



Editorial

IMAGE



REVIEW, the last school magazine, has run for five issues and with the advent of *The Edwardian*, a termly production, has in some part become redundant. In particular, the reviews of concerts, plays, sporting fixtures and other events which helped give the magazine its name are now a regular part of *The Edwardian*. This makes better sense because the events referred to are fresher in readers' minds.

Such a change has left us with the opportunity of forming a new magazine based on creative writing, artwork and features. We decided that the name *Image* best describes our aim: to present a varied picture, or image, of the school and its connections. There are, therefore, contributions from each year of the school, from former pupils and from people we have approached who, we considered, would have things to write relevant to the life of St Edward's.

We have also made some innovations. Prizes are being offered in connection with The Beatles Story, the crossword and the photographic competition. If you have read this far you will know what to do. In addition, we have made the centre pages into a pull-out section from which readers

may like to play Philip Hateley's piano piece or make-up the recipe, put Christopher Rodenhurst's still-life on the wall or try to solve the crossword. Naturally, we hope that there is something to please everyone, but if not please fill the gap by contributing to our second issue.

Christopher Bourner
Terence Duffy

Joanne Gledhill
Robert Greenland
Alexander McCann
John Mostley

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Baza 1990 The Diary

James Lloyd
Form Six

LUNES 2: 5.30am. Group meets at Manchester Airport. 6.00am. Fergal McGuire meets the rest of the group much to Mr Mars' delight. 6.15am. Three members of the group enjoy 'The First Bevvv'.

On arrival at Almeria, we paid a short visit to its university campus before journeying up to Baza to meet the families. As most of us had been before this was not as daunting a prospect as it might otherwise have been. The Spanish families, speaking with Andalusian accents, were difficult to understand — even for those who had been before. That first evening saw the group baptism into the Baza scene, the Chimenea (a rave-on bar).

MARTES 2: The group of eleven boys and eight girls met at the Spanish school, the Instituto Jose de Mora. We were greeted officially by the headmaster, and were able to exchange tales of our first experience of Spanish family life.

MIERCOLES 4: Cultural input with a visit to the twelfth century 'Palacio de los Enriquez'. We also visited Baza's 'Colegiata-Concatedral', its main church.

JUEVES 5: After another day at school and a visit to the bar, St Edward's took to the field for an international clash with the teachers of Jose de Mora. Urged on by 600 fanatical pupils, the Eddie's boys could not overcome the home team or the referee. We lost 3-1. Settle scored and Cozzolino proved himself to be the best poser . . . err . . . keeper in school, playing a blinder. That evening we were received at the Town Hall by the mayor Sr D. Murtado. Following a tour of the building, we were treated, unexpectedly, to a large buffet of typical Spanish dishes (and free beers, good man that mayor).

VIERNES 6: After our last day at school we visited the beautiful church of 'Nuestra Señora de la Merced' with its beautiful statue of the Virgin Mary.

JABADO 7: The group meet (we had, by now, spoken to a couple of the Upton girls) in the Chimenea, now accepted as 'Little England' by the populus. Many Spaniards would turn out to see the English (and Ferg and Cozzo). Thus, we had the opportunity to chat to young locals over a few (?) beers.

DOMINGO 8: Boorrachera in the Rinconcillo with the most cheerful barman in the world, 'Cheerful Charlie and the fantastic fuego'.

LUNES 9: Visit to the Baza museum with the town Chronicer and later the Baños Arabes.

MARTES 10: Visit to Granada and its jewel, the Alhambra, a fabulous Moorish palace set in the Gerealife gardens. For some of the



group, the urge to stress to Mr Mars their Irish Nationality and lie prostrate on the floor were too much. F.N.M. thus labelled us as having 'no culture'. The return journey was marred by Sean's Acid music.

MIERCOLES 11: Sean 'two-timer' Doran is again on form during the Comarca trip: we visited Zujar, Cuervas del Campo, Pozo Alcon, Cortes, Benamaurei, Castril, Muescar and Cullari and had a further opportunity to study Spanish rural life, and of course the bars were visited. In each town there was something to see — each had its peculiarities and traditions.

SABADO 14: St Edward's regain their respect with a 6-3 trouncing of the school football team — Doran and Settle each score a hat-trick.

DOMINGO 15: The last full day saw M. O'Brien fall asleep in the bar and Norbert Colon fall into the fountain. However despite these laughs it was a sad day with emotional farewells and many tears. The barman of the Chimenea thanked me, as group representative, for filling the bar every night and for keeping his till full for a fortnight.

LUNES 16: Our last goodbyes to the family before leaving. Mamen and Maria Jose turn out to make two of us feel worse.

EPILOGUE: The Baza trip is an indescribable social/educational trip. One can make new and lasting friendships, have lots of fun and meet members of the opposite sex, whilst all the time learning about Spain, its people and its language.

THE GROUP: Mr Neville Mars, Mr Andrew Derbyshire, Mr Dominic Moran, Laura Doyle, Katherine Yates, Clare Joof, Denise Pickering, Kavita Gutleea, Sheila Adams, Camilla Byrne, Clair Liddy, Julian Loftus, Sean Doran, Joseph Power, Michael Cozzolino, James Lloyd, Fergal McGuire, Mike O'Brien, Ste Settle, Stephen Parker, Chris Parle and Miles Brennan.

NB: Don't ask Mr Mars where the toilets are, if the flowers are authentic, if those are the original orange trees or if he has been to Spain before.

The Beatles' Story

The new decade was heralded a resurgence in the popularity of the Beatles. The City of Liverpool seems finally to have realised that the Beatles are not only a group to be proud of but also a possible moneyspinner. 'The Beatles Story' exhibition which we feature here looks likely to be a success judging by its early attendance figures.

Recently, of course, the Pier Head was the venue for the Lennon Concert. Although not as well attended as was hoped it again served to illustrate the influence of this man that artistes were prepared to come from all over the world to play just one song each. I only hope that some of the money raised by this event and by the proposed McCartney concert helps to finance some fine young local talent such as 25th of May, Eat My Do and Loop garu. This cash injection is imperative if Liverpool is to undergo a musical revolution similar to that enjoyed in the sixties or by Manchester at the moment.



The Beatles Story — A Magical Experience

The man behind the venture, Mike Byrne, has Edwardian links. He is an old boy of the school, as are his father and his son who left just a couple of years ago. He is also no stranger to the Liverpool entertainment scene, having played with Rory Storm and the Hurricanes, with a certain Ringo Starr on drums, and worked closely with Ken Dodd for a number of years. However it was when he went to USA two years ago with a Beatles exhibition that the idea for the 'Beatles Story' came to him. He told us:

'It was that which really opened my eyes. I saw just what enthusiasm there was for the Beatles over there. I could see there was a need for a proper exhibition in Liverpool so I decided to get together a feasibility and a business plan. Since then I've been raising the finance, developing the concept and getting everything together to make this one



Mike Byrne

of the best attractions in the world and something that Liverpool can be proud of.'

By recreating the sights and sounds of the Cavern and Beatlemania, Mike hopes to attract over 200,000 visitors each year to the £1 million centre. With admission prices at a very reasonable £2 + concessions this ambition should be realised.

Mike concluded 'Most people in the world know of the Beatles, but, through this attraction, everyone will see how this phenomenon became a legend'.

Mike has given us a family ticket for 'The Beatles Story' exhibition to give away. To stand a chance of winning this all you have to do is answer these four questions:

- 1) The Beatles went through several name changes before they became 'The Beatles'. Give two of these names.
- 2) Which former Beatle (apart from John, Paul, George and Ringo) is featured on the 'Sgt Pepper' album sleeve.
- 3) Which artiste covered 'She's Leaving Home' on the 'Sgt Pepper Knew My Father' album?
- 4) Name the artiste who covered 'Lovely Rita' on the above-named album.

John Lennon Tribute

Bernard Doyle
Form Six

As we commemorate the tenth anniversary of John's death I feel that the most fitting tribute is to let the great man speak.

'It's a funny thing, but I've always felt I wasn't going to grow old.' Age 19.

'On this next number I want you all to join in. Could those in the cheaper seats clap their hands, and the rest of you, if you'll just rattle your jewellery.' Royal Command Performance 1963.

'We're more popular than Jesus now. I don't know which will go first — Rock 'n' Roll or Christianity. Jesus was alright but his disciples were thick and ordinary.'

'Part of me thinks I'm a loser and the other part of me thinks I'm God Almighty.'

'People like me are aware of their so-called genius at ten, eight, nine . . . I always wondered — why has nobody discovered me? In school, didn't they see that I was cleverer than anyone else?'

'I always had a gang. I was always the leader, and the Beatles just became my new gang.'

'I did feel embarrassed walking about married. It was like walking about with odd socks on or your fly open.'

On the 25th of November 1969 John returned his M.B.E. to the Queen with a note which read:

'Your Majesty, I am returning my M.B.E. in protest against Britain's involvement in the Nigeria-Biafra thing, against our support of America in Vietnam and against my new single 'Cold Turkey' slipping down the charts. With love,

John Lennon



Drawings by Bernard Doyle, Form Six.

Charley's Aunt— A view from within

Robert Greenland
Form Six

*'I can't! I can't get into the vein. (FLINGS
DOWN PEN)*

*I don't know what to say — don't know how
to begin.' (TEARS UP PAPER)*

The first words in the 1990 school play
describe exactly how I felt when thinking of
an article to write for the school magazine.
Well, what angle should I take?

A straight review perhaps? No, everyone's
seen the play, and anyway, it's out on video
next week.

