects over the years. He was interested in drama and public speaking and is remembered for his encouragement of Michael Williams and for the theatre trips he organised to Stratford. Art classes led on to the polystyrene figures which were a feature of leavers' socials. Latin he always enjoyed, being a reader of the classics and an enthusiastic linguist.

History, however, is Bob's chief interest. He has a Master's degree, which is far from

common among graduates of his generation for whom post-graduate opportunities were scarce. From 1959-86 he presided over the history department, coming to specialise in 19th century British history, particularly Anglo-Irish relations. His great joy came to be the stream of Edwardians who went to Oxford and Cambridge to read history and he assiduously cultivated links between SEC and Oxbridge.

Bob's work for the school extended far outside the classroom. He was involved in endless meetings about the re-organisation of Catholic secondary education on Merseyside and was an active supporter of the school's decision to go independent. As the longest serving member of staff he became senior master, representing the views of the staff to the headmaster before the days of a staff committee.

Alongside her husband at plays, concerts and sporting fixtures, Laurie Allen demonstrated a loyalty and affection for the school as strong as that of her husband. Inevitably the final parting was difficult, even though it was signposted in 1986 when Bob reduced his contribution to a part-time basis. The School community sends to Bob and Laurie sincere good wishes for a long and fruitful retirement.

'Arbor ejus tota in foliis aspicientibus a longe conspicua videbatur.' — Abelard.

AFD

Neil Murphy — A Gentle Giant

In a third form RE exercise, Neil was called upon to write an Epitaph to himself, setting down the qualities for which he would like to be remembered. It is tragically ironic that, less than twelve months later, his friends should be repeating this exercise for real.

Everyone knew Neil Murphy and all who knew him liked him. His friends describe him as having a friendly personality:

'He never had a bad word for anyone . . . friendly . . . good natured . . . kind . . . he was a laugh . . . good to be with.'

Neil was a good all round sportsman. He was pack captain of the fourth year rugby team, a keen swimmer, an enthusiastic basketball player and had been captain of the third year athletics team. Had he lived, he would have been honoured with the fourth year athletics' team captaincy this year.

He was a bright and intelligent boy, as hard working and committed in the classroom as he was on the sports field. The notes of one of his teachers describes him as: 'an intelligent and sensitive young man. He never fails to offer sensible and perceptive observations in class. His most recent assignment was awarded a good A grade. Such a high mark so early in the course promises much for his future in this subject.'

We do not know what Neil wrote in that Third Form RE exercise. We only know that for a host of fine accomplishments, for an unselfish, charitable attitude to others and for a warm cheery smile, Neil Murphy will be remembered.



Mr David Dukes is no stranger to SEC, having been a pupil here from 1946-53 and a member of staff from 1959-68, when he taught maths and coached cross country and cricket teams. Then followed a spell of ten years at the Brothers' school in Stoke-on-Trent where he was head of maths. With the demise of the direct grant schools, he then moved to Ilkley in West Yorkshire, where he was involved in administration in a large comprehensive school. His interests include classic music, bird-watching and following Everton (when they win). As to his views of the present day SEC pupils? 'Incorrigible as ever!'



Mrs Margaret Freaney joined the Art Department having spent the last eight years working part-time in adult education and two years lecturing at City College. This part-time work enabled her also to be at home with her two sons. Prior to having her children and up to 1978, she was head of art at a girls' secondary school in Liverpool. Her husband, Andy, would like tickets for Cardiff Arms Park and wonders if SEC might be a good source.



Mrs Mary Foster graduated from Queen's University, Belfast, with a degree in English and Psychology in 1978, although she says that the psychology bit doesn't help with the average SEC pupil. This is her first experience of teaching in Liverpool, having previously worked in schools in Southport and Warrington for nine years. As a teacher, her main complaint is that so many of her pupils assume that she is some kind of religious maniac because she has chosen to teach RE. She has not found being one of a small minority of female staff a disadvantage and she has derived much entertainment from staff room banter. Her husband is a loyal Liverpool supporter, despite which Mrs Foster has never been to a match. Free time is a luxury with a very active little daughter, Urla, who takes up most of it. Relaxation includes going out for a meal and to the theatre, both treats being all too rare!



Mr Charles Hitchen has followed a long and circuitous route to the English Dept. A former pupil of St Thomas More High School, Wigan, he worked for some time in engineering, initially as a craftsperson and then as an engineering designer for Leyland Trucks. Following Benjamin Franklin's dictum that everyone should have at least three careers during their lifetime, and helped in no small measure by a recession in the truck market, he decided to return to education, reading English language and literature at the University of Liverpool. He obtained his PGCE at the University of Manchester and has taught in Wigan and Skelmersdale.

Mr Hitchen admits to two great passions: his family and rock climbing. He enjoyed an illustrious but all-too-brief career as a 'star' of the staff football team before sustaining an injury which put him in hospital for several weeks and kept him absent from school for most of the spring term.



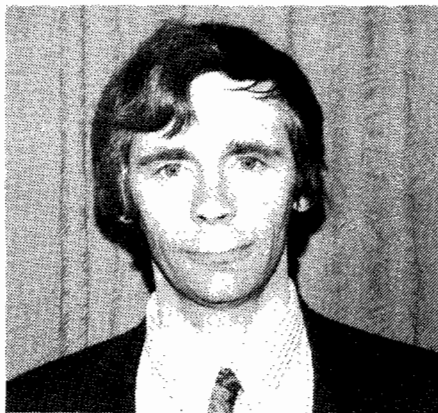
Mr Ian Hughes has joined the French Department from St Anselm's College, having previously enjoyed posts in schools as varied as Tulse Hill Boys' School, Brixton, St Mary's College, Wallasey and teaching English as a foreign language in a French Lycee in Madrid and at Le Mans University, France.

After finally, at the age of 21, obtaining a doctor's note enabling him to avoid playing any more rugby, he now channels his considerable rugby talents(!) into coaching the 3rd year teams. Having failed miserably in his attempt to introduce boules, pétanque and wine appreciation to the school curriculum, he is now trying to persuade the staff football team to play in black and white hooped T-shirts and berets. Outside interests include all sports (except cricket) outdoor pursuits, especially canoeing and hill-walking (he runs a Venture Scout unit), theatre, travel and motor-racing, (having worked as an interpreter for the 24 hour races at Le Mans and other sporting events).

The recent developments in teaching languages for GCSE meet with his approval as the emphasis is now on practical communication and the challenging requirements of French 'A' level give ample opportunity for encouraging his students in his particular interests including French theatre and 18th century poetry.



Fr Philip Inch joined SEC as its first chaplain for several years. A pupil of the school from 1958-65, he then went to the junior seminary at Upholland (where he was taught music by Mr Terence Duffy). Ordained in 1982, his first appointment was as a curate at St Teresa's, Penwortham. From there he moved to Liverpool and was appointed Administrator of St Mary's, Highfield St, as part of the inner city ministry team. He is also a member of the diocesan Liturgy Commission.



Mr Joseph Kerwin began his working career with the Blue Funnel Line based in Liverpool. The transport theme was continued with several years at the wheel of Ribble buses and continental touring coaches. In between, he found time to gain a variety of commercial and academic qualifications, notably a BA at the white rose University of York in Economics, History and Politics and an MA at the red rose University of Lancaster in Religious Studies. He currently divides his teaching time between the RE and History departments and takes an active role in the affairs of the History Club and the Model Railway Society. Other interests focus upon entertaining a lively son who is a pupil in Runnymede.



Mr Frank Linnett began his career in the Merchant Navy, travelling around the world, mainly in the Far East. He then decided to pursue his main interest, which is painting, more vigorously. After a Foundation course at Liverpool Polytechnic, he went on to obtain a BA Hons in Fine Art. During his final year he was guided towards teaching and obtained his PGCE in 1983 after which he joined the staff of Runnymede. A favourite hobby which complements and informs his painting, is reading. Mr Linnett has had many of his works exhibited publicly, including in an exhibition at the University as one of eight Liverpool artists.



Mr Geoffrey Park was educated at Preston Grammar School and Liverpool University from which he graduated in 1971 with a BA Hons degrees in Hispanic Studies. Since then he has taught at Alsop Comprehensive and the Bluecoat School. Immediately prior to coming to SEC, together with his wife, three daughters and son, he was in Las Palmas, Canary Islands, with an evangelical missionary society, working with the local church, helping at youth camps and weekly visits to the local gaol!



Mr Andrew Treherne was born and brought up in India before coming to this country and eventually settling in Liverpool. Whilst at secondary school he became involved in athletics and outdoor pursuits. Having achieved some success in the former, he turned his attention to climbing, canoeing and trekking as an alternative series of challenges. Having graduated BA, he obtained his PGCE at Liverpool University, but this and even clinging to the end of a frayed rope did nothing to prepare him for the momentous task of 'teaching' some of the pupils at SEC.

News from the Past

50 years ago

Of all the red-letter days of the College the 15th June, 1939, will stand out prominent, not only as surrounded with greater ceremony but as holding the elements of permanence, the dignity of thoroughly up-to-date buildings architecturally comparable to the best secondary day schools and the advantages of the spacious picturesque surroundings.

It was unfortunate that rain prevented the outdoor part of the ceremony — the official entry of the Archbishop (Richard Downey) at the main door of the College, and also precluded the Physical Training Display on the playing fields. It did not, however, damp the ardour of the visitors, for not less than 850 people were present in the Assembly Hall which normally has seating accommodation for 750. Their enthusiasm was evident from start to finish.

The order of events was as follows:—

Orchestra selection

Statements by the Principal and by the Headmaster

Veni Creator

The College is declared formally opened by His Grace the Archbishop

Acknowledgements by:
Very Rev J. Canon O'Connell
(Chairman of Governors)
Mr E. B. Kirby FRIBA (Architect)
Mr C. J. Doyle JP (Builder)

Te Deum

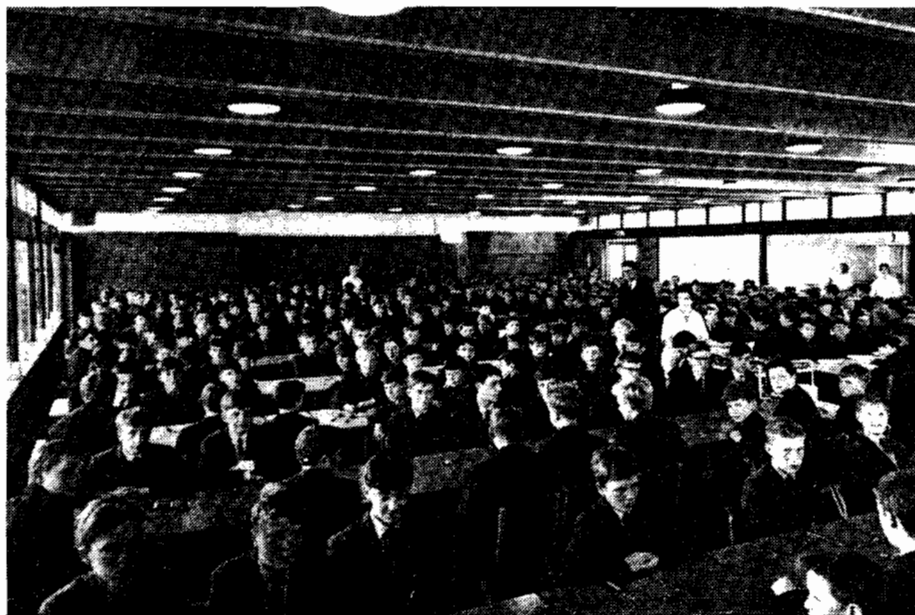
His Grace speaks of the Old Boys' Club

The President, CIEA, Mr Philip Hawe FRCS, thanks his Grace and presents to the College a Testimonial from the Old Boys

The Principal of the College thanks the Old Boys

Hallelujah Chorus

Vote of Thanks to his Grace moved by: Very Rev Br J. P. Noonan (Superior General of the Christian Brothers) seconded by: Alderman Luke Hogan OBE, JP and Major J. H. Neville OBE



View of New Dining Hall.

25 years ago

With the inevitable growth in the number of pupils at the College, the existing dining facilities two years ago became wholly inadequate and it was therefore imperative that the school should build a new dining hall and kitchen.

The accommodation required was a dining hall to seat 800 boys in two sittings with a kitchen sufficiently equipped to meet this number of diners.

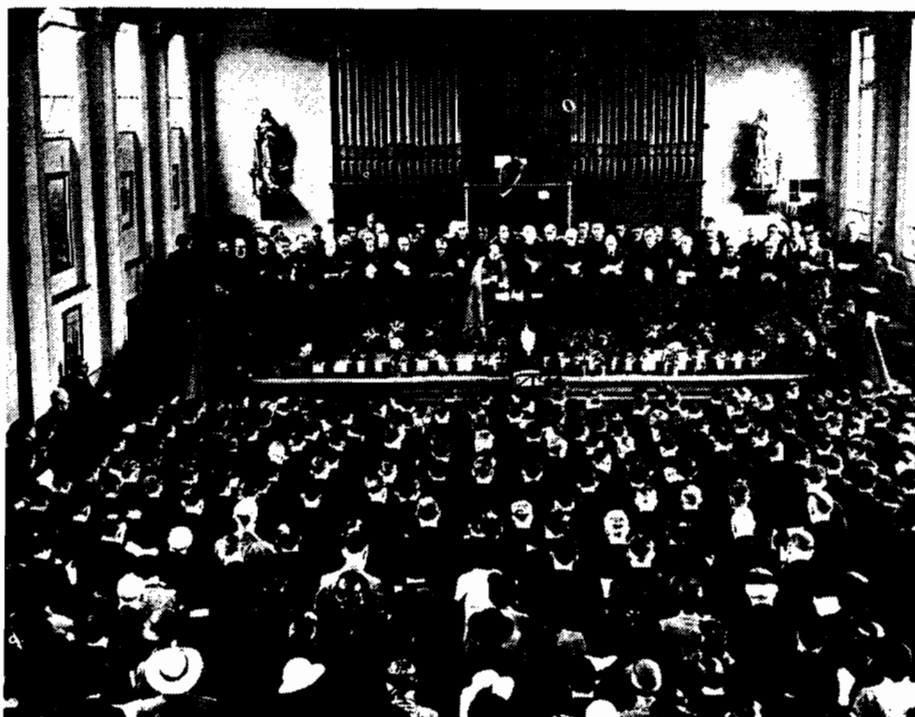
The site designated for this building was at the corner adjacent to the existing school and the existing playground projecting towards St Clare's.

Orchestral piece — Triumphal March from 'Aida'

School Song

God Save the King

Archbishop's Blessing



The Assembly Hall during the Formal Opening Ceremony.

Headmaster's Report

Brother Dominic Sassi

My first duty is to thank you all for the compliment you are paying St Edward's by your presence here this afternoon. In particular I wish to thank Lady Hooper who, as one of the Patrons of the Cathedral Choir Tour Fund, has already had some connection with the College. Aware that she is a member of the Government in the House of Lords and a prominent Catholic Peer, we warmly welcome her to distribute the prizes, and look forward to hearing what she has to say.

I also welcome back last year's Upper Sixth, who are here to receive their certificates. I appreciate your efforts to come from various parts of the country and even from abroad. I received a letter recently from an Old Boy who is working in America. In it he referred to a piece of advice given him by a certain member of staff who used to say 'for everyone who does something, 99 say they *could* have done it: don't be one of the 99.' 'This comment', he goes on to say, 'has been an inspiration to me for the past twelve years of ups and downs. Whenever I think of easing up on my efforts to succeed, I remember it. If you can register this message with your sixth-formers they will enjoy a rewarding and fulfilling future.' I share this with you, and with all the sixth-form, as a piece of advice you may like to reflect on and take to heart.

And now for my report of what has happened in school since our last Prize Day. In many ways this has been a year of initiative and innovation. It was the first time pupils sat the GCSE. More of that later. But we also started preparing for Teacher Appraisal, Records of Achievement, the assessment and testing of pupils, and the introduction of the National Curriculum. While pupils enjoyed 3 days of extra holiday at the beginning of the summer term, the staff met at Loyola Hall for an extended discussion on how best to tackle these innovations as a Christian community.

Towards the end of that term we held an Open Evening. It seems hard to believe that this was the first of such events held at the College. In these days of the 'market economy' they will surely be more frequent from now on. It was certainly a great success, with 750 visitors viewing the premises. My thanks to John Adamson who, in his new role as Development Officer, handled much of the publicity. His expertise and enthusiasm have done wonders in putting St Edward's College on the map and attracting worthwhile sponsorship from local firms. Sustained interest in St Edward's has been shown by a number of banks, building societies and insurance companies, who have welcomed

the chance to work more closely with the school. Barclays have agreed to sponsor the Leavers' Dance in June, the TSB an Industrial Society Conference for our Lower Sixth in February, and Commercial Union have made a generous donation to offset the expenses related to today's Prize Day. Langburne Business Forms also sponsored a most enjoyable celebrity dinner when David Alton MP, was the main speaker. Negotiations on similar lines are in hand with the Alliance-Leicester and Halifax Building Societies, and with other institutions.

St Edward's led the organisation of a county-wide information campaign regarding the Assisted Places Scheme, which culminated in a highly cost-effective full page advertisement in Merseymart in December. The text has since been taken up by ISIS for nationwide circulation.

The magazine 'College News' is, of course, an essential element in all this promotional work, and will be printed professionally after the March issue. A complete list of parishes in our catchment area has been established and it is the intention that 'College News' should be mailed to them regularly.

But the highlight of the summer term was surely the opening of the Design Centre by the Duke of Gloucester. Flags were flying on that day when we greeted the first royal visitor in the school's history. Occurring during the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the College's moving to the Sandfield Park site, the Opening reinforced the Governors' commitment to keeping the College in the forefront of educational change. My vision of the Design Centre is that it be a place humming with life and creativity, similar indeed to our Music Centre. And this would be the appropriate time to encourage all parents to lend their support to the hard-working committees of the Parents' Association and the Trust Fund, without whose selfless dedication to the school that project would not have been realised. We have already gone some way to paying off the debt but there is still a long way to go. Furthermore, I give advance warning to chairmen Mr McIver and Mr McDonald that we have already started thinking about our next project which will include extra classrooms and an enlarged Staff Common Room.

While speaking of the Parents' Committee, I must mention the sadness we all felt on the death of Frank Colquitt, a loyal servant of St Edward's for many years. I can assure his widow Molly that Frank's memory will long remain a shining example of Christian service to all of us.

And now to examination results, the bare bones of which you have in your programmes. One of the main reasons why we gather today is to congratulate and to rejoice with those boys and girls who, especially in public examinations, have proved that they can live up to the highest standards set by their predecessors. At St Edward's we encourage individual pupils to attain the highest standard of which they are capable by providing an appropriate challenge. Last year's Upper Sixth was the first A level group since the school went fully independent. Fears had been expressed that the end of Direct Grant status would bring a lowering of standards. I am pleased to report that last year's results showed no significant

difference from the results of previous years. There was an average of 3.3 passes at A level; 82% gained places in Higher Education to read for a degree, including 8 places at Oxbridge. I wish to thank particularly Mr Mercer and Br Rodgers for giving up a week of their summer holidays to be with the Upper Sixth in August when the results arrived, and indeed for all the excellent work they do throughout the year to advise and guide our sixth formers. With 10 of our present Upper Sixth having already been offered places at Oxbridge for next year, it seems that, at least statistically, fears of falling academic standards are groundless.

An even greater success were the first GCSE results. 88% of our Form Five gained grades A-C, and there was an average pass rate of 8.8 subjects per candidate. I believe the introduction of GCSE was a resounding success. Yes, administratively, there are still many teething problems. Pupils and staff are unnecessarily over-burdened with Course-work; greater priority could have been given to educating parents on the importance of Course-work; and surely the GCSE Boards must examine their conscience over the huge rise of 45% in exam fees. I repeat, however, that I consider the GCSE to be a great advance in education. When I looked at the deserved success of our own pupils, I was led to wonder if the former GCE had really done them justice all these years.

I said that the main purpose of today was to congratulate our pupils on their success in examinations. There are of course many other activities that go on throughout the year that deserve recognition. Today we are giving some awards for what we term 'service to the Community'. These include sixth-formers who work with the mentally handicapped; other sixth-formers who are members of the St Vincent de Paul Society; a fourth-year 'Community group' who during their lunch hour visit local people in need; groups from Forms One and Two who collected money for Bangladesh, Oxfam and Cancer Research; not to mention the annual Lenten Collection, when all pupils contribute to the Archdiocesan Good Shepherd Fund and the missionary work of the Christian Brothers in West Africa. Helping those in need, whether by doing something for them or by raising funds, not only fosters the spirit of gratitude for what we possess, but reflects the spirit of generosity present in the school community.

Last week the Drama Society continued its high level of performance with an excellent production of Shaw's 'Pygmalion', with outstanding performances (after only six weeks rehearsal) from Joanna McDerra, Timothy Grace, Damian Fleming, James Lloyd and Helen Gogarty.

There was the usual wide variety of music performed throughout the year, ranging in date from the 17th to 20th centuries, and in style from a full production of 'Trial by Jury' and large-scale orchestral works to unaccompanied choral pieces and solos. It is one of the strengths of the school that so many musicians can adapt so readily to many different types.

This adaptability shows in other ways. Entry to choirs and orchestras is on merit, not age, so that 12 year-olds sitting alongside 18 year-olds have to learn to cope not just musically, but socially as well. Concerts are also a good test of nerve and stamina. Most

people are nervous when performing in front of others, but few non-musicians realise how much physical stamina and mental concentration is involved. This is particularly true of the Cathedral Choristers and of soloists. In this respect, Andrew Gunn, Stephen Shuttleworth and Eric Wilkinson were outstanding in concerts, as were Paul Blackburn, Paul Brabin, Richard Ghorbal, Catherine Green and Stephen Wallace in 'Trial by Jury'. This proved a very popular event, as one would expect, but it is good to note the large audiences for more unusual recitals. One of these included not only the first performance of a piece written by Michael Stubbs of the Upper Sixth, but also some songs sung by the College pop group, another welcome addition to school music. Incidentally, the food provided by the parents at these musical evenings was also excellent — so good in fact that one wonders whether the audience was attracted by the music or the food.

During most academic years an average of 200 pupils take part in the various concerts, services and productions. For most it is a hobby, but for some it lays the foundation of a future career. Such was the case for a former music scholar Jane Rogers, who has just won a place in the European Community Baroque Orchestra. This is a group of only 22 instrumentalists, places in which were competed for all over Europe.

Music helps promote and advertise St Edward's as a civilised and cultured school, but it is costly, and Mr Moseley would repeat his request that if any of you have unwanted instruments at home, do not leave them unused, but donate them to the school where they will benefit many generations in the future.

Turning now to sport. By far the most successful sport in school at present is swimming. Five teams take part in a gala every week and these regularly win 15 out of their 16 galas. For the past two years they have also won the Liverpool Schools Swimming Championship.

Less successful of recent years has been the Cross-Country. Here again, five teams take part in races most weekends but it is obvious that the lack of success of the senior teams is directly related to the lack of commitment of some runners. However, the successful season enjoyed by the U13 and U12 teams, if carried through into future years, should see a revival in the fortunes of this sport.

Traditionally, rugby has been our most successful sport, but the long awaited renaissance in rugby did not develop this year. In fact the 1st XV has a rather poor season. Only the younger sides, especially the U15s and the U13s gave grounds for optimism.

In athletics, the Senior team had been undefeated for 25 years in school matches until last year, when they lost a match by two points. However, lower down the school, commitment and enthusiasm is much better. Our 2nd year team was again in the final of the All-England Championships, and four of our pupils reached the finals of the All-England Individual Athletics Championships. A particular word of congratulations must be given to Matthew Birchall in the Lower Sixth, for his outstanding season, which culminated in his selection for England and winning the 400 metres Hurdles in the match against Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Cricket continues to be a popular sport, even though the season is somewhat curtailed

by examinations. Last year's U15 and U13 sides were particularly successful. The U13 team had four players who represented the Liverpool City team, which won the major regional competition.

Last year, in conjunction with St Julie's High School, we entered the Heinz Schools Marathon relays. After winning their regional final against 35 other schools, the team were narrowly beaten into second place in the national final — a very creditable performance given an initial entry of over 300 schools. Congratulations are due to those 2nd and 3rd year pupils who trained so hard for this event.

This year, because of sponsorship by Eddarbridge Construction Ltd, we were able to introduce basketball as a major part of the sports programme. So far, the U13s and U14s have shown the most promise and both teams have reached the semi-finals of the Liverpool Cup.

I would like to thank all those firms who do sponsor sporting activities at the school, including Hastie and Patterson, the school electricians, who will be sponsoring Colours Day. I must also thank Br McGovern and the ladies who week after week prepare and serve the much welcome refreshments after games.

From an individual sporting point of view, our greatest achievement in recent years has been the introduction of the Duke of Edinburgh award scheme. Five masters now help to run this scheme, whereby pupils can take part in many varied activities, such as climbing, canoeing, life-saving and expedition work. This year I am happy to report that we have our first Gold Award winners — 5 in all — who will be receiving their awards from a member of the Royal Family later in the year.



Photograph by Brother Andrew Rock

One of the warmest votes of thanks I wish to move today must be to the staff of St Edward's. All the various activities I have mentioned, as well as the success in public examinations, could hardly have been achieved without their devoted efforts. I thank them publicly for setting us such a fine example of generosity, understanding and hard work. The staff who joined us in September, I congratulate for the way they have quickly become part of St Edward's. Among those who left us, I wish to highlight Mr Bob Allen — a truly 'good and faithful servant' of St Edward's. His 43 years of loyal service and hard work have become a legend to the thousands of Edwardians he has taught. His constant support of all our activities would be sadly missed if we did not know that he will continue to share them with us. We thank God for having blessed this school with a person of his calibre and wish him a long and happy retirement.

Now that I am coming to the end of my report, I must thank the many people who have helped the College in various ways. Fr Philip Inch our school chaplain, for the spiritual guidance he gives the pupils and for being so accommodating with his time; Mr Annon and Br Grice for their bursarial expertise; our Office Secretaries, who seem to achieve the impossible with a constant smile; our new groundsman Mr Kevin Dunne and our semi-retired groundsman Mr Pat O'Brien; Mr John Clarke the caretaker, and all the ancillary staff; the Head Boy Chris McIver, the Head Girl Emma Bullen and all the prefects.

You, Mr Chairman, and your Governing Body deserve our thanks for your continued interest in everything we do, and for the practical advice you give me for the wellbeing of the College.

Finally may I thank you parents for the interest you show in the school, and for the way you co-operate with us. Last Sunday there was a sixth-form Lenten Day in school, entitled, 'Make It Real'. My prayer is that we adults in the school community may help to make the faith of our pupils real by our words and actions.

News of Former Pupils

TIMOTHY ALDERMAN (1973-84) currently working in management with the Tandy Corporation has become engaged to **MARGARET MOLONEY** (1982-84).

PHILIP LLOYD (1978-85) was awarded the Training Manager's Cup for adaptability and enthusiasm by British Aerospace.

PHILIP ANWYL (1947-55), a former Head Boy, is the Headmaster of Stonyhurst Preparatory School and is to present the prizes at Runnymede's Speech Day.

FRANK DOWLING (1956-60) has been appointed a Director of Road Range, Liverpool's Mercedes dealers.

DOMINIC PEGLER (1976-83) graduated BSc 1987 at the London School of Economics and MSc 1988. He is now a graduate trainee with the Bank of England.

BRIAN BARRY (1950-57) is the Professor of Pharmacology at Bradford University.

TIMOTHY HORNBY (1974-85) graduated in marketing from Lancaster University 1988 and after six months in USA is working as a Management Consultant with Arthur Andersen & Co in London.

NIGEL HORNBY (1970-81), elder brother of Tim, is a First Officer with British Airways. Nigel qualified as a pilot whilst still at school and has worked as a flying instructor at Manchester Airport.

ERIC WILKINSON (1979-88) has been awarded the McLoghlin Scholarship by the Royal College of Surgeons.

AMANDA MIDDLEHURST (1983-84), one of the first female pupils of the school, is singing with Opera North.

KEVIN SNEE (1970-77) is a doctor working in community medicine in Manchester.

PETER KINSELLA (1975-82) who was one of the founder members of the school's club for the handicapped is now Area Organiser for MENCAP on Merseyside.

MARK PYE (1962-74), a former Liverpool Rugby Club player, is now Managing Director of the Amberley Group which went to the stock market earlier this year. This

company which specialises in prevention of damp, was originally a management buyout of Murprotec, a French glass merchant, which had been taken over by the Doulton Group.

JANE ROGERS (1985-87), a former Music Scholar, has been awarded a place as a viola player in the European Community Baroque Orchestra and looks forward to touring Europe.

MICHAEL BYRNE (1954-64), a barrister in Chambers in Liverpool, is the prospective Conservative Euro-MP for Liverpool West.

JOHN REEKERS (1951-63), another barrister, has recently returned to work in chambers in Liverpool, after spending many years in London.

PETER KAVANAGH (1972-79), after representing the Green Party in the North West, has moved into the Thespian world, by starting, together with an ex-De La Salle pupil, the first 'Green' Theatre Company — 'The Auntie Dot Theatre Company'.

NEIL CARMICHAEL (1970-81) is a house officer in Walton Hospital.

JOHN STITT (1972-80) is the General Manager of Waring and Gillow in Liverpool.

ERNEST EDWARDS (1934-40) wrote from Stourbridge to say that he had seen a copy of the last edition and was delighted to see a photo of Jack Shennan with whom he had played football in the Old Boys' team. The photos of the St Domingo Road college brought back 'happy memories'. Ernest has been associated with the Crown Court for 25 years.

ANTHONY LAPPIN (1979-86) was the subject of a letter from Magdalen College, Oxford. He gained distinctions both in Spanish and Portuguese at the end of his first year and has been elected to a Demyship (Magdalen's Open Scholarship). He was described as a 'model pupil' and a credit to the SEC.

MARTIN WOOLLAM (1981-88) is reading History at Liverpool University. This information was omitted from the Prize Day programme for which apologies are offered.

JULIE WADDINGTON (1984-86) was also the subject of an omission in the same programme. Julie was awarded a Gold medal in the DOE scheme.

CHRISTOPHER ROCHE (1980-87) suffered the same fate of omission, for which the Headmaster offered his apologies. He gained the Silver award in the DOE scheme.

MARTIN BATES (1978-85) graduated BSc (Hons) in Physics from Liverpool University in 1988.

MARTIN FORDE (1971-83) graduated BDS from Liverpool.

NEIL WHITFIELD (1972-83) graduated BDS from Liverpool.

CHRISTOPHER FRAINE (1965-72) gained his MPhil in Hispanic Studies.

NIGEL ASHTON (1977-84) graduated BA (Gen) Hons from Liverpool.

MICHAEL STANDISH (1954-64) married an American and now lives on Long Island where he works as an Electronics Engineering Manager in a company specialising in aircraft electronic systems. He paid the school a visit.

FERGUS PRYCE (1967-74) is the Senior Project Manager working on the £16m Pyramids shopping development in Birkenhead. He was involved in the Garden Festival project (see issue Vol. 5 no. 1). Fergus has recently married and is living near to Chester.

DAMIAN PRYCE (1965-72) is a doctor working for BP Oil.

GREGORY PRYCE (1965-72) is a barrister in chambers near to Rugby.

JOHN FENNELL (1935-40) is presently Clerk to the Merseyside Lieutenancy and in this position takes a major role in arranging all Royal visits to Merseyside. SEC takes this opportunity of thanking him for his work in advising and planning the Royal visit to the school. John has worked in local administration since leaving school, with both Liverpool City Council and the Merseyside County Council. He was awarded the Queen's Silver Jubilee medal in 1977 and has recently received a personal award from the Queen as Lieutenant of the Victorian Order (LVO). We send him our congratulations. He married in 1951 and three of his four sons, Nicholas, Simon and Christopher all attended SEC. Mr and Mrs Fennell also have two daughters.