A vote of thanks, perhaps? I could thank
everyone behind the scenes and everyone
who complimented us. I could even thank the
1st year who, on the Monday after the play
called me a 'hypersexual!' Well, I think it was
a compliment. No, I'll save the thank you's
for the Oscar ceremony.

How about behind the scenes gossip — the
mishaps, the arguments, the romances?

Ah, but I hate to gossip, don't you?

ALL WILL BE REVEALED IN



CHARLEY'S AUNT



THURSDAY 8th OF MARCH
TO
SATURDAY 10th



Poster by Michael Cozzolino, Form Six

Or maybe I could just tell you what the
play was like for me. Yeah!

In October I decided to audition for the
play — mainly because I had nothing to do at
lunchtimes and also because I had a distinct
lack of activities to note down on my UCCA
form. Mr Wells gave us a quick pen-picture
of each character — I quite naively liked the
sound of Lord Fancourt Babberley —

*'He is small, about 5 foot 6 at most. Good
looking (!), humorous face (!!), smartly
dressed, oh, and, er, has been known to dress
up in women's clothes!!!)*

*'When impersonating the aunt, remember
that Lord Fancourt has never acted in his life
before.'*

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF AT



CHARLEY'S AUNT

Poster by Michael Cozzolino, Form Six

This last point swayed me — my only
acting experience had been as an innkeeper in
a Junior School Nativity Play — 'No room at
the Inn' was hardly a taxing script to learn!

I was very pleased and rather surprised to
learn a week later that I had got the part. The
Equity card was quickly arranged and
rehearsals soon began — only an hour a week
at first but all rather daunting. 100 pages of
script and a different era — 19th Century
Oxford — I didn't get into the character until
after Christmas.

But after Christmas it started to take shape.
We rehearsed most lunchtimes, we started
learning lines, we started enjoying ourselves.
Well, time sure flies when you're having fun
— soon we were into April — only a month to
go and 1½ acts to learn. It was also time to
start sorting out costumes — that meant
dresses for some of us. The questions started.
What colours do you suit? Do you suit lace?
What size are you? How the hell am I
supposed to know what size I am in a dress?!
Well . . . it depends on the cut really, in a
Laura Ashley I'm a 10, but in an M+S
summer dress I'm usually a 12!!

Two weeks to go and everything was going
great — we were on schedule, characterization
was coming along fine. A week to go — time
for the dress rehearsal — cue for things to
start going wrong for me. With school uniform
on I could act the women perfectly, but for
some reason with a dress on I lost it. This was
worrying — a week to go and I wasn't ready.

Wednesday — a day to go and I still wasn't
ready. But then . . . after lunch Mr Wells
runs into the hall shouting:

'I've got it, I've got it!'

'So what's new?' we asked in chorus.

'No, no, a wig, a wig!!'

A bit young to be going bald, we thought,
it must be the stress of directing the play.

'No, no, for Bob!!'

'Oh thanks very much!' was my reply to
this rather cutting personal comment.

'No! What does every self respecting old
lady wear — a wig! and Bob, you're going out
to buy it!'

That wiped the smile off my face, I can tell
you! He didn't mention this in the contract.
But off we went to Wiggins in Wavertree with



Photograph by Mr Stephen Wells

brown paper bag strategically placed.

'Er hello, I'd like, er, a wig please.'

A wry smile from the assistant was followed by a hard stare from me.

'Well what about this one?' she said, pulling out an extremely frumpish wig from not a very hygienic looking old box.

'Oh yeah, it suits me.' Well what does one say when one is buying oneself a wig?

FIRST NIGHT!!

I want to go to the toilet!

Yes, I was nervous but once I got on to the stage I was OK — I actually enjoyed it. And yes the wig was a marvellous finishing touch. It really is a great feeling when you get a laugh — especially if you're not expecting it.

Thursday was in my opinion our best night. On Friday we were all a bit tired and on Saturday, until the cigar episode we all had our minds on the end of play party.



Photograph by Mr Stephen Wells

THE PARTY!!!

That's it!! That's what I can talk about! I could talk for hours on the party! I've never laughed so much in my life! Well where shall

I start? Well, it was optional fancy dress and Mr Treherne came in wearing a . . .

Ah, but I hate to gossip, don't you?

A day in the life of...

For this edition, we invited contributions from former pupils engaged in the practice of medicine, from student to senior status.

THE STUDENT

Ms Jane Gleeson (1982-84)

LIFE as a medical student, well, at least for the majority, differs depending upon whether you are in the first or final year of your clinical studies; as a final year student, immersed in the frenzy of a revision course — at a time when numerous bodies rally round and try to instil the 'basics' of medicine into you, and try and make you forget or at least play down the rarities; which are all you can ever remember. My day is not really typical of the other 2½ years of the 3 year course — I should say I am omitting the pre-clinical days — since these are alien to any time at university doing any degree — the world of clinical medicine is very different, unless, of course, you are at one of the more 'hip and trendy' forward-looking medical schools, where there is a degree of integration between the two.

Variety is never lacking throughout the clinical course — medicine is a vast subject and expanding, becoming ever more specialized — inevitably you only get a passing glimpse at some areas; whilst most time is spent with the more general 'backbone' subjects. This variety — a definite 'plus' to the course makes it difficult to pick out a typical day — and it is not only the inherent variety, but also the diverse attitudes of the team of doctors to whom you, as a student, are attached — I'm glad to report that most do their best for you; despite often

being very busy — and obviously enjoy teaching. A few, more gifted, could inspire you with their mastery of their art, their wealth of knowledge, and their kindness and compassion, that can last to the end of a lousy outpatient clinic.

So let me attempt to carve out for you a 'typical' day. Many firms of doctors, have a strange event first thing in the early morning, called an X-ray conference — here the X-rays of patients with difficult or interesting conditions are displayed for the audience of doctors and students, by a qualified radiologist, who with seemingly effortless skill, points out the relevant pathology. To the student whose radiological skills are hovering around the zero mark the darkened room, often over-crowded and over heated; usually sitting at or near the back row — few students are brave enough to break the tacitly-agreed pecking order that dictates that consultants sit on the front row — (though to be fair, many a consultant would be so delighted by such a keen student, they would gladly relinquish their seat) — this soporific environment tends to dampen one's thirst for knowledge — this, thankfully, is counteracted as the months and years go by — by the transformation of the non-descript fuzzy, muzzy shadows on the X-ray into 'classical' signs of disease — Radiology is a speciality in itself — but at least after three years, it is not quite the total enigma it was once.

Having grabbed any available opportunity for a reviving dose of caffeine — one is next off to the ward round — the consultant's ward round is normally as idiosyncratic as the consultant — he (very occasionally, she) has the power to ignore, persecute (either wittingly or unwittingly) or encourage — to be ignored is not common but makes the whole affair mindlessly tedious. 'Persecution' takes the form of being 'grilled' about the minutiae of your patients' problems — which is an intimidating but potentially constructive interchange. Some consultants are so gladdened by the fact you've turned up, assume you are ignorant about most things

and rather than bare such ignorance before the entourage of nurses and junior staff, spout medical wisdom in an attempt to plug some of the gaps in your knowledge. It is always heartening to see consultants who speak simply to their patients as well as technically to their colleagues — an occurrence much appreciated by the patients — who are usually in the most compromised position of all (in spite of what the medical student may think as they wish they could slip quietly under the bed covers and be left alone!)

Lunchtime largely depends on your interests and personality type — the studious or stressed disappear into the library, the more relaxed and 'laid back' into the local park or pub — those less adventurous, or more hard-pressed for time, go to the college refectory and cope with the poor food and appalling decor by joking about the cockroaches (though to be truthful at any medical school this has changed for the better!). Alternative pastimes include 'Neighbours' on television — or one or two of the societies or clubs — though these are not such a big feature of life as a clinical student, unlike the halycon days of pre-clinical life, where work was fitted in around numerous social, sporting, cultural extra-mural activities.

Afternoons are often the time for patient 'clerking' either at high speed in the consultant's outpatient clinic, or at a more leisurely pace on one of the wards — this consists of talking to the patient and finding out about the nature of their illness and their health in general; then family and social environment, and about any treatments they are having or have had in the past. The process is meant to enable one to improve one's diagnostic skills — by the process of pattern recognition — though by the time you as a student reach the patient, they are well aware of their diagnostic label and let it slip in their first breath.

Many of the patients are only too pleased to talk and help you in this way, and the whole affair can be entertaining and therapeutic to

both parties. At times it can leave you quite exposed, since the patient, in trying to understand the how and why of their illness, often sees the student as one of the easiest people to ask — and if you are unsure yourself what is going on, it can be very difficult to answer without appearing evasive.

The day may close with a lecture and if it has been a taxing one, it may find you as inattentive as the morning X-ray conference — but not always!

Variations on this 'typical' day — are times spent doing special attachments eg. in Obstetrics, where as a student you rapidly learn how to deliver a baby — when fear and trepidation on your part, are quickly shelved by a sense of achievement and thankfulness, even if it was the mother who did all the work! It is at times such as this, when you actively partake in a patient's management, that one's sense of vocation to be a doctor, can be reawakened from its slumber — being 'on call' as a resident student with a team of doctors is again a time when one can switch from passive observation of management and treatment to active participation — as one sees patients being admitted 'off the streets'.

Your day can be as full and enjoyable as you wish it to be — and although you can often meet demoralized and overworked staff, in quite poor working environment — it is easy to forget the privilege of being taught by people who are often national or world experts in their field.

The most rewarding time is that spent with the patients — who are often quite a vulnerable section of the population — and although as a student you may feel you 'do nothing' for them, you are at least at more liberty, free from the pressures of 'doing the job' to spend time with these people — and it is time well spent.

THE JUNIOR DOCTOR

Dr Robert Wynn BA MB BChir (1976-83)

I WRITE as a junior doctor who, more often than not, enjoys his work and without wishing to dwell on the cause célèbre of junior doctors' hours of work I feel it is important to say that many of my contemporaries are profoundly disillusioned with medicine and are seeking careers outside of it.

If the subject is the houseman's day then that day is, at least some of the time, 32 hours long. The basic task is simple to state: keep the consultant happy. During normal working hours, at least, the job is largely clerical — ordering tests required by those above you, collecting results, filing notes and persuading various hospital departments that your requests are so much more important than those of others. The *raison d'être* of the houseman is expressed most clearly at the Ward Round — gently guiding the experienced and wise around the patients — reminding him of who they are and their names and problems, the latest findings and their progress — all the time presenting the information in such a way as to enable him to feel in control.

It is, as it sounds, mundane and largely tedious, requiring simple efficient organisation. The rewards of the job are elsewhere than in the knowledge that there would be chaos in your absence.

The houseman is ever present, or easily

attractable. Inevitably therefore you are the one most in contact with the patients and so most able to revel in the experience of the diversity of our fellow beings — such privileged contact is the beauty of medicine. It falls to you, in the day-to-day management of patients to care for the dying and ensure their death is a fulfilling experience, to talk to concerned family and liaise with other members of the hospital staff.

As may be evident there is little clinical medicine in this work — the stuff you've spent six years in medical school waiting to use. This is used at night when the hierarchy is sleeping. At other times the decisions are largely made by others and you watch and learn — for medicine is experiential and only by learning from the good doctors about you can you develop into one yourself. The process is a long one.

The darkened wards, echoing hospital corridors and gentle hiss of nocturnal oxygen sounds appealing, even romantic work in these conditions is carried out with a full day's work behind you and another in front and all junior doctors know the point at which the most overpowering feeling is the need for sleep. From this point on, with requests to be in 10 places at once and a growing list of things to do it can be a taxing and exhausting job.

AN ANAESTHETIST'S DAY

by Dr Peter A. Bamber

8.15. I drive into the hospital and am surprised to find a gap in which to park. I am on call tonight and resident in the hospital so I drop off my overnight bag in the residential block then make my way over to the Intensive Care Unit.

Anaesthetists are often involved in intensive care where they typically have roles as duty doctor and/or overall coordinator. In the absence of the usual consultant for the day I shall have both roles this morning, assisted by an anaesthesia registrar.

All five beds are occupied. Each of the patients will need a review of their systems and treatment and a plan for the day.

The first has a very rare condition affecting cartilage. All of the major airways in his lungs are collapsing and he requires periods connected to an automatic lung ventilator. His other body systems are virtually normal: he is awake and can eat and drink normally although he has a tracheostomy. Today he is scheduled for surgery to reinforce his trachea and main bronchi. The nurses have prepared him for theatre and there is nothing for me to do with him other than wish him well.

The second patient is an 18-month old with a severe chest infection requiring lung ventilation. She is improving and although there is no prospect of her yet being able to breathe without assistance there are a few changes to be made to her treatment in preparation for 'weaning' from the ventilator in a few days.

The third patient is 75-years old with respiratory failure after surgery for a perforated duodenal ulcer. He had long-term respiratory problems as a result of his life-long smoking and the illness has pushed him into acute respiratory failure. He is

improving although he is rather fluid overloaded. The plan for the day is to restrict his fluid input and to transfuse albumen solution as his blood is protein-deficient.

The anaesthesia registrar who is working with me has reviewed the other two patients. One is severely brain-damaged after a suicide attempt with 'Distalgesic' tablets. The other is recovering from a prolonged period of respiratory failure after a life-threatening chest infection.

By 10.45 each of us has reviewed our patients and made plans for the day. A short coffee break is followed by a brief ward round to discuss each patient together. I decide that the woman recovering from respiratory failure can be discharged from the ICU to the ordinary ward and the overdose patient should be discussed with the physicians regarding a brain scan. (Responsibility for patients in the ICU is shared between the physicians/surgeons under whose care they were originally admitted and the ICU anaesthetists).

Now I have time to visit the operating theatres to see how the airway reinforcement operation is progressing and to find the surgeon responsible for the woman to be discharged. The former is easy: the operation is going well. The latter is more difficult as it involves disengaging the surgeon from conversation with his secretary, his surgical colleagues and an apparently unending queue of telephone callers.

My bleep sounds. The paediatrician sharing care of the child would like to discuss treatment with me. I return to the ICU where we agree on the plan of action and then it's back up to the theatres in time to escort the patient who has had surgery back down to the ICU. His lungs will remain artificially ventilated for at least 24 hours so he returns to the ICU whilst I maintain his respiration with a bag during the brief journey.

1.00 pm. Now there is time for lunch consisting of a packet of crisps and a sandwich eaten in the anaesthetic office whilst I open some mail and make a few telephone calls.

1.20 pm. The ICU will be looked after by the registrar for the remainder of the day so I make my way to the ENT operating theatres where I am anaesthetising for a list of ear, nose and throat operations this afternoon.

It takes 5 minutes to perform the routine safety check of the anaesthetic equipment and then 25 minutes to prepare all the drugs I shall be using this afternoon. (I prefer to get everything ready in advance so that the patients don't have to wait whilst watching me waving syringes and needles in front of them!)

There are seven cases on the list. The first three are children for tonsillectomy and adenoidectomy. Thankfully none of them put up a screaming fight when I inject the anaesthetic. Alas the consultant is training his registrar so each case takes longer than usual.

The next two are adults, one for

tonsillectomy and one for sinus washouts (ugh!); no problems there.

The standard technique for these sort of cases is a short-acting intravenous anaesthetic injection to render the patient unconscious followed by a short-acting muscle-paralysing drug to facilitate passage of a breathing tube into the trachea. The latter is necessary because the surgeon is operating in the mouth. The patient's lungs are then inflated with anaesthetic gases to maintain unconsciousness. Soon muscle activity returns and the patient breathes for him/herself. At the end the gas mixture is changed to 100% oxygen and as the gases are breathed out consciousness returns.

The sixth patient is having his throat examined under anaesthesia. As suspected a cancer arising from the back of his throat is discovered. It is too extensive for surgery so he will be referred for deep X-ray therapy.

The final patient is having surgery to the middle ear. The small size of the middle ear means that even very little bleeding obscures the surgeon's view. To reduce bleeding I give drugs to lower the blood pressure below normal.

5.45 pm. The ENT is finished but as I am on call I call in at the ICU to check progress. Thankfully there are no problems.

6.30 pm. After a welcome cup of tea I make my way to the orthopaedic wards to visit the patients I shall be anaesthetising tomorrow. This takes about an hour, complicated by discussion with two of the patients (one of whom is Polish with limited 'medical English') of the merits of local anaesthesia for patients with untreated high blood pressure.

9.30 pm. The on call Senior House Officer has been anaesthetising various emergency cases in theatre until now. None of them have been difficult enough to require my assistance. Having eaten dinner, cooked in the microwave in the ICU kitchen (thus avoiding the vagaries of NHS food), I am about to go to my room. The ICU telephone rings.

The SHO has been called to Accident and Emergency where an old man has arrived having been hit by a car. He is unconscious with serious head injuries and has fractures of both legs and a badly fractured pelvis. I join the SHO and we spend the next hour with two surgeons resuscitating the patient. Eventually he is stable enough to be transferred, accompanied by the SHO, to the neurosurgical unit about 18 miles away. His age and the extent of his injuries make it unlikely that he will survive long-term.

After the SHO has left with the patient I check over the ICU once again and finally go to bed. The night is a quiet one and I sleep undisturbed by telephone or bleep. It's just as well: it's 'Polish anaesthesia' tomorrow!

Peter Bamber was at St Edward's College from 1969 to 1976. He went to Liverpool University Medical School and has worked in Liverpool, Middlesbrough, Sheffield (where he now lives) and Leeds. He is currently a senior registrar in anaesthesia in Bradford and is now seeking a consultant anaesthetist post.

A Year Abroad

Mr Mark Davis

ON July 5th 1988, the Davis family set off on an adventure. Anne and I, together with our two small children, Rebecca and Daniel, bid goodbye to our family and friends to leave this 'green and pleasant land' for the surprisingly alien territory of the Western United States.

This was by way of the good offices of the Christian Brothers who had generously granted me a scholarship to study for a year. The scholarship did not specify where such study should be undertaken and my choice of Santa Clara University in California was governed by a number of factors. Mr first concern was to study at a Catholic University, and that meant going either to Europe or the States. I was also looking for a Masters Degree, possible to do in a year, that had an obviously spiritual content, rather than simply dry academic study. These requirements meant that there were a limited number of options and among these, Santa Clara seemed the most attractive. The fact that my cousins live in this part of California was a great appeal... as was the weather.

Actually the weather was ridiculously good! It was not until the 15th December that Anne and I felt a drop or two of rain on our heads, and that, by Murphy's Law, was during the evening of our first night out without the children since leaving England.

Not that all was sunshine in the metaphorical sense. Moving for any length of time to a different country involves a

great deal of adjusting and thinking on your feet no matter how much time is spent in prior planning. One of the first things that we noticed was the price of rented accommodation. We had to find over 500 pounds a month to rent a two bedroom apartment and when we later moved into a house, the rent went up proportionally. With this and course fees of over \$6,000 it was apparent that between us we had to find another source of income.