BRYAN CLARKE (1948-53) is now living in Burlington, Ontario, where he works in the aircraft industry. He recently paid a visit to the school together with his wife and children.

Parents' Association

Mr Laurence O'Toole

The Parents' Association continues to be very active and shows a healthy 'balance sheet' at the end of the fiscal year. The committee has been able to offer a similar programme of events as has been offered in previous years.

I do detect, however, a slight metamorphosis creeping in because, despite the continual, hard efforts of the committee, it is becoming more and more difficult to maintain the standards set in previous years. Thus, there is mention of reducing the annual programme because it is becoming almost impossible to ensure that there will be sufficient physical help to arrange the functions advertised on the annual calendar. Reducing the programme would entail cancellation of certain selected events such as — well, it is not my prerogative to suggest or pre-empt on such matters.

The opinion has been voiced that, since the college became independent, parents, faced with the ever-increasing cost of educating their children, have less money to spare for social events and money-raising enterprises such as are currently organised by the Parents' Association's committee. Therefore, income will begin to dwindle — in fact, it has already begun to do so — and an irreversible decline may set in. Financially, some functions have been run at a loss. I use the words 'financially' because some committee members claim that the main purpose of the Parents' Association is not to raise money but to enable parents and their friends to 'socialise' and, provided that the year shows an overall profit, all is well that ends well. Be that as it may, these are, after all, only opinions and yours is cordially invited.

In practical everyday terms the calendar of events presented by the committee is really determined by the parents since it would be quite pointless arranging functions if, for one reason or another, the parents simply did not patronise them. We can say equally, theoretically at least, that the policies of the Association are determined by the parents since the parents have the right, as a body, to ensure that things are run their way by attending Annual General Meetings of the Association and taking part in the proceedings. Indeed, parents are invited to do this, annually, and formulate policies that may be embodied in the Constitution.

The present Constitution provides for a total of 30 committee members including officers. It is clear that, even assuming the full commitment of the committee members and spouses, the amount of committee work, which can be considerable and can, arguably, depend upon the degree of dedication of the

members, might become too much to cope with.

The present committee is certain that many parents possess the very expertise sought and required in the diverse fields in which the committee operates. If you have an expertise or are willing to offer your help in a physical and practical way, please do make this known to a committee member as soon as possible. You do not have to become, yourself, a committee member. You can become an ancillary helper, a kind of co-opted member who has no duty to attend meetings. Please do not offer somebody else's help — even your spouse's — without his or her consent and knowledge as this has led to difficulties in the past. Help of this nature is welcomed at any time of the year not just at the inauguration of a new committee.

An Open Letter to the pupils of St Edwards

Dear Edwardian,

May I ask you what St Edwards means to you?

Do you feel privileged to be part of the greater community of St Edwards?

Do you believe the benefits you are presently enjoying at the school should be preserved for future generations, irrespective of parental income?

Would you strive to ensure that St Edwards does not lose its identity should the system of secondary education change?

How can YOU help to ensure the future of St Edwards? You could help by raising money for the School Trust Fund.

Why will this help? — Because the Trust will provide bursaries should the present system ever be withdrawn or if changes in local education make the present 40% of full fee paying places difficult to achieve.

How can you raise money? — By

persuading as many people as possible to sign a covenant to the Fund.

Will this be expensive or difficult? — No, covenants start at £12 per year and forms are easily obtainable from the school office.

The target of the Fund is £1,000,000 of which £300,000 has already been raised.

There are at present 7 pupils at the school on bursaries, awarded by the Fund. As soon as the target is achieved it will be possible to offer many more bursaries.

The involvement of all Edwardians in achieving this desirable situation is earnestly sought by the Trustees. If you wish to help in any way or wish to know more about the Fund, Brother Grice, our Bursar, will be pleased to talk to you or answer your questions.

Please take this opportunity to become involved in the future of your School.

Yours sincerely,

James Johnson

Chairman of Trustees,
St Edward's College Trust Fund

REVIEW

If you would like to order a copy of the 1989-90 issue of St Edward's College Magazine, please complete the order form below.

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CI Edwardian Association

Mr Francis Nelson
President

My connection with the 'CI', like that of so many active members, goes back to my school days. I have seen the Association go through change of fortune from high to low but always back again.

It would not surprise me in the least to find that many readers can also span the years, and perhaps are now parents or past parents with happy memories of the 'CI'. For some of us, like youth, those days have gone; nevertheless, in spite of hard times we have survived.

My predecessor as President, Bill Burns, saw the Association through difficult times of debt and redevelopment. Now the Association is turning the corner. A measure of success is often a bank balance, and it is fair to say that we are currently solvent, for which we owe a debt of gratitude to the present Committee. The Association 'warts and all' is a meeting point for ex-pupils; it survives and is currently thriving through its Rugby and Soccer sections. These two should be the inspiration to other sections which only exist in the mind. The Rugby Club was only an idea among a group of former pupils, and in 1950 they put it together. Similarly Old Cathinians in 1908, but that is beyond even my memory! With the example of these two bodies much can be achieved — a start has been made.

All parents are eligible for CIEA membership and are most welcome. Some ex-pupils of other Catholic schools already use the Association and are valued members of the sub-sections. From the early days of Bishop's Court one recalls not only the Sunday-night dances, the Soccer and the Rugby, but also a Music section, Table Tennis, Snooker, Rambling — OK so these may seem old-fashioned, but bring on the new — you will be supported and encouraged!

The Annexe has been pulled down. Change is the natural order of things today. We are seeing radical changes in education, and we need former pupils to carry on the traditions of the Association. Radical is not too strong a word. The Association has never been just an Old Boys Club. Today, with ladies on the scene 'Former Pupils' may be a more appropriate designation, but we will always be the CI Edwardian Association.

As the future unfolds and needs expand St Edward's must have the help of friends both in and outside of the local community, and what better place to find them is there than the CIEA?

Old Boys' Dinner

Mr James Johnson

This year Old Boys' Dinner marked the 50th anniversary of the transfer of the school from St Domingo Road to Sandfield Park and the 80th birthday of the Association and 50 years at Bishops Court.

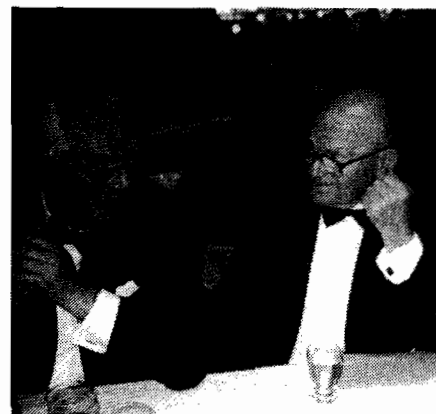
In proposing the Toast of 'The Association', Brother Sassi traced its history and referred to the involvement of Brother Roche, as headmaster in the 1930's, in the formation of an active Old Boys' club, which eventually led to the purchase of Bishop's Court. He expressed the wish that the School and the Old Boys would become more supportive of each other and hoped that Old Boys would come forward who would help the school in the years ahead.

The Toast 'The School' was proposed by Bob Allen, a man qualified to do so, having just retired as a senior master after 43 years teaching at St Edward's. His speech was nostalgic as was fitting for the occasion and delivered in his delightful whimsical way.

It is interesting to note that Bob served under all but two of the Headmasters at SEC, Sandfield Park. They were Brother Roche, who transferred from St Domingo Road to Sandfield Park and Brother McNamara 1939-1943. The Headmasters during his period at St Edwards were:— Bro Wall (1943-1949); Bro Hooper (1949-1955); Br Foley (1955-1961); Bro Coffey (1961-1967); Bro Ryan (1967-1973); Bro Chincotta (1973-1979); Bro Gillespie (1979-1984); Bro Sassi (1984-).

All Old Boys will wish Bob and his wife Laurie a long and happy retirement.

Due to a postal strike in September the



Messrs Ted McGuinness and Bernard Byrne.
Photographs by Brother Herbert Grice.

Dinner Committee was unable to post notices of the Dinner in the usual way but nevertheless managed to assemble a notable gathering of Old Boys, both young and old.

The next Dinner will be on St Edward's Day, Friday 13th October. Old Boys not receiving an order form by 1st October should give Brother Grice a ring on 228 3376, ext 25 and he will pass your name to the Committee.



The President speaks whilst the Chairman of Governors, Headmaster and Head Boy listen.

Brotherly Love

Bernard Kelly
Form Three

'... severe storm force 11 imminent. That is the end of the ...'

The radio died as Mark Lewis flipped a switch agitatedly. He never could understand shipping forecasts, but there was nothing else on the radio or the holographic T.V. worth watching or listening to. There had been snow forecast earlier on in the day, and it had come with a vengeance, sweeping across the International Park like a howling ghost, clawing at the frail bushes and trees in anger. Even Mark's low-gravity car was faintly rocked by the onslaught.

Lewis gripped the wheel tightly and watched the snow covered road slip by monotonously. He felt anger at the authorities, who, despite frequent protest, never heated or even gritted the rarely used park roads that wound sinuously about its four-hundred square miles. Reluctantly he slowed the car down to maximise safety and reactivated normal gravity. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was twelve minutes past eleven.

He was approaching a small roadside copcice of trees bending before the wind. Through the blur of falling snow, Mark saw three figures silhouetted against the trees. Instantly he slammed on the brakes and the gravcar slid to a halt in utter silence.

This was no night to be out walking, and there was certainly no-one living nearby, except the multi-millionaire Ed Walker who dwelt only a few miles further along the road in a sprawling mansion.

Mark watched as the three emerged onto the road. Briefly he saw one man, the tallest of the three, punch the middle figure, who immediately slumped to the ground.

Fumbling for his torch, Mark silently opened the door and got out of the car. Surely the two figures must have seen the car, despite its pure white colour?

Mark padded towards the two figures, who now stood over the body of the third, searching for something. He held his breath and moved closer.

He slipped and fell to the ground with a cry, and the two figures stood paralysed as Mark Lewis desperately shone his torch into their faces. They turned and fled into the night, leaving their victim crumpled where he fell. Slowly, Lewis got up and ran shaking to his car.

'You're sure of that, are you?' quizzed the grizzly police officer who scrutinized Mark Lewis with small, beady eyes and scribbled notes on a pad.

'Of course!' exclaimed Lewis. 'How many times do I have to say it?'

'It seems rather odd, sir, that you ran back to your car and sat there for a good ten minutes before calling the police with your carphone, and then getting out to find the body gone!'

'I was pretty shaken up — all right?' snapped Lewis, losing his temper. 'So would you be if you'd just witnessed murder!'

The police officer frowned and said, 'Very well, I'll try a different tack. You say you smelt pear drops on the body. Now that indicates cyanide, Hmm?'

'I suppose so.'

'Was that the smell strong?'

'I can't remember. I suppose they used a needle gun. There's always spillage from the nozzle — I once saw it demonstrated on T.V.'

'So instead of simply going straight into the body through the needle, there was some spilled onto the skin as well?'

'There must have been.'

The officer nodded.

'Now,' he continued, 'moving on to this extraordinary business of the murderer. You swear that you saw the face of Ed Walker in the torchlight. Well, that's quite odd.'

'Look, I know him well! It was him, I tell you! Besides, you've already told me that this guy who's missing, er ...'

'Anthony Pilkington.'

'That's it. You've already said he's probably the dead man, judging by my description, and that he was on pretty bad terms with Walker, so what's the problem?' Lewis grew exasperated. 'I tell you, it was Walker!'

'And what were you doing in the Park?'

'I got depressed,' said Lewis with a shrug. 'I often do. So I usually go to the Park. I left home at about ten.'

'You must've been in a right state to have done that!'

'I get that depressed sometimes.'

'Very well,' admitted the officer. 'That is all. You may be required for further questioning.'

Lewis nodded curtly and stormed out of the police building thinking how hard it was to convince some people of your sanity.

Doctor Arthur Pirelli reclined in a lavish chair and drained his glass of Martini. He glanced up at the agitated police officer who stood waiting before him.

'Oh, sit down,' advised Pirelli impatiently, waving his hand at the officer. The policeman glanced round the small, untidy room, located a couch and sat on it.

Dr Pirelli lived in a London apartment — when he was at home; most nights he spent poring over miles of printouts and meeting with portly bureaucrats. After all, he was an official of the Bureau of Space Travel and Trade, and that was why the police officer had come to see him.

'Well, Inspector Fletcher,' signed Pirelli, 'What do you want me for today?'

Fletcher regarded the other sourly and said, 'Your opinion is required, that is all.'

It was universally known that Pirelli was the man the police turned to when a case involved space travel, but invariably it was Pirelli who solved the case anyway.

'Go ahead,' said Pirelli, 'I'm all ears.'

Fletcher settled down and began his narrative. When asked for a short summary, he gave one.

'Lewis claims to have seen Walker murder

this Pilkington chap, but apparently got so shaken up he didn't see the body being removed from the roadway.'

'Quite feasible,' remarked Pirelli, 'if Lewis was in a state of depression.'

'Ah, but why did he have the nerve to face the murderers, and then break down so quickly?'

'He probably thought the man was only stunned. When he saw that he was dead ...'

'All right. Then he came to us. Later, one Anthony James Pilkington was reported missing, and his description fits Lewis' description of the dead man. Walker has been reported as missing, so we presume he's jumped the planet. It seems he fixed a meeting with Pilkington on that very night, and came along with another man to finish him off.'

'So you want me to tell you where Walker is now?'

The officer nodded. Pirelli leaned back and peered for some time at the ceiling of his apartment.

'Where,' prompted Fletcher, 'could he go? Mars? Alpha Centuri? He may well have hitched a lift on a freight vessel, as there are no records of him leaving Earth by passenger ship.'

There was no answer from Pirelli. He was lost in thought. For some time there was silence.

'Well,' he sighed eventually, 'could you come back tomorrow? I need to think this over.'

'Pirelli,' gritted Fletcher, 'I only want you to give your opinion of where he would go, I don't want you trying to crack *this* case. It doesn't need cracking. Walker did it. He even broke into his own safe, probably to ...'

'What? exclaimed Pirelli sharply, 'You didn't tell me that.'

'You didn't ask,' Fletcher said. 'Anyway, he took enough money to see him off the planet and to keep him rich and alive on a non-Earth controlled planet. So which one did he go to?'

'Barnard's star? A-1? Tau Ceti? *I don't know yet*. Give me time to think.'

The Inspector was about to leave when Pirelli stopped him.

'Oh, one last thing,' he said calmly. 'Is Lewis' car still impounded?'

'Of course. All property owned by the witness which was present with him at the time of the murder must be impounded. That's the law.'

'Thank you,' replied Pirelli. 'Goodbye.'

Fletcher nodded and stalked out of the room. A second later his gravcar revved up quietly and detached itself from the pavement outside.

The soft whirr of a computer printing out a long ream of figures and lists receded into nothing and Dr Pirelli plucked the sheet from the printer terminal. In these days of synthesised speech, there was still room for a good old fashioned printout!

Pirelli's identity card was spat out of the computer terminal and he walked briskly from the Earth Spaceways Control and Monitoring centre, the crumpled sheet of co-ordinates, names and figures rammed under his arm and a satisfied look on his face. On that sheet was every detail of every spacecraft passing within a million miles of Earth between the hours of 2300 hours three

nights ago and that present moment. Pirelli's face broke into a childish grin as he reached his London apartment and entered.

He threw the printout onto the hallway table and made his way to his personal study. Dust had gathered since his last visit here, and the huge Network Computer Terminal that resided in the study looked glum and depressed. Pirelli smiled cheerfully at it.

Activating the machine, he called up the Grand Survey information sheet and reflected on how lucky he was to be one of the few privileged enough to own one of these.

The Grand Survey, made barely thirty years ago, encompassed almost every imaginable piece of data ever collected in the history of mankind, and was the work of a devoted taskforce of over two thousand volunteers from scientific faculties all over the world.

He requested information on Edward Peter Jonathan Walker and immediately twenty orbiting satellites buzzed for a millisecond before dumping all available information on his screen. There was a good deal of data, plus an update: *'Missing at present. Suspected of murder'*. Pirelli sifted through the information, gleaned what he wanted and recalled the information sheet. He selected the entry on Anthony James Pilkington.

There was considerable data catalogued on the man — but at the end of the entry was interesting news; he had recently gone bankrupt and his business had fallen apart. The words *recently dead* glowed ominously on the page.

Finally he checked up on Mark Lewis before switching off.

During the two days after that, Pirelli went to see a doctor, an old lady in hospital, and the police vehicle compound. He didn't waste one second of his time.

A sour-faced Mark Lewis sat glumly next to Inspector Fletcher and watched Pirelli pour himself a glass of martini from the bottle brought to him by a policeman. The small room they were in contained three chairs and a table littered with notes and printouts.

'Now,' said Pirelli, sitting down carefully. 'Inspector, I trust you haven't located either the late Mr Pilkington or Mr Walker?'

The Inspector shook his head.

'No,' he said.

'I must explain, Inspector, that Mr Lewis' presence here is vital. Or should I say Mr Mark Walker?'

Fletcher frowned and Lewis tensed for a second.

'That is your real name, isn't it?' asked Pirelli. Lewis said nothing. 'I am quite aware that you are Mr Edward Walker's brother.'

'What?' scorned Fletcher. 'We have no record of that.'

'Ah,' sighed Pirelli, 'you mean the Grand Survey has no record of that? Have you ever tried burrowing into the police archives in Bonn, where all original records are stored?'

'In fact, have you ever considered Mr Lewis as the real murderer? And,' he went on triumphantly, 'are you quite sure that Mr Anthony Pilkington is the murdered man? Hmm?'

Fletcher showed no emotion; neither did Lewis, Pirelli went on quietly.

'I went to see Mr Walker's one remaining relative — other than Mark Lewis here — Catherine Walker. She is nearly sixty years of age; both Mark Lewis and Edward Walker

are forty-seven years of age. In fact, they are twins.

'At first glance there is no resemblance. There is an unfortunate explanation, which Catherine Walker pointed out to me from her hospital bed. When they were young, the twins were exploring a forest near their home. Close to a ledge, the two had an argument. Edward began chasing Mark towards the ledge . . . and over Mark went. Not until ten years afterwards, when science had advanced sufficiently, were doctors able to mend the horrible damage caused by the fall. The result is an almost completely new person — Mark Lewis.

'Yes, he changed his name; and when the Survey was taken, that was the registered name.'

There was silence. After a minute Lewis muttered an inaudible protest, and there were tears in his eyes, Pirelli continued inexorably.

'For years Mark Lewis planned revenge on his brother. When Ed became rich it made things worse. And Mr Lewis gained a new friend — Anthony Pilkington.'

Fletcher said, 'What proof have you of all this?' Pirelli waved him aside.

'You will have your proof later. Let me finish. For some years now, Mark Lewis has been suffering from depression. On the night of the murder, he apparently became so depressed that he went off on a drive through the park.'

'It was a whim, a sudden decision,' interrupted Lewis pathetically.

'I went to see your doctor yesterday,' continued Pirelli, 'and he had some odd news for me. He informed me that, despite all outward appearances indicating depression, there is nothing wrong with you, Mr Lewis. He told me that it was his own opinion and that he had suspected for some time that you were lying. That you are *not* a manic depressive, or anything like it. You planned this so well that you began preparing for it several years ago, when you first complained to your doctor.'

Lewis protested but Fletcher waved him aside.

'I have an affidavit here, written by the doctor,' said Pirelli, handing the Inspector a small note. 'Now, let us continue. The two figures you saw on the roadway were quite well known to you, Mr Lewis. One was Pilkington, the other being a close associate. Pilkington arranged to meet Walker that night. With the help of his friend, he dragged him to the roadside and knocked him out — with a weighted glove or some other such device.'

'How do you know all *that*?' inquired Fletcher sarcastically.

'The use of a weighted glove is merely conjecture; however, when you have heard the rest of my evidence, and when you recover the body, you will find it is so. To continue; Walker got out and frightened



Bad to Worse
Ian Bowden
Form Six

away the two attackers. It was a brilliant play, I'll bet; everything was planned so that if, by some amazing coincidence, someone was watching, it would seem authentic. Then Lewis finished off Walker with the cyanide, waited ten minutes and phoned the police.

'It was unfortunate for you, Mr Lewis, that the weather conditions on that night were so extreme. For in that blizzard, with the wind and snow blinding the senses, there was *no* way you could have smelt cyanide on the body; even in good conditions it would be difficult, despite the fact that some cyanide solution is lost through the nozzle cap when the gun is used.

'Pilkington went into hiding and the body was hidden. But there were flaws in the plot; the conspirators expected the police to think Walker had skipped the planet. These records here,' he explained, waving the printouts, 'proved to be their downfall. That night there was an unfortunate lack of spacecraft leaving the planet. Only one passenger ship left, and it was thoroughly searched.'

Lewis clenched his fists.

'Pilkington then raided Walker's house — Walker had no housekeeper — and took the money for himself as payment for his services. You see, Mr Pilkington was rather hard up at the time; maybe he had planned to use the reward money given him by Lewis to go and live on a non-authority controlled planet.'

'You can't prove that,' said Lewis shakily. 'You . . .'

'Isn't it odd, Inspector, that Lewis went through the trouble of fitting snow tyres to his car before setting off that night? By law, it is required that, when warnings are given of heavy snow, special tyres must be fitted? This precaution has saved many lives. A depressed man would not, surely, spend an hour fitting those bulky tyres to his car before driving off into the middle of nowhere, and call his actions a whim? The warning was given at seven in the morning, when we know Mr Lewis was in a board meeting at his office; the next warning was at ten to eleven; so someone had warned him — Pilkington.

'Furthermore, Catherine Walker was nearly murdered two nights ago.'

The implication of the last sentence hit Fletcher and Lewis in the face.

'So,' concluded Pirelli, 'there you have it. A perfectly prepared murder. The supposed murderer was the murdered; the supposed victim was the accomplice. So much for brotherly love!'

An hour later Lewis was safely locked away on suspicion of murder.

Postscript: The police watched vigilantly for Pilkington for several weeks and he was caught stowing away aboard a passenger ship bound for the stars. He confessed to everything — even to the whereabouts of the body. The head was a mess; it had suffered a heavy blow, verifying Pirelli's theory; cyanide was the cause of death.

'Well,' sighed Fletcher as he accompanied Pirelli to his car after the court hearing, 'thank you once again,' Pirelli smiled.

'I trust,' he laughed, 'you will not press charges against me for imitating a police officer when I interrogated my contacts!'

They laughed.

'Maybe I will,' mused Fletcher dangerously.

Culinary Capers

Jude Watts
Form Three

Tension was mounting in the Excelsior Hotel, for two main reasons. Firstly, the Lord Mayor of London, his wife, and several distinguished guests, were to arrive in a day's time for a splendid meal; and secondly, because Reginald, the chief chef of the Excelsior Hotel had been struck down with the 'flu. Robert Smide, owner of the Hotel was in the process of having hysterics, when Albert, the wandering French culinary expert, peered through the door, and announced that, 'e would be most gratified to take on ze post of chief chef, for un petit fee'.

Albert, or 'Alber', as he preferred to call himself, was renowned for his unique skills in cooking, yet nobody had been able to entice Alber' into playing the role of any sort of chef left alone the position of chief chef; and now, Alber' was actually offering himself to step into the shoes of the disabled Reginald. This was all too much for Robert Smide, who went into a dead faint.

Cromwell Grice was one of the 'characters' of the town. Cromwell had decided to 'do another deed for mankind'. He rummaged through the little pouch at his side, and pulled out a small phial bearing the inscription, 'Pott. Cyan.' on the side. Next Cromwell brought out a small sprig of thyme, and dropped, one, two drops of the colourless liquid onto the herb. Having completed this stage of his task, Grice made his way stealthily through the stinking alley ways, to one of the stables in the courtyard of the Hotel Excelsior.

Morning came on the day of the Mayor's visit, and Alber' was bending intently over a teeming saucepan. He did not notice when a pair of grubby hands lifted the lid off the herb jar marked 'Thyme', he did not notice when the contents of the jar were removed, and replaced with a certain laced sprig of thyme. Neither did Alber' notice when the kitchen door closed again, leaving him alone once more in the humid room.

A maid or waitress entered the room, and strided over the where Alber' was occupied.

'Monsewer Alber,' she said 'I've set them places for them nine people who is coming this afternoon.'

'Okay Polly, sank you very much, but can't you see I am busy?'

And off Alber' waltzed to the other side of the room. 'Ze thyme, ou est?' he asked himself. 'C'est vital en ze recipe.'

Gingerly, Albert lifted the lid to the jar marked 'Thyme' he took one whiff of the herb and tutted to himself.

'Fresh 'erbs a day, and all will be okay,' he

muttered to himself, and, threw the laced herb to the dog.

The afternoon went smoothly, and the chef received a personal congratulations from the Mayor, who had enjoyed the Cider Pork Chop Casserole greatly.

During the little confrontation of nationalities, a flunky entered the room, and announced that the dog had died.

Alber' was immediately suspicious, and ordered that the local Constabulary arrive. Within minutes, the police did deign to drop by at the hotel, and traced the source of the animal's death to a half eaten sprig of thyme in the dog's food-bowl.

The case was given great media coverage, and many reporters were found milling about the scene of poisoning for many days to come. The grateful Mayor put his good fortune down to the Chief Chef, Alber's 'Great hygiene standards'; and that day's Evening Standard's front page headline proudly read:

'A Switch In Thyme Saves Nine.'

Avignon

Indranil Chakrabarti
Form Six

Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

The Dolphin

Gary Moss
Form One

Dove of the water loudly but peacefully
laughing,
Openly swaying around with happiness,
Leisurely cutting through the water,
Photographing pictures in his mind,
He explores the sights of the seas,
Inside shipwrecked boats and anchor keys,
Now he goes back to his sleep.

Peacefully the morning sun wakes the
dolphin,
Eagerly he awaits his morning feed,
After his meal he's off again,
Counting the fish that pass by,
Ever feeling joy.

*Freddie Mercury
Jonathan Parr
Form Four*

The Ghoul

James Spencer
Form Three

During the early part of the nineteenth century, a fiendish miscreant, was reputed to have stalked the fog shrouded streets of London, an aggressive and evil being, known as the ghoul.

On a cold November evening, Victoria Dempster, visiting her aged aunt in Peckham, encountered the most horrific night of her short life, when in the distance she observed a caped figure lurking in the shadows, on that cold and frost night. With the heavy beating of her heart against her timid breast, her innermost fear was the knowledge that she had to pass the point where she first observed him. On the tips of her toes she steadily crept nearer and nearer to the dreaded figure. Trembling in sheer horror, she was overcome with panic, within feet of her adversary she attempted to run. Suddenly an icy grip she felt on her shoulder, she screamed in fright at the sight of the gruesome face of the ghoul, he spoke softly in a rather feminine voice, 'Giv' us a kiss Ducky,' and promptly sped off with her handbag over his arm. Alas! poor Victoria collapsed and died of a heart attack.

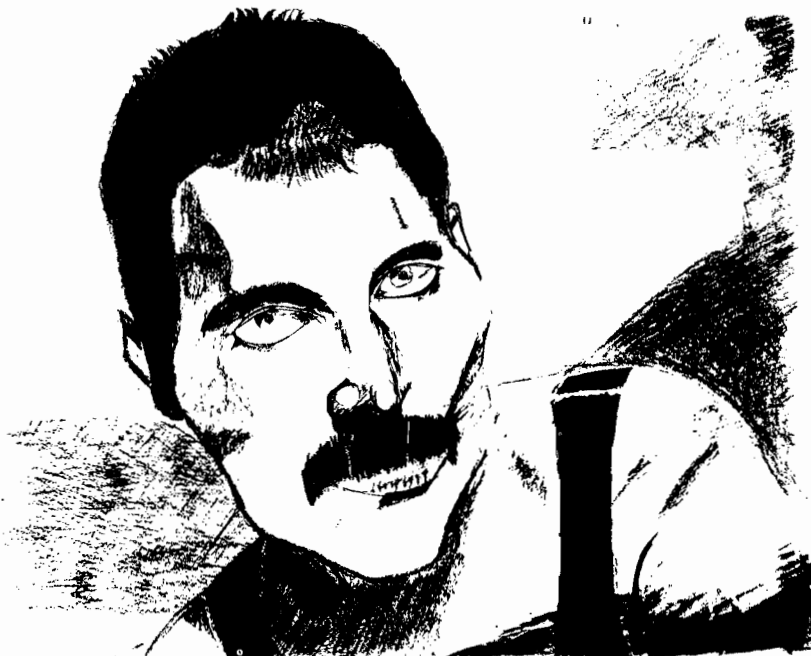
Two nights later in the same area, P.C. Percival Barratt was doing his tour of night duty, when he inhaled the aroma of female perfume. Out of the darkened shadows and swirling fog pounced the caped figure of the ghoul, brandishing flashing blade and a bottle of Paris toilet water. P.C. Barratt stood dumstruck with shock, as the ghoul slashed the braces of his trousers, and pinched his

posterior, making haste to escape, he proceeded to sprinkle the toilet water over the constable's clothing, laughing hysterically as he made his getaway.

Two months elapsed before any incident occurred, people were beginning to laugh at the antics of the so-called ghoul, when suddenly and without warning a murderous task took place, when Margaret Woodcock visiting her local public house saw an apparition standing in a darkened doorway. Several hours later on leaving the same public house, she was followed closely to the front door of her rented home. Thirty minutes after settling into bed, she was suddenly awakened by heavy footsteps on the stairs. Sitting bolt upright in bed, Margaret Woodcock broke into a sweat and trembled. Suddenly her bedroom door was kicked off its hinges and standing before her stood the gruesome figure of the ghoul. She laughed and mocked at the sight of him saying, 'I've 'eard of you, you puffta, you frighten no-one.'

Hatred filled the eyes of the ghoul as he pounced once again, ripping and slashing haphazardly at her throat and body, blood spurted in all directions across the room until her torso was a mass of blood and guts. P.C. Barratt was patrolling that same evening, when he heard the screams, he rushed into the house where the noise came from, only to find to his horror his left ear sliced off as the ghoul rushed by him into the foggy London street. The landlady on hearing the commotion, ran out into the hallway following P.C. Barratt into the room where the noise came from, on entering she observed the ghastly sight saying, 'Who's goin' to pay for a new carpet?' P.C. Barratt, in a near state of collapse from loss of blood, was brutally shoved aside by the landlady who said, 'Don't make me carpet any worse'.

In the meantime the ghoul running amok through the streets of London, headed into Hyde Park, where unfortunately he met his fatal end by cascading over the prostrate figure of a feline, he fell head first into the boating lake drowning slowly.



Homing Drunks

Anthony Walker
Form Six

You were in the pub all night leaning on the bar with one elbow. The evening became progressively more rosy with the fullness of time. Your natural wit sparkled effervescently and your skill as a raconteur surprised even yourself.

God, I'm wonderful, you thought, smiling to yourself in the pub mirror. How fortunate to have such talent, such a warm and attractive personality, such lovely wavy hair — and such a macho capacity.

You've drunk them all under the table. All the way through 10 pints of Boddington's best, whisky chasers, a blue tinted cocktail with a feather sticking out, the vintage champagne and finally two treble brandies.

So it comes as a bit of a surprise when propelled out onto the pavement at 11.25 p.m., with briefcase and newspaper following in two perfect arcs, to discover you can hardly struggle back to your feet, never mind bend down again to pick up your briefcase. It's the shock of the cold night air, you think.

All you've got to do now, though, is get home. You know you've got a home because you left it this morning! Anyway, you phoned it at least three times during the past few hours pretending to be kept late at the office and promising to be back in the next 20 minutes. You stagger uncertainly in the direction of the bus stop, the effort of placing one foot firmly in front of the other and not treading on the cracks being one of supreme difficulty.