The resolution to this problem came right out of the blue and we saw this as the kindly hand of Providence coming to our aid. I went to the University Chemistry Department to offer my services as a lab technician and found, to my surprise, that the Professor employed to teach the lab had not turned up. The department was in a spot so I dusted off my BSc and came to their aid. Actually they came rather more strongly to our support as my pay went up ten-fold at a stroke. Being then employed by the University as a lecturer opened up all sorts of hitherto locked doors. I found myself the proud possessor of my own office with telephone and access to a quiet workplace any time of the day or night. The University's computer facilities were also now within easier access and this too made the whole learning process much more straightforward.

Anne was also blessed with part-time employment which also contributed significantly to our financial survival. A local Catholic highschool had been unable to find someone to take girl's PE and having been tipped off by an unknown benefactor, the headmaster rang up to ask for help. The M.Ed. Anne had obtained at the University of Georgia some years earlier put her in good stead and she took to the task with some enthusiasm.

Santa Clara lies about 50 miles south of San Francisco, right next door to San Jose. It was originally a mission station set up by the Franciscans in the early days of Spanish colonial activity but this was later taken over by the Jesuits who now run the University. The Mission Church, pictured



here, is in the centre of the University campus and acts as a focus for much that goes on. We found the 10.30am liturgy each week was a marvellous experience, a glimpse of what is possible in the ritual life of the Church. The standard of preaching each week was particularly impressive, largely due to the fact that members of the resident Jesuit community were the principal contributors.

The Masters Course that I undertook was very enriching and rewarding. The 13 modules required covered most of the important areas in theology. There were courses as diverse as 'Revelation' and 'The History of Western Spirituality' together with others more specifically addressed to Catechetics. I found the whole process encouraging and it renewed my confidence both in my own personal direction and that of the Catholic tradition of christianity in which we are involved.

The children had a marvellous time in the Californian sun. They thrived in the heat and loved, in particular, the beaches around Santa Cruz that we visited as often as we could. Rebecca went to a playgroup called 'Kids on Campus' which was by far the best pre-school environment either Anne or I had ever seen. The other picture you can see shows her at her 'Graduation Ceremony' from the playgroup. My own graduation, this June, could hardly be a grander occasion.

During breaks within my course we managed to travel around a bit and have a look at the majestic surroundings in which we lived. Particularly memorable was a trip down the Californian coast from San Francisco to Los Angeles, taking in such diverse attractions as Whale Watching at

Half Moon Bay, the Santa Barbara Beaches, the Monterey Aquarium and Disneyland. It was ten days we will never forget and was just part of a year of rich and varied experience we had the great fortune to share together.

Photographs by Mr Mark Davis.



The Don Revie Appreciation Society

Alex 'Jim Martin' McCann, James 'Jim Morrison' Lloyd, Graham 'Nod Wright' Smith, Joey 'W. Axl Rose' Power Form Six

APART from being a highly successful football manager, Don Revie had kindly given his name to our select sixth-form society. For those uninitiated philistines Done Revie is rhyming slang for BEVVY. Membership of the society requires an extensive understanding of rhyming slang.

A typical meeting is as follows:

- (i) The Steering Wheel bar above 'The Swan' is a favourite conference hall.
- (ii) Minutes of the previous meeting are discussed, for example, 'I touched for six hundred Blenheims last night,' or Nod's classic, 'I blacked out for the last half hour, man.'
- (iii) The meeting begins with a modicum of liquid refreshment. Be it 'Tex Ritter', 'Forsythe Saga', 'Born To Be Wild', 'Billy Bodka' or 'Freddie Frisky'.
- (iv) Topics of discussion are usually 'Tagues', 'chippies', or 'The best fifteen pints I ever had'.
- (v) End of meeting, on to appreciate the Don Revie's in full.

(vi) Discussions begin concerning the location of the late night/early morning post meeting celebrations. The Wood Street/Fleet Street/Bold Street area usually receives the society with open arms.

(vii) It is customary to conclude the evening with the post meeting dinner. The Doner Burger is a popular choice on the menu. After dinner speeches to entertain the group members commence. Nod never fails to give us a merry tale.

(viii) The penultimate stage concerns another footballing legend, Geoff Hurst. After visiting him (and feeling much better for it), all that remains is to find a 'Joe Blaxi' and struggle home — wherever it happens to be that night.

This article must, however, end on a sad note. The society cannot survive without extensive funds. There are two solutions, the first is to work, this, however cuts down time to meet and discuss the present social and moral problems in our society. The second is through donations, cheques may be made payable to any of the four members. UP THE MODS!

The do's and don'ts of holidaying in Spain with one fellow Edwardian, six ex-Edwardians and two associates.

Anthony Williams
Form Six

DO'S

1. Book yourself into a full-board hotel because after a week your supplies will be very low and your choice of food could be between a tin of Celebrity chopped pork or a packet of variety size Frosties without milk.
2. However, if you do choose to go self-catering then:
— take as much food as you can carry as the chances are that your mates won't bring any and No 1 could well result.
3. Make sure you have at least £500 in reserve as you never know just what's around the corner or in the backyard.
4. Make sure you all take E111's as medical bills for dog bites/arm wounds/Freddy Kreugerisms can sap your ale money.
5. Make sure that none of your mates buys a water pistol as the resulting fights with buckets of water and subsequent flooding of the apartment block could well land you on the streets.
6. If number 1 results:
— make sure you find a girl with loads of money (ie one that's just arrived) because Wimpy's taste much nicer than the aforementioned food.
7. Hold acid dances on the beach as the surrounding bathers are very appreciative.
8. Make sure you fly as the card school on the coach can dramatically decrease your money reserves!
9. Make sure you leave your tapes at home as you'll never get the sand and the Mediterranean out of them and Big Fun will never sound the same again!



DONT'S

1. Each buy a crate of ale on the ferry as the last thing you want on arriving in Spain is a whopper of a hangover!
2. Put lager in the freezer as it's not the same frozen.
3. Drink lager for breakfast/dinner/tea/supper as it's not good for your stomach, but it does cure hangovers (you never get one!)
4. Nearly get run over by a group of Spaniards and consequently abuse them in your best Spanish accent. The chances are they'll get out with big sticks and beat you black and blue.
5. Let one of your mates put an overweight girl on his shoulders whilst being slightly/very/excessively inebriated as he'll be lucky to live to regret it.
6. Argue over a tin opener as you'll regret your mate falling through a glass door when you lose your £40 deposit.
7. Play the Cult at full blast at 6.30 am on your last day as the Spanish police raiding your apartment and confiscating the passports four hours before you are due to leave, especially when it costs £10 each to get them back and between you all you have is 150pts and 3 bottle tops!
8. Go with so many friends.
9. Go into a wild fun pub whilst inebriated as one of your mates could end up naked and covered in tomato sauce.

As bad as all this sounds the holiday will still be one to remember for the rest of your life both for the ups and the downs (or is it throw-ups?).

Photographs by Anthony Williams,
Form Six

Dying Companions

Jude Watts
Form Four

AS dusk fell the two companions sat before the embers of the dying fire. The old woman was silent; the young man wept into his hands.

The young man wiped his tears across his cheeks with the back of his hand. he composed himself.

'How long have you known?'

The old woman emerged from her trance-like solitude.

'Two years'.

She looked at him and winced as a pulse of pain radiated through her heaving stomach. She emitted a slight whimper and turned guiltily away as her eyes caught the young man's. The young man asked his dying companion why she had not informed him sooner, but her reply was silence. Still reigned once again. She shifted position in her armchair in a futile attempt to make herself more comfortable. The embers lost some heat and the ruddy glow darkened somewhat. The fire too was dying. The young man looked through the window at the gathering gloom outside. The morn was emerging; it was in the last stage of its cycle.

The old woman, staring blankly, spoke slowly of old times. Times when the man was even younger; of times when she was younger; she spoke of her fading memories of childhood, such a long time ago. Suddenly she clutched her stomach. It undulated as the pain rippled through her aged body. She shouted out, warning him she was going to die. Wild-eyed, she clawed at her chair; but relaxed as her agony subsided.

The young man regarded the old woman; he contemplated the parasitic cancer gnawing at her stomach, burning its way through the living cells. His thoughts were disturbed by a renewed surge of fire racking his mother's body. Her frame arched inwards as if her stomach was imploding. The young man hastened to the old woman's side. He clasped her small hand in his larger palms. Her pain subsided. She was breathing heavily. She gripped his hand as though wringing a damp towel for the last few drops of water. She whispered his name and he bent down and kissed her forehead. She closed her eyes and tightened her grip. Then her wrist went slack, her hand went limp.

As dusk fell the two companions sat before the cold embers of the dead fire. The old woman was indeed silent; the young man wept into his hands; and outside the sun slipped behind the horizon.



Faces in a crowd

Mark Bamber, Lee Grace,
Joseph Kelly, Graham Rusk,
David Lambert
Form Two





Guess who?
As if you
didn't know!

Caricature by Alexander Burke, Form Six.



YES LADDIE, YOU!



Alex.

Caricature by Alexander Burke, Form Six.

BLOOMIN' HELL THERE'S ALWAYS ONE!



Caricature by Josef Cannon, Form Six.

The Hillsborough Disaster Appeal Fund

The First Twelve Months

Mr Michael Reddington

ON the 15th April 1989 the FA Cup Semi-Final was due to be played at the Hillsborough stadium, the home of Sheffield Wednesday. By coincidence, it was to be a repeat of the previous year's Semi-Final between Liverpool and Nottingham Forest. A fine day of high expectation turned in the space of a few minutes into the worst sporting tragedy ever witnessed in this country. 95 people were killed in the crush at the Leppings Lane end of the ground and hundreds more were injured — the official report on the disaster quotes 766 — but there were many hundreds more who suffered trauma and shock, if not physical injury.