Then you remember you scraped up all the 'pees' in your pocket for that final brandy, so there won't be any left to pay the fare. The lightning brain does not desert you, though. Get a taxi, you think, stop off at the nearest bank with a cash card machine, and all will be well.

The first cabbie doesn't hold with drunks. They're sick on the seat he says. What does he mean, drunks? Can't a bloke have a couple of snorts with his friends without being a drunk? You try to hold your breath (while enunciating your address to the second cabbie) to hide the smell of drink. When you finally step into the cab, falling full-length with a resounding crash to the floor you begin to feel you are achieving some small degree of success.

Rapping carefully on the glass partition separating you from the cabbie, you try to indicate you would like him to look for a bank. How do you know what bank? You've forgotten. You've also forgotten where you are, who you are and what day it is.

But you're luck is in. He finds a bank. And after 15 minutes of searching through your

wallet, you locate your secret number.

Punching this out on the buttons with rubber fingers is not a simple function, given the circumstances. But after quite a long time, you get it right. You must have got it right because the machine keeps your card and won't pay you anything.

You climb back into the cab and try to win the drivers' sympathy.

He is not pleased. He asks you to vacate the cab, spelling out what he usually does to fares who do not have the wherewithal to pay and then refuse to get out.

It's not so much a question of refusing to get out; it's practically impossible with the four walls spinning round and the door lurching out of reach.

But you do, and, luckily, you're outside the train station. Ah, you think, of course! Pay at the other end with a cheque!

You have an hour to wait before the last train, so you decide to phone home again (reversing the charges) so they don't worry.

It takes a very long time for them to answer, and when they do, you have worked yourself up into a lather. It doesn't matter, though, because they say no when the operator asks them to pay for a call from a telephone kiosk.

You crawl on to the train, leaving your briefcase on the platform. You prop yourself up in the corner seat and fall into a deep untroubled sleep.

Gently shaken by a big black guard, you awake with a start violent enough to stop your heart. It is three hours later and you are in a small seaside town at the end of the line. You came here last August bank holiday, you reflect.

The next train back in the opposite direction leaves at 6 a.m.; only two hours to wait. It chugs into the station a lifetime later, and you climb thankfully into its warmth. Before you know it, you're back in the land of nod, but this time you wake up yourself, just as you pull into the station nearest your office. So you get off, pay two fares by cheque, pick up your briefcase from where you left it, and go to work.

Study in Texture
Robert Leong
Form Two



Mend My Broken Heart

Sarah Moorhead
Form Six

I said . . .
You know, my love for you is eternal.
You said . . .
Put the kettle on, I've time for one more cup.
I said . . .
I'd die for you if you asked me.
You said . . .
Five letter word—D, something, A,
something, something.
I said . . .
I love you more than anything, and you
don't care.
You said . . .
What time is it? I've got to be out by eight.
I said . . .
You have broken my heart.
You said . . .
Well, I'll pop it into the menders on the way
to work.

Keeping them off the streets

Owen Kenny
Philip McCall
Form Six

With ambition, talent and energy so prevalent in today's lower VIth Form, it is not surprising that the subsequent creativity is channelled through music — not classical music however, but pure unadulterated Rock. This article is designed to do justice to these dedicated bands, and to encourage you, the reader, to put their next gig date into your filofax/diary/head.

Without choosing a best band to place at the top of the list, 'Zeitgeist' merit the place well having played no less than twelve successful gigs, and accumulated 'fans' who have been known to buy band members drinks i.e. spend money on them!

The gigs, spread over roughly a year, have been played in such desirable venues such as 'The Wilsons' and 'Milos', not forgetting that centre of cultural expansion, 'The Crawford Arts Centre'. With a set of songs which are 'socially and politically aware', the band play energetically and thrill the crowd with such renditions as Motorhead's 'Killed by Death' and 'Iron Maiden's 'Charlotte the Harlot'.

For fans of heavy metal, the band is worth seeing, if not just to experience the stage persona of ex-Edwardian Jim Loftus, overwhelming bass solos of Ged 'Ego' Davies or the ability of Mark 'if in doubt, finger tap' Armstrong on lead guitar. 'Manifestation', the band's demo tape to date is available from the band. I asked the band, 'Is the rock game dog eat dog?' and received this piece of advice, 'Never trust a man who wears Clark's 'movers'.

Band number two come under the guise of 'Solstice'. Back in their early days this band were considered to be a joke, but they have



'Professor Peen'.

Photograph by Adrian Faulkner Form Six.

gained experience from gigging and are now cult heroes of the lower sixth who command plenty of respect. They are a heavy metal band with slight punk divergences. The line up consists of four of our sixth formers: Kieran 'Bucker' McLaughlin, Kevin 'Waster' McCormack, his brother Steven 'Stage Presence', and Owen 'shy and retiring' Kenny on bass, drums, rhythm guitars and vocals respectively. The final member, 'Otto' Von Barga is an ex-Edwardian with a liking for skateboards and lead guitar. So what motivates the band?

'It's mainly a channel for my creativity,' says Kev.

'Basically, we play rock 'n' roll for the kids — man,' says Owen.

'When you see all those kids idolising you, you get a great rush,' comments Steven. But the quote which sums it up comes from Kieran.

'We play a gig, the fans go home happy, we trash the gaff.'

It is plain to see that these guys are on the road to the stars. Keep a look out in the Echo City Guide and the 'Liverpool Star' events list for these fellows — they're hot property.

Following a band like Solstice isn't easy,

but 'Professor Peen and the Sexual Experiment' more than fulfil the task. Founded a few months before 'Africa Aid '88' their main intention was to raise money by playing the event (these guys are all heart y'know). Owen Kenny and Paul Byatt wished to play a 'one off' gig, more farewell gigs than Status Quo which has ultimately ensued. This band is now a four piece band (after Owen's departure to join the up and coming 'Solstice') with Jack 'Sex' Hartney handling rhythm guitar and vocals. Obviously this guy is one talented dude so Owen approaches Jack to talk about the band, its members and life in general.

'So what do you think of the other members, Jack?'

'Liam "Baby" Byatt is the king of the skin and with his strong character he can keep the band together. Chris "Chris" Hill is the musician of the band. It is Chris's all important mastering of the rhythm section that makes our music so professional. Paul "Butter" Byatt is the . . . err . . . main attraction of our live show. His devil-may-care attitude to life gives the band character and personality never seen before in the music biz.'

'Jack, the other guy's in the band say



'Zeitgeist'. Photograph by 'Slash'.



'Solstice'.

Photograph by Adrian Faulkner Form Six.

you're kinda special. What do you think they mean by this?'

'It could mean anything coming from them. I like to keep a close relationship with the band: We often share the same money and booze.'

'Do you consider yourself a star?'

'No, but sometimes I see stars when I'm inebriated.'

'Thanks for the chat Jack — I guess I'll let you get back to the wine, women and song.'

'Yeh, thanks Bud.'

Perhaps this band are the future of the 'metal' industry — let's wait and see.

Finally on the list are the unknown quantity, 'The Living End'. Comprising of four members, two from our sixth form and two from Millbrook College, this 'Doors', 'Fuzztones' and 'Limespiders' influenced band are due to start gigging soon.

'Progressive' Pete Royle, guitarist, tells me, 'We want to make sure we are good before we ask people for money to see us. We don't plan on showing ourselves up.'

The band tend to abhor heavy metal, and with the people's poet Tim O'Neill writing their words, they lyrically mimic the 'Jesus and Mary Chain'. With a demo due out in September, the band hope to attract a mature, appreciative audience who will understand what they are all about.

The band told me, 'We are not interested in 10 year old pseudos with biker jackets and 'Iron Maiden' T-shirts, we play for the rock 'n' roll public.'

Whilst the reader waits in anticipation of forthcoming dates, we leave this piece of advice with the bands. In the words of Casey Kasem:

'Keep your feet on the ground and keep reaching for the stars.'

Music Society

Mr John Moseley

One of the most welcome innovations to have occurred since my last review has been the public introduction of a number of home-grown pop groups, both in a formal concert setting and, on two other occasions, in aid of charity. There have, of course, been groups lurking in the music school for years, but only recently have I persuaded them that it is more important to rehearse consistently than it is to wrangle over a suitable name or what to wear on stage. Rehearsal is the key to good performances of all types of music. Concurrently the various choirs, orchestras, ensembles and soloists worked hard to give concerts of music ranging from the 13th century to the present, including a number of first performances.

The school year ended with two concerts. The first

Thursday 7 July 1988 7.30 pm

College Hall, St Edward's College
Concert
Preparatory School
Second Orchestra
directed by Paul Booth and
John Moseley

was probably the best our younger musicians have ever given. Of a particularly high standard were Maxwell Davies' 'Kirkwell Shopping Songs' and Warlock's Capriol Suite. Five days later we tried out a new format: a concert in three parts of twentieth century music, including the first performances of pieces by Guinness and Pettitt.

Tuesday 12 July 1988 7.30 pm

Ley Hall, St Edward's College

- I Finzi: This World a hunting is Birtwistle:
Duets for Storab nos. 1-3 for 2 flutes
Finzi: Clear and gentle stream
Guinness: New work for solo 'cello
Finzi: Life a right shadow is
Pettitt: New work for 2 clarinets
Finzi: This life, which seems so fair
- II Songs from the College Pop Group
- III Strike: Caravan
Ellington: Caravan
Lai: Un homme et une femme
Lennon and McCartney: I want to hold your hand
Revaux and Francois: My way
Stephen Wallace, Adam Younis, flutes;
Andrew Gunn, 'cello; Damian Fleming,
Gary Chandler, clarinets
Chamber Choir directed by
Terence Duffy
Chamber Orchestra conducted by
John Moseley

After the summer holiday I was able to realise a long-held ambition: to devise and present a concert such as might have been given by the mythical Duchesse de Guermantes in Proust's great novel.

Wednesday 28 September 1988 7.30 pm

Ley Hall, St Edward's College

Salon of the Duchesse de Guermantes

- I Saint-Saëns: Sonata op 167 for clarinet and piano
- II Fauré: Les Roses d'Isphahan, Les Berceaux
Gounod: Crépuscule, Chanson de printemps
- III Fauré: Berceuse op. 16 for violin and piano; pièce for flute and piano
Gaudebec: Ballade for flute violin and piano
- IV Fauré: Au Bord de l'Eau, Chanson du Pêcheur
Hahn: A Chloris, Quand je fus pris au pavillon
- V Hahn: Minuet (Mozart), Les Bretonnes, Le Bal de Beatrice D'Este (excerpts)
Stephen Wallace, tenor; Paul Blackburn, baritone; Victoria Clarke, flute; Damian Fleming, clarinet; Philip McCall, violin.
Members of the Chamber Orchestra:
Adam Younis, flute; Michael Stubbs, Martin Smith, oboes; Timothy Grace, violin; Christopher McIver, viola;
Brendan Rawlinson, cello; Neil Blackburn, double bass; Nicholas



FEMALE NUDE

Theodosius Lambrianides,
Form Six

Wignall, percussion
Directed by John Moseley

A review of this concert appears elsewhere in this issue.

The next concert introduced medieval and contemporary music.

Tuesday 18 October 1988 7.30 pm

Ley Hall, St Edward's College
English Medieval and Contemporary Music

- I Taverner: Funeral Ikos
- II Pettitt: Dup for two clarinets
- III Anon 13 cent: Nova, nova, Psallat
Anon 14 cent: Jeo hay en vos
Chirbury: Sanctus
Cornish: A dew, a dew
Anon 15 cent: Bryng us in goode ale
- IV Maxwell Davies: Three carols on medieval texts, Ave, ave
Alma Rdemptoris Mater, Goday, goday
- V Maxwell Davies: Recitando for solo, flute, Lullabye for Lucy
- VI Stubbs: English Dances, Suite for chamber orchestra (1st performance)
Victoria Clark, Damian Fleming, clarinets; Adam Younis, flute
St Edward's College Medieval Ensemble
Chamber Choir directed by Terence Duffy
Chamber Orchestra conducted by John Moseley

with a particularly delicious supper in the interval.

In November we gave an ever popular Viennese Evening including a sensitive performance of Schubert's 'Unfinished' Symphony.

Thursday 17 November 1988 7.30 pm

College Hall, St Edward's College
Viennese Evening

- I Schubert: Symphony no 8 in B minor 'Unfinished'
- II Léhar: Waltz 'Gold and Silver'
- III Mozart: Andante in C K315 for flute and orchestra
- IV J. Strauss: Thunder and Lightning Polka, Persian March, Annen Polka, Radetzky March
Stephen Wallace, flute
School Orchestra conducted by John Moseley

Some of this programme was repeated at prize day, in addition to the suite 'Old Vienna', very much in beer-keller style.

Sunday 12 March 1989 3.00 pm

Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool



College Pop group

Prize Day concert
Music from Vienna

- I Lehar: Waltz 'Gold and Silver'
- II Suite 'Old Vienna':
Fiebrich: the greatest joy
Schenk Vienna breezes
Zillner: In the Prater
Trad: Students' song
Zillner: Eine Kleine, Wiener melodie
- III J Strauss: Thunder and Lightning
Polka, Annen Polka; Radetzky March
Stephen Wallace, tenor; Paul Blackburn, baritone
Choral Society
Members of the Chamber Orchestra
School Orchestra
Conducted by Helen Hogg, Terence Duffy and John Moseley

In May 1988 we presented a Victorian Evening as part of the celebrations of St Edward's in Sandfield Park, which culminated in an exceptionally lively and interesting performance of 'Trial by Jury'. A photo-montage also appears elsewhere in the magazine.

Throughout the year we contributed to various services: the academic mass, the carol service and smaller occasions. In a sense, though, all these are only the tip of the iceberg, for each performance represents hours of combined rehearsal and personal practise. This review is merely a record of our performances: we have not the space to give an account of each event, but it does, if inadequately, acknowledge the contribution of over a quarter of the school, to all of whom I give my thanks.

To the sound of a gun

Nick Astor
Form Three

The time had come for the meeting of the powers,
The things they give are nothing like flowers,
But a warning to others, to watch, and find out,
What other weapon they'll use, in the next bout.
They don't understand that peace is of need,
As the distributing to the poor, of the mountains of seed.
Our generation does not want to fight
But stay as a free bird in the dead of the night.

They did it then, they do it now,
To the sound of a gun, pow, pow, pow.
No, war never ends when they're concerned.
They want new land, but they never learn,
But forget about countries like Vietnam and Afghanistan,
Supplying the rebels, supporting the government, who gives a damn,
The hammer and sickle is trying to mend,
That once overpowering Communist trend,
With efforts like Glasnost and Peristroyka in mind,
This will help in the future, I hope you will find,
Think of the others, will they do the same,
Revel in glory or die of shame.

Now we have prejudice, fascist and rascist,
Who say they mean well,
Do they like hell!
You need to stop this social divide,
If we'll ever be all on one equal side.
I don't believe white South Africa is white at all,
But green and blue, and from earth will fall,
Like from power and give each other the equal right,
Instead of this cruel depressing thing called Apartheid.
I know that some green are white and do support
The fight for this freedom court.
We need to stop this here and now, in unison.
Before too late, before we know,
That peace and equality was forgotten long ago.



Chamber Orchestra and Choir

Photographs by Mr Terence Dully

Première

Michael Stubbs
Form Six

On Thursday 27th April 1988, the school orchestra gave the first performance of Michael Stubbs' Suite Op 11 in the concert room of the Metropolitan Cathedral. This was a notable occasion. It is rare for a schoolboy to write an extended work — this one lasts nearly 25 minutes — for large orchestra and even rarer when the piece turns out to be so imaginative and well-crafted. The players performed with spirit and sensitivity and the capacity audience obviously recognised the significance of the event for there was sustained applause.

We print below the final page of the full score and Stubbs' own programme note.

SUITE FOR ORCHESTRA Op II
(first performance)
Michael Stubbs (b.1971)

- 1) Chorale
- 2) Rêveries
- 3) Elegy
- 4) Dance

The 'Suite for Orchestra' owes much of its being to a train journey from Liverpool to York early one January morning at the start of 1988 during which I sketched the first few bars of a piece for flute, clarinet and piano — 'Rêveries' as I decided to call it. After a few

weeks and much deliberation, I made up my mind to re-work the piece for small orchestra (strings and wood-wind) and to add a couple of contrasting pieces, an elegy and a dance perhaps, to complement it. Then, later, after much thought, I decided to add an opening piece and hence the 'Suite for Orchestra' was born.

The 1st movement, 'Chorale', was written between July and September last year and is based mainly on two ideas — the very opening dialogue between piano and strings and the actual 'chorale', stated quietly on the woodwind. The central section is a fugue which gradually builds up in intensity as each instrument enters until it climaxes on an open chord, which disappears to reveal a recapitulation of the 1st section, this time ending triumphantly in the home key. Then a short coda on the piano calms the pace down to set the scene for the second piece.

The 2nd piece, 'Rêveries', is a lyrical fragment, almost entirely based on the theme heard at the outset on the flute. Being finished in March, it was the first movement to be completed and sets out to deliberately distract the listener. If you manage to keep concentrating on it, you haven't really 'heard' it properly.

The 3rd movement, 'Elegy' was composed in March and April and revised in October. It is based on the plainsong 'Lux Aeterna', and hence has a rather fluid form combined with a funeral type march.

The final piece, 'Dance' despite being the longest of the four pieces took the least time to compose being written last November. It sets out to keep the listener on edge and should not be taken too seriously.

The Suite was written for the School Orchestra, often with individual players in mind and is receiving its first performance this evening.

The image shows a page of musical notation for the Suite for Orchestra Op II. It features multiple staves of music, including woodwinds, strings, and piano. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *mp cresc.*, *ff*, and *rit.*. The piece is marked *Senza Rall.* at the top right. The notation is dense and complex, typical of a full orchestral score.

Salon of the Duchesse de Guermantes

A review
by Mr Edmund Crichton

Ley Hall 28 September 1989

In a spirited, gallant attempt to recreate a musical soirée from Marcel Proust's masterpiece 'A La Recherche du Temps Perdu', the College Music Society succeeded infinitely well. The novel's most famous translation as 'Remembrance of Things Past' seems inadequate: 'Searching for Lost Time' is much more apt. For in the novel, Proust attempted to recreate that physical sensation, most vivid I'm sure to most of us, when the present almost ceases to exist, and we are plunged down a dark tunnel and exposed to some living moment from the past.

For Proust, it revealed French society at its most decadent: the Fin du Siècle.

'Recherche' exposed the trials and emotional traumas of his childhood, his inherent vocation as Artist, and thus burgeoning sexuality. Against all this is set the foil and foibles of French Upper-class Society.

One might wonder how a school music society concert could possibly emulate at once both the fine nuances and the broad sweep of such a 15 volume novel: the answer lies in the Spirit.

The great beauty of all masterly works of art is that they transpose the patron to some lost time or timelessness. So with the music of Fauré, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Hahn and Caudebec. This is music — not of the grand and impersonal Concert Hall — but of the more intimate Salon; and the Ley Hall was a most appropriate location for its reception.

Our search for lost time commenced with a confident yet confiding performance of Sonata by Saint-Saëns, with Damian Fleming as solo clarinet and John Moseley, piano. With an almost effortless grace, these artists rather taxed their instruments than themselves, and demanded the full emotional range from the music — from the light-hearted and whimsical through to the solemn and emotive. In a moment we were transposed from the wild bursts of broken chords of the piano, to the tiny, plaintive, controlled voice of the clarinet: performer and performed were breathing the same impassioned breath.

'French songs I cannot possibly allow: people always seem to think that they are improper. . .'

(Lady Bracknell in 'The Importance of Being Earnest'.)

There was nothing remotely improper about Paul Blackburn's rendering of two French songs by Gabriel Fauré and two by Gounod. 'Les Roses d'Isphahan' — a song of immeasurably beautiful words and music was



The Countess Greffulhe, by de 'Lászlo', one of the leaders of Parisian society at the turn of the century and a model for the Duchesse de Guermantes.

delivered with intensity earthy French tones which captured the essential fragrance of the sentiment. As a foil, 'Les Berceaux' was a gentle and lilting cradle song of the sea. Gounod's 'Crepuscule' — a persuasive love song, and 'Chanson de printemps' — an ode to Nature, were both given convincing performances. It was all credit to Mr Blackburn that after a week of illness, he was able to deliver this sensitive material in such a professional musical manner.

Part Three of our transport of delight brought ensemble music, with Fauré's 'Berceuse' for violin and piano (Philip McCall and John Moseley), 'Piece' for flute and piano (Victoria Clark and John Moseley), and Caudebec's 'Ballade' for all three instruments. While the lilting rhythm and tones changes of 'Berceuse', and Miss Clark's gentle expertise on the flute were all most pleasing, the intermingling melodies and gypsy rhythm of 'Ballade' were the most captivating.

MORE IMPROPER FRENCH SONGS

Stephen Wallace is built like a tenor, and his voice has all the fine qualities of smooth red French wine. Even his songs might be improper. The French do seem infatuated with love.

While Fauré's 'Au Bord de l'Eau' and 'Chanson du pecheur', and Hahn's 'A Chloris' all just remain within the bounds of Victorian public decency, Han's 'Quand je fus pris au pavillon' certainly does not. Without going into lurid detail of the latter work, let it just be said that its delivery in a racy, saucy, confessional manner was most appropriate to its subject matter. On the other hand, 'Blue Peter' is probably more sensational these days.

As a prelude to the finale, we were treated to Reynaldo Hahn's delightful little minuet 'Mozart', followed by 'Les Bretonnes' scored for tenor, baritone, wind and piano. Then the

moment came . . . La Grande Finale . . . 'Le Bal de Beatrice D'Este' by Hahn. Without doubt, this was Salon music at its most grande — first the Entree, then the slow Intermède, then the Reprise. I for one certainly found some 'lost time' I had never known, except perhaps in my dreams — the fairly tale white costume wigs, the glittering court dresses, and the eccentric whimsical masks — a grande masquerade.

Without any doubt, the whole evening was a dazzling success — from its brilliant conception, through the sumptuous feast of fine food at the Interval, to the skilful and most musical performances.

Mr Moseley — Chief Cook, Bottle-washer and pianist, and his merry band from the Court of French Decadence, must be warmly congratulated.

Swing

Sarah Moorhead
Form Six

All day
She sits on the swing
Staring into space.
Plastic bag in one hand
Bottle in the other.
When the kids
Get out of school
They run down to
The Swing Park.
They whisper questions
And shout abuse
But she sits there
Smiling drunkenly,
Remembering
When she was young
Playing games
With all her mates
In the Park.
They would whizz around
On the roundabout
Until they were sick and dizzy
Or fell off.
They would shoot off the slide
In to the dirt.
They would throw snowballs
And make snowmen
Lie in the sunshine
And make daisy chains
Year in, year out
For a long time.
Fuzzy lollipops and scabby knees
Freckles and plaits
Were all that mattered then.
And suddenly,
Life got complicated
The hinges of the swing rusted
So she sits there,
Motionless.

Spot the Metal Groups

David Atherton
Form One

The heavy and not so heavy

There are nine in all . . . Good Luck!

The iron maiden is a nickname for the tyrant who is ruling Britain at the moment, namely Margaret Thatcher. Not surprisingly, it is also the name of a vicious torture instrument used to cause mega-death in the Middle Ages. When she visited a zoo recently, she showed no mercy on a deaf leopard and she ordered it to be put down. Last week, she was talking to a worshipper of a Mr J. Iscariot, at a temple in Wolverhampton, this worshipper's followers called him a Judas priest. In a recent encounter with Mr N. Kinnock, she produced a canister of a foul smelling gas and threw it on him, causing him to have a napalm death. She met a very odd man who could rust steel with his tongue, he called himself a metal licker. In a freak's hospital, she laughed heartlessly at a man with two exhaust pipes sticking out of his cranium, she even called him 'motorhead'. Recently she was fiddling with the AC/DC switch on a radio in a visit to a scrap yard when Denis stopped to give her a kiss and was overcome by her poisonous breath. She then proceeded to breathe on everyone else present.

Solution

1. Iron Maiden; 2. Megadeth; 3. Def Leppard; 4. Judas Priest; 5. Napalm Death; 6. Metallica; 7. Motorhead; 8. AC/DC; 9. Kiss.

The Universe According To Me

Christopher Rodenhurst
Form Four

THIS article is about the universe is about us, is about reality. In this article I will endeavour to explain something of the mysteries of the universe.

Although there was no beginning for convenience I will start my article at what in human three dimensional thinking is the beginning, the big bang (or is it the end?). In the 'beginning' there was the big bang, the universe as we see and experience it was formed, later the planet we stand on developed and afterwards its earthings or terrains.

N.B. It must be noted now that in the contents of this article we are merely a number of molecules made up of a number of atoms broken down into which we are basically the same as everything around us except jumbled up in a different way. We are in effect children of the universe.

According to Darwin's theory of evolution all life is developing, changing, evolving to suit its environment and it is also feasible to say we as humans are also evolving. Therefore as things grow intelligent and develop and grasp more of the world as we do now things will continue to evolve to suit this world and compensate for it. But evolution must have a limitation an optimum subject which is totally adopted to life on our planet. In my mythos this creature, this form of ultimate terrain life to which all present creatures including us are on a path to is called the receptor.

Millions of years in the future (or the past) when these creatures develop their superior intelligence and philosophy they will in terms of the creation of the universe draw a blank — what created the big bang? The realisation that the universe (this is where it gets tricky) cannot exist, they realise that according to their ultimate philosophy they should not be able to exist — and yet they do.

After another unimaginably long time where their technology is developed beyond all human limitations they set off on a mission — the only way to save the universe is to create it themselves, to go back (or forward) in time to create the universe as we know it, they are extremely confident in the completion of this quest for one simple reason — they exist.

Therefore we created ourselves, we are the creators and the created which brings me to my first equation:

$$1 = 1, \text{ life} = \text{life.}$$

The receptors in creating the universe had in effect made a loop, a loop which existed anyway because they created it in the past (or the future). So now you know who created



The grim, aggressive form of an (or the) Enforcer.

the universe, just follow the loop backwards or forwards (it doesn't matter because in the loop time is not a constant, the future is the past and the past is the future). You cannot say what created the loop as it does not literally exist — it is merely a way to demonstrate the principle.

My next point is on time; how did the receptors follow the loop backwards (or forwards) to the beginning. Well it's really quite simple. It is a scientific fact that when we see a star or other distant objects it is in the past as the light takes time to reach us, it has a limited speed, 186,000 miles per second. Therefore to beat time, to beat the light (which is emanated from everything) we must go faster than 186,000 miles per second. If we succeed in this we will arrive at a place which is in the past, the equation for time travel is this:

$$- + = c + \times s$$

Or past = speed of light + a certain amount of speed. The argument that nothing can go faster than the speed of light, that it is the natural speed limit of the universe brings me to my next point. According to Einstein when you reach the speed of light your mass becomes infinite and your length zero and you're obviously a bit dead. My theory is that matter as we know it cannot exist past the speed of light but maybe it can exist in a different form (obviously this is where it gets tricky). A fourth dimension of matter, that of consciousness may then exist.

N.B. All matter can develop a consciousness at different rates according to the arrangement of such matter. Things are happening to things all the time and it is possible for such things to learn and develop, it may not be seen to us e.g. a rock is a rock but in the fourth dimension things are very different. This brings me to another equation:

$$C = m \times x +$$

or consciousness = matter + a certain amount of time.

Our mind, our consciousness has no form it may therefore go past the limitations of our physical state cannot. At the speed of light our matter turns to consciousness as we break the light barrier and beat time, if we then slow down below light velocity the matter will reform and we will have completed a time jump, time will now run smoothly but you will be at a different period of the loop. This process is called consciousness displacement or CD.

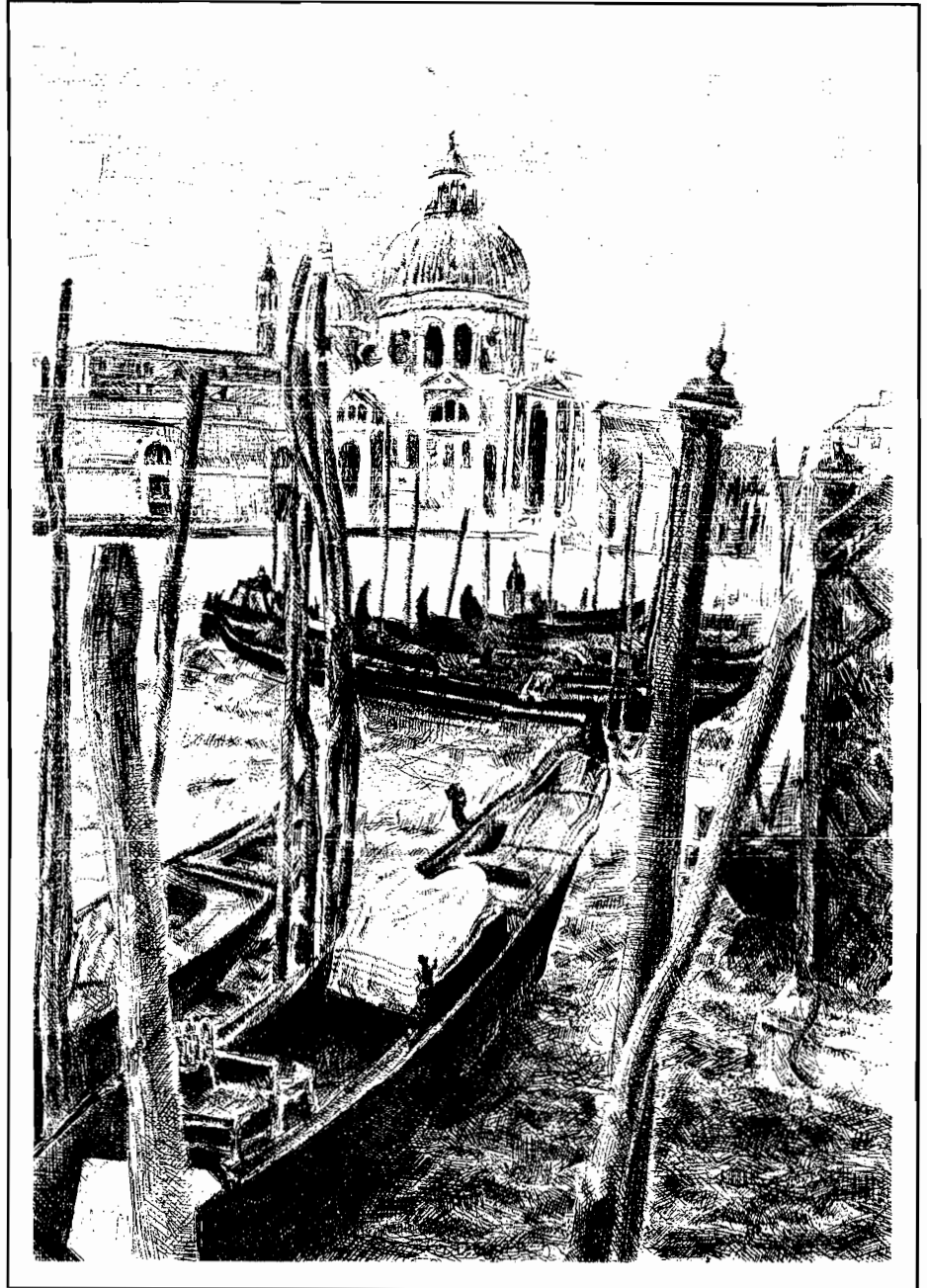
Our consciousness is always with us, the fourth dimension runs directly in line with us but it is not under the same limitations so if we can move our consciousness freely our body will have to move with it — we could move at any speed.

N.B. When you go to sleep and dream, you are in this fourth dimension. You will notice other consciousness of other people and objects. These objects may seem harmless now but they are developing — enduring, waiting, the ground you walk on, the bed you sleep in, even the paper you are now reading is waiting for the slightest chance of takeover!