The Lord Mayor of Sheffield, the Chairman of Liverpool City Council and the Lord Mayor of Nottingham were present at the match and in the immediate aftermath of the disaster, on the Saturday evening, they launched an Appeal Fund for the victims and their relatives. The Chairman of Liverpool Football Club announced the Club's intention to set up an Appeal Fund and at a meeting on the 17th April it was agreed to combine the Appeals into a single Fund, with Trustees being nominated by the four sponsors.

I had been away from the City that weekend and had seen the events unfolding on television. Having retired as Chief Executive of the City Council three months previously, I was no longer involved in the City's response to the tragedy. However, a friend of mine had been the City Treasurer of Bradford at the time of the football disaster

there and I recalled his words of warning about not setting up a Charitable Trust for the disaster appeal. On the Monday morning I rang Philip Kelly, the City Treasurer, to pass on this advice and offering any assistance that I could give. I must admit I was thinking in terms of opening envelopes and banking donations! On the Tuesday he rang me back to say that after the meeting on the previous day nominations had been made by the four sponsors of the Trustees and it was crucial to appoint a Trust Fund Manager — would I be willing to take it on? Needless to say, I was only too ready to help and so embarked upon a task that has been demanding but rewarding.

The formal Trust documents were quickly drawn up and the deeds were signed by the four Trustees on the 21st April — by which time there was already over £800,000 standing to the credit of the Fund's accounts in Sheffield, Liverpool and Nottingham.

The most crucial immediate decision was the form of the Fund. In general, the public perception of disaster funds is that they are charitable funds. However, the restraints of charity law are such that many of the purposes for which we believed contributions would be given could not be met. Payments to express sympathy in grief and loss, rather than to meet actual financial need, would not be possible. Past experience had shown that charitable funds sometimes had difficulty in using the funds which had been donated.

The Fund was therefore established as a discretionary trust, although a separate charitable trust was set up to allow contributions to be made from organisations (generally charitable trusts themselves) which could only make payments to charities.

The Trustees took a number of further decisions at that first meeting. They decided that the distribution of the Fund would reflect the fact that there had been unequal suffering and hardship; that we should aim to pay out the monies available by way of capital sums rather than by making continuing income payments over a number of years; that we should pay out to the beneficiaries as quickly as possible; and finally that we

should not at any time divulge the names of persons to whom we had made distributions, not how much any individual or category of persons had received.

On the practical side, we let the bereaved families know that the Fund would take responsibility for funeral expenses where this was their wish and we made interim payments to the next of kin as quickly as they could be identified. Interim payments were also made to those who had been seriously injured and we made arrangements for immediate help to be given to anyone suffering financial hardship as a direct result of the disaster. Some £350,000 was paid out within 5 weeks.

There was an immediate liaison between the Appeal Fund and the Co-ordinating Committee set up by the Directors of Social Services. The use of this network was of vital importance since the victims, although virtually all Liverpool fans, were drawn from across the country. Two-thirds of those killed were from Merseyside and immediately surrounding areas, the remaining third spread throughout the country, from Wiltshire and Essex to Preston and Derbyshire. It was assumed that the distribution of those injured could be similarly widespread. Arrangements were therefore made for Directors of Social Services throughout the country to make payments on our behalf to relieve financial difficulties. This meant that both practical and financial support could be provided together and with the minimum of fuss.

Meantime, money was pouring into the Appeal. Fund-raising on occasions such as this arises from hundreds of spontaneously organised events and activities, as well as from countless donations from individuals, educational and sporting organisations, and businesses large and small. The range of events has been tremendous, from the match between Celtic and Liverpool, the concert by famous Liverpool stars of show business, the record produced by Gerry Marsden and his colleagues, all the way across the spectrum to sponsored walks and activities in schools throughout the country including, of course, St Edwards. The football community throughout the world has responded; clubs and fans from Canada to South America, from as far away as Australia and Hong Kong, and across Europe, as well as the British Isles, have been generous in their support.

The contributions have come from all quarters, in large and small sums, all of them bearing the message of sympathy for the victims. This incredible generosity has led to the Fund now reaching £12.1 million — far and away the largest domestic disaster Fund every raised in this country.

Having dealt with the immediate problems, the Trustees turned their minds to the question of the main distribution of the Fund. They wanted to make a major disbursement before the end of the year. A number of Agents were appointed to visit the bereaved families and the injured to see if any further immediate assistance was needed and to gather information necessary to enable the Trustees to make a distribution. Three eminent Consultants were appointed to undertake the assessment of the injuries, both of body and mind, sustained by the survivors



for us and the Trust Fund set about the task of obtaining the necessary medical reports.

Although we could readily identify those who had been killed, there was no comprehensive record of those who had been injured. We could get in touch with the bereaved families and the seriously injured straight away, but would need to await claims from those less seriously injured.

Early in June, therefore, we advertised in the local press in Merseyside, Sheffield and Nottingham, and in the national press, inviting those who were injured at Hillsborough to register a claim on the Fund by the end of July. It was apparent that many of those who had been in the crush were reluctant to claim, being conscious that they had escaped with their lives whilst so many had tragically perished. However, as the size of the Fund was rising steadily it was becoming clear that it would be sufficient to make an equitable distribution, not only to the bereaved families and those seriously injured but also to those who sustained less serious injuries.

Although the Trustees recognised that ultimately the responsibility for all decisions on the distribution of the Fund would rest on them, they thought it right to be aware, as far as possible, of the views of the communities affected. Meetings were therefore held with representatives of the local communities in Nottingham, Sheffield and Merseyside and with Liverpool FC.

By the end of August, 400 injury claims had been formally lodged with the Fund, but we were aware of a further 160 potential claims and both of these numbers were rising daily. It was not thought fair to the bereaved families and those seriously injured to delay making a distribution until we could deal with all the claims, and so we aimed to make the major distribution in these cases by October.

By October the Fund was standing at £10.5 million. We made the distribution to the bereaved families and to those seriously injured, in the knowledge that there would be sufficient in the Fund to make appropriate payments to those with lesser injuries who at that stage numbered some 700.

By the end of October we had either paid out or committed to Trusts just over £6 million and we aimed to make a distribution to the majority of those less seriously injured before the end of the year.

The Medical Panel made good progress with their assessments. By December we were able to make payments, interim in some cases, to 500 of those injured (including all those who had claimed by 31st August).

By mid-March we had made payments to 647 of those injured and in the light of the outcome of these cases and of further contributions which had come into the Fund beyond those anticipated in October, we were able to make a final payment to bereaved families and those seriously injured.

We have now paid out or committed to trusts some £10 million of the £11.6 million contributed to the Discretionary Fund — some 86% and administrative costs are presently less than 1% of these amounts. Contributions to the Charitable Fund stand at £460,000.

There remain 200 injury cases which have not yet been finally assessed, and claims have continued to come in. A final deadline has now been put on the receipt of claims. We believe that the balance of contributions in the Discretionary Fund will be sufficient to cover the remaining injury cases and this would allow for the transfer of investment income to the Charitable Trust and hence to recover the tax payable.

The only expenditure and commitment at present of the Charitable Trust is for the Hillsborough Help-Line. The Trustees have agreed to support this for a period of 18 months from October 1989 at a cost of £100,000.

We will be contributing to the cost of the memorial which was dedicated at Anfield on the anniversary, but apart from this, and support for the memorial booklets already printed, no decisions have been taken about memorial or residual uses of the Appeal Fund which will substantially come from the Charitable Fund.

Although the bulk of the distribution has now taken place, much still remains to be done although obviously the scale of activity will be running down once the deadline for the receipt of claims has passed. Hopefully by the end of the year we will be able to look back on a task completed, which will have properly reflected the incredible generosity of all those who contributed to the Fund.

Michael Reddington was a pupil from 1948-50 and is a former City Treasurer and Chief Executive of the City of Liverpool.

Inside Out

Matthew Dempsey Form Six

I stand before a world that has rejected me,
But they reject something already rejected.
I take no pride in myself, no pleasure in
existence.

With my spirit broken, confidence in ruins,
My thoughts turn to the desire for peace.

Death fills my mind, puerile revenge on my
oppressors.

It is the easy way out, for I am afraid of
life.

Why struggle? Why fight? Why make a
stand?

It's too much trouble. I give up and sink
Beneath the waves of hatred that I create
for myself.

I am an anomaly of the human race,
A bastard creation of evolution.
Abused by my peers, a lifetime of shadows.
Convincing myself of the act's necessity,
Fascinated by the unlimited possibilities,
Yet too fearful to try any one.

For as a coward,
I will remain
The hunted.



King of the Air

Paul Kewin
Form Five

WIND in face, golden knife slicing the air ahead, as lazily, sweeping on brown dappled wings, I survey my territory. Soaring through the azure tranquillity, in my world, my kingdom, where non challenge, or rival, like the Halcyon I glide, over the ice-encrusted landscape. Others had perished in the season's claspings jaws, not I.

The snow had come suddenly, pouncing, talons gripping nature in frozen deadlock. No more food for birds of prey, no hovering, no swooping, no more taste of coppery blood.

On wings of hunger I had flown, searching for sustenance for a morsel of succulent flesh yet none I found.