The process of the loop and matter and CD can work the opposite way, things could evolve in the fourth dimension with a matter consciousness. These obscure entities are known as the transmuters. They are incredibly dangerous as they are totally unpredictable (as we are in dreams) can move at any speed (as we can in dreams) they are the main threat to the loop and may break it, thus ending our universe. So in the 'beginning' the receptor created a safeguard, they created the watcher; an omnipotent being who gave to one human the gift of consciousness displacement, he was to defend earth, the terras, the parent race against the utterly alien horror of the transmuters.

Because he had the gift of CD he travelled to many time periods and this exists around the whole of the loop, these 'people' (or this person) patrolled his time zone against the transmuters. They were the Enforcers and they were earth's only hope. But that's another story . . .

Venice by Moonlight
David Greaves
Form Six

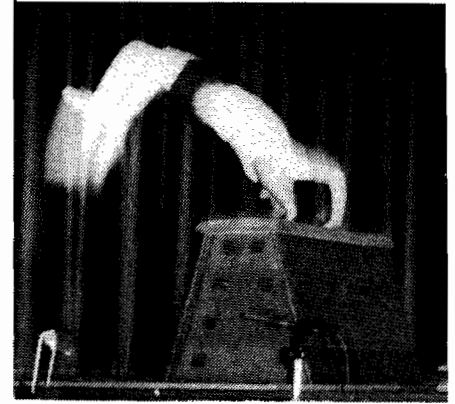


A Victorian Evening

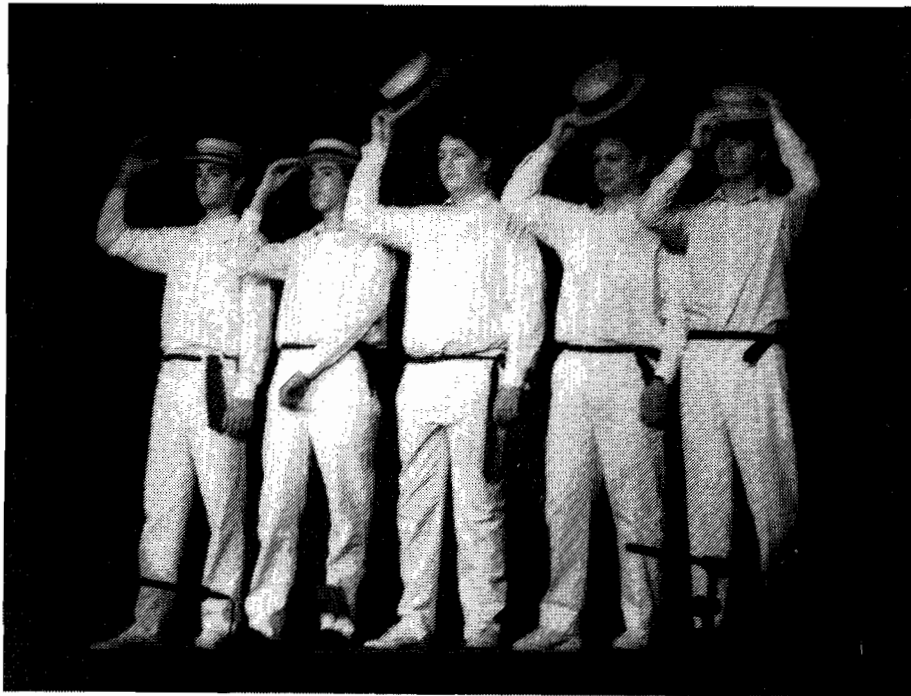
Mr John Moseley

Ladies and gentlemen, to celebrate the first fifty years of St Edward's College in Sandfield Park, the school presented, in May 1988, two performances of a Victorian Evening. Dominic Moran was the erudite master of ceremonies. He first introduced Messrs Blackburn, Ghorbal, Shuttleworth, Simms and Wallace, with Mr Michael Stubbs at the piano, in 'The Eton Boating Song'.

and in action.

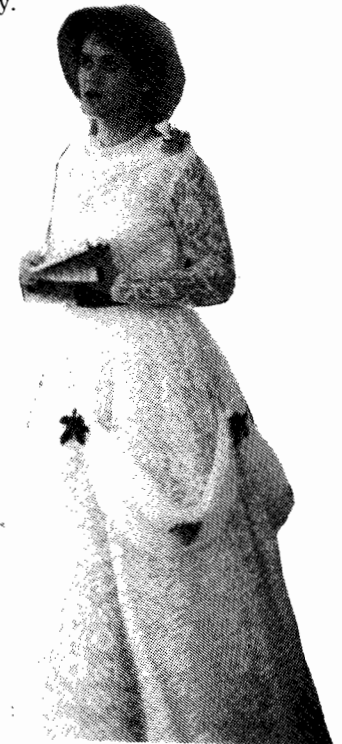


Miss Catherine Green recited Kipling's 'The Thousandth Man with her customary artistry, a skill echoed in Mr Andrew Gunn's virtuoso performance on the 'cello of Von Goems' 'Scherzo'. At a few hours notice Master Beckett left no heart unmoved in a sentimental ditty whose emotion was nevertheless swept away in Mr Robin D'Arcy Gray's histrionic rendition of a monologue from 'Julius Caesar'. Miss Julie McGlory closed the first half of the evening with Sir Henry Bishop's 'Mid pleasures and palaces, there's no place like home' and 'The Honeysuckle and the bee' in which her charming presence was joined by the whole company.



Photographs by Mr Stephen Wells

There followed the Flying Fiascos: Messrs Glass, Lee, Muir, Riley, Sloan and Wong, trained by Mr Simon Morgan, seen here in a publicity pose.





The rest of the evening was occupied by a production of Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Trial by Jury'. The audience was spared the dubious pleasures of pre-performance make-up, costume, and tension, seen here in the form of exhibitionism. By the time the cast and orchestra were assembled, all was ready for a lively and entertaining evening.

Judge: Paul Blackburn

Bride: Catherine Green

Bridegroom: Stephen Wallace

Counsel: Richard Ghorbal

Usher: Paul Brabin

Foreman of the Jury: Shaun Cassells

First Bridesmaid: Joanne Suffield

Bridesmaids: Nicola Haimes, Nicola Lewis, Kirsten McGlinchey, Helen O'Toole, Susan Goodfield.

Jurymen: Gerard Davies, Paul Dunne, Colin Henwood, Brendan Rawlinson, Martin Smith, Martin O'Grady, Christopher Hill, Paul Byatt, Anthony Walker, Paul McGrath, Michael Gregory.

Pages to the Judge: Kevin Beckett, Francis Davies

Barristers: Nicholas Mullin, Edmund O'Toole

Chorus: S. Simmons, M. McCulloch, S. Davis, M. Winn, S. Dowd, H. Gogarty, S. Caldwell, L. Jones, N. Garvey, L. Atherton, G. Jones, C. O'Brien, P. Jennings, M. Evans, C. Holmes, D. King, P. Jamieson, A. Muruganathan, A. Mercer, A. Redden, J. Rand, T. Logan, S. Redmond, S. King, C. Holmes, A. Walker.

Violins: Timothy Grace, Philip McCall, Julian Loftus, Graham Smith, Alexander Lithgow Smith, Nicholas McCurtin.

Violas: Stephen Shuttleworth, Damon Simmons, Nicholas McIver, Simon Inch.



'Cellos: Andrew Gunn, Martin Fraser

Double Bass: Neil Blackburn

Flute: Adam Younis

Oboe: Michael Stubbs

Clarinets: Damian Fleming, Mark English

Timpani and percussion: Nicholas Wignall, David Culbert.

Directed by: John Moseley and Terence Duffy.

Co-produced by: Stephen Wells and John Moseley.



Cathedral Choir

Mr Philip Duffy

The activities of the choir last year amounted to 7 concerts, 3 Bach cantatas, 2 Radio broadcasts, 20 special services, 2 football matches, 8 outings, 1 Holiday, and 205 normal services.

To sustain these activities (or at least the musical ones) there were some 585 rehearsals. Successfully balancing rehearsal time with performance time is rather a tricky job, and needs to be handled with care. Too little rehearsal means disaster in performance; too much can mean boredom and frustration . . .

But the wide range of activities certainly helps to prevent boredom setting in. Visits to the Deaneries of the Diocese continued, with concerts in the Churches of Our Lady of Lourdes, Southport, St Julie's, Eccleston and St Patrick's, Widnes. Other concerts included one for the Festival of Contemporary Music for the opening of the new Tate Gallery last May, when the Choir was conducted by Composer Paul Patterson in his own 'Canterbury Psalms' (the Festival Opening service also took place in the Cathedral, with music by Messiaen and Tippett), 'Music from the Gospels' in September (music by Kodaly, Bach and Schutz), the usual Christmas Concert with the Cantata Choir and Cathedral Orchestra, when the Choristers sang Bax's 'Fantasia on Polish Christmas Carols' and in February, music by Bach (the double-choir motet 'Komm Jesu Komm') and Gzorzcyki.

Special services sung by the Choir included Bishop Hitchen's Funeral, a Royal School of Church Music Choir's Festival Service (in the Anglican Cathedral) a Marian Year concluding service, Salesian Centenary, the wedding between Anthony Charlesworth (one of the gentlemen of the Choir) and Angela Heslop (the leader of the Cathedral Orchestra) and annual celebrations for the Catenians, Good Shepherd Sunday, Scouts and Guides, the Elderly and Retired, ordination of Deacons, the Disabled, the Medical Profession, Remembrance Sunday and Civic Sunday.

The performance with orchestra of a cantata by J. S. Bach as part of Evening Prayer one Sunday two years ago was judged so successful that three cantatas were sung last year, the solo parts being taken by Paul Blackburn, Stephen Wallace, Nicholas Mulroy and Andrew Redden. Old boys Jonathan Kenny and Michael McGuire also returned to sing solos.

Nicholas Mulroy and Andrew Redden also had a major role to play at Christmas Midnight Mass, when the choir gave the first



Visiting Downing Street. (Choir trip to Granada TV Studios.)

performance of a new Mass, the 'Liverpool Mass' by Colin Mawby. Mr Mawby was for many years the Master of Music at Westminster Cathedral, and now directs the Choirs and Chorus for the Irish Broadcasting Company, Radio Telefis Eireann. The Mass was scored for choir and organ, brass and timpani, with a special part for congregation led by a cantor, and two solo trebles, each placed in a gallery, high above the congregation. Both trebles and indeed the choir gave a very creditable first performance of the work. Nicholas Mulroy was also the top-C soloist in the famous 'Miserere' by Allegri, sung on Palm Sunday.

The new features were introduced during the year, the more frivolous being the monthly outings for choristers. These were more or less educational, and consisted of visits to such places as York Minster for Evensong, Moel Famau, Granada TV Studios, an Ice Skating Rink, Ellesmere Boat Museum, and Westminster Cathedral and Westminster Abbey.

The other innovation was the introduction of another sung service each week, Tuesday evening Mass. This was done after a great deal of thought, and despite the additional burden placed on all involved, it is appreciated by many. The choir now sings services on four days each week, not only glorifying God (and, we hope, uplifting those humans present) in so doing, but also satisfying the guidelines of the Choir Schools' Association of which the Headmaster is currently a committee member.

In the face of an early crop of breaking voices, the trebles have continued to work hard to overcome their extreme youth — and to deliver the musical goods. Former choristers have continued to play an important role among the lower voices, and I am glad to acknowledge the debt owed them by the Cathedral for their continued loyalty and hard work — and much fine singing.

Probationers welcomed during the year were, from among Runnymede pupils, Stephen Jeffrey and Alistair Pinnington, together with Matthew Gilmore (who joined

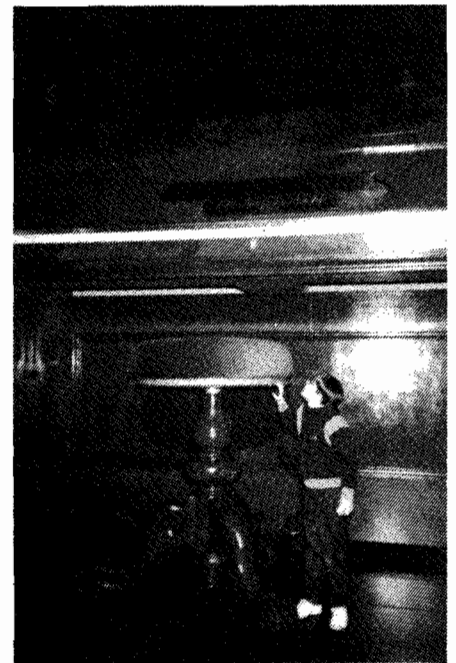
the choir and school from Bishop Eton Primary School), Anthony Graham (Sacred Heart, Liverpool), Robert McGee (St Elizabeth's, Waterloo) and Harry Percy (St John's, Oxtou). Broken-voice casualties were Karl Lee, Jonathan Parr and James O'Shaughnessy. Kevin English, Paul Garrity and Stephen Shuttleworth left the choir from among altos, tenors and basses, but in their place we welcomed Kevin Beckett, Francis Jarvis, Michael Wallace and Jude Watts, all of whom transferred from the treble line. Michael Stubbs' place as assistant at the organ console has been taken over by Paul Duffy, and Brother Aaron Kiely now shares the duties of Choir Chaplain with Father John Walsh. Brendan Rawlinson forsook the Music Library to sing bass, and Martin Fraser for A-level studies, and their places were taken by Stephen Dobbins and Allan Preston (who also looks after the young probationers).

Choristers (as at 3 April 1989).

Nicholas Mulroy (Head Chorister), Andrew Redden (Deputy Head Chorister), Christopher Walsh, David Cook, Nicholas Platt, Vincent Price, Daniel O'Neill, John Mulholland, Carl English, Brendan Casey, Jonathan Smith, Iain Jones, John Barton, James Pearson, Harry Percy, David Cooke, Christopher Dobbins, Matthew Whitfield, Andrew Brereton.

SEC Pupils singing lower parts:

Kevin Beckett, Paul Blackburn, Francis Jarvis, Brendan Rawlinson, Graham Smith, Michael Wallace, Stephen Wallace, Jude Watts.



A shrunken chorister. (Brendan Casey in the Giant's Room at Granada TV Studios.)

Photographs by Mr Philip Duffy

Aprica '89, A week on the piste!

Mr Malcolm Campbell

Everything was going great until we joined the massive baggage queue in the airport. It was then that Austin 'Nick's Ma' Hunt pointed to this long haired git, 'Do you remember him?' he said. Well I never, it was Richard 'The Trog' Ghorbal and with him was Ged 'I'll be alright' Davies. Last time I saw them they were about knee high.

While I was taking all of this in, further up the line was Lucy 'Really' Atherton telling porkies to the baggage girl. She was soon sussed out and put in her place. She was also sussed out by security, the only one in the party to be frisked! There must be something about that young lady, they must be able to spot shady characters like Lucy a mile off!!

The flight was no problem at all, after a three hour coach drive we arrived outside the 'Hotel Urri'. The first question to be asked was 'Where is the snow?' We piled into the hotel to be met by Alison our rep for the week (one very nice girl if you ask me). An hour later everybody had been allocated a room although we had to handball all the luggage upstairs. They switch the lift off on a Thursday before everybody arrives, splendid stuff, just what you need after a six hour journey! The only thing missing at this point was Basil Fawlty himself.

Later on we got kitted out by Neale 'I am a pratt' The Viking and we were all ready to hit the slopes the following day. I must point out at this stage that if you ever stop at the 'Hotel Urri' don't order two pizzas at the bar, unless you are extremely hungry or have a bank balance well into the black. You will end up with at least half a dozen before you have time to say 'no more'.

I'm glad to say after the first day of skiing there was not one casualty amongst us (goodness knows why, my instructor was a right plonker) unlike in the evening. After 'I'll be alright' had tried to prove himself on the bass guitar with 'North Valley' the resident group he went out on the town with 'The Trog'. About five hours later Rich was talking to God on the big white bidet! I don't know, if you can't handle it, why bother? Take note Chunky (another one talking to the bidet that night).

While we are on the subject Mr 'I'll join you for one' McCarthy turned up late on Saturday morning missing the lesson, sore leg I believe! By Sunday morning, as the lads in my group will testify, I was coming on in leaps and bounds! There was no stopping me, unless you got in my way that is. The rest of my group were beginning to hinder me a bit. Simon 'You're last you' Shellien and his sidekick especially. They seemed to be the

back markers, I used to knock them down like skittles on a regular basis, my apologies lads.

By Monday every group was doing well, although someone should tell Patrick Harrison to make an appointment with his dad, he seems to have two left feet! Rumour had it that 'I'll join you for one' missed the lesson again, sore shoulder I believe! Mr 'Rugby Shirt' Hughes (job lot I think) was doing very well at this stage, he took great delight in showering people with snow using the parallel stop as his weapon. A technique I haven't quite mastered yet, but give me time. If you happen to read this 'Rugby Shirt', revenge is sweet! See you next year!!

Tuesday was much the same as the other days. Wake up at 0650 hrs due to 'Really and Tracey' 'The Cucumber' Bullen foo foing around with the plumbing. Breakfast, just for a change, was two rolls (Saturday's I think), jam and a drink. Meet Franko 'Bend thee knees' the instructor at twenty past nine (late as usual) and back to the hotel for lunch at mid-day. The usual gunge consisting of chips, veg, fish fingers/veal and maggots were had for lunch. Am I glad I brought my own bottle of HP sauce, a life saver at times.

Martin 'I'm going to France' Smith had by now spent about 20,000 lire (£8.00) since we got here. He gets by remarkably well! He'll go far that lad, Steve 'Fat Boys' Hunt had lost 'Nick's Ma's' camera, wonderful memories gone forever! Damian Mole was doing well both on the slopes and in the bar. Unlike Mr 'Eddy the Eagle' Edwards (a few mulled wines went down his neck that's for sure). He suddenly appears with bruising on his face. Trying to keep it quiet he was. Apparently he came a cropper over a few little bumps that even I managed to ski over. Perhaps I had better replace him next year, unless someone invents stabilizers for skis beforehand!

The last day for skiing was a beautiful day. With the sun cracking the flags we decided to picnic on top of the mountain rather than go down for lunch. But just before lunch we had an assessment for the certificates. As usual Fitzy made a pillock of himself by falling over, just when it matters most, the only one in our group to do so. Never mind there is always next year (how he got a two star silver I'll never know!)

Ben 'Floss the Nostril' Rudge did well I believe as did 'Eddy the Eagle's' two tearaways, not one nerve between them. Nick seemed to be thinking of his Ma all the time and Chunky, there is probably more life in a sausage roll, on this holiday anyway (he did laugh once but I put that down to wind). Dom 'The Lackey' O'Rourke skied OK, his triumph was getting served at the bar! Dean and company were trying to impress the girls from down 'Sarff' rather than the instructor, perhaps that is why Fitzy did what he did.

Lunch was soon upon us. We all met on top, disturbing everybody who had decided to sunbathe up there (it was our holiday as well). The picnic was soon over as was the skiing for that day and indeed the week.

The one day that something Italian was on the menu we had decided to go for a pizza! If you ever go for a pizza in Italy and 'The Trog' is around think again or walk on the other side of the road, otherwise you are asking for trouble, or a body search by the Italian Police (remember to keep your driving licence on you next time Rich, I may not be there). The



Who killed Roger Hughes? Would you let your child loose with this wally?

Photography by Mr D. Edwards

pizza was rather nice unlike 'I'll be alright'. He was saying he hated me but I put it down to the dandelion and burdock. Talking of which, we didn't see 'Adrian Mole' the entire time we were in the restaurant. He was talking to God on the big white telephone in the loo!

We hurried back to the presentation evening at the hotel. To everyone's amazement, except mine, I received a three star silver certificate, the only person in my group to do so. My friend 'Bend thee knees' knows a star when he sees one. Sorry lads you just haven't got what it takes.

Following the presentation a disco took place. My dancing with Alison was rudely interrupted by 'I'll be alright' when he decided to play headers with the light shades, goodnight Ged, sleep well as no doubt you will. The disco soon came to a close, 'Really' and 'The Cucumber' went for a stroll with two Itai's in tow!! Well I Never!!!

We had a pleasant journey back to the airport with 'Floss the Nostril' doing his party piece to keep us entertained. By the time we boarded the plane we were all shattered. About an hour later peace was shattered by some looney with a camera, thought he was David Bailey he did. Apparently this loon went by the name of Mr Miles. Where did he get to all week? Someone had said there were four teachers in all, he must be the quiet one, or sober one (he managed to escape buying me a drink!) Judging by his antics on the plane I think he must have flipped his lid! Still, it broke the monotony of the flight as little else happened.

Before I close I must say it was a splendid week as no doubt everybody will agree. Special thanks go to Alison for working so hard and being so nice. Thanks also go to Billy 'Jock Strap' and his cronies (The Scottish contingent) for providing some of the entertainment, especially at the beginning of the week. The school from Southampton who wound up 'Jock Strap' into a frenzy, hence the entertainment (must think he is hard picking on young lads). Last but not least the girls from the Southampton school for keeping our lads happy, entertained and out of trouble for the week. Watching Paul 'Don't cry for me' Lambrianides cry when they went home was not a pretty sight. What a wimp!!

P.S. Really, Don't be silly, young man — 2,000, Two. Rock and Roll, Nick's Ma, Banana!!!

Baza '89

Michelle Rigby
Tanya Fitzsimmons
Sarah Davies
Indranil Chakrabarti
Form Six

We arrived at Baza, our home for the next two weeks, on March 13th, to be met by the Spanish families participating in the exchange. All were apprehensive, inquisitive and hungry. Don Nev Quixote and his loyal companion Mr Sancho Derbyshire paired us off as we arranged to meet in school the next day.

The Spanish school, with its laid-back, easy-going manner and the attitude that 'if it can be done today, it can be done tomorrow' epitomises the Andalusian lifestyle. We found the English lessons highly enlightening at times as their knowledge of English does not yet parallel our knowledge of Spanish.

The second week — 'Holy Week' — of our visit was spent with our respective Spanish families. The emphasis on family life there is much greater than that to which we are accustomed in England. Large family gatherings were frequent with a never-ending stream of great-aunts and uncles, second cousins and all their in-laws.

It was apparent that the society of Baza is very religious during the nights of the Holy Week. Various floats bearing statues of Christ and Our Lady were paraded through the streets amidst processions of musical bands. The result was very effective and a new experience for most of the English people.

Other opportunities for the English group to get together arose during the excursions to Granada and various villages surrounding Baza. The magnificence of the Alhambra palace, a fourteenth century Moorish fortress in Granada was the highlight of the day there. The sight of the small, ancient communities enveloping the mountainous and picturesque Baza with their cave-houses provided an unusual insight into Andalusian culture.

Socialising allowed us to sample more of the Andalusian spirit. Meeting in one of the town's discos at night or in a cafe during the day provided an escape from constantly speaking Spanish; although all agreed our Spanish had considerably improved.

The experience of living a very different lifestyle in the hospitable and relaxed city of Baza was so beneficial that we hope to return in the following Easter and meet with our new-found friends once again, to learn Spanish in the best possible way: in a typically Spanish area of Spain itself.

Continua el intercambio entre Estudiantes de Liverpool y de Baza

En primer lugar quisiera agradecerle la amable recepción que nos ofrece otra vez en el Ayuntamiento. Como les digo a veces a los alumnos, vienen a España cada año seis millones de ingleses y de estos seis millones habrá quizás sólo cincuenta que lleguen a ser recibidos en un pueblo por el Alcalde. Es un privilegio dado a pocos y lo apreciamos. Es el tercer año de nuestro intercambio (Liverpool-Baza) y con la continua ayuda del Director —Natalio Rodríguez Cano— y los Profesores de inglés (Manuel Jiménez Raya y Petra Rubio) estoy seguro que va a continuar.

Durante su visita a Inglaterra los alumnos bastetanos también tienen la oportunidad de ir al Ayuntamiento y verlo con la ayuda de un guía oficial. Es naturalmente un edificio grande, del siglo XVIII, y de gran valor arquitectónico no obstante, los alumnos son recibidos con amistad y sin gran ceremonia por la alcaldesa —o mejor dicho por la Presidente del Consejo de la Ciudad, como se denomina ahora.

Al Presidente le gusta que haya intercambio de alumnos con España y quiere que continúe. Tengo aquí una carta que le envía a Ud. escrita en inglés la cual le voy a traducir.



Estimado Alcalde:

En nombre de la ciudad de Liverpool quiero aprovechar esta oportunidad de enviarle a Ud. y a su ciudad de Baza nuestros mejores deseos.

Especialmente quisiera agradecerle la muy amable hospitalidad que le ha dado a nuestros alumnos de St. Edward's College.

Espero poder tener la satisfacción de recibir y saludar en nuestro Ayuntamiento a sus alumnos del Instituto José de Mora durante su visita en Julio.

Tenga la bondad de aceptar el escudo de la ciudad de Liverpool que le envío como señal de nuestra buena voluntad.

Mis mejores y más sinceros deseos

Atentamente

Dorothy Gavin
Presidente del Consejo Municipal de Liverpool
10 de Marzo de 1989



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BAZA



Facts of life

Aidan Ansdell
Form Five

Cut back on Funeral Expenses

Matthew Birchall
Form Six

1. Everyone else in a room goes quiet at the same time. This allows you to make a loud and embarrassing statement that everyone hears.
2. Halfway through a joke you forget:
 - (a) the punchline
 - (b) how to pronounce the punchline
 - (c) how to say the punchline in such a way as to make the joke seem at least mildly amusing
This allows the person(s) listening to the joke to:
 - (a) go to sleep
 - (b) wander off
 - (c) make an amusing remark at which everyone laughs and makes them ignore your joke
3. The speed of light can be exceeded by the following things:
 - (a) long and deeply embarrassing rumours about yourself between schoolfriends
 - (b) the bus that you are running to catch
 - (c) your best 'friends' when they hear that your girlfriend/boyfriend has left you
4. A teacher always happens to be passing when:
 - (a) you say the punchline to a rather rude joke
 - (b) you swear loudly
 - (c) you happen to be telling the story about that particular teacher and he/she made a complete and utter fool of himself/herself in class
5. The rather nice girl you are chatting up is nearly always:
 - (a) your best friend's sister
 - (b) your worst enemy's sister
 - (c) three years younger than yourself
 - (d) five years older than yourself
 - (e) the girlfriend of the rather large, muscle-bound young man standing at the bar buying a drink
 - (f) A boy with very long hair
6. As you sneak quietly up to your friends in order to surprise them, they are nearly always:
 - (a) telling a rather cruel but funny joke about you and your mother
 - (b) planning a sadistic trick on you, involving: an electric razor, a bottle of vinegar and a polaroid camera
7. A 'quick' game of 'Monopoly' always lasts at best three hours.
8. You can always answer other people's questions in 'Trivial Pursuit' but almost never your own.

1.



Dig own grave.

2.



Pile earth onto hinged table. Tie hinged table to neck.

Hold packet of daisy seeds. Wait . . .

3.



Die. Fall in grave. Hinged table tips in earth. Hold onto daisy seeds.

4.



Nicely buried.

5.



Push up daises.

MJB '89.

First Impressions — Last Impressions

Compiled by
Mr John Moseley

This issue is the first of the next fifty years, years which will witness the march of change if not always of progress. In compiling our last issue we drew upon material of half a century ago, so we hope to do future editors a similar service with this article in which some members of Form One give their impressions of St Edward's. They were written in September, a few days after their arrival

First day, no friends
It seems like everybody breathes fire
They're looking at me, what did I do?
Called in
In to a labyrinth, with a minotaur in the
centre
The dragons are in my classroom now
But if you look closely, even they are
scared.
Somebody smiles at me
I was just about to smile back
When I thought I saw, maybe . . .
Luke O'Hanlon

I go into the unknown. It is dull and grey.
The teachers will be hard. Athletics will
be a three mile run. The old hard desks
hurt my noble behind.
Richard Town

As I came into school on my first day I
was sick with worry. The building
seemed massive and the fear of getting
lost was growing even steadier. I finally
plucked up enough courage to walk into
the playground, but I felt alone.
Mark Bamber

This school is very new to me,
New things to do, new things to see,
New things like French and CDT,
Some things I haven't done before
New places to go to and explore.
Christopher Crewe

The teacher came in and read the register.
Shuddering, I answered 'YYYYes Ssssir'.
Later that day I found out our teachers'
favourite saying:
'One hundred lines!'
I staggered and my teeth chattered.
One thing to say to new boys:
'Don't cross your teacher!'
James O'Shaughnessy

I like the headmaster, but I wouldn't care
to be in his bad books.
Paul Shone

I find it strange to be in the high-tech
CDT block one minute and the old cellar
changing-rooms the next, but that is one
of the great things about this school.
Peter Moran

I couldn't wait until I had my dinner
because my elder brother kept telling me
how good the food is.
Alexander Astor

In music I was asked why I wanted to
play the violin. I said this was because I'd
been given one for my birthday and
because I like Sherlock Holmes. As you
probably DON'T know, Sherlock Holmes
played the violin.
David Roscoe

The sports facilities are excellent, but I
wish that when we do rugby at lunchtime
we had more time to eat our dinner.
Michael Sunderland

When I found that the lavatories were
outside in a brick building I didn't really
like that and the size of the playground
was a disappointment.

Mark O'Connor

Some parts are big,
Some parts are small,
But the strangest of all,
Is the Ley Hall.
There's Beethoven, Mozart,
Haydn and Bach,
Handel's there too,
Making his mark.

I enjoy the class lessons
Like grammar and maths,
But one thing remains
First impressions last.
Vincent Price

When I joined St Edward's I expected it
to be dull, but my prediction was totally
wrong. There are sports and music for
everyone and the food is good. Even the
teachers are good. Fifty years ago it was
probably very different. I wonder what it
will be like in another half-century?
John McGrath

But what of the future? A few members of
the Upper Sixth, on the eve of departure
from the school, give their views on what
St Edwards' may be like in fifty years.
All female.
Gerard Owens

A sound education based on Latin and
Greek.
Sara Caldwell

Optional jeans
Smoking room
Bar
Richard Tierney

The C I may have been re-decorated.
Jonathan Carr

No uniform. Clothes will have built-in
microphones. Teaching will be via
computer terminals. Meals will be served
on pre-selected trays. The headmaster



Richard Town and Mark Dunne
Photograph by Adrian Faulkner



will have to make-do with synthetic steak
and ersatz wine.

Mark Dunne will be caretaker.
Carl Driscoll

Christian Brothers will be living with
Christian Sisters.
Brendan Rawlinson

I hope there are no more silly 6th Form
girls with silly ideas, hairstyles, music,
writing totally ridiculous letters to each
other in the senior library.

The school will have new departments
and be more computer orientated,
therefore, there will be less open space.

The prep school will have greatly
expanded.

Uniform will still be worn.
The C I will still have an extremely late
bar (glad to know some things won't
change).

Football MIGHT be played.
I will be 67 years old!

Mark Dunne

Lille Trip '89

David Atherton
Form One

When the masses had gathered in the hall for a quick briefing, we boarded the coaches and it was 'Wagons Ho'. Although there was a gale force wind blowing outside, it was an enjoyable journey. After stopping at services because of nature's call, we drove up on to Hull.

After a good meal in the restaurant people dispersed into groups doing various things about the boat. One of the most popular things that night was the disco, where a lot of our party danced, some with a group of girls from the North-East, whom we were all sorry to see go, especially Aidan Quinn, one of our responsible prefects!

Bed was around 10.00 pm and we woke at 6.00 am and went for breakfast to the restaurant. When the ship docked at Zeebrugge, we again boarded the coach and embarked on a fairly long journey to Lille, crossing the Belgian border in the process.



We alighted on French soil at a metro train station, where we boarded an extremely fast train for Lille town centre. It was like a roller-coaster ride and very interesting, especially for Fr Ivan who spent rather longer on it than most!