Journies further afield, beyond my usual haunts, yielded only mice — insufficient compensation for the energy of the hunt — which could not fill the chasm in my breast. The pain of which, said death was flying towards me on fatal wings. Lethargy was all that was left, sitting among glistening branches, preparing for princely death, my silvery sepulchre waiting below.

Clouds of buzzards attracted me, and final reserves of energy brought me to a place familiar to me from my nesting post. Over which I had often flew in regal splendour giving the protection I reserved for all my past residences. It was then I saw her, corpulent old woman, tousled grey hair, the enemy to supply my food. She had come like a saviour just as death winged its way over the horizon towards me.

Her taming began with gobbets of flesh strategically placed, distanced from her home. A distance which gradually narrowed as the taming continued until eventually I alighted each day to feed from a platform in front of her. She observed and she was observed from a distance.

Gradually her curiosity made her bold and each day as I dined restoring my strength preparing she drew nearer and glassy-eyed devotedly gazed captivated.

As days passed, I was revitalised while she deteriorated. Her stout figure became gaunt; her grey hair no longer bouncy but lank; her bright eyes, dull. This I noticed while circling above her emaciated form lying dormant below.

With a closing of wings I plummeted, ground rising up to meet me, my talons wrenched the meat from her with a claw and the thrashing of my wings awakened her from her torpor as I purged skyward. Her reactions were now lethargic, circling above, I watched the enemy return to its lair, slowly it hobbled — not much longer to go now.

One more day and my taming was

complete. I ate, completely relaxed, next to her, dull eye watching my every move. No fear, no suspicion.

The following day, the final day, I found her spread-eagled, barely clad, waiting. As I landed in front of her, I eyed her, sizing her up.

Oh yes, the taming had been worth it. The fleeting glances of my majesty I had given her as I sailed over, careful to never show her enough so she always wanted more; my patience as I enticed her out, closer and closer to me, making her confident in my presence; my cunning in flying from her table as she observed, careful always to keep her desire for my beauty unsated until finally I fed from her hand, had paid their dividend. Oh yes, I thought, deaf to the screams, as I plunged my beak into my winter food supply, the taming of the old woman would mean I would remain King of the Air.



HARLEQUIN
Christopher Rodenhurst, Form Five

Letters



Jo

LIFE has certainly been extremely exciting here recently. There was a sudden escalation in the fighting about a month ago, and the rebels reached the next big town to us, Ganta (about 40 miles away). We decided to send the young brothers back to Sierra Leone, and the seminary also closed. I drove the brothers down to Monrovia, but then returned to school for another week.

That week after Easter was impossible. The kids were so scared that they could not concentrate. A car pulled up outside the window one day, and all of the twelfth grade (top class) dived under their desks. From sixty in a class on Tuesday, we had ten by Friday, and they all wanted to go home, so we closed school. So then we had our second evacuation — the two volunteers and elementary school principal. That only left two Brothers in Gbarnga — Martin and Dennis. I was very upset at leaving though — I hate being forced to do anything!

So we were staying in Monrovia for a while, until things calmed down. Next thing, I heard the British had asked all non-essential people to fly home. Well, I was damned if I was going to be pushed around anymore, so I had to make myself essential pretty fast!

Some of my friends were working with the United Nations disaster relief operation, feeding people who had been forced to run away from their farms by the fighting, so I walked into the office and started giving Mike a hand. Next thing I knew I had been assigned a job as a pick-up and driver and sent back to Gbarnga with the rest of the team.

One slight fly in the ointment was Brother Ignatius Chincotta. The day after I had landed the job, he flew in from England to try and persuade us to leave. By then I was fed up with being told to leave so I was ready to refuse, but various people he met reassured him of our safety.

So I ended up travelling back to Phebe Hospital about ten miles from Gbarnga, which is our 'Forward Base'. The work we do there is really exciting — but hard. We start at seven a.m. with breakfast, then we don't finish until midnight. But it's very satisfying work, as you can imagine.

We have to first load about a ton of food on to each pick-up, but one day I had to

drive myself — which was fun. I managed to put the pick-up in a ditch once, which was scary. I was at the back of a war-zone, fortunately one pick-up noticed I had gone and came back for me.

The actual distribution has to be seen to be believed. We carry loads of string with us and get the locals to make sharp stakes. We can then build fences to contain the queues. We give out rice by the bucket (one bucket feeds six people for a week). In a day we can feed 1,200 people from a convoy of pick-ups (we carry food for 300 on each pick-up).

We had a 'rice riot' on Wednesday. We ran out of rice — 4,000 people arrived to be fed, so we just couldn't cope. Anyway, when we were explaining we had run out and would return, the distribution area was stormed. They just swept through and took anything they could carry — buckets,

string, stakes — and the food we had set aside for the people working with us.

However, after some 'palaver' with the chief and threats that we would never return, most of the stuff was given back.

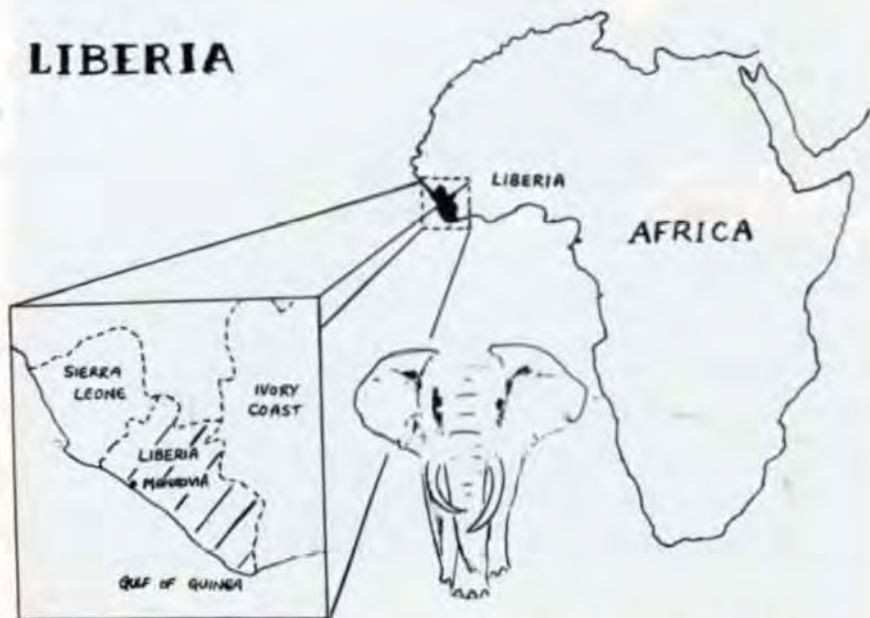
But getting back to Monrovia after a week of that is superb. We have parties at the various Embassies, and meet all sorts of influential people. I have even been debriefed by one of Smiley's people after a particularly interesting day out.

The really fascinating point is mixing with all these people. We have all sorts of sources of information which don't get into the news. It gives you a real sense of power when everyone comes to you to get the latest information.

Now I must sign off.

God Bless,
Lots of Love

MR MARK LUNT



Map by Jeremy Marshall, Form Six.

Dear Sir,

With very little emphasis being placed on competitive soccer in St Edward's, do you not think you should correct this by giving support to the small number of teams formed by the pupils of the College over the past year or so. F.C. Springbox has been flying the school flag unofficially in matches against other schools using borrowed kits and nets.

Could a fund not be set up to deal with such private ventures, purchasing kits or nets. If financial help is out of the question then perhaps help could be given in the form of a home pitch or assistance in entering leagues.

SIMON WESTON
Form Six

Dear Mr Duffy,

I am writing this letter to ask why the choral society does not go on day-outs. Every Friday we practise, and we perform on three to four occasions throughout the year. So if the cross country team and rugby team can go on day trips, why not us.

Yours faithfully

J. PEARSON
Form Two

Thank you for your letter. I think you make fair comment and I have been investigating an outing for this year.

Mr Terence Duffy

Dear Mrs Williams,

While appreciating the quality and variety of food on offer at the canteen, I have somewhat been dismayed that over the last year or so there have been quite a number of products that have increased in price and this coincides with smaller quantities being served.

Products that have increased in price are (for example), salads, chips, fruit, carton drinks and most other main meals on offer. I have also been confused about why beans are 18p per portion relative to peas, 10p per portion, when there is not much difference in price between these two in any shop or supermarket.

I would appreciate an explanation of your policies towards increasing food and drink prices and look forward to hearing from you in the near future.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES CUTHBERT
Form Six

Dear James,

Thank you for your recent letter regarding the catering service provided at the school.

Firstly, I would like to say that both Gardner Merchant and St Edward's College work together to provide a good service at a realistic cost.

As you rightly say, there have been some price increases throughout the year which have been in line with the rise in wholesale food costs. The prices charged for lunches are not at cost price but have a percentage mark-up to cover some of the operating costs such as catering staff wages, fuel costs, cleaning materials, maintenance of premises and equipment, replacement of kitchen and dining room equipment, Gardner Merchant management fee. The profit generated by the sale of food by no means covers the total operating costs which has to be made up by the school.

With regards to your comment about apparent smaller quantities, there has been no intentional reduction in portion size.

If you or your fellow students have any comments regarding the catering service, please ask for me in the kitchen.

Mrs Enid Williams,
Catering Manager

Dear Sir,

I write to you concerning the emphasis which this school places upon pupils gaining entry into the Oxbridge universities. However, I do not object to these pupils being given extra work and sitting the entrance examination. What I do object to is the occasional inference, whether deliberate or not, that these pupils are more intelligent than the rest of the pupils. After all, we are only hoping to gain entry into the so-called 'red brick' universities who often have better reputations for some subjects but not the same social standing as Oxford and Cambridge. For instance, the Edinburgh University has a better reputation for Medicine.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN GAVIN,
Form Six

Dear Magazine,

Bristol University, so I'm told, enjoys a high reputation for courses in Arts, Sciences, Languages, Engineering and Medicine. I, however, did not come here on the merits of gaining a 'Bristol Degree', but moreover on the rather limited choice of Veterinary Schools in the country.