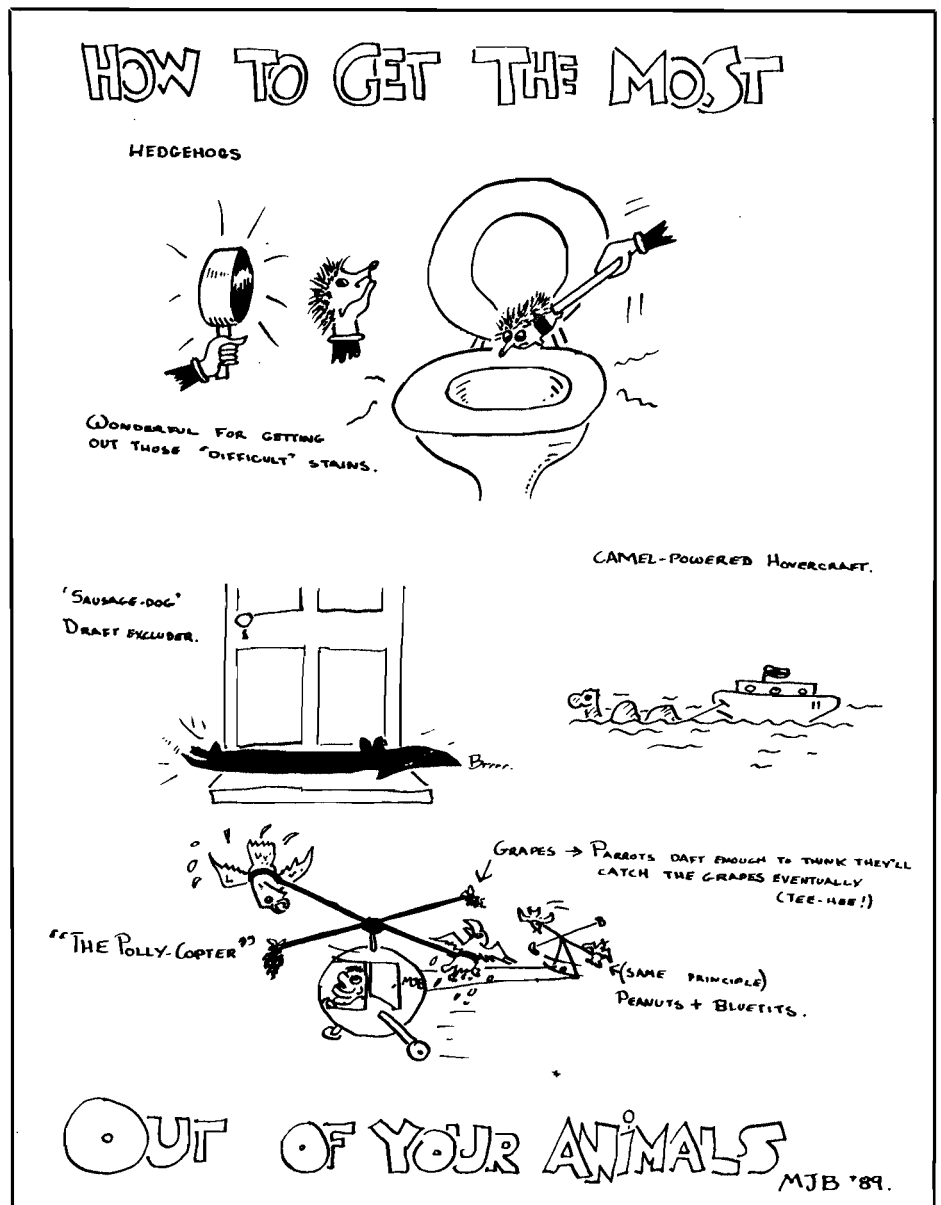
In Lille we divided into our groups and went round practising French. A chance to give the group leaders a financial problem cropped up at a 'boulangerie', where we had to ask for something. If we did this correctly, the group-leader paid, but if we didn't, our own pockets would become lighter. Following this was a prize quiz, where we had to find certain things in French (Incidentally. Ahem. My quartet were joint winners) and this was good fun.

Following this was a trip to the

supermarket, where the sight of sixty schoolboys running rampage must have been an unnerving experience for the French. Boarding the coach with articles ranging from sweets to skateboards, we drove to Zeebrugge and again went on the ferry where we had tea and played video games etc. and then invaded the disco again, where Mark 'Blob' O'Connor (in the picture, the one with the shades and headband) and Brendan

Rawlinson showed their boogie flair but when it comes to Acid dancing, no-one is Colin Cassidy's equal.

After a considerably late night, we went through the same procedure as we did coming and drove home to good old Liverpool, where some were happy, others sad, as they were driven away, ready to face another eight lessons of school the next day.



From Cycles to Megahertz

Brother Andrew Rock

The bicycle is a most efficient form of transport and seems very simple. At first sight it seems strange that when chariots were in use thousands of years ago (see Genesis 41:43) the bicycle was only invented late in the nineteenth century. In fact the need for it was not realised and the technology to meet it did not really exist until then.

The 'Penny farthing' was the prototype and needed reasonably good roads. Once its value as a mode of personal transport was established, 'modern technology' was adapted to overcome its disadvantages. Pneumatic tyres, spoked wheels and the chain gear were high technology then.

Modern racing bicycles still use high technology and are very expensive. But the simple touring bicycle is much more significant. It is cheap enough to give millions of people a mobility that did not exist before.

Even today the bicycle is the key to a social breakthrough in areas like Bangladesh. Women with paramedical training are visiting remote villages on bicycles and both saving and transforming lives with modern preventive medicine. The social change in having women working and travelling independently is very significant too.

When the steam locomotive and the motor car were developed, also in the nineteenth century, many thought that the human body could not stand speeds of more than twenty miles an hour. Cyclists can now achieve much greater speeds than this and many people eat meals while travelling in pressurised airplanes at speeds of over five hundred miles an hour!

Although the twentieth century has brought many varieties of public transport the bicycle is still very significant. It makes use of much sophisticated technology but it is relatively cheap to buy and very cheap to run. Riding one requires skill but it enables people to visit and really see places which would otherwise still be inaccessible. I remember meeting an Australian girl wheeling one up a hill in the Scottish Highlands which I had regarded as pure hiking country!

The word 'cycle' comes from the Greek word for circle and also means a period of time. Nowadays we have such sophisticated ways of measuring time that we can detect variations in the earth's motion about the sun.

Burning candles, dripping water and human heartbeats have all been used to measure time and a clock accurate enough to be used for navigation was a major

development in technology. Successive bounces of a ball would give a very different way of measuring time but successively shorter time periods like this seem more appropriate for considering the rapid pace of many modern developments and transformations. One of these is the digital computer.

By modern standards the early digital computers in the 1950s were big, expensive, feeble and unreliable. They were difficult and expensive to assemble and maintain and they ran reliably for periods measured in minutes rather than hours. Nevertheless they did calculations which had previously been considered impossibly complex and tedious.

In the 1960's a computer was a complex and elaborate machine which had to be installed in a large airconditioned room and needed an army of technicians to maintain and operate it. The cost could run into millions of pounds but for those who could afford it, this was soon repaid by the work it could do and especially the speed with which it was done.

During the 1960's analogue computers, using mechanical, pneumatic or electrical control were still often used in preference to digital computers especially for the smaller applications.

A major improvement in the use of digital computers was the development of 'high level' programming languages. These made it easier for business people and scientists to give instructions to the computer without having to know in great detail how they would be carried out.

In the 1970's there were many significant developments. The big computers became more powerful and reliable. They were now so fast that they could be used by many people, apparently at one time. Programming was simpler and non-experts could have direct access to computers through keyboards and screens instead of having their work punched onto cards or tape and returned as 'printout' — sometimes days later.

Perhaps the most significant change was the development of the microchip. A whole series of elaborate calculations could now be performed by a very small device with low power demands which could be used anywhere — even in outer space.

The digital watch and calculator are examples of how this was applied to bring some of these advantages to the general public but the microchip also made computers smaller, cheaper and much more widely available. The first microcomputers were developed. They could be carried around and plugged in without any elaborate installation and commissioning.

1980 saw the first real home computer. The Sinclair ZX 80 cost £100 and was the same size and shape of a fairly thin book. It was connected to a TV set and a cassette recorder for display and storage. It was very limited (1K of memory) but it introduced many people to computers and computing.

In the following year Sinclair brought out the ZX 81 at £70. This could do a great deal more. How computers became very common in the eighties and brought in a new and addictive form of entertainment. However the big change was that one no longer needed to know how the computer worked or how to program it. It was now simply another tool or even a toy.

In the late 70's Research Machines and Commodore had developed microcomputers for teaching in schools but people still thought in terms of 'the school computer' and the specialists who handled it. Computer systems, usually costing tens of thousands of pounds, were also used for administration in some schools.

The BBC microcomputer, and Government support, brought computers into schools so that by the mid eighties virtually every school in Britain had at least one computer and many had a computer room which could take a whole class of pupils working individually at their own pace.

So by 1985 computers were so common that while people would be ashamed to admit they knew nothing about poetry or history and many would boast that they knew nothing about Maths or Science most people sounded uneasy when they admitted ignorance about computers. Two common myths were still, 'Computers can do anything' and, 'You need to be an expert to use them'. By then many children could readily debunk both myths!

A computer is simply a machine which processes information in accordance with instructions. The information is called 'data' the instructions are the 'program' (programs in general are called 'software') and the basic machinery is called the 'hardware'. It will normally have at least one keyboard and screen for the 'input' and 'output' of information. Usually there will be 'peripherals' e.g. some form of magnetic disc to store information and a printer to give permanent copies of the results.

One guide to the power of a computer is the amount of information it can handle at one time (apart from what it can call from disc or tape). The BBC micro had a core store of 32K — typical of a mainframe computer in the mid 70's — where 4K would be equivalent to an A4 page of typed text.

This was enough to do serious work and a great deal of software was written specifically for education — not just to teach about computing. Another development which was very helpful for group teaching was the use of networks so that a number of microcomputers could share one or more printers and disc drives.

In the 70's most computer manufacturers had their own operating systems and programs had to be written for each specific family of computers. In the early 80's IBM, which was the market leader with the large mainframe computers, produced its first personal microcomputer, the 'PC'.

Soon other manufacturers were producing 'clones' — better and cheaper computers using the same operating system. IBM's reputation was such that many firms still bought the IBM version. The major point was that it was now possible to write programs which would work on a wide range of computers and 'off the peg' as distinct from 'tailor made' software became much more common. It was also much easier to use.

In 1985 Amstrad, previously known best for cheap audio equipment and home computers, brought out the PCW8256, popularly known as 'Joyce'. This was a microcomputer using the earlier industry standard CPM for which a good range of rather dated business software was available.

However 'Joyce' had two outstanding

advantages: It was designed as a simple and effective word processor and the price, complete with keyboard, power supply, monitor and printer was £399. It also had 256K of core store and a further 180K on each side of its disc.

This introduced many people to the advantages of word processing over simple typing. Some neither knew or cared that 'Joyce' could also be used as a computer. Like other tools it could be used without knowing how it worked. For those who did use the computer, a good range of software was available at 'bargain basement prices'.

Data transmission has also developed considerably. Glass fibre cables, microwave links and satellite transmitters and receivers have made world-wide communication commonplace and telephone links (including radio telephones which are now much more effective and portable) enable many microcomputers to have access to huge banks of data as well as communicate with each other by using 'modems'.

IBM has now launched what it regards as the next generation of business microcomputers. The previous generation is

represented by a large number of 'PC compatible' computers with a power, speed and range of 'user-friendly' software which would have looked very impressive in main-frame computers in the seventies.

As an example consider the PPC 640 which Amstrad launched in 1988. This has a clock speed of eight megahertz and handles sixteen 'bits' at a time. This is roughly equivalent to eight million operations a second which is much faster than the micros in the early eighties.

The computer has 640 K of memory and twin disc drives each holding 720K per disc. It has a built-in modem and software for direct telephone communication with other computers. It is PC compatible which means that it handles most business software including some at bargain prices.

This would have been very impressive a few years ago but two other factors make it impressive now. It is portable, will work off a variety of power supplies including internal batteries, and computer, keyboard, screen, modem, and disc drives all fit into a case 18" long 9" deep and 4" high. The price is £599 — a simpler version costs £399 — (plus VAT).

The keyboard sets the size of the case (450mm x 230mm x 100mm) — there are smaller lap-top computers available — and we may be getting to the stage when the keyboard is the biggest and clumsiest part of a computer.

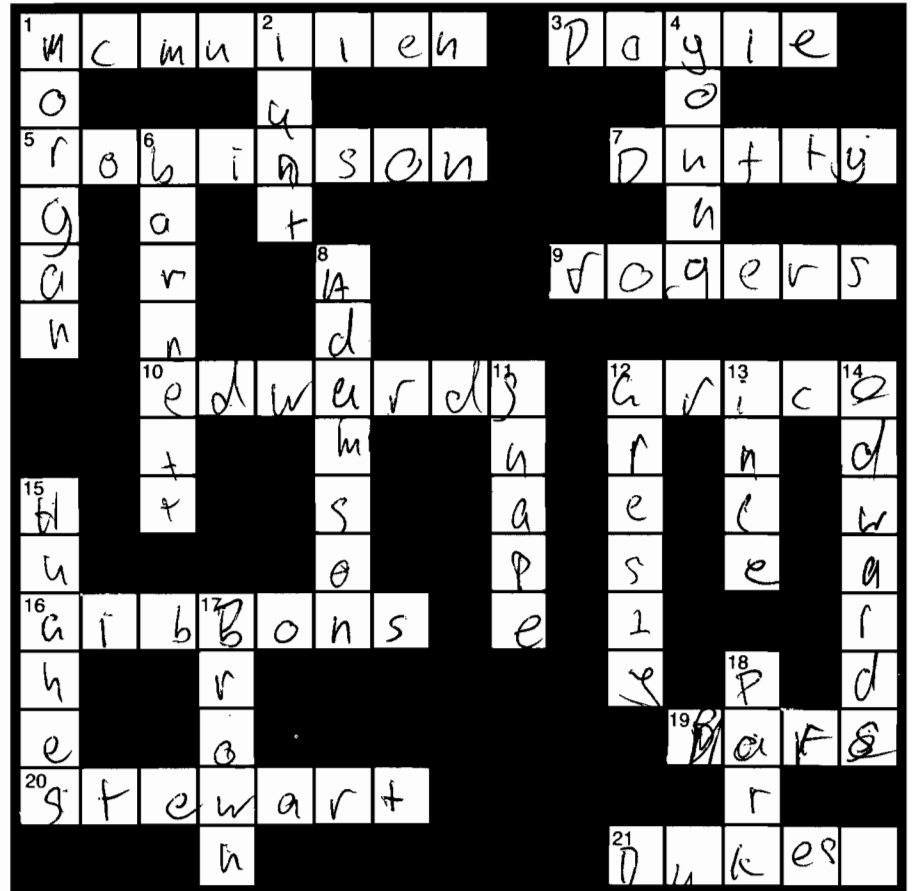
The traditional keyboard layout was designed to slow down the typist when the early typewriters — adapted from sewing machines — were too easily jammed. The six key, one-handed, Microwriter has shown that the traditional style is far from essential even if work on voice operated computers does not prove satisfactory.

After so much rapid change it is difficult to make confident predictions about the world which today's children will enter when they leave school — some of them in the next century. They already take for granted things which are still a matter of wonder to adults.

One significant legacy from our century to the twenty-first century will be the computer and it may well be regarded much as we consider the bicycle — a useful, simple and completely commonplace tool which liberates many people from a great deal of drudgery.

Give Us A Clue

Michael Kearney
Robert Wiseman
Tony Williams
Damian Fleming
Form Six



ACROSS

1. A Dutchman in a bit of a squeeze (8)
3. If this man worked on a building site he'd get 'filled in' (5)
5. Is he really 'thankful it's Friday'? (8)
7. Related to something rather fluffy (5)
9. Comes from the 25th Century (6)
10. The dungeon master (7)
12. Broke his wing while playing with his fellow seagulls (5)
16. Fan of Apartheid (whites only) (7)
19. Is hell as bloody as this man thinks? (4)
20. Scotsman by origin, Englishman by definition (7)
21. 'Of Kent' (perhaps) (5)

DOWN

1. Simple Simon was a pieman! (6)
2. Sorry can't think of a clue! (4)
4. This man was handsome when he was younger (5)
6. Liverpool No. 1 sports shop (7)
8. Drinks from a 'toby jug' (7)
11. Beware! — Pet may bite (5)

12. Streethawk II — almost (6)
13. Found in mince but not pie (5)
14. The baldeagle — perhaps? (7)
15. Gizza job! (6)
17. Reputed to be omnipotent (5)
18. About to marry Madge Ramsey (4)

Answers on page 41

The Great Class Divide

Anthony Williams
Form Six

In society there will always be class division. On an international scale there are Commies and Fascists. On a national scale there is a North-South divide. In school life there are the 'bods' and the 'dossers' AKA the sciences and Mods.

The question on everyone's lips is how do you tell them apart? This is not as hard as it sounds! Compare or contrast these 10 common phrases.

S: 'Oh dear, I've only got six hours worth of homework tonight.'

M: Go'ed no 'ome work ternight!

S: Do you think I'll be head boy/girl?

M: Will it really be C.J. for head girl?

S: Gosh, I had a glass of sherry at the weekend and felt rather tipsy!

M: I Touched for 20 pints last Saturday night and honked on the steps of the Dovie Towers.

S: My mummy will be upset I only got 99% in Further Applied Mechanics and Maths.

M: On top lah! I got 20 percent in General Studies!

S: I'd go to the C.I. but I'm under age!

M: The C.I. is full of kids.

S: I'd like to get a new violin as my Stradivarius has broken a string.

M: Borrie us 50p for a guitar string coz I've only got one!

S: Do you think we could possibly have a game of pool?

M: Next on the pool! First Joe Roke.

S: I really hate being over 16 as I have to pay adult fares on the bus.

M: Borrie us 11p for me bus fare!

S: Is Acid Dancing really connected with Acid Rain!

M: I was buzzin at the Mardi lah to Starsky and Hutch and all that!

S: Sorry I'm late sir but my mother crashed the car and I hd to walk the seven miles as I had no bus fare.

M: I was late coz I didn't bother gettin' up sir!

As you can see there is a great division but it's all said in jest — honestly!



Photographs by Adrian Faulkner

Yes, No, Perhaps or Maybe?

Michael Carr
Matthew Dempsey
Adam Younis
Form Six

The following sayings are just a selection of the immortal words, that brighten up dull chemistry lessons, that have been said by our, and everybody else's, favourite chemistry teacher, Mr Bate!

'Yes, no, perhaps or maybe?'

'Now look son'

'It will react if you talk to it nicely!'

'The rest is a sausage machine'

'The answer is obviously — we don't know'

'Where's the beef?'

'Goodbye chemistry, Hello calculator'

'Horses for courses'

'Where's the base? You're going to get some protons stuck on you'

'Let's go from the sublime to the Cor Blimey!'

'Take your coat off and go outside'

'Adding conc. is like adding dilute with knobs on'

'Multiply that by that and the answer is . . . Oh I'm sorry'

'You can read that like you read tea-leaves'

'Write it in blood if you have to'

'Concentrate on the name of the game'

'All together to see Cinderella'

'The bigger the better'

'I'm a very good bluff merchant'

'When you've said these four words, you've said these four things'

'OH, Cl, Br, I, NO₂ — That's just four out of eight'

'Whilst — That's a good word'

'Go to sleep, I'm just working something out'

'Right lads — It's zonked out'

'Do you do French?'

'Exams are naughty'

'Oh God, I'm going to have to think now!'

Just a normal Wednesday

Mr John Morgan

The splendid uniform caught every small boy's eye as the official party solemnly filed onto the stage for the formal part of the proceedings declaring open the impressive new Craft, Design and Technology block. How appropriate and how royal was that gold braid and how ducal were the spurs and sword! What a surprise then to the serried ranks of Edwardians packed into the School Hall when in response to my invitation to His Royal Highness a quiet donnish-looking, bespectacled young man in a dark suit rose to the rostrum while the resplendent Lord Lieutenant remained in his seat. For this was the long-awaited day of our Royal visit from HRH the Duke of Gloucester, first cousin to the Queen, who had inherited the Royal Dukedom on the tragic death of his elder brother in a light plane crash. It was fitting that he, who had trained and qualified as an architect, should declare open our new building and should be the first Royal visitor in our history. It was appropriate too because by a happy chance his ancestor the Duke of Gloucester when in command of the Liverpool garrison nervously awaiting an invasion from Napoleon, had occupied St



Left to Right: Mr and Mrs Edwards, Brother Gillespie, HRH, Mr Morgan, the Lord Lieutenant

Domingo House from 1804 to 1811, a house later to be occupied by St Edward's College. Our visitor showed great interest in an

exhibition assembled by our History Department tracing the history of the College.

Duke does rounds

THE Duke of Gloucester met college students and company chiefs during a flying visit to Merseyside yesterday. The Duke toured the new £400,000 arts centre at St Edward's College, Sandfield Park, where he unveiled a plaque. Afterwards, he visited the offices of Parkman Consulting Engineers, at the Pier Head. The company is celebrating its centenary. The Duke talked with staff before leaving for lunch at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, Albert Dock. The visit ended with a tour of St George's Hall, Liverpool.

Liverpool Daily Post
30-vi-88

COURT CIRCULAR

KENSINGTON PALACE
29 June: The Duke of Gloucester today visited Liverpool, Merseyside. In the morning His Royal Highness opened the new Arts Centre at St Edward's College, Sandfield Park. The Duke of Gloucester later visited the offices at Parkman Consulting Engineers, Pier Head, and was subsequently entertained at a luncheon to mark their Centenary at Albert Dock. In the afternoon His Royal Highness visited St George's Hall.
The Duke of Gloucester, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Simon Bland, travelled in an aircraft of The Queen's Flight.

Independent
30-vi-88
Times
30-vi-88
Daily Telegraph
30-vi-88

Arts duke at school

THE Duke of Gloucester came to Merseyside today to give the royal seal of approval to a new £400,000 arts centre.
St Edward's College, Sandfield Park, was the first port of call where the Duke, 12th in line to the throne, retraced the footsteps of his ancestors. Back in the 19th century the second Duke of Gloucester lived on the site of the school's former building in St Domingo Road, Everton.
Today the Duke chatted to pupils at the college as he admired their work in the new arts centre.
After unveiling a plaque the Duke spoke to the school's 850 pupils in the main hall.

Liverpool Echo
29-vi-88



Left to Right: Sir Kenneth Oxford, Mr John Fennell, Mrs Dorothy Gavin, Mr Gavin

Wednesday 29th June 1988 had dawned bright and clear for the one hour visit and the School celebrating 50 years in Sandfield Park was full with its usual complement of earnest dedicated pupils with just a hint of an extra shine to the shoes and an extra slick to the hair lest they be caught by Sebastian Brown's all-seeing lens. 'Is He coming to our classroom Sir?' 'Sir what if He asks me a question Sir, what do I call Him?' 'He is to be addressed as "Your Royal Highness" the first time and then Sir'. 'Do I curtsy or bow?' Stray scraps of paper had all been pocketed, clip-boards ticked, microphones tested, security checks all done, advance runners posed until the clock ticked slowly round to 11 o'clock and the school audibly settled back to look absolutely normal for the arrival of that black car with its police escort and its exciting flag.

And then it was on us and I was telling HRH what a reputation for rugby football we had as we swept down the corridor past the



HRH with members of Form Four



Left to Right: Augustine Scott, Kirsten McGlinchey, Marc Clancy, Mr Robinson, HRH, Brother Sassi

pictures of Roehampton rugby heroes of the past. 'This is a nice part of Liverpool' said he before launching into a series of penetrating questions about building structures deftly fielded by our architect Mr Joseph Cooper who came through his examination with flying colours. And then with all that security in mind a moment of horror and laughter as his eye spied a collage on the wall demonstrating the working parts of a bomb. Sipping coffee with the Chairman of the City Council, the charming Dorothy Gavin (who promised to return and kept her word by coming to Prize Day) HRH chatted amiably to Headmaster, and Governors and showed a keen interest in our development from Direct Grant Grammar School to Independent School and our reliance on the Assisted Places Scheme. He even suggested that with the great debate on education raging one or two of us might like to sit in the House of Lords, but there were no takers!

Then it was on to the Grand Tour of the school where it was just a normal Wednesday with every classroom and laboratory its usual hive of purposeful activity and Sarah

Moorhead's explanation of someone else's work after a last-second hitch with her own exhibit was a masterpiece of articulate extemporisation. A pause en route to listen to Philip Duffy rehearsing the Cathedral choirboys in Elizabeth Poston's haunting 'Jesus Christ the Apple-tree' in the library and then more questions from HRH showing an informed and genuine interest in the various esoteric experiments being conducted in the Physics Department. Our visitor it seemed was a Governor of the London Blue Coat School which has recently become co-educational and he showed a great interest in how our Sixth Form girls had integrated into such a traditionally all-male establishment.



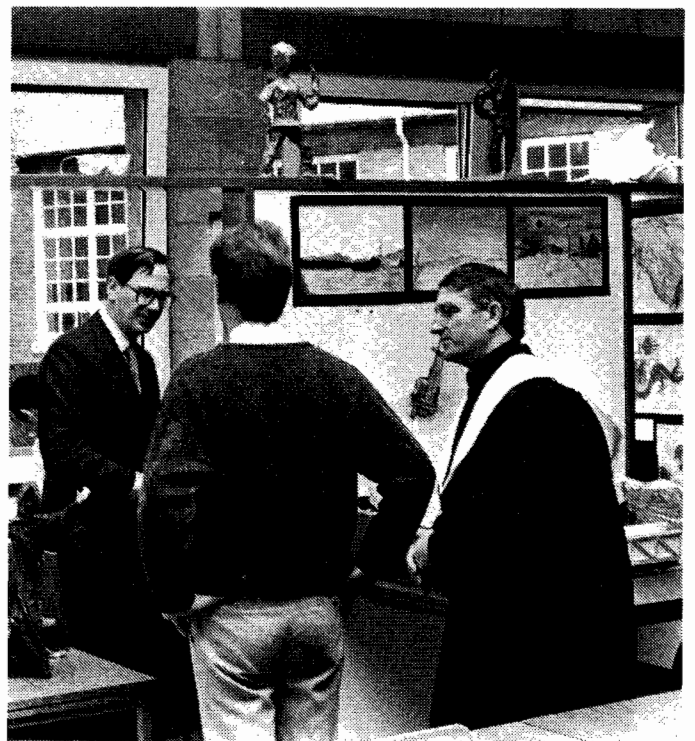
HRH speaking to pupils in the quad

From the Biology lab it was down the stairs to meet the Senior masters and the Head Boy and Girl and then into the Hall where by some miracle of transposition performed perhaps by Scotty of Star Trek all those pupils who moments before had been so immersed in work were sitting waiting for the School Orchestra to begin to play. Or were they cardboard cutouts cleverly fashioned by the Department? No they lived and breathed for they gave HRH a rousing reception. And so to the moment when HRH was invited to unveil the commemorative plaque temporarily on the platform on a covered easel when the words of Austin Gibbons came floating back to me — ‘I’ve checked everything this morning except what’s underneath that veil. They wouldn’t dare’, we agreed but it was a relief to see the beautiful Lakeland stone revealed with this inscription recalling for ever our red-letter day. Some wise and pleasant words from the Duke and then we were sweeping out of a door most of us had never seen opened before across the immaculately manicured quadrangle lined by prefects and back to the front door. Not for the first time I wondered why we don’t make more use of the quadrangle. It seemed to add a new dimension to the school on that sunny day.

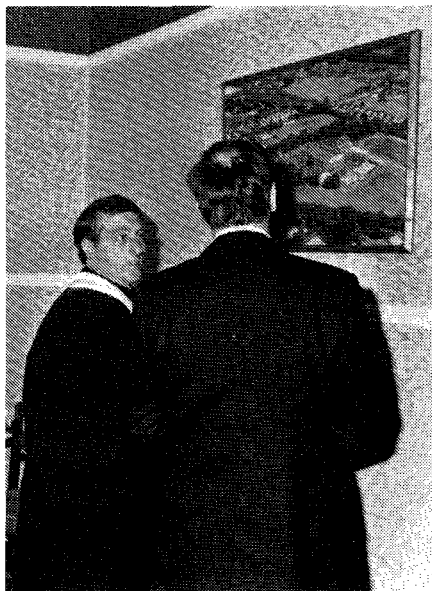
As we walked, Chief Constable Sir Kenneth Oxford was confessing that in 13 years in the City it was his first visit to us and then we were out in the sunshine again saying our farewells to a background of the massed ranks of Runnymede assembled on the lawns. As the party swept through the gates to the cheering of the Prep School we wondered had it been only an hour? It had seemed like a week. But we were unanimous that HRH had been absolutely charming and the organisation had been superb. What organisation? Of course I had forgotten there hadn’t been any. The Royal visitor had seen us on a perfectly ordinary Wednesday.



The Headmaster about to present HRH with a book



Left to Right: HRH, Mr Linnett, Brother Sassi



Just before leaving HRH is shown an aerial view of the school



Mrs O'Brien, Mrs James, HRH and Brother Sassi with Runnymede pupils

Who wants to be 'the brave girl that took on the Edwardians' anyway?

Emma Bullen
Form Six

On reading the article 'The Last of the Strumpet (the blast of the trumpet revised)' I felt compelled to put right the implications forwarded by Miss Moorhead in her rather biased view of life at St Edward's.

On arrival that fateful day in September it is true, we felt we were an unknown species entering a dangerously strange world but reflecting back it is questionable where the blamed should lie. It is not justifiable to say the boys did not accept us, or to imply it was due to their ignorance we had felt so uncomfortable. This was an easy excuse but was it fair to expect them to feel any differently than we did, merely because it was their school? On the contrary hostility to some degree, could only be expected, after all we were invading a community that had taken five years to build. Did we expect to be greeted with open arms and total ease? Surely not? Adjustment was required by both parties; in their case, deviation, if only slight, from a male dominated world and in many of our cases, an equally dominated female environment. That is not to say more effort could not have been spent on easing this adjustment but it is only human to choose to keep one's pride and battle on with the uncomfortable situation. It is also probably not too much of an assumption to say that not all the boys were in total agreement with the introduction of girls and this apprehension had to be considered.

As time went on barriers were overcome, falsities discarded and true personalities became evident. With this step forward we could begin to be part of the Sixth Form rather than an attachment.

By Christmas I personally had experienced a variety of sentiment. A mathematician would have produced a very interesting (to him anyway) graph of my doubts and certainties concerning the decision to attend St Edward's. When informed by previous pupils of the length of time to adapt I had been mortified; 'Christmas, I'll never survive until Christmas' I remember thinking. But they were absolutely right and how glad I am I 'stuck it out'.

Before embarking on the 2nd term a group of Sixth Formers enjoyed a 'binding' trip to Kintbury. In the use of the word binding I refer to the bringing together of members of our year that was so greatly aided by this weekend. We returned to school a more united team and we females began to feel less 'the girls of the Sixth Form' and more 'Members of the Sixth Form'.

Which brings me to my most important point and the subject of my chosen title. The impression you may have been under on reading the previously referred article is that girls wished to be considered as a separate unit in the Sixth Form. A more false impression could not have been given, our primary aim being merely to blend in than otherwise. Of course, like any other year we wish to make our mark rather than pass through unnoticed. But should this be achieved it is better that it be by our astounding character and personality (?) rather than by virtue of our femininity. If the latter be so then where does a certain Mr Carr stand? Could his acceptance be attributed to his femininity?!

More seriously, it did not go unnoticed that his settling down appeared to be more difficult than ours. Whether this as due to resentment or merely ignorance is unknown and will undoubtedly remain so, but does point to the fact that our situation stemmed from the fact we were new members of the school rather than that we were female.

A point on which I must agree with Miss

Moorhead is the issue concerning the Old Boys Dinner. I had the pleasure of attending this function, as a WAITRESS and on reflection of this momentous event I have to echo my colleague in expressing my inevitable disgust at the group of what might be understatedly described as 'rugby lads'. Even so it seems unfair that we should be deterred in X years time to be united with old friends. I feel it would be favourable if adjustment could be made to cater for possible attention of this function by the girls.

And so to conclude my article I wish to comment on my recognition of the fact the present Lower Sixth appear to have found their settlement a somewhat easier task. I may be mistaken in this assumption and in conversation with two members of that year I was forced to reflect on my probable mistake. It did not go unnoticed that near the beginning of the year boys dared to cross the imaginary barrier that was present the previous year, dividing the seating area of the common room from the pool-playing area. As a new 6B I recall spending lunchtimes gathered on one side of the common room whilst the boys played pool continually; neither group paying much attention to the other.

So my final word is one of best wishes to any future PUPILS of St Edward's College and to any despairing newcomers, the situation does improve . . . given time!

Letter from America

Miss Catherine Green

On 6th January 1989, I flew to the United States of America to spend six months studying at a high school in New York. Each year the English Speaking Union sends approximately thirty British school leavers to different parts of the States as diverse as a Californian boarding school, a ranch in the West or an apartment in New York City. We all gathered in London for a farewell reception at the ESU building where we were interviewed a few months before for the scholarship, and then we flew together to John F. Kennedy Airport in New York before going our separate ways. It was my first flight and I was relieved that I did not have to travel any further. (Those going to California had a connecting flight of almost equal length). Perhaps we British are not a very adventurous race — no-one at school with me in the States could believe that I had never flown before. They had all been seasoned globe trotters since before they could walk.

The weather was a great surprise. I awoke on my first morning in the land of Florida, Hollywood, golden beaches and equally sunny-looking tourists to see your inches of snow on the ground and even more falling from the sky. Of course, I was not prepared for this. The girls from school took me into Greenwich Village for my first trip on the subways. Clad in three jumpers (a word that causes Americans much amusement) I shivered my way along the street wondering why I had left a country whose weather was 'exceptionally mild for the time of year', while we were on snow storm alert. We passed a dog which collapsed on the street beside us.

'Do you think it has frozen?' its owner asked innocently. I began to realise why dogs wore booties and little knitted coats while their owners sported furs and thermal long johns under short skirts.

New York is a very tall city. From the start I was convinced that the school worked on the theory that the older you were the more stairs you could manage to climb. Many schools in the city have two or three floors below the ground as well as those above. Schools and colleges do not allow for early specialisation, and to graduate pupils have to study specified subjects for a certain number of years. Even at college level students only 'major' in their preferred subject, while still having to fulfil arts, science and language requirements in the private schools of New York there is also a social service requirement. Students go to work in shelters for the homeless or at schools where English



Central Park, New York.



Old Lyme, Connecticut.



New York.

Photographs by Miss Catherine Green

is not the pupils' first language. It is very necessary work in a city where, it seems, there is no middle ground between success and failure, total financial security and the need to beg on the streets and search through the bins for food. There is no need to look for such people; they are in every subway station and on every block.

The stories about New York are true. It surprised me how like film and television portrayals it actually is. We arrived in the rush hour, our first view the lights of the city, glimmering and vast, the first sound the perpetual honking of the taxis' horns. The city never stops moving. No one wastes any time. In school there is no formal lunch break. The theory is that you will have a free lesson somewhere in your day's timetable during which you can eat. If not, you grab a bagel as you pass through the dining hall and eat it in class. (I cannot see this system being adopted in St Edward's!) Sports and Music activities take place at hours of the day I previously only imagined existed. Normal lessons begin at 8.30 am, but there are choir rehearsals three mornings a week at 7.30 am. With rehearsals after school until 5.30 pm, we work at a very tiring schedule.

The Americans are an exceptionally generous and hospitable race. They are unusually keen to open their homes to strange British students. The tremendous advantages of the ESU Scholarship is that you are able to travel around the States while the ESU final families who will give you a home. I have already visited Boston and Connecticut, and hope to have been to Virginia, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Washington as well as Magra Falls before I finally come home in July after graduation. (Graduation involves all of our year at school wearing white dresses and long white gloves and walking down the aisle of the Park Avenue Presbyterian Church to a tune that sounds suspiciously like 'Here Comes The Bride').

The Scholarship is a fantastic opportunity to visit an exciting country and a very educational experience. (I learnt to skate at the open air rink in Central park when my school held a skating party there.) You certainly learn to cope with being so far away from home that you cannot come back if you forget something. It has not been unusual to receive a 'phone call or a letter from someone with a vaguely familiar name, another ESU Scholar, who says 'remember me?' and then wants to talk out their problems or their holiday arrangements which bring them to your area of the States. It is an experience not to be missed, but it is definitely not for the faint-hearted.

Catherine Green was a pupil from 1986-1988.

Operation Raleigh

Mr Paul Hunt

Former St Edward's pupil Paul Hunt has recently returned from a three-month Operation Raleigh trip to the Bahamas which ended with a trans-Atlantic voyage aboard a three-masted sailing ship.

Paul, a graduate in economics from the University of East Anglia, attended the school from 1976 to 1983. He is a journalist having worked for the Portsmouth Evening News, the Liverpool Star and is presently working for a news and sports agency covering West Yorkshire.

He has two brothers at the school, Austin, a final year pupil and Stephen in his third year.

Here he describes some of his adventures as an able-bodied seaman aboard the three-masted barque the Lord Nelson as he sailed from Freeport, Grand Bahama, via Bermuda to Southampton:

We were one week out of Bermuda. The Lord Nelson was sitting totally becalmed as the centre of a high passed over us and robbed the very last breath of wind from our sails.

I had just finished an 8 pm to midnight watch and was taking the chance to relax in the cool air above decks.

The Atlantic was a mirror-like pond and only the sound of a gentle lapping against the side of the ship could be heard.

The sky was clear and a full moon left the ship bathed in an eerie glow as the light reflected off the white aluminium of the masts and yards. Visibility was perfect and the Ocean stretched ahead with only the haunting, creak of the yards to disturb the peace.

Now I could understand why men have fallen in love with the sea in centuries past.

The night of the moonlit sea happened one week out of our berth at Hamilton, Bermuda, at the start of the Jubilee Sailing Trust vessel's trans-Atlantic voyage bound for the Channel Island port of St Helier.

The thirty members of my Operation Raleigh expedition had joined the ship three weeks before at Freeport, Grand Bahama.

The voyage was to make up the second part of our three-month trip after we had completed eight weeks involved in survival, building and scientific projects on a number of remote Bahamian Cays.

When we saw the Lord Nelson for the first time, lying at berth under the blazing Freeport sun, we were fit, sunkissed and raring to go. For most of us this was the first sailing we had ever done.

Split into our watches, our first battle was to get to grips with the complexity of the 140



Former St Edward's pupil Journalist Paul Hunt aboard the three-masted sailing ship, the Lord Nelson, as she lay at berth in Hamilton, Bermuda. Paul was on the ship during part of an Operation Raleigh trip.

foot, 400 ton square-rigger. To the uninitiated it seemed a mass of tangled lines: the terms clewlines, halyards, braces and jibs meant nothing.

The first leg of our voyage, an 875 mile trip to Hamilton, Bermuda, was meant to be a 'warmer up' for the Atlantic passage — to familiarise us with the ship and how to sail her.

But immediately upon leaving Freeport we ran into force nine winds and heavy seas. The wind was from the southwest which meant we made record-breaking going of 10 to 11 knots at times, achieving one 24 hour run of 208 miles, the three-year-old vessel's best ever day under sail.

The long swell of this heavy sea introduced the vast majority of the venturers to the misery of sea-sickness but after three days hanging over the leeward side most of us had gained our sea legs.

A five-day 'recovery' period in Hamilton, experiencing the delights of Bermudian hospitality in the bars and clubs of Front Street, prepared us for our crossing.

But by the end of the fifth day we were ready for sea again — our departure was heralded by a warning about the dangers of deep.

A few minutes before leaving our final berth at the Princess Hotel a photographer, from the local paper, The Royal Gazette, handed our expedition leader, New Zealander Captain John Parsloe, a picture.

It showed another tall ship, the Marques, leaving the same berth as we were about to

do, on a gloriously sunny day a few years before.

Then hours out of Bermuda she was hit, so it is believed, by a 60 mph squawl and knocked flat on her beam ends.

Her survivors, those on watch who had been washed off the bridge, told how the vessel, with her hatches open, disappeared beneath the waves in 45 seconds with the loss of 19 lives.

The picture passed around the venturers: the figures of the young Marques crew waving from the bridge as she left Bermuda were permanently frozen in our minds as a warning.

We quickly adapted to the shipboard routine of four four-hour watches with the fire rounds, deck checks, met obs — weather reports — and sail changes which these entailed.

The early confusion of terms was swept away and we all learnt to hand and set sails. During lectures we were introduced to celestial navigation, the law of the sea, coastal navigation and the great many other subjects which, for me, made the voyage a fascinating insight into the profession my late father, Patrick Hunt, had carried on from cadet to Captain with Blue Star Line Ltd for 35 years.

The highlights, both social and seafaring, of the voyage were humerous.

For myself, the challenge of going aloft and working at the end of the Royal Yard coupled with the buzz of reaching the top of the 130 foot main mast could not be excelled.

As the days passed I learnt to relish on my daily trip to the top and working, with feet firmly planted in the Flemish horse, at the end of the yards.

Approaching Bermuda, on a fresh, sunny evening, I was aloft with five other venturers putting a harbour stow on the Fore T'opsl sail.

As we chatted merrily and watched an RAF plane levelling for its final approach to Bermuda there was an ominous crack and the yard dropped six inches. Colour ran from our faces and after finishing the stow we were soon back in the bar for a tot of Pussers rum with a real-life tall tail of the sea safely under our belts for future years.

After a 21 day crossing, followed by a five day stay in the channel Island port of St Hellier, Jersey, we sailed for the vessel's home port of Southampton.

We docked at the Queen Elizabeth berth at 11 a.m. on April 3 after a voyage of six weeks and more than 4,750 miles undersail. We were met by a crowd of more than 400 friends and relatives.

After three-months of sea and landbased adventure the end of expedition 17B also marked the end of the first four-year phase of Operation Raleigh.

The project, established by Colonel John Blashford Snell MBE in 1984, has sent more than 80 science, adventure and community expeditions worldwide. It has involved 4,000 venturers from around the globe.

Raleigh will now continue as a limited company rather than a charity — and me? Well, the trip has sparked a love of sailing and square-rigged tall ships which I shall refuse ever to give up.

Paul Hunt was a pupil from 1976-83.

Saturday Nights

Ian Bowden
Form Six

'Hello?'

'Hi, Paul?'

Oh, alright, Dex.'

'Ah, I, ah, don't really know why I rang, it's just . . . Paul, something really weird's just happened!'

'Hold on a minute . . .'

The bar was noisy and smoky.

Conversation was essentially impossible, the music making anything lower than a shout inaudible, the smoke-fog making even sign-language and lip-reading difficult. The two young men sat at the table, surrounded but isolated, their party of friends mere feet, but effectively miles away. That was alright by them.

It was approaching eleven in Kirklands 'Cafe-Bar', on Hardman Street. It was hard to move around, the bar was so full. It was even harder to breathe. Mac had suggested that they should leave 'bout half-eleven'. Thirty-five minutes. Paul couldn't breathe, and felt he would die before then.

'Go for a walk for half-an-hour?' he asked. 'Where?'

'Oh, wherever.'

'Why not?'

They drained their cans, crushed them and put them with the others. The skinny one buttoned up his waistcoat and slid into his leather jacket. They stood up and left, without telling anyone.

The night air in Liverpool is unique. Despite the industrial smog, and exhaust



fumes from cabs, when you step into it from out of a club it tastes like a glass of Perrier after a mouthful of cotton wool. It must be the cool breeze from the sea, polluted though it is.

The two men stood outside, in the light from the misted windows of the bar, breathing deeply.

'Where shall we go?' Paul asked.

'Cathedral?'

'Ah, which one?' said Paul, then noticed his friend's finger already pointing across Hardman Street, down Pilgrim Street.

'Oh, Anglican.'

'Yeh.'

The two began to walk towards the unearthly orange light from the cathedral, accompanied by the sound of the press-studs on their leathers clinking. Paul mentioned this. They laughed.

'Isn't this where the "Pilgrim" is? Y'know the pub where all the choir-types and arty fruits go?' asked Paul, hardly expecting an answer.

'Mm. There,' the tall one pointed again.

They passed the 'Pilgrim'.

The two pilgrims emerged into the glow of the cathedral's reflected lights, crossed Upper Duke Street, and stopped, staring up at the cathedral.

'Beautiful,' said the tall one, his head tipped back to survey the monument's stark features against the ink-black sky.

'They've cleaned it,' said Paul.

Neither were satisfied, however, to just see the cathedral, it just didn't seem to be enough.

To the left, when approached from Pilgrim Street there is an enclosed section. There is an iron gate which sometimes bars the way down a steep path into the depression by the side of the cathedral. The gate was open. Paul turned his attention upon this.

'This the way to the graveyard, you reckon?'

'Mm. Yeah, D'you want to go down there? I've never been.'

'No, neither have I. Shall we?'

'Why not?'

The two passed the gates, and began to walk downwards.

'Hell,' said Paul, looking at the tombstones that lined the walls of the path, which was rapidly descending, like little old men, shrugging their shoulders. His friend's hand reached out, and began brushing the cold stone of the markers. He noticed one with a single word spray-painted onto it:

'OUT'.

A litter-strewn tunnel loomed. Paul jumped the plastic bags, mud and paper.

'Bloody hell, I bet there are bodies lying about here!' he joked.

'Who!' hissed his friend, then giggled.

The giggling stopped as they turned the corner. The tall one breathed in, slowly and deeply.

'This is it,' he said simply.

'What?' said Paul.

'Remember that short story I wrote for the Review, 'bout two years ago?' Paul nodded. 'Remember the stone circle in the depression?' Again, a nod. 'Well, this is it. This is what I wanted to describe. Here it is.'

'Weird,' said Paul.

Dex began to follow the path in the opposite way to Paul. He could see his friend's dark shape by the light that filtered through the trees on that side of the ground. He picked his way between the puddles, looking around him at the obelisks and markers, which he had once described as standing stones, and drawn as Stonehenge, without ever having seen them.

He saw a stone that interested him and began to walk across the grass towards it. He found himself walking on a neat pavement of rectangular gravestones, each slab with a line of grass protruding along its edge.

'Morbid, morbid,' he thought. Then, looking over towards where he supposed his friend must be by now, 'me, you, and Jimmy Dean, eh pal?'

Dex's thoughts, not for the first time tonight, turned to a woman. A particular woman. His stomach tightened and something pressed against his throat as his sense of loss crowded back in upon him. He took several deep breaths and told himself not to be maudlin. He would soon see her. Only three weeks. And he did have so much work to do. He'd be too busy to notice her absence.

'Who are you kidding?' he said under his breath, so as not to disturb anyone. His words turned to mist and floated up, past his face. He missed her, like he would miss his sight, or his legs, if either went. It was worse than a bereavement. More like a maiming.

Not for the first time this evening, his eyes began to sting.

Paul left his tall friend at the entrance and took the left path. His mind was on a woman. Unlike his friend, he had not lost this woman, worse, he had never had her. His mind made the bleak stark beauty of the man-made landscape around him into the stark natural landscape of the Yorkshire moors. He could almost be Heathcliff at this moment. He could almost feel the cold passion of Emily Brontë's cruel hero rise in him.

An obelisk blended with a lone bent tree, producing a fantastic shape on his left. Stopping, he turned his head to look up at the cathedral on his right. He looked up, through the malevolent black branches, at the orange



glow of the massive stone building. Paul marvelled at its sheer size. Something about his position, the angle at which he was looking, did not feel right, however.

He began to walk, slowly, head still turned towards the cathedral, eyes raised. His perspective began to shift, his angle became less and less oblique. Eventually he stood, looking directly at the great windows of the left wing of the building. It looked like a gigantic architect's plan, seen through the lattice of the branches. It reminded him of the bleak moorland of the Brontë novel once again.

Paul felt a cold prickling sensation between his shoulder blades, pressing, urging. Paul felt obliged to turn. Something seemed to be calling to him.

Dex turned to his right. It was as if something had called out. Not audibly, but, nonetheless, called. He blinked, and swallowed hard. He tried to push the memory of his love, if not out, at least to one side of his mind.

He looked back the way he had just come. Back at the end of the path, beyond the bend he had come around he saw a shape, darker than its surroundings. He took it to be Paul, at first, but it did not move. Again, there was that sensation of being shouted to. Shouted to gently, and kindly, as if there was something that he should see, and his attention had to be gained.

Paul turned slowly around, as one who feels someone staring intently at the back of their neck. He turned, ninety, one hundred and twenty, one hundred and eighty degrees. His back faced the cathedral and, not more than twenty feet before him was a single upright tombstone, its black edge facing him. Paul stepped onto the grass, then onto the grey stone slabs set around it. Paul cautiously picked his way around, and in front of it he turned, and read the name.

'Cathy,' he breathed.

The monument was black on the side that had faced Dex, but now he crouched before it, his thin pale hands tracing the letters as he read them.

'Mary,' he breathed. 'Died, age 24.'

His eyes began to sting again. He blinked, and read on, partially by touch.

'Weep not for me . . . for Death comes when you least expect it.'

Dex stood and hoped that it didn't mean what he thought it meant.

Paul stood, and tried to work out what it meant, why he was here.

'Catherine Wilkinson,' he said, and smiled sadly.

He turned and walked away, feeling unaccountably warm.

The friends began to walk from the yard, after having told their stories, and shown each other their finds. Both needed a drink. It was as close down here as the bar had been.

They began to ascend, talking in hushed voices about what they had seen. Suddenly both stopped, as one, and stared.

'Sh*t!'

'I didn't see . . .'

Against the black wall, hewn from the stone that held the cathedral steady were three words which seem to glow white:

'The Lost Boys.'

'I didn't see that on the way down,' Dex said.

'No.'

They stood and looked at the words in silence, shocked by the aptness of the graffiti artists work. Soon they moved on, in silence. Upwards, past the gravestone with 'out' on it, in itself an astute comment, Dex could see now.

As they emerged Paul asked:

'Do you feel as if you're just surfacing from underwater?'

'Yes, yes,' Dex agreed.

The night went on, and the bar at the Mardi Gras Club took more and more of their money.

They both passed Sunday peacefully enough, worn out from the revelries of the previous nights. Dex threw himself into homework. Faustus, Richard II, Wuthering Heights, British Foreign Policy, but each time he stopped writing he would think of her. Each time he looked up from his books, he saw her face.

The evening went by, the urge to 'phone her getting greater with the passing hours. At midnight he remembered Paul's observation of the night before, on realising that Catherine's death had been on the eleventh of November, the eleventh of the eleventh, and that he had discovered the stone at roughly one hour before midnight.

'It's a nice night to die,' Paul had said. Dex agreed.

Monday passed slowly for both the boys. Dex had woken up with something that felt like a hangover, and which therefore had no right to be there.

'This is going to be a bad week,' he had groaned, hand to his head.

At six o'clock the 'phone rang.

Paul went to answer it.

'Hello?' he said, in a vaguely bored voice.

'Hi, Paul?' It was Dex.

'Oh, alright, Dex.'

'Ah, I, ah, don't really know why I rang, it's just . . . Paul, something really weird's just happened!'

'Hold on a minute.' Paul went to shut out the noise of the television in the next room. 'You just saw that Salvador Dali's died on the news, right? Now go on.'

'How the hell did you know that?'

'Ah,' said Paul, non-committally. To be honest, he didn't know.

'Well, remember Saturday night?'

'Mm.'

'You know how I said that the graveyard was what I tried to describe? Yes? Well do you remember the title of the short story?'

'No.'

'Death of Dali.'

'Oh God, yes.'

Dex began to write. Beginning with the telephone conversation. Then on to Kirklands. It was beginning to take some sort of shape in his mind. Yes.

The telephone rang, rang again. Dex picked it up and a female voice said:

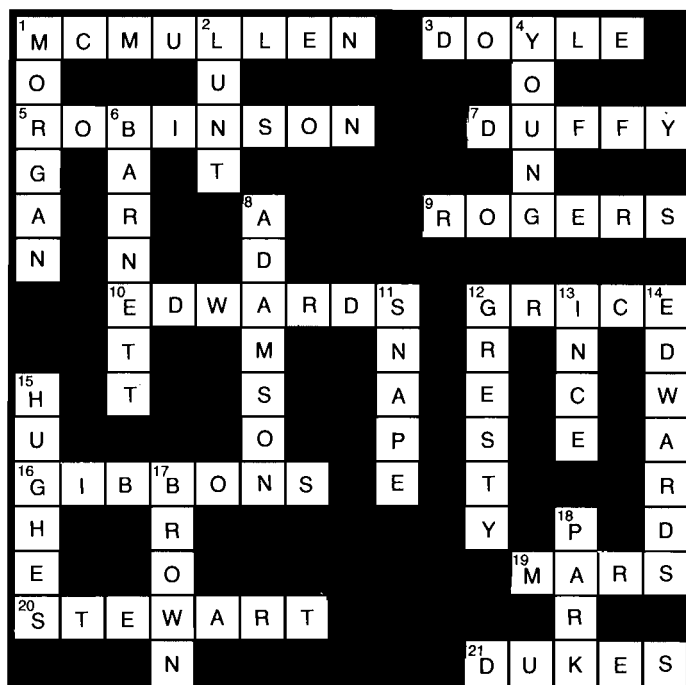
'Hiya!'

The voice sounded so close, but he knew the mouth that spoke the words was many miles away. His throat tightened, making him swallow hard.

It was bad, but it was going to get better. *Is* going to get better. The future's bright.

Answers to Give Us A Clue

on page 33



Sixth form at play

Photographs by Adrian Faulkner Form 6



'D'you know any Beethoven, la?'



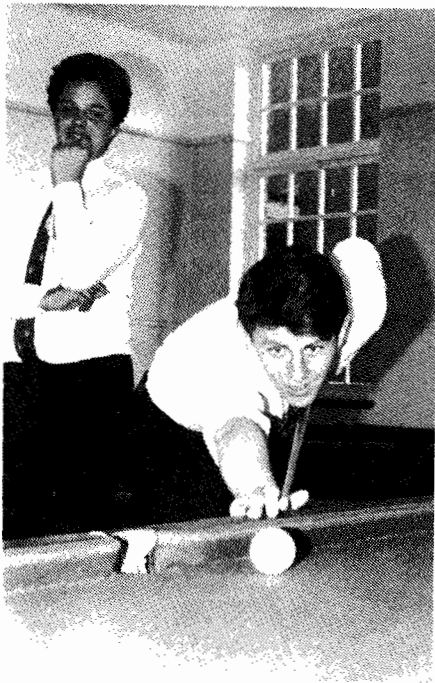
'My head is bigger than yours.'



'One false move and the school gets it!'



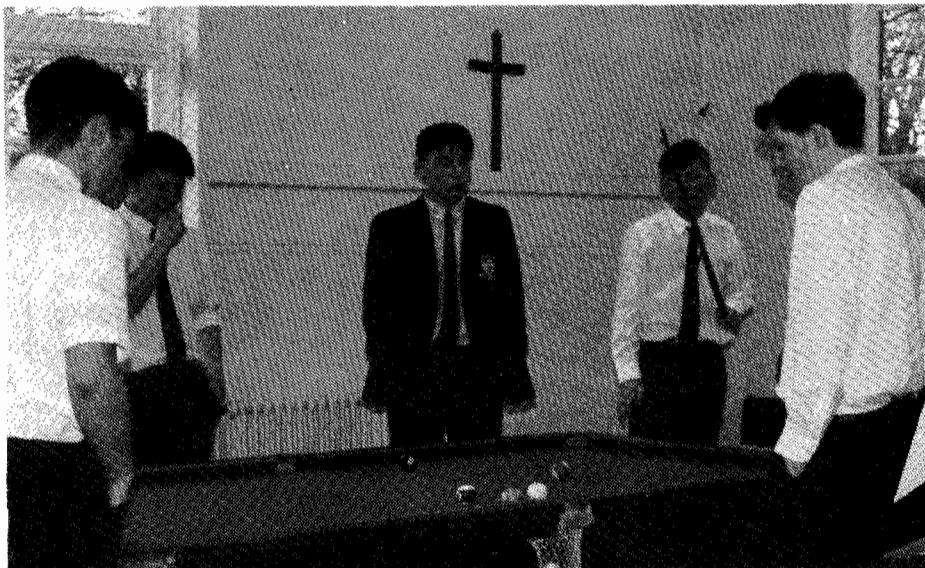
'1 across — three letters — four legged feline.'



'I Joe Roke — 5 ball, centre sack!'

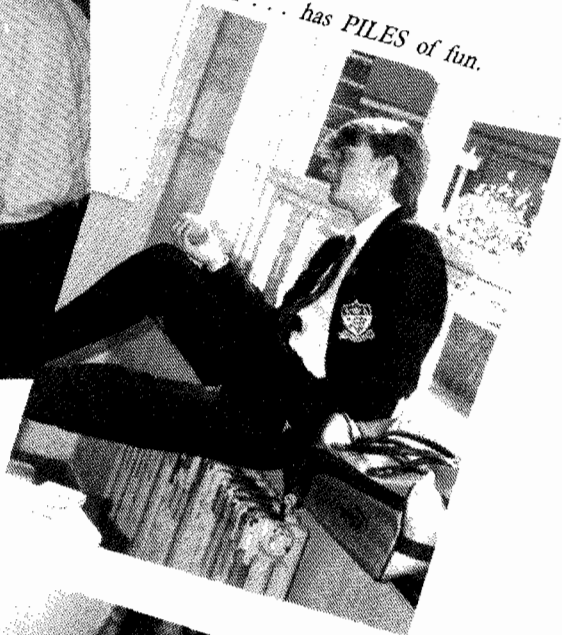


Bill and Ben meet the elephant man.

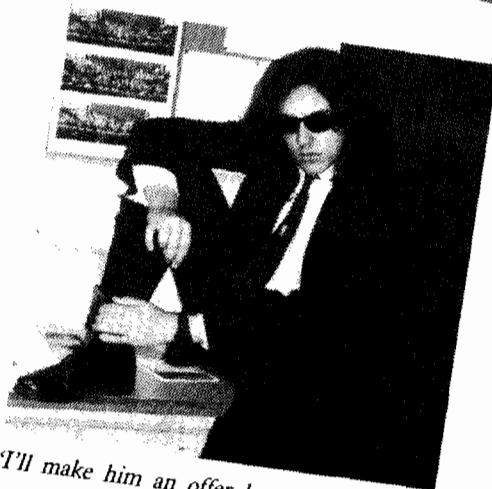


'Open your eyes, it wasn't that bad.'

Nigel H... has PILES of fun.



'... Shaves as close as a blade, or your money back.'



'I'll make him an offer he can't refuse.'

Letters

Dear Brother Sassi,
We would like to complain about the treatment of male members of the SEC community with regards to length of hair. We think it is an outrage that male pupils are forced into having their hair cut the moment it passes their shirt collar. We were under the impression that SEC tries to promote individuality in the pupils; how can a pupil display his individuality when you discourage him from doing so.

Secondly, we remind you of the deputy head boy of 1982/83, Paul McQuew, commonly known as 'Gooley'. He had masses of auburn hair cascading down, half way to his rear. If a pupil of such responsibility was allowed to have long hair, why, pray tell, do you not allow less important pupils to grow their hair.

In this age of sexual equality, we are baffled why the girls in SEC are allowed to grow their hair and the boys are not. In years gone by a man without a full bodied mane was considered less than a man and many men who had short hair would wear wigs to compensate for the inadequacy. As long as the hair is neat and clean we see no reason why the boys in St Edwards cannot grow their hair if they wish.

Yours
Mark Armstrong
Gerard Davies
Form Six

Questions over the length of pupils' hair have raged since time immemorial. I believe Pliny mentioned it in one of his letters. It is sometimes judged to be too short or too long. However, I defy anyone to prove that pupils at St Edward's have their individuality crushed. It is not the LENGTH of hair that I complain about, but rather tidiness and hygiene. Tidiness of appearance says something of one's inner state of mind.

And of course, a school is not a democracy. A balance is needed between absolute rigidity and unlimited licence. An individual choice to accept certain things, necessitates the forfeiting of others.

I would be failing in my duty if I did not point out that certain professions still lay great stress on appearance and see long, unkempt hair as a statement of non-conformity. As for freedom of expression, there surely must be limits. What if a boy, claiming to display his individuality, came to school wearing a dress?

Certain traditions are considered important at St Edward's. The wearing of uniform and standards of dress and behaviour are among these. I do not think that imposing these on

sixth-formers who CHOOSE to come to this school is in any way unreasonable.

Brother Sassi

Dear Editor,
Is it possible to allow girls in school for all years, not just the 6th form? This would be very popular.

Yours sincerely
Christopher Gawne
Form Three

I am sure it would be popular with most boys, and with the majority of staff. There has been quite a demand from parents to make St Edward's College into a fully co-educational school. The Governors have considered this question many times.

However, it is not an easy decision to make and the implications are far-reaching. For example, if we admitted girls into the lower school, we would have to admit fewer boys. I wonder how many boys would give up their place to a girl? Would you? A large number of girls would obviously change the nature and traditions of the school. Would the majority of parents of present pupils prefer this?

I can assure you it is an ongoing debate between Governors, Staff and Parents. Some day we will reach a decision.

Brother Sassi

Dear Brother Sassi,

I would like to enquire why it has been found necessary in the past few years for the schools' end of term carol service to be held in the Anglican Church of St Mary's in West Derby Village. At a time when few enough attend their own Catholic Church, why must we be subjected to attending a Protestant temple for such a service? We are a Roman Catholic School, for sons and daughters of Roman Catholic families, why can we not, for the service, attend a Roman Catholic Church, there are plenty about and; if none are free, at our own school.

I realise that many in the Church may view this as a period of increased ecumenism and Christian unity, but the facts are that we remain different religions, with different practices and beliefs and this pretence or otherwise is folly.

Your sincerely
Gerard Owens
Form Six

Your question reveals how far down the road to ecumenism we have yet to travel! I would have hoped that in this great city of Liverpool, with such inspiring example from our Church Leaders, the reasons for ecumenism would have been better understood.

St Mary's is a big, warm and welcoming church. Our own parish church, St Paul's, is beautiful and I am sure the parish would be delighted to welcome us but unfortunately, it is not big enough to hold the whole school.

Any co-operation between the churches is worthwhile. Our annual carol service may not be a world shattering event in ecumenical terms, but let us continue making that tiny step. Ut unum sint!

Brother Sassi

Dear Editor,
Last year, when I printed a report about football, the teachers must have read it. As my suggestions have been taken into consideration.

For example, Mr Adamson has arranged a soccer school during the Easter holidays. The price is reasonable, and there is also going to be some famous players. My thanks also go to Bryan Hamilton, formerly of Ipswich, Everton and Northern Ireland. He invited Everton player Duncan McKenzie and ex-Manchester Utd coach Tommy Cavanagh last year, and is certain to bring stars of similar qualities this year.

Mr Grice also deserves a mention, as he takes the Form 2 Cross-Country team for football every week.

Thanks again.
Edward Ryan
Form Two

Dear Sir,
I note with interest (and approval!) that the school now has some flourishing pop groups in addition to its long established choral, orchestral and chamber groups. Would it be possible to establish a jazz band? This would fill an obvious gap and although it may not be as popular as mainstream rock and classical music I am sure it would have a loyal following.