St Edward's doesn't seem to send many students here — myself being the only person from my year to come to Bristol — and it seems, indeed, that not many Northern people are here at all. I got stuck, for example, in a flat for six, with the other five lads being from London — what bliss! There's a lot of money knocking around here, as well, which takes a bit of getting used to. I did feel that I stuck out like a sore thumb, but, after the initial homesickness and loneliness, settling in was made easier by the friends I'd met.

Most of the student I know seem to do next to no work, have about an hour's worth of lectures a day (usually at twelve o'clock, so they can have a lie in), and are mostly found in the pub of a night. Life as a Vet. student is unfortunately not so easy with nine to fives almost every day, and exams throughout every term. Even so, weekends here are probably appreciated more with the excellent nightlife which soon soaks up the meagre grant.

Bristol has an interesting and varied nightlife; a pub on every corner; numerous nightclubs; concert halls; theatres; cinemas; and the Union is one of the biggest in the country.

If anyone is thinking of going to Bristol (unlikely), don't apply to live in one of the Stoke Bishop Halls because they're miles away. If you don't mind cooking for yourself, living ten minutes away from the University, five minutes from the Union, have the best gardens, best bar and cheapest rent (almost) then go to Goldney.

Summing up: if you don't mind living with a load of London public school boys and girls, paying the highest poll tax in Britain, and being referred to as a 'Scouse So and So' doesn't offend you, then Bristol's the place for you.

(Vet. students across the country have the added advantage of all the extremely humorous 'where have you stuck your hand recently' jokes).

Yours sincerely,

CHRISTOPHER McIVER

Christopher McIver was Head Boy last year. This letter is in response to an enquiry from the magazine asking for his views on his first year at university.

Lower 6th Retreat to Ilkley, May 1990

Christopher Bouvier
Robert Greenland
Form Six

MONDAY 7th

9.40: Departure from SEC some apprehensive, others more confident of what was to come.

10.00: Fr Philip Inch decides to see the sights of Prescott and Huyton(?) before emerging at the M57. Jokes, games, sing alongs, all take place before

12.05: arrival at Myddleton Lodge — our home for the next 3 days.

12.10: 'Ice-breaking' games based on openness and trust help everyone to settle in. Introductions made; Mr Davis's wife — Anne and children Rebecca and Daniel.

12.45: Rooms allocated (please note — girls given 1st choice).

1.00: Lunch — keeps spirits high.

1.40: Mr Davis gives day's schedule. All put into small groups, five unfortunate students had the nightmare of having 'the priest' as group leader.

1.50: Freetime.

2.30: Group work — pictorial (ha!) representations of past, present life, future aspirations, relationship with God and how you would like your friends to see you. Discussion.

3.40: Freetime — A walk around the grounds chatting and having a laugh. Others stayed in rooms sorting out clothes (ie the girls).

4.30: Tea, coffee, biscuits — who did take all those biscuits, John?

4.55: Helped wipe up the spilt milk.

5.00: Video about 'Stranger' — the stranger being Jesus.

5.20: Groups discuss impact and implications of video.

6.00: Freetime.

6.30: Evening meal, another brilliant meal — Fr Inch demonstrates skill as a poet.

7.10: Our group's turn to clear the table.

7.25: Groups meet each to discuss a part of Christ's journey — view to presenting them to the other groups later.

8.45: 'Journey' begins. Slides, stories, reflections show Jesus's ministry, stations of the cross show his passion. Blankety Blank — Celebrity Saints episode — shows resurrection. Pentecost — waiting for Holy Spirit represented by gift labels.

10.30: Relaxation — bar is opened, guitars are uncased. Everyone has a drink and a sing song. But where's the 'American Pie'???

12.05: Final Prayers — intentions for retreat made by candlelight.

TUESDAY 8th

9.00: Breakfast — some still slightly worse for wear from previous night.

10.00: Card game to show values and future aspirations.

11.00: Break for coffee, biscuits — thankfully an abundance of cream biscuits.

11.30: Search for favourite Bible story and explanation of choice to illustrate 'gifts of the spirit'.

1.00: Lunch.

2.00: Afternoon free: Trip to Ilkley town centre, went to Betty's Tea Room — an experience not to be missed.

4.30: More tea, biscuits etc.

5.00: 'What is your Wolf?' Exercise to highlight personal negative traits.

5.15: Hour of silence for reflection, chance to speak to God and chance for confession to speak to Phil!!!

6.30: Evening meal.

7.15: Preparation for Mass. Separate into groups, music, baptismal promises, and readings.

8.45: Mass late due to desire to perfect music group.

10.20: Bar opens.

10.30 Alas! Samuel Smith's Bitter runs out!

11.00: At last 'The Pie' plus 'The Ballad of the Gay 4-year-old'.

12.30: Retire to bed.

4.30: Dawn prayers postponed due to the fact that dawn came and went without even bothering to wake us.

8.40: Ladies 501's shorts go walkabout!

9.05: Whilst at breakfast, down the catwalk glides SEC's sexiest male model looking divine in denim shorts!

10.00: Recap of retreat activities, compliment session.

10.50: MD plea for SEC RE SVP.

11.30: An emotional Open Air Mass.

12.40 Tidy rooms and pack bags.

1.00: Final lunch — thank staff for their hospitality.

2.00: Depart for SEC.

4.10: Arrive SEC.

Sincere thanks: Group leaders, Anne, Rebecca and Daniel and to everyone who made the retreat such an enjoyable and memorable 3 days.

Insincere thanks: Dean Walker's drumming prowess, Phil Inch's beard, MD's nose, John Gavin's joke, Samuel Smith, Chineze's feet, cut down 501's.



Photograph by Christopher Bouvier, Form Six.

Night-time

Lee Grace
Form Two

It was windy outside and the trees were blowing wildly in the darkness. Darkness had fallen rapidly this evening so I walked at a brisk pace. The howling of the wind made a shiver run up my spine. The moon made the shadow of the trees look like a huge hand waiting to whisk me away into the skies, if I slowed down.

To save time I took a short cut down an alley. The alley was motionless and quiet except for the rushing of the wind. Then the metal-lid of a bin came clattering down the alley and racing past me. In the darkness I picked a figure out among the trees. The man seemed to be walking awkwardly, or was it a fast walk. I made a quick break towards the end of the alley. My legs must have been breaking records for the speed they were running, but the man seemed to be only a few metres behind me. I knocked down some bins to try and obstruct my pursuer. It did not make a difference for I could feel his hot breath on my neck. Whenever I glanced over my shoulder he seemed to be only a couple of strides away from my back.

I continued to run for at least 5 minutes at top speed, but it was no use I had to stop. My lungs were crying out loud for air. I stopped for a couple of seconds and turned around. To my relief he had gone. I thought back to the time he was chasing me. It was as if I was running across a desert, no end, nothing to aim for except the horizon, never coming closer. Then I saw it, him, them. I wasn't sure. I began to run heading towards a block of houses, wishing they were closer. I ran up a pathway screaming. Reaching for the door knob and grabbing desperately to open it. It was locked!

Now almost behind me with a deformed grin on his evil face, he watched me struggle. Suddenly the door jerked. I heaved it with all my strength to get in.

The house was dark except for the odd window letting in a bit of light. I ran up the stairs as fast as I could but they seemed to slow me down. I paused to calm myself, then continued up the stairs. The major bedroom had its door shut but the rest were open. I heard the creak of the stairs as the man strided up them. I ran into a room, grabbed an old rug and clutched it tightly with my trembling hands.

The rug was torn fiercely out of my hands as I was about to hide under it. The man raised his right hand with my hair in the other and his knife slung viciously into my...

I—1967 and the Summer of Love

Simon White
Form Six

1967 was a year of change, a change from bad to good, from sadness to happiness, from war to peace. Or so it was hoped...

It was the year of the 'hippie dream', of free drug experimentation, and most notably, of a change in musical emphasis.

The early sixties threw forward Liverpool as the centre of the musical world, with the Beatles obviously at the head of the movement. But the balance of power was shifting to across the Atlantic and to the West Coast of America, to San Francisco, and, oddly enough, it was the release of the Beatles' 'Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' midway through 1967 which helped to tilt it.

San Francisco in many ways was a perfect choice as the new centre for peace, love and all that. Its musical scene was thriving, with many new groups springing forward monthly, the best of these including Jefferson Airplane, The Grateful Dead, Country Joe and the Fish and Quicksilver Messenger Service. The city helped to provide many of the symbols and events which were, in future generations, to be constantly linked to the hippie dream.

One of the most important events of the year, centred on the Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, was the Gathering of the Tribes, more commonly remembered as the 'Human Be-In'. Many thousands of people from all over the country flocked to the Park for this event, including such rock luminaries as Jefferson Airplane and their Los Angeles 'rivals', the Doors. More importantly, it was attended by the poet Allen Ginsburg, whose 'Legalise Marijuana' rallies in America had thrust him to the forefront of the peace movement, and many people saw Ginsburg as the ideal leader. The promoters of the event tried to unite their audience with speeches and meditation, and to a person, it was successful. The Human Be-In gave fresh impetus to a whole wave of 'Love-Ins', 'Smoke-Ins', and general 'Be-Ins', which would take place, on a smaller scale, throughout the year, until they were hard-hit by the clampdown of the authorities.