Yours sincerely
Stephen Wallace
Michael Stubbs
Form Six

I am very pleased about recent developments in school music, namely, the success of our rock bands and would very much like to introduce jazz. The problems are twofold:

- 1) We need money. Instruments such as saxophones are expensive.
- 2) We need time. Most lunchtimes throughout the year are taken-up with existing rehearsals as are available sessions after school. We now frequently practise at 8.20 before school begins. Perhaps if money were available, we might find the time. Until then, we can offer a very wide range of music to those who want it.

John Moseley

Dear Brother Sassi,
Although I realise the cost of education is continually rising, and one could hope the standard is rising also, can the governing body of St Edward's College justify inflated increases of school fees? You may in fact ask if this in itself is a justified question but I feel that when the recent increase in school fees is seen in the light of inflation and the increase in wages received by teachers it was out of proportion. I hereby propose that an itemised list of costs in relation to income should be sent to each parent with a precise explanation of why such an increase is required, especially since the introduction of sponsorship which by definition should reduce costs.

Yours sincerely
Michael Kearney

The headmaster points out that he cannot answer this letter. The level of fees is set by the governors, not by him.

Editors

A day out with the lads

(or rather about 50 minutes)

Jonathan Parr
Form Four

No, sorry seemed to have written a pretty ambiguous title. I am not a lager lout, so I don't down my jars on a Friday afternoon: 'A funny thing happened to me on the way here tonight . . .' read on you interested community welfare persons. (Believe me for a fiver it's worth it, the cheque, is in the post.) Yes that is a joke.

The scene is set: 12.45ish every Friday a squadron of commandos dare to brave, where no St Edwardian has braved before. Yes MARGARET BEAVAN, a school for children in one way or another and only ONE way are at a disability as far as school is concerned (aren't we all, but there you go).

The 6 dark figures slide over to the secretive GARAGE where the much sought after 'F' (yes it's real) reg minibus is in hiding.

'Cor look it's got a digital radio, my mates dads' got a "DIDJEE" radio in his car.' Yes the standard of intellectual conversation is higher than K2's peak. Have you heard the one about the Skoda garage — no never mind. The group leader emerges, boot polish on his face, the drive to the school is short (can't tell you how long, TOP SECRET).

'Rendezvous here at 13.20 hours, good look chaps.'

This is where the action begins, we crawl past the cars, do four double cartwheels until we reach the destination.

It is always good to feel wanted by one person, but by maybe 20 is a good thing.

'Hiya Spud 'ed!'

'Oh hi Patrick,' the distinctive welcome of a 'scally lad'.

Although these children are at a disadvantage to you or me, it doesn't stop the lads giving 'Chinny Hase' to coin a phrase. Yet somehow, when you just tell them to stop, as a friend, rather than a person with more authority, the results are more effective.

Games are played and jokes exchanged: I heard this one from a younger lad 'What do you call a sheep with no legs or face? . . . a cloud,' incredible! Remarkable! These are funny guys.

The time is now 13.20.

'OK chaps operation "Kill yourself running round after a load of dead active kids". That's a joke: well laugh! OK fine have it your own way, I don't care.

Contacts have informed me that Friday afternoons are the highlight of these childrens week, that is good to know that your job is appreciated. Contacts have also informed me that Fridays are the highlight of our week as well.

'I like my "job", it's the "work that's killing me"!'

The Force 7 spara spud squadron consists of:

Me, him, him, him, ha not really but that's cricket Harry! It's really.

SSSM (spara spud squadron member)

SSSM Macloon

SSSM Earpais

SSSM Boothais

SSSM Rat

SSSM Padster-M

SSSM Nougster-P

and leader/driver

SSSM SIR (Ah that's funny ain't it!)

It's really SSSM Meestar Grice. Yes that's it (no offence) just a merry Christmas joke.

This is NP signing off at 20.30 hours.

A Retreat to St Michael's

Matthew Birchall
Form Six

Before we attended the Retreat Day at St Michael's, very few of us had any idea of what a retreat was like. Most of us viewed it as a day off school and a chance to relax and enjoy ourselves. To an extent we achieved this.

At first our inhibitions got the better of us but as the day progressed we found ourselves feeling more comfortable to talk frankly about our experiences.

As groups we discussed a variety of topics ranging from personal identification to our private experiences.

And it was this willingness to talk frankly about our past experiences and future aims that allowed us, more than anything, to get to know ourselves better and become better acquainted with each other. At that particular time in the school term it was both necessary and welcome. In stark contrast to the charged atmosphere present in the sixth form (due to the reaction to the new pupils) was the relaxed and informal approach to the days' activities. Again, this was particularly welcome although whether or not we could suit a longer, extended retreat is questionable.

In an attempt to de-personalise this review and make it more objective I sought the views of my fellow students:

'School is better'.

'It was transcendental'.

'I moved positively in the spiritual dimension'.

'Is that all you've written?'

'It was a good laugh'.

'Iggy got on my nerves'.

So there you have it, or not, as the case

may be. But, you pays your money and you takes your chances, as it has been said. Of one thing I am certain; I noticed a distinct lack of certainty when it came to asking people of their views on the retreat. Clearly, its effect was unexpected to many but, I feel, welcome.

'Make It Real'

Nick Wignall
Form Six

'Make It Real' — that was the message of the youth day, held at the school on Sunday 5th March this year. Its aim was to encourage young people in their faith.

The New Creation Christian Community took a leading role in the events of the day by first people getting to know each other better, using various silly games. This was necessary because the people taking part came from a number of fifth and sixth formers in the Merseyside area.

After the 'ice-breakers', the group was split up into smaller groups and given time to question ourselves about our faith. In our small groups, we were given the opportunity to speak about what our faith means to us. This proved to be a good experience, since everybody was clearly willing to listen and accept each other for what they were.

Later in the afternoon, John Mannix (an ex-religious teacher from our school, who is now teaching at St Joseph's, Stoke) came to give us a talk about his life from the viewpoint of his faith. John shared his experiences of life and gave an insight into faith that many people had not seen before.

By late afternoon, the preparation for a mass was well under way, with everybody contributing in their own special way. It was a very 'different' mass than normal. Of course it stuck to the basics, but everybody took part, and in doing so, seemed to get a lot out of it themselves.

Thanks must go to all those who organised the day, the parents who made the tea and coffee, John Mannix, the New Creation Community and anybody else who helped make the day such a special one.

Parents' Prayer Meetings

Mr Nick Murray

During 1986 a series of meetings were arranged by Mark Davis, at which parents were invited to discuss some of the matters which their children would cover in the religious studies syllabus.

The intention was to fill in some detail about the nature of the course and to provide parents with background information regarding current Church teaching.

These meetings usually began with a short prayer, which was then followed by a lively period of discussion. As time progressed however, prayer came to play an increasingly important part in the proceedings, and towards the end of the year it was agreed that a prayer group should be formed. It was at this time that I joined the school, and was invited to attend.

Some of those who were instrumental in the groups' formation have now moved to other areas; Audrey Pace to Malta, and Mark Davis is at present furthering his studies in the USA. The group has continued to meet however, about once every two weeks, and through music and prayer we have all learned to share our insights, hopes and fears.

Although only small in number all those involved have attended the meeting faithfully and found it to be a great source of peace and support.

If you want to join us you would be most welcome.

Religious Education Department News

Mr Philip Grice

The Head of Department, Mark Davis, is on sabbatical this year. No, not in a monastery, but in sunny California. He is studying for a Master's degree in Spirituality and Counselling. In his letters he admits to enjoying the course as well as the sun, but

longs for the British way of life. We have certainly missed his inspiration and look forward to his return in September with lots of new ideas.

Due to family commitments Mrs Margaret Rogers had to leave us after only one year. She is now working as a counsellor at Alder Hey Hospital. We wish her every success in her new post.

We welcome Mrs Mary Foster and Mr Joseph Kerwin to the department and Fr Philip Inch, who in September officially became the chaplain to the school. Their efforts and enthusiasm have encouraged a continuing growth in prayer and community life in St Edward's. Retreats have been offered to all pupils providing opportunities for reflection and a chance to make Christ the centre and focus of their lives. More recently, a Lenten Youth Day, held in the Ley Hall, proved to be a great success.

It is also encouraging to see the extent of apostolic work at St Edward's. Staff and pupils have devoted considerable time and energy to raising funds for the needy, visiting old people, working with the handicapped and helping out with the pupils of Margaret Beavan School.

We hope and pray that the community of St Edward's continues to grow in Christ.

Earth maker

Joseph Thomas
Form Three

A child in a nursery school was shaping some blue plasticine. He shaped it into a large ball. He then took another colour, this time green, he shaped it into a continent, Europe. He then took a red piece and it became America, he did this until he had all of the Continents.

He then left his model, a moment later his classmates examined it, it was better than their models so they took it apart.

Religious Life

Michael McNally
Form One

Last term our school raised over £300 to help the old people in our community. The money was going to buy some food to make the elderly people's Christmas a bit better.

The people we visited were very happy to see us, some of the people were alone and they kept us talking for a long time, you could see, the gift we gave them would make their Christmas a happy one.

When we returned after the Christmas holidays some of the people had written in to thank us. That made me pleased.

Some of the people who lived in flats or houses on their own, were, at first every reluctant to open their doors, but, when they opened the door they were glad to see us and happy that someone cared.

*This means that
God is always
with me and that
my life is in His
hands.*



By Christopher Lynas,
Form Two

Athletics



**Paul Effiong
Form Six**

Last season, all the athletics teams won most of their encounters with other schools but some teams lost more matches than others.

The First Year team performed well all season. It must be said that some of the athletes are quite outstanding and are very promising prospects for the future. If these athletes follow in the footsteps of dedicated athletes like myself they will surely continue performing well up to senior level.

The Second Year competed in the Milk Cup competition as usual. They reached the regional final of the competition which they won with the help of athletes like Jha who turned in many excellent performances. Incidentally Jha also broke the long jump record.

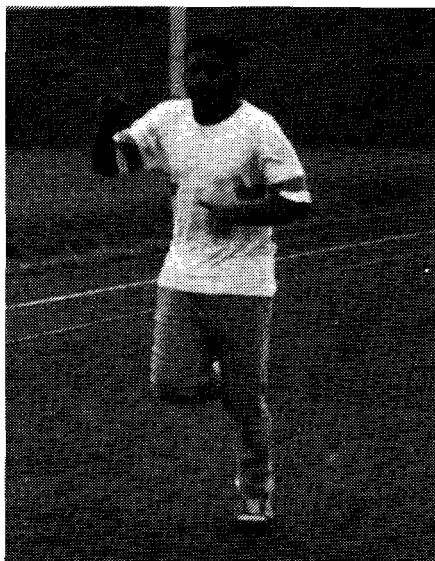
Among many victories the Third Year won the Christian Brothers Championship which St Edward's hosted celebrating 50 years of the competition.

The Fourth Year led by Jason Smith's competitive attitude had their just deserves by winning the Merseyside County Championships.

The Fifth Year led by their eccentric captain won all their matches with some fabulous performances by some athletes. Seventeen-year-old Matthew Birchall last season performed exceedingly well. He not only performed well at school level but also exceeded at national and international level, winning the AAA 400m hurdles and coming runner-up in the All England Championships, and competing for Great Britain in an international at junior level. Matthew Birchall deserves all the accolades,



Photographs by Theo Lambrianides Form Six

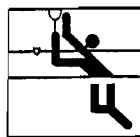


but I only hope he can go on improving and not reach an early peak like so many athletes who fastly fade away at high international level.

The Senior Team were defeated for the first time in two years in the Christian Brothers Championship because a certain athlete failed to turn up for his event. However there were still some very inspiring performances by some athletes. This coming season, the Senior Team will have athletes including myself who are eager to demonstrate more fully the talent they possess.

Athletes at St Edward's are lucky to have access to the abundant facilities which the College provides. I hope that the athletes don't take these facilities for granted but make efficient use of these to develop their God given talents. I would also like to thank all the staff involved in athletics who provide coaching, assistance and encouragement to the athletes.

Badminton



**Nicholas Mullin
Form Six**

The U19A team started off the year well winning all of their games by considerable margins. However they then proceeded to lose two matches they never should have lost and now look like having to go into a play-off for the league. The 1st pair of Mullin (capt) and Dixon have lost only one game all season and have played some excellent badminton. Ramsey and Roberts, the 2nd pair, have played well most of the time but they have

lost games they should have won easily and they will have to improve their concentration and attitude if they are to succeed next year. The 3rd pair of McMahon (5th year) and Othick are an essential part of the team and have played well considering this year was the first time they had played together.

The U19B team have not had much success this year which can be put down to a lack of enthusiasm by most of the team but if their attitude improves some of them will be part of a strong squad next year.

The Girls team captained by Cathy Bett have played only one game, which was in the Top Schools Competition, which they lost totally against the run of play 0-7.

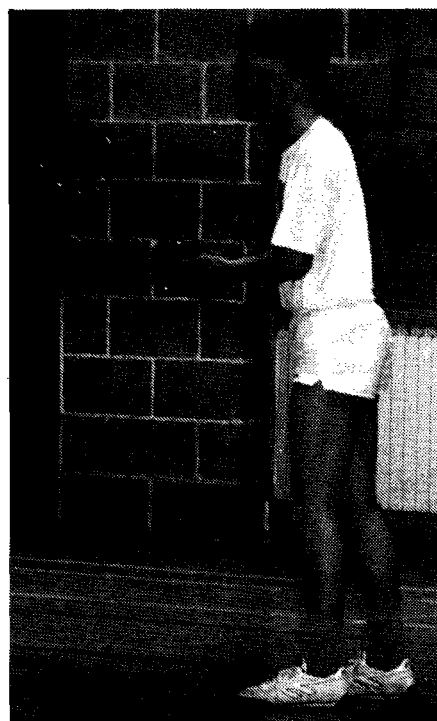
The U16A team captained by McMahon who also plays for the U19A, comprises mainly of Fourth Years: Hatley, Culbert, Carberry and Marsh with Loftus being the only other Fifth Year apart from McMahon. The team has played some good badminton but have lost a few too many games to be in contention for the league.

The U16B team comprising of Fifth Years and captained by O'Rourke are not in the reckoning for the league but they have put up a good fight and have spread the good name of St Edward's.

The U14A team has not had too good a year winning only a few of their fixtures, but players like Carberry (capt) and Lavery are names to look out for.

The U14B team captained by Worrall have played enthusiastically but fallen out of contention for the league.

All of the team players would like to thank all members of staff for their time and energy they put in, especially to Mr Mars without whom the U19A team just would not be the same, Mr Robinson the organiser of it all and Mr Derbyshire who has the mammoth task of being in charge of the Second Years and whose keen talent spotting abilities are a great asset to St Edward's badminton.



Photograph by Adrian Faulkner Form Six

Basketball

Miles Brennan
Form Three

This is the first season of basketball playing at St Edward's and has been fairly successful.

The U13 are unbeaten and are a very high scoring team and notched up 78 against Nugent in which Kenyon and Wall clocked 36 and 22 respectively while Rudge scored an excellent 18. The U13 are at the moment through to the semi-finals of the Liverpool Cup.

The U14 have had a good season which started quite well with only a two point defeat at home to Bluecoat. The second match started well against Sacred Heart as we powered to an 8 point lead. However, Sacred Heart rallied and we died off towards the end as they went to a 10 point win.

By this time we were growing in experience and a certain amount of teamwork was building up. Despite all of our trying in our home fixture against Fazakerley the ball would not drop and we went down 25-20.

From this "played 3 lost 3" position we knew things could not get any worse and we were developing good players. Paul Lambrianides is showing to be a potent scorer and an aggressive guard and Corner is proving to be a brilliant jumper and rebounder. We also have many eager substitutes making it a hard competition to get a place in the team. Burns, Bradley and Muir are good guards and McNamara, Wong and Astor are useful forwards.

The next match was at home against Cardinal Heenan and we had to either win or bury our heads in complete obscurity. We won an easy game 48-21 with Lambrianides scoring 10, Glass (now left) scored 11, with Lavery (now injured) scoring 6 and Corner and Brennan scored 1 apiece.

Now there was our first cup match away at SFX. We won a surprisingly easy game against a tall team 43-21 with Brown scoring 4 and making several vital rebounds in his debut match.

We were now through to the quarter-finals and we had to play Fazakerley at home again. This was a game where defence mattered and gave a low first half score of 10-5 in our favour. However, despite outscoring us in the second half we held on to win 21-18 and go through to the semi-finals which is where we are at the moment.

The U15 basketball team started with a great deal of enthusiasm. However, competing against teams who had had at least three years prior experience in the league meant that they faced tough opposition in their opening games. Those players who continued to train have made considerable progress, developing their skills and

becoming more confident during match situations. They have now reached a standard where they would be on par with most of the league. Neil Murphy has proved to be the highest scorer in games with Gary Earps and Liam Byatt also scoring well.

All the other players have also shown considerable improvement and enthusiasm and have the makings of a good team next year.

Bridge



Bernard Mitchell
Form 6

This year's team consisted any four from a reluctant squad of Stubbs, Inch, Dempsey, Cluskey, McLaughlin, Mercer and Mitchell.

With the departure of four of last year's regular team, a decline in results was anticipated, and the team lost all of its league matches and was knocked out in the first round of the cup.

In separate competitions, a similar treatment was received with our team finishing eighth in the North West Schools at Bolton.

In the Guardian U25 pairs, however, Mitchell and McLaughlin qualified for the finals in London where they will be competing against top pairs from around the country.

As I write we are hoping for some success in the local Merseyside Schools Competiton. Our Third Year team are making their debut. Next year, it is unlikely that there will be a league team due to lack of support from the present 5's and 6B, but a significant group of Third and Fourth Year boys are showing enthusiasm. If all goes well, St Edward's should be fielding a strong team again in 2-3 years.

Finally, I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr Robinson for the time and energy he devotes to the Bridge Club in school and in taking the team to and from venues.



Photograph by Adrian Faulkner Form Six

Chess



Bernard Mitchell
Form Six

This year the senior team had a disappointing season finishing runners-up in the league and being knocked out of the Sunday Times competition at an early stage. The U15 team under the captaincy of Adam Meehan did not qualify for the Championship section in their league, mainly due to inexperience. The U13 team, however, captained by Jamie McMullin met with moderate success, and reached the Championship section. At the time of writing they still had two matches to play.

The number attending lunchtime sessions is steady but lower than in previous years. However, Mr Bamber has started separate leagues for the First and Third Years in view of their numbers. There is also an individual handicap knockout currently being organised, open to all ages.

I would like to thank Mr Bamber for the time and energy he devotes to the Chess Club, both during and after school hours and for his enthusiasm in organising events such as those mentioned above.



Photograph by Adrian Faulkner Form Six



Cricket



Mr John McCarthy

The 1st XI had a reasonably successful season with many batsmen gaining in confidence as the season progressed. In particular Marc Clancy, Colin Durr and Mark Gilbertson from 6B had several good innings during the course of the season.

The U15's had a very successful season

winning all of their games under the captaincy of James Armstrong. Anthony Shone and Matthew Morgan were the pick of the batsmen but were ably supported by John Roberts, John Heaney and Stephen Smith. The side also boasts several talented bowlers including John Leahy, James Armstrong, Neil Rooney and Mark English. Matthew Morgan was an excellent wicket-keeper and will probably play for the 1st XI, in that position, this year.

The U14's had a mixed season which was not helped by injuries to key players. Although they have several good players in Philip Hateley, Anthony Aldersley and Ben Morgan they lack sufficient depth in both batting and bowling to be consistently successful. Paul Curd, Anthony Curran, Glen Rooney and Andrew McDonald all played well on occasions.

The U13's were a very strong side and won all but one of their matches. Stephen Hunt, Peter Lavery and Paul Brown all represented Merseyside in the Lancashire Cup and did so with great success. Unfortunately two members of the side, including the wicket-keeper, have left the school and much will depend this year on the wicket-keeping of Karl Lee and the support in the batting provided by Simon Gee and Anthony Comer.

The U12's were a keen and enthusiastic team who practised regularly but lacked an inspiring or talented leader. Ian Power, Jamie McGrath and especially Ben Rudge were the most successful batsmen and much will depend this year on their self-discipline in building a match-winning innings. Joseph Boughton also has the potential to emerge as a strong all-rounder given the right attitude.

At Colours Day, Colin Durr was awarded full colours and the following received half-colours: Marc Clancy, John McGrath, John Mallon, Paul Johnson, Peter Whitfield, Martin Woollam, Andrew Dixon, Austin Hunt, Francis Roberts and Mark Gilbertson.



Photographs by Adrian Faulkner Form Six

Cross Country

Neil Murphy
Form Three

DUBLIN, BRAY, DECEMBER 1987 and 1988

In 1987, the best 25 cross-country runners from the 1st and 2nd teams were picked to represent the school as guest runners in the All Ireland Christian Brothers' Cross-Country Championship. Three of the staff accompanied the teams on the trip to Dublin on the overnight ferry from Brocklebank Dock, Liverpool, to Dublin.

We arrived in Dublin, early on Friday morning after an all-night boat journey. We travelled by mini-bus to St Joseph's School for the Deaf. We were told that Friday was to be a rest day. So, early in the afternoon we went into Dublin's town centre and enjoyed going into arcades and various shops. In the evening we arrived back at the school after losing our way thanks to the leadership of Mr Grice. That night we were told to get a good night's sleep.

The next morning a mixture of nervousness and excitement set in on the two teams. We set off early on the bus, with a long ride ahead of us. We were all still half asleep when we arrived at the race. There were about 200 people scattered around the course. We were told to warm up until the race started. There were about 150 competitors on the start line, all ready to start.

The gun went off and everyone sprinted off. At the start there was a hill that most people struggled to get up. Once this was completed the course was fairly short and downhill. It was a sprint at the finish but everyone got a good place in the race. The first counter was Kevin Beckett — 3rd place. Then the rest as follows: Neil Murphy — 6th place, John Riley — 36th place. Also Gavin Leslie and Peter Martland ran very well. These good positions earned us the winner's cup and medals.

DUBLIN 1988

The team, fresh from injury and local success in the Merseyside League (finishing a creditable 2nd) hoped to regain the title they won the year previous in Dublin. However, only a few niggling injuries to the team prevented us fielding a fully fit team. However, this year was not to be ours as we were soon to find out.

The journey was similar to the year before but was a lot more tiring. Again no one gained any sleep on the first night, as the year before. This told on the two teams as we arrived in Ireland. As soon as we got to the



school most of the team fell asleep on the beds provided.

Whilst walking around the town some of the team were looking like 'death warmed up'. We only stayed in the town centre for a few hours. Going in various arcades and record shops. We arrived back at the school in the early evening and had a few games of football. Then we went swimming in the local swimming pool.

The next morning we all got up early and got the coach to Bray where the race was being held. We arrived at the course, where it was pouring with rain. We took shelter and got changed. The starters were waiting in a single file ready to start. The gun went off with people sprinting right from the gun. This took most people by surprise and most of our team were not able to keep up. The finish was a fast one with people crossing the line in groups of three. High expectations were thought of Kevin Beckett but he finished 80th. The first two counters were: Neil Murphy (14th) and John Moran (45th).

Duke of Edinburgh: Climbing

Anthony Waddington
Form Five

After handing in our consent forms, Mr Treherne informed us that he had lost them, so after filling in and handing in new ones, he decided to put them in his yuppie-type filofax where, when he opened it, he found the others.

On Sunday, 13 November, at 9.30 am Mr Treherne arrived and then, with the number of bags he produced, seemed to empty his car. He produced his ghetto blaster (which survived the DOE trip!), a selection of tapes, two or three really big, really heavy, rucksacks, a camera and his bag, claiming that they were the bare necessities!

We piled into the minibus (we being Tom Snape, Dominic O'Rourke, me and Mr Treherne) and set off. After picking up Liam Holmes and Mr Hitchen (with his two dogs) we drove straight into the tailback of a Poppy Day parade, which was going so slowly that we voted to run them down but the policewoman stopped us. With a huge tailback building up, and a bit of nifty driving from Mr Treherne, we took a long short cut out past the first parade and straight into the queue behind another one! We eventually got to the path which led to the climbs.

When we were loaded up, we started walking for what seemed like an eternity. At last we saw the paths — but first we had to cross a river via a set of wobbly stepping-stones and then a stile. Once there, the teachers set up the climbs while we got ready. I started on the climb with the overhang which, when I attempted it, I got my arm jammed in a crack. By the time I had worked



Photograph by Mr Treherne

Electronics Club



Mr Anthony Layng

it free and completed the climb, Tom and Domo had completed the four climbs. While they broke for lunch, Liam and I continued and finished the other four climbs. When we had finished them, we had time to have something to eat before Mr Treherne set up a difficult one which was like a chimney because half of it was inside a large crack in the rock. To do this climb, you needed to bridge yourself and then shuffle your way up until you had to switch to the rockface to the left. Whilst we tackled this, Mr 'Spiderman' Hitchen was leaping from place to place in his trainers with no harness or helmet putting together a team climb.

Tom and Domo did the climb first because Liam and I wanted to do a bit of traversing. Whilst we were doing this, Mr Treherne opened his flask to reveal coffee strong enough to melt a spoon (this was because he had a terrible hangover from a party the night before). After we had finished, and Tom and Domo had finished, we did the climb. Liam led and I followed. When I got to the top, I made the mistake of standing on the rope, then, after being greeted with the words, 'DON'T STAND ON THE ROPE!' Mr Hitchen asked me if I liked the climb and then set me up for the abseil. As far as I was concerned, this was the best part of the day (because it was the easiest and least demanding).

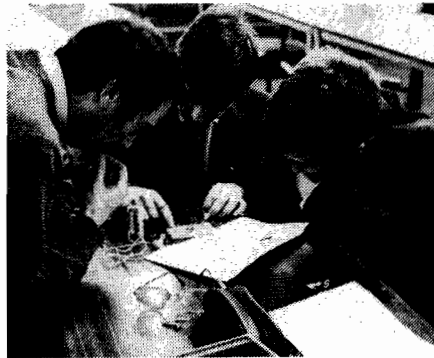
When everyone had had a go at the abseil, it was too late to move on to somewhere else so the teachers rigged up two more climbs.

Liam went first and then he took me up and, because it was my first outside climbing session, I was the subject of a practical joke which took the form of Tom and Domo shouting at me that the rope was fraying and to get down as quickly as possible. I panicked, because I am afraid of heights, and consequently set a speed record for abseiling.

We packed up around 4.00 pm and walked back to the bus. Once on the bus, we were told that we were going to be late and to look for a phone.

We found a phone along with a shop that was open, so we raided the shop (the way we were treated, we were probably the best customers of the week if not the decade!) and then phoned home.

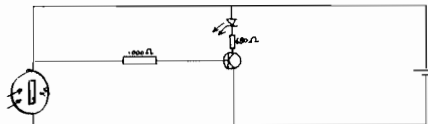
We dropped Mr Hitchen off outside his house and then Liam where we had picked him up that morning. We got back to school at 5.30 pm and, completely shattered, went home.



The club got off to a flying start with four keen and eager members, each of whom reluctantly paid the £5 fee (which is at this moment earning hefty interest in Mr Layng's Swiss bank account).

The club is held every Monday lunchtime in the CDT block. So far, we have built several useful circuits of possible practical application. We used a circuit (with an LDR and transistor) to light an LED in the dark. Also, a multivibrator circuit has been constructed which gives a flashing light effect, using capacitors. In addition, we have provided Mr Layng's chickens with a new lamp for their henhouse, and used Kirchoff's voltage law. (We thank all who read this as it has been a contender for the most tedious article in the magazine).

The following circuit diagram shows the use of an LDR to light an LED in a darkened room and (in turn) to switch it off in the presence of light.



Golf — Notes from the 19th Hole

Mr Andrew Derbyshire
Captain

The members of the golf society have continued their gentle and leisurely past-time through the summer months. Messrs Edwards and McMullen have proved the staff stalwarts with the present 5th Form supplying the most keen opposition.

The second annual challenge four-ball match against the school-leavers took place in June 1988 at Widnes Golf Club. A reasonable staff side, including dark-horse J. T. McCarthy played well, but were unable to hold a powerful side of Paul Siner, Lee Heeson, Peter Whitfield and Paul Johnson.

Local knowledge clearly helped the leavers to victory as did the days available for practice since their A-levels finished. However, all credit to the superior skill of youth especially around the greens where the staff let themselves down badly.

The pressure of other sports at the College, and the need for near scratch players means that we do not enter many schoolboy competitions. However, that does not prevent much fun and sport being enjoyed by all our members. Anybody fancy a round?



Photographs by Adrian Faulkner Form Six

History Club

Mr Joseph Kerwin

'You must be mad!' was the opinion in the staffroom as the History Club set out for Hadrian's Wall on a day of gale-force winds and driving rain.

What the fainthearts missed was the opportunity to experience at first-hand the life of a soldier on the old north-west frontier of Rome. It stirred the blood and the imagination . . .

Graham Rusk of I Domingo takes up the story:

'Our intrepid cohort under the command of our praefectus, Mr Kerwin, advanced resolutely through the elements to mount guard at Housesteads Fort, where we took shelter in the ruins to consume our rations, all the while maintaining constant vigilance.

'With no signs of wild Caledonians (or anyone else), we patrolled eastwards to Chesters cavalry fort, where the garrison bath-house provided welcome diversion.

'We must mention in this dispatch the exceptional devotion to duty of Miss Ince, our centurion (centurina?) who maintained her good humour despite an unfortunate encounter with a barbarian booby-trap in the form of a muddy puddle. Otherwise we suffered no casualties and the patrol returned to base loaded with booty.'

(From the museum shops! Ed.).

During Spring half-term week, a visit was made to Styal Mill, one of Britain's earliest water-powered cotton mills. Besides the processes involved in manufacturing cotton, we also toured the apprentice-house, which was 'home' for boy and girl mill-workers as young as eight.

Plans are afoot for visits to York during the summer term.



Photograph by Adrian Faulkner Form Six

Medical Society

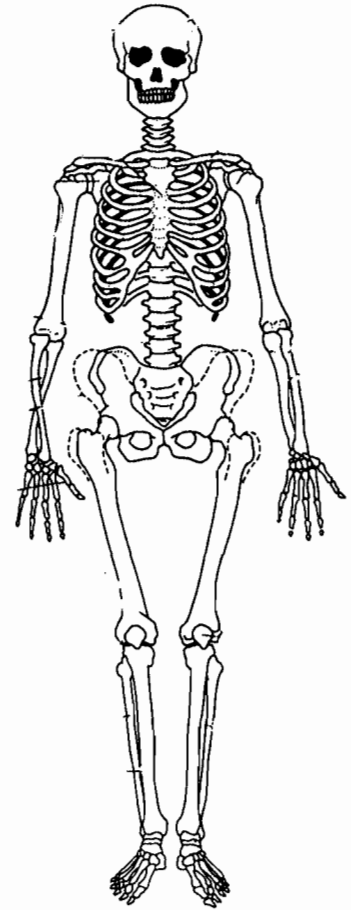
Sharon Dowd
Christopher Othen
Form Six

The year of success! OK, maybe it wasn't as successful as we hoped but it has been a memorable year for the Medical Society in some areas.

Initially, enthusiasm was high and many medics were contacted including doctors, vets, dentists and physiotherapists but for one reason or another our efforts were met with little response. Despite this slight hindrance there did seem to be an increase in interest this year with attendances up on last year even if our devoted leaders sometimes forgot the location of the meetings!

On a more serious note, there was some response from our potential idols! Mr John Cunningham from the Liverpool Dental Hospital kindly gave a dentistry lecture which proved interesting to the hordes of students who turned up. There was also a video portraying the life of a medical student at Sheffield University and it is hoped that Mr Michael Johnson, a former St Edward's pupil will hold a lecture on medicine in the not too distant future.

Interest in the Society was also shown in lower years, 6B representatives Ravi



Boojawon and Becky Roberts along with David Vernon of Form Five offered points and ideas with which were both helpful and constructive suggesting that next year's Medical Society will be in capable hands.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank the members for their attendance and co-operation at the many long meetings that were held.

Public Speaking



Mr David Stewart

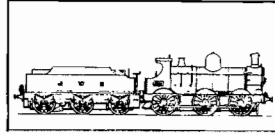
Public-speaking competitions demand a great deal of commitment from all those who take part, and it is sad to have to report that while the effort of our speakers has been unabated, many of the competitions which we used to enjoy have not been available to us because of failure of the adult organisers to maintain their standards.

Unfortunately, the local branches of the English-speaking Union and the Junior British Chamber proved unable to run any

competition this year, with the result that good speakers in their final year at the College, such as Simon Grant and Paul Brabin, had no chance to compete in the type of competition at which they have previously done well.

The debaters had more chances: Timothy Grace and Paul McGrath took part in the 'Observer' Mace competition, they were particularly praised by the judges for their logical and calmly reasoned style, and were

Model Railway Club



Mr David Stewart



Photograph by Adrian Faulkner Form Six

unlucky not to go through to the next round. One new competition was arranged by the Oxford Union, and our speakers there — Therese Coffey and Ian Bowden — met a similar fate. Though we have previously been consistent winners of the Liverpool University competition, the debate subjects offered this year were so childish that we felt it better not to take part.

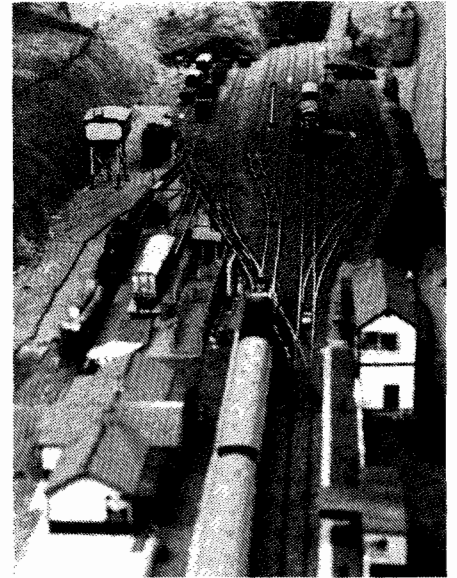
The only individual competition this year was the Catenian, which, like the 'Observer' Mace, continues to set the example for how well things can be run. Sarah Moorhead represented the College against a large number of other schools, and was within a couple of points of the winner.

Our Fifth form and Lower Sixth showed that, given the opportunity, they should keep up the high standard of the College when they took part in the Knights of St Columba competition, in which we were represented by Duke Chakrabarti, Damian Flemming, Andrew Jefferson, James Lloyd, Julian Loftus, Adrian McDonald, Anthony McGlinchey, and Michael O'Brien. I do hope that next year they get a full chance to exercise their skills.

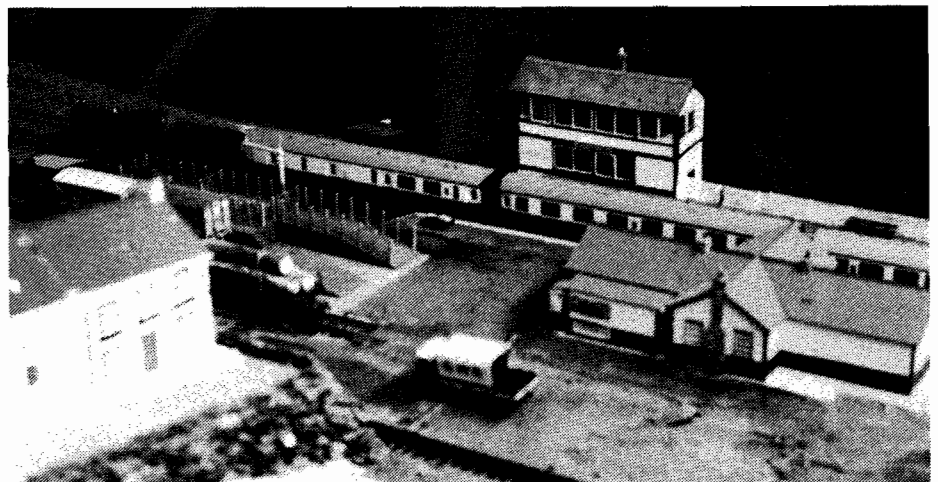
This academic year has seen significant changes in the club. A new member of staff, Mr Kerwin, and a good number of fourth and first formers have joined. As a result, progress has speeded up on track-laying, making new rolling stock and on scenery construction. Our fourth station should soon be operational, and then we should be able to do much more running of the system to keep all parts in full working order.

Often, it has been a problem keeping up a regular supply of materials, and I am grateful for the patience which the boys have often had to exercise. Buildings continue to be the features of the model landscape which progress most slowly — we need some major effort in that department.

A trip to the Wigan Model Railway Club Exhibition in December was well attended, and provided some ideas and inspiration. Towards the end of term we hope to arrange a trip to a steam railway centre for regular members. In the meantime, what we need are the determination to stick at projects until they are finished, and longer dinner hours.



Photographs by Adrian Faulkner Form Six



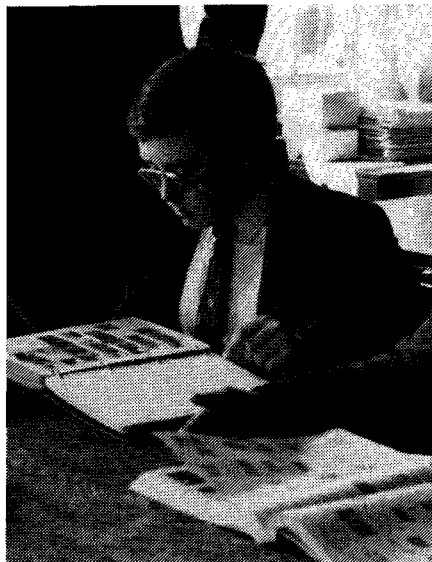
Philatelic Society

Darron Lomax
Form Three

The St Edward's College Philatelic Society (better known as Stamp Club) has been an 'on and off' feature of school life for a number of years. Mr Robinson is the group leader and has kindly given up his Wednesday lunchtime for the club which resumed service in September.

The stamp club has a vast amount of Philatelic literature including magazines, catalogues and books of which many have been donated by the British Philatelic Trust, a fund formed in 1981 to assist financially and physically with British Philatelic societies. Grateful thanks are thus offered.

Meetings held on Wednesday lunchtimes in the junior library consist of meeting other collectors, buying stamps at a reasonable price from an extensive range, swopping with fellow collectors, seeing other people's collections and occasional competitions. **N.B.** New members, either beginners, experienced collectors or simply interested people should visit one of the regular meetings.



Photographs by Adrian Faulkner Form Six

The Rôleplaying Society

Gary Shannon
Form Six

The Rôleplaying Society is now in its second year and is still thriving. Initial attendances were very encouraging this year, but because of the disappointing lack of discipline and maturity I am afraid many of the members had to be shown the door.

However, the flame of courage and fortitude was held aloft by the remaining streamlined elite. Enthusiasm is now so high that the management is organising field trips to various sites of rôleplaying skills. I am pleased to announce that the winner of the main prize was in fact myself.

Throughout the year the dedication of the referees has been most impressive. Without

the Minghellas and Birchalls of this world, the Rôleplaying Society would suffer greatly. They have taken on their burden of responsibility without complaint, for which I have been most grateful.

However, it is the players which make the Society what it is today. Times when I feel that I cannot carry on, I see their little smiling faces and know that it is all worthwhile.

Mr Layng has been excellent, caring for us like a second father, comforting us in times of distress and showing his enthusiasm at all times.

I would like to thank Mr Kelly for being so helpful in allowing us to use his facilities, always there with a smile or a kind word to help us on our way.

The number of people involved in an operation such as Rôleplaying Society is huge, and I hope in this list of thank yous I don't miss anyone out. If I do, I would like to tell those people that they will always be in my heart, and that is where it counts.

Thanks to: Mr Linnett for allowing us to use the Print Room; Mark Minghella and Jean-Pierre Bolet for their inspirational art work; the small children who initially turned up in their droves; Br Devitt for nothing; Lee Shannon and Philip Jones for starting the whole thing; The Jelly Monster for being so scary; Kieran 'Bucker' McLaughlin just 'cause he's a great guy; Mark Armstrong for putting up with Ged; Snotto for inspiring my life; Ged for getting a punchbag; and finally on behalf of the other members of the Rôleplaying Society, I would like to thank myself for the selfless contributions I have made, always putting the Society before my own needs.



Photograph by Joseph Lambert Form Six

Young Analyst of the Year Competition

Mr David Bamber

Congratulations are due to three of our lower sixth students — Joanna McDerra, Christopher Hill and Andrew Brunskill — winners of the first ever 'Young Analyst of the Year' competition.

The competition, which was sponsored by ICI and by the Analytical Section of The Royal Society of Chemistry, took place in the Donnan Laboratories of Liverpool University one Saturday in early April.

The day started with introductory talks on Analytical Chemistry by Mr R. Feasey and Dr N. Barnett of ICI and on volumetric analysis by Dr D. Nicolls of the University Department of Chemistry.

The teams, all 6th form students from colleges in and around Merseyside, were then led away, white-coated (some white-faced also!), to the labs, for 2½ hours of practical analytical chemistry — two exercises in volumetric analysis and one using the technique of spectrophotometry. The emphasis was on accurate, methodical work.

Lunch was followed by tours of the Department of Chemistry to see some of the instrumental methods used for analysis and structure determination. Finally, we gathered for the presentation of prizes, when St Edward's team were presented with the



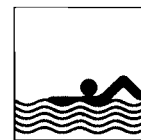
'Ludovic Mond Trophy' — a magnificent silver rose bowl, a cheque for £100 for the school, and individual plaques and certificates.

Again, congratulations to our team and to the three reserves Nirodhini Muruganathan, Simon White and Gordon Stott, who also took part in the preparation for the competition.



Photographs by Adrian Faulkner Form Six

Swimming



Timothy Grace
Form Six

As Brother Sassi stated in his report at Prize Day, swimming is now the most successful sport in St Edward's. Without wishing to create any unnecessary rivalry within the school, the swimming club would like to express its hope that followers of the school's other sports may learn to follow its shining example.

In accordance with the tradition of end-of-season reports, thanks must be delivered to various people. The work of Mr Gibbons is much appreciated: he continues to inspire the swimming club with his tireless zest and enthusiasm. He will be pleased to see the success of his youth policy, in which he gives more responsibilities to Messrs Morgan and Lunt, who now look after the swimming teams of Forms 1-2 and Forms 3-4 respectively.

I should like to give my personal thanks to two members of the senior team: Barry Curd, whose courteous, helpful and gentlemanly conduct is an excellent example to the whole team, and Michael Greene, who has occasionally forsaken swimming practice to perform his duties as swimming secretary.

Last year, the swimming report mentioned Mr Gibbons' passing of the starter's duties to his scullion. I am glad to say that Mr Lunt is beginning to overcome the initial difficulties of this strenuous job, which would doubtlessly defeat many men of lesser intellect. Hopefully, rumours of his beating an ignominious retreat to Darkest Africa in order to escape the rigours of his employment will prove unfounded.

Once again, the school has won the prestigious Liverpool Secondary School Swimming Championships — its third 'succès fou' in as many years. St Edward's has established a stranglehold on this gala since it was reintroduced to the swimming calendar three years ago, and it is hoped that this happy state of affairs will continue in the future. After two narrow victories over Blue Coat for the last two years, it was gratifying to see St Edward's record a resounding triumph over the school's great rivals this season. The highlight of the gala was the temperamental third form's decision to win — it is rumoured — their second race of the season.

Congratulations go to Blackburn, Deane, Williams and McCann. Other victories were achieved by the first year, fourth year and senior team, the latter enjoying a double success. The school also gained the Ball Trophy for only the second time, with Ben Mallon of Form 4 and Paul Maxwell of Form 2 leading a team of eight breast-stroke swimmers to a convincing victory.

Elsewhere, the swimming club has

Rugby Report



completed yet another successful season. While displaying a ruthless killer streak throughout the majority of the regular season, I am honoured to report that the swimmers of St Edward's exemplified the Christian virtue of charity in a friendly fixture against Blue Coat, allowing them victory in this prelude to the City Championships. The school's only other loss occurred against Merchant Taylor's, a defeat which would have been avoided had two third year swimmers not decided to abscond before their final race.

Competitive swimming is not the only concern of the school, and indeed personal survival and life-saving are important features of the sporting curriculum of St Edward's. They comprise part of the Duke of Edinburgh award scheme, and can be practised by swimmers of all abilities. Such activities, together with general swimming training, are available almost every lunchtime in the swimming pool throughout the school year.



Photograph by Adrian Faulkner Form Six

1st XV Report Mr John Campbell

In terms of victories and defeats, which for many inside and outside the rugby fraternity, either implicitly or explicitly, remains the 'bottom line', the season was a disappointment. In matches played the 1st XV won 6 and lost 10 with one drawn, and one cancellation through adverse weather conditions. One player was 'sent off', being suspended for 2½ months. This sending off, to me, was more of a tragedy than all the losses put together. Above all what we are trying to do at St Edward's is to create a civilised framework in which pupils can enjoy rugby without the need for punching, kicking, stamping, foul language, abuse to the referee and so on. Dignity in defeat is important. Playing the game is more important than winning. We aim to win, and win in style, but not at any cost. Playing a competitive team sport at St Edward's is part of the general education of the pupils.

What pleased me most about the side this year, led by Captain Christopher Othen, was their effort, spirit and dignity at all times. They were truly excellent ambassadors for the school, including their visits away at Hull, Ipswich, Oxford and London. What they lacked in talent or ability they compensated for in other directions. (Know what I mean, Bello!). Grace, Abubakar and McIntyre in the forwards embodied this spirit. In the backs Matthew Morgan, still only in the 5th Form, Dunne and Dearden

were models for their peers, and pupils in lower school sides. Their mouths were not open often — they let their actions and involvement speak for them.

Injuries were a problem throughout the season. Not once was selection from a full strength squad. Simon Slavin suffered a knee injury against Bradford GS in the first game at the Hull University Tournament in September — he never played again all season. Jason Smith after representing the Lancashire Under 16's side and being a potent attacking threat for the 1st XV in the first half of the season, never played again after Christmas at 15-a-side due to a serious leg injury. Key players such as Othen, Birchall, Dunne, Cullinane, F. Roberts all missed games through injury.

Inevitably, therefore, at times younger players showed inexperience or were physically overpowered. The loss of our only real line-out specialist, McGerty, added to the problems after January. He had left the school 6th Form for browner pastures.

Members of the Under 16's filled these gaps as best they could — Shreeve, J. Roberts, McGurren, Collins, Cozzolino, Ngan, all had games at 1st XV level. Of course, John Roberts with his Merseyside experience at Under 15's, showed he was not out of his depth.

There were memorable victories, notably against our local rivals from St Anselm's and St Mary's and away at Rydal. The win away at Marple Hall is worthy of mention since all our points were scored by an Under 16's player, John Leahy.

Only twice were the 1st XV thoroughly outplayed — against King's School, Macclesfield and against King Edward VII GS, Lytham. Usually the pack secured reasonable scrum ball but little tidy, quick ball from the line-outs. The back row, though individually inspiring — Driscoll, Wiseman and J. Roberts was the usual formation late in the season — lacked sufficient cohesion and support from the front five forwards to create clean second phase possession which elusive backs such as F. Roberts or Matthew Birchall desperately needed.

Gradually through the season the elimination of basic errors and the giving away of penalties was almost achieved. But at times we were our own worst enemy — John Leahy failed to kick the ball 10m at the start of the second half against Arnold and so most



St Edward's terriers: reached the last 16 of the National 7's at Rosslyn Park.

of the next 35 minutes was spent close to our line; John Kearney in a defensive clearance against Birkenhead kicked the ball open into the arms of their left winger who promptly scored; Francis Roberts failed to find touch five minutes from time against Macclesfield — giving them room and time to move the ball and create a score. If forwards win matches, which I doubt, then mistakes by backs lose matches!

Were there any magic moments? Yes! The Bradford pack were pushed decisively back at the Ipswich tournament; Mark Dunne's driving run at St Mary's which set up a try for Birchall; John Leahy's penalty kick in the first half at Marple; the forward surge and interpassing at St Anselm's which produced the decisive score; Liam Moran's performance at Marple against the Under-18 North of England prop; Rydal knocking on in the dying seconds with a clear chance of scoring; Othen's quite incredible try to clinch the game against Liverpool College.

Yes, it was all worthwhile. Thank you to the players who made it so.

2nd XV Report

Mr Julian McMullen

A lengthy injury list, promotion to the 1st XV, and an inability to turn pressure into points, meant that the 2nd XV had only three victories. There were, however, another six games which they were very close, and had they swung the other way, this report would have taken on a very different appearance.

The 'Pontypool front row' of Brunskill, Doyle and Stalker formed a solid base for the scrum. They were never upstaged, and indeed won plenty of good ball, which unfortunately was not used efficiently. Gilbertson and Johnson, after their initial hiccups, combined well as the locks, and Dixon, Cullinane and the Stott were rampant as the back-row. The Cowley game typified what a settled 2nd XV set of forwards was capable of — clean, fast, line-out ball, ninety per cent of the scrum ball via Doyle, and surging runs with all the forwards in support.

With Roberts being 'lifted' early on, it was eventually left to Hunt to take over at scrum-half. By his third game, he was hitting the stand-off regularly — once in the first half, once in the second half! However, by the end of the season he was confidently sending out both spin and reverse passes.

Kearney and Donafee (until his injury) shared the stand-off position, and were both dependable. They kicked well, and gave good service to their centres. Dahill, Kearney and Lynch all played here at some stage, and ran with aggression and determination. Again, the Cowley game proved just what they were capable of.

Cozzolino and Hetherington were permanent fixtures on the wing. Both had several outstanding games; Cozzolino sending the opposition fleeing with his strong running, and Hetherington keeping the score-lines down with his fearless tackling.

Lambrianides was dependable at full-back. His tackling was a source of inspiration to the others, and his cool, calm, collected approach to fielding and kicking the ball was guaranteed to make the rest of the team cool, calm . . . !



Liam Moran, pack leader, explains rugby reality, half-time against Arnold school.

Photographs by Mr John Campbell.

On a more serious note, because of the struggle to field three senior sides, it is essential that players do not 'disappear into the woodwork', but have sufficient pride and determination to continue representing the school, even if they are unlikely to make it into the 1st XV. My thanks go to those who donned rugby boots for the first time this year, to help, what would have been a depleted side — Johnson, Dahill, Rimmer, to various members of the Under 16 side, to Mark Gilbertson for being a reliable captain, and to those who trained regularly.

Player of the year — Tommy Hetherington.

Under 16 Report

John Roberts Form Six

After a good first match win against Grange Park this season looked promising. Losses of key players drafted into the first and second XV's did not weaken the team spirit but narrow defeats in the next two games by Birkenhead School and Wirral meant the team needed a good win to keep morale high. This win was to come in the next match when St Edward's decisively beat Rydal School. Again, two close defeats against good opposition followed. From the fifteen-a-side season improvements could be noticed, such as John Shreeve and Adrian McDonald.

The strong spirit of the lads plus the re-addition of John Leahy and Matthew Morgan was still not enough to progress in the final in the first 7's competition in Ripon. The team was beaten in the semi-final of the plate competition by Ashville College but the following Saturday the team, now with Jason Smith, was able to reach the final of the Merchant Taylor's sevens. A memorable victory over Liverpool College in the semi-final was unequalled in the final against Cowley.

The team again did well in the Stoneyhurst sevens reaching the quarter-finals but disappointingly were beaten by a Rossall side who we had previously beaten on the

Saturday before.

We would like to thank the people who trained and turned up regularly even though they did not play. The team would also like to thank Mr Critchley for his undivided attention throughout the tournaments and training sessions. We hope to do just as well in the forthcoming Oxford and London Irish sevens.

Under 15 Report

Mr John Gresty

The under 15s had a poor season, winning only two of their matches. Perhaps a lack of talent could be blamed for this performance, but of more importance was a lack of discipline amongst some of the so-called 'better' players, and a lack of commitment to serious training. Unfortunately, such a poor attitude hindered any development as a team — some individuals were interested only in themselves.

On the positive side new players were introduced and did well, notably Michael Alexander and Glen Rooney, who both show promise for the future, and Anthony Connor; secondly, some players who were not normally 'regulars', Peter Carroll, Michael Ainsworth, Nicholas Harper and Timothy McNamara in particular, showed a better attitude to training, turning up on time and wearing the correct school uniform, than many of the more established players.

Under such difficult circumstances, the captain, Ben Morgan, deserves the greatest praise; he was the player of the season and showed others by his example how a 'sport' should be played.

Under 14 Report

Dominic Williams Form Three

The Under 14s had a fairly successful season, winning 12 of their 19 matches, with one 14-14 draw with Arnold School. Most of the defeats were narrow, for example, 12-10 against Cowley, 8-6 against St Anselm's and 23-10 against De La Salle. The one really low

spot was a humiliating 0-44 home defeat by Loughborough GS.

The season began well with an 80-0 win over Grange Park, with most players scoring. In the next match, against De La Salle, tries from Preston and Williams were not enough to prevent a 23-10 defeat. This game saw a serious injury to Simon Gee, which kept him out of the next six games. The next game, at King Edward's Lytham was a defeat best forgotten due to indiscipline by some players.

After comfortable victories against Calday and Birkenhead, the U14s were narrowly defeated 12-10 by Calday. Karl Lee and Chris Wong were outstanding in these games. Next came St Bede's College, Manchester, and a narrow 25-20 win, all our points coming from Williams and Lavery, who were leading the way in points scoring. By this time, the forwards were easily beating most opposition, opening the way for many Williams tries from the No 8 position. After a good 40-0 victory over St Joseph's, in which Brown, Jha and MacDonald were in good form, St Edward's slipped to a narrow 8-6 defeat by St Anselm's.

In the next game, Paul Brown made a spectacular charge to centre, paving the way for an impressive debut at Prop by Simon O'Neill. The victims of a 32-4 defeat were Wade Deacon of Widnes. By this time, Scargill was a rapidly maturing full back, to add to the reliability of Jha. Astor and Corner were proving to be a solid second row partnership, behind the superb hooking of Stephen Hunt.

After a close 30-22 victory over Kirkham, the first game in 1989 was a surprisingly easy 28-6 win over Merchant Taylor's, with Jha and Brown sharing most of the points between them. The next game showed a solid performance to beat a strong St Ambrose's side 6-0, with a try from Lambrianides.

Against Wirral GS, an indisciplined display from Wirral players, contributed to their 8-0 defeat by St Edward's, Williams scoring his 24th and 25th tries of the season. In the easy 58-0 victory over Marple, in a game perhaps best remembered by the memory of Tim MacDonald charging 60 yards to score, Ian Killington made his debut. Bad refereeing was the contributory cause of the 18-8 away defeat at King's, but this is something teams have to come to terms with. The final game of the season was a hard, exciting contest with Arnold. St Edward's, who were well below full strength, managed to overturn a 10-0 half-time deficit and draw 14-14, helped by two Williams tries. Brown, Jha, Williams and McDonald plus Wong and Lee were consistently outstanding throughout the season, with Scargill proving to be a key tackler.

Overall the side shows real potential for the future. Next season is just over the horizon.

Under 13 Report

Mr Anthony Pennington

The Under 13 rugby team had a very successful season in winning 15 out of our 18 matches.

At the start of the season we had a comfortable win against De La Salle St Helens and a good win against KES Lytham 22-6. For the rest of the first term we hardly

troubled and won most matches handsomely. However it was the individuals who were winning our matches with good, all-round teamwork only slowly being developed.

We had a good, strong pack with reliable props Ian Power and Luke Ashley. Stephen Hamilton was our ball carrying lock who ran with great determination and to great effect. He put everything into every training session and match. His partner in the second row was Kevin Wall who, as the season progressed, developed his line-out play to improve the quality of our possession. John Billal hooked well throughout the season and the pack achieved 70% possession from the set scrums. Adam Grant was his able deputy and improved so much that his strong running, overall fitness, mobility and determination demanded a place in the pack throughout the second term. Our two flankers, Danny McKay and Paul Clapham, were valuable tacklers who spoiled many of the opposition's moves and secured possession for us. Such a pack would be an asset to any team but with Ben Rudge as captain at No 8 we had an outstanding player who led the team by example from the front. He gave encouragement, was able to dictate the manner of play and made sure that his enthusiasm spread to the rest of the squad.

By Christmas we had won twelve and scored 489 points whilst conceding only 74. The regular forwards plus Austin Cooper attended a day of intensive coaching and came away with a lot to think about and to practise in order to become more proficient.

Then we lost the first match of the second term 14-28 against Merchant Taylor's.

Playing in the first half against a gale force wind we made things difficult for ourselves in our own 22 and gave away a try. We then took Merchants by surprise but had a try disallowed. At half time we were down 4-22 but by no means beaten. Unfortunately we got tied down in a forwards game up and down the touchline, did not use the wind effectively, and scored two good tries too late in the game. It seems perverse to give such a lengthy account of a match which we would immediately like to forget but we did emerge from the match having increased our knowledge of the tactics and strategy of rugby.

We then had a heavy 10-34 defeat to a strong St Ambrose team who had never

previously had a close, competitive game. We were only 10-12 down at half time but then had a bad ten minute spell. Good wins followed against Wirral GS, when Danny Kenyon scored his best try of the season, and Marple Hall. A spirited but laborious win against King's Macclesfield preceded our last match of the season against Arnold School in Blackpool. We were 4-12 down at half time, pulled back to 8-12 and were putting a lot of pressure in Arnold's 22 when, uncharacteristically, we let in a long range try by missing two crucial tackles. We never got back in the game and lost 12-16 to complete the season disappointingly.

Altogether 29 members of the squad played in the 'A' team and it is the strength of the squad which made the team so successful. Others who enjoyed their rugby and trained regularly were Joseph Boughton, Billy Edwards, Kevin Grimwood, David Healy, Christopher Richmond and Simon Shellien. Their contributions have been invaluable and they have also improved as the year progressed to become more competent and essential members of the squad. Together with Leddy, Rimmer, Mythen, Ness, Barrett and Doddridge they enabled the 'B' team to win one of their two fixtures.

Under 12 Report

Mr David Edwards

The Under 12's made a very encouraging start to their school rugby career winning the majority of their matches. The basis of success was general overall competence in most positions and aspects of play.

The outstanding player was Mark Dahill, the captain, with other notable contributions from Kelly, Scott and Cottee in the backs and McGerty, Moran and McCann in the forwards.

One of the most pleasing aspects about the team was their enthusiasm and interest (including the members of the B team squad). Training sessions were always well attended including B team players who made significant progress such as Perring, Gregory and McNally.

Overall these pupils were an extremely pleasant, co-operative and talented group who will serve the school well in the future and develop their obvious potential.

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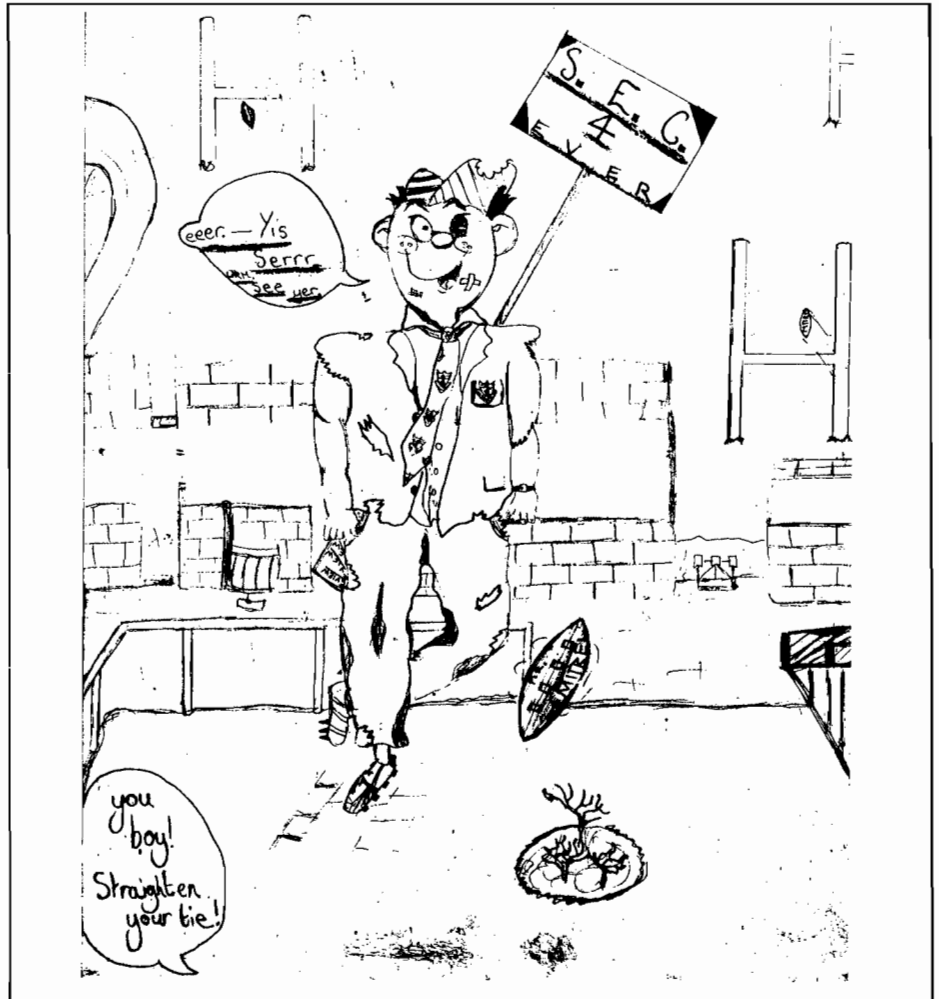
Endpiece

Gavin Leslie
Form Two

Stephen Dobbins
Form Four

Claire Jones
Form Six

We have had a number of requests to resurrect the Endpieces which were introduced into the magazine three issues ago. Readers may recall that in these, we gave a few Sixth Formers, at the end of their school careers, a page of the magazine to use as they liked. In this issue we have extended the idea to include other years. The contributions are from Claire Jones, Form Six, Stephen Dobbins, Form Four and Gavin Leslie, Form Two.



Gavin Leslie, Form Two

"In destroying the child, we are destroying love, destroying the image of God in the world," *Matthew Thunsa*

"The trouble with some women is they get all excited about nothing—and then marry him."

"HELL is other People"
Jean-Paul Sartre

"Man will starve and man will storm, man is not at all good form— man is of no kind of use— man's a donkey— man's a goose man is coarse and man is plain man is more or less insane man's a ribald— man's a rake man is Nature's sole mistake"
H.S. GILBERT (FEMINISM CURRY!)

"When I give food to the poor, they call me a saint. When I ask why the poor fast, they call me a communist."
Ben Hilder Curmudge

"On the street I saw a naked child, hungry and shivering. In the end, I became angry and said to God 'Why do you permit this? Why don't you do something?'"
For a while God said nothing. That night he replied quite suddenly, "I certainly did something. I made you."
ANTHONY DEMELLO S.S

FACTS of Life?

"...I understand equations, both the simple and quadratic, about binomial theorem, I'm teaming with a bit of maths with many cheer-ful facts about the square of the hypotenuse..."
H.S. GILBERT (Pure-fiction!!)

"May say that love might be the very thing... if only it could be."
DEMON BLUE THE EVERY-THING

"God only knows what's going on. And it's not really not mortal man."
PAUL SIMON

"Look - are we going to argue morals or are we going up to my room for a night cap?"

"It's Link: One has to be, Dick Bank" "Yes, people do seem to regard it as an necessity."
Urban - The Ball's Back - just a touch of culture!!)

Stella Artois. Reassuringly expensive.