The major location in San Francisco to visit was the legendary Haight-Ashbury intersection, an area of the city where the so-called 'flower children' hung out. Unfortunately, the area was swamped with hordes of young people, who had travelled from all over the country in search of inner tranquillity, and the image of the Haight-Ashbury rapidly declined from a kind of Utopia to that of a sleazy red-light district, rife with hard-core drugs and prostitution. However, before the decline, Haight-Ashbury housed members of the two most



famous of S.F. groups, Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead.

Jefferson Airplane in time came to epitomise the good-time living of communities in the Haight-Ashbury. They were often to be found gigging in the streets, an action which was to do them no harm whatsoever when it came to selling records. Arguably, the Airplane (to give them their pretentious title, or so I'm told anyway) were the most commercially successful of the S.F. rock groups. The public lapped up their distinctive guitar sound, aided by an immensely talented lead guitarist in Jorma Kaukonen and by bassist Jack Casady. Their somewhat strange mixture of vocal harmonies, weird acid rock and soft ballads added to their reputation of being unpredictable. The Airplane will probably be remembered though for their 1967 classic 'White Rabbit', written by lead singer Grace Slick, who admits that at the time of writing, she was as high as a kite. The song combines elements of Ravel's Bolero (metronomic drum) and the drug-ridden imagery of Alice in Wonderland, and if it sounds like a strange combination, wait 'til you hear the song.

The Grateful Dead, although less commercially successful, were the more inspiring of the two groups. Each member of the Dead, although most notably Jerry Garcia, songwriter and guitarist extraordinaire, was a master of his own particular instrument. Phil Lesh and Bob Weir, along with Garcia, provided the guitars, backed up by Phil Kreutzmann on drums, and with Ron 'Pigpen' McKernan adding his own subtle touches of genius with harp, harmonica or vocals. The Dead assured their own sound was one that could never be copied. Pigpen's death in 1973 marked the end of an era for the Dead, who although are still together and touring to this day, never quite recaptured the brilliance of the Pigpen days. One of their more memorable tracks is their 1971 hit 'Truckin'', which recounts the life story of the Grateful Dead, including their infamous drug bust in the Haight-Ashbury.

'I'd like to get some sleep before I travel, But if you've got a warrant, I guess you better come in' is how Garcia puts it.

The other S.F. groups, while never managing to emulate the feats of the Airplane or the Dead, still were an essential part of the whole scene, and they played a major part in the triumph of San Francisco over neighbouring Los Angeles in the First International Festival of Pop Music, somewhat innocuously titled, held in June 1967 in Monterey. Acts included the Airplane, the Dead, Country Joe and the Fish, Quicksilver Messenger Service, all from S. F., Blood, Sweat and Tears, a New York based group, complete with full brass section, the legendary Jimi Hendrix, who astonished everyone present by setting his guitar alight, and The Who, at that time, Britain's top group, who outplayed even Hendrix by ritually destroying the stage as part of their set.

Monterey had been billed as a San Francisco versus Los Angeles conflict, although the top L.A. group The Doors didn't play. The outcome was a formality, with the S.F. groups totally dominating the procedures. The festival itself had been thought up by John Phillips, singer with flower group The Mamas and the Papas, who represented all that was good about the peace and love scene. The Mamas and the Papas though never even came near the S.F. groups for sheer mastery of instrumentation.

Another major symbol of the times was the Fillmore Auditorium, owned by concert promoter Bill Graham, who was heavily involved in the S.F. scene. Here, Graham would promote gigs by The Airplane, The Dead, Country Joe and the Fish, and many other new up-and-coming groups.

Later in the year however, the dream of a peaceful world was beginning to crumble. Music was beginning to have an altogether tougher sound to it. Out were the happy flowery melodies of the Mamas and the Papas, and in were more and more protest songs, one of the best examples of which came from the pen of Country Joe McDonald, half of Country Joe and the Fish. McDonald was noticeably left wing, and he was said to be outraged, along with most other people, at the atrocities in Vietnam, and the song he wrote to condemn the Vietnam War will be enshrined in folk history. Entitled 'I feel like I'm Fixin to Die Rag' the song, although with its 'rag' sound and silly sound effects, goes on to parody the stance of the U.S. Army, with lines like:

'Well, listen all you big strong men,
Uncle Sam needs your help again,
He's got himself into a terrible jam
Way down yonder in Vietnam.
So drop all your books and pick up a
gun,
We're gonna have a whole lotta fun.'

McDonald ridiculed the heartlessness of families who packed off their sons to an almost certain death:

'Come on fathers, don't hesitate, send
'em off before it's too late
And be the first one on the block
To have your boy come home in a
BOX...'

Strong stuff. But this only mirrored many people's feelings.

However, back in San Francisco, bands had been openly criticised by so-called 'moralists', allegedly interested in the well-being of their children and not at all in their own prestige (sick), for writing lyrics with references to drug trips, for example 'White Rabbit'. The bands laughed off these attacks, but the situation became a lot more serious as police crackdowns on drug use and be-ins soon began to destroy the peace. Busts were a common occurrence, especially in Haight-Ashbury, which had now become notorious, and by busting the

figureheads (i.e. the bands) first, the police and the authorities hoped to disillusion the young people of the city. They failed.

All along, the people knew that their dream of a happy world, idealistic though it may have seemed, could never be totally stamped out. The hippie dream may have declined by the beginning of 1968, but it is lying dormant, waiting for the right time to unleash itself once more upon an unsuspecting world.

And when it does...



II— 1967 And All That

The gathering of the tribes,
And a whole new era is born.
People change
The old worn curtain of tradition shall be
torn
From its rails
And the signal shall be given to the masses.
The message is peace and love
And all that.
Which encompasses
The world over.
Flowers shall be allowed to grow to the
glory of their natural heights.
The days will be filled with an
unmistakeable joy,
And in the nights,
The moon will shine for all to see,
And people will bow before it,
Revelling in its shining lights.
Yes, and people will be born free
From the shackles of old.
New people, the happy and the peaceful
people, like gold,
Will stand out from their dull predecessors.
Let the music play as never before.
New music, music with a message will be
heard.
People will sit together and vanquish the
tales of old,

Tales of the wicked, tales of the feared.
And there will be a meeting for all to
attend
And all shall attend.
Peace, love and all that.
Families will unite to form one,
One entity,
One seething mass of people,
Unified in their love.
And the stars will glow with an undying
brilliance from above.
This was the dream for 1967.
It couldn't happen then.
The dream was destroyed by
Uncaring, unhappy, unreal men.
But it is coming around again.
And it will happen soon.
Black will love white and white will love
black,
All differences will be forgotten,
And we will be happy at last,
Happy together.
How can this be right?
What must we do?
We must have a dream,
Or else it won't come true.
It's coming.
Be ready.

Obscure places in the School Competition

Mr Ian Walker

CAN you identify the following obscure places in the school? The prize is a ten pound gift token and the draw will be made at an assembly. Please pass your answers to Mr Moseley. Entries on a separate piece of paper.



3



5



6



7



4



1



2



8

Power

Neil O'Connor
Form Five

The chairman of the Board of Governors:

Clears skyscrapers with a single leap, faster than a speeding bullet, stronger than a raging bull. Advises GOD!

Headmaster:

Clears small buildings with a single leap, as fast as a speeding bullet, stronger than an angry cow. Chats with GOD!

Deputy Head:

Clears small buildings with a 100m sprint and favourable headwinds, stronger than two angry dockers. Walks on water in indoor heated swimming pools. Talks to GOD!

Subject master:

Just about clears a bike shed. Looses tug-of-war with ten sumo wrestlers. Swims well and can fire a speeding bullet. Sometimes addressed by GOD!

Teacher:

Runs into small buildings. Gets run over by trains. As fast as a limping dog. Screams while watching a speeding bullet. Talks to flowers.

RE Teacher:

Falls over while entering tall buildings. Plays in sand-pits. Fires a water-pistol. Says 'look at bow-wow.' Goes 'Gurgle, gurgle.'

Prefects:

Lift tall buildings and walk under them. Catch speeding bullets and eat them. Freeze water with a nasty look. Eat raging bulls for breakfast... THEY ARE GOD.

Saint Vincent de Paul Society

Nicholas Mercer
Form Six

AS you may know, an integral part of life at St Edward's is our contribution to the community around the college. The role of the sixth form in maintaining this contribution is great, and one particular manifestation of their work is the Saint Vincent de Paul group.

The group was reborn in 1988 under the leadership of Gerard Owens (then a member of the Upper Sixth). The group found instant support in the Upper and Lower Sixth alike, thus enabling the group to undertake visits to a local residential establishment for the aged. Nowadays, the leadership has changed and so too has the group's work, now involving regular visits to Sandfield Park School. This is a local, council-run school for those children with special needs.

Our work with the school usually centres around a manic game of football (where members attempt to show why they should be in the England squad, and where the kids show them otherwise). The group has strengthened relations with the central Liverpool S.V.P. Council via a recent sponsored walk, a gruelling '20 miler' from Bootle to Southport.

The walkers were met with stiff opposition from hail, rain and force nine gales, but struggled onwards to reach their goal, raising in excess of £400 in the process. This money is to be used to provide under-privileged Liverpool children with a week-long activity holiday in sun-baked North Wales. Indeed, two members of the group (who for legal

reasons do not wish to be named — so we shall call them Nick Mercer and Simon White) represented the group in accompanying the children on this holiday.

At this point, we would like to take the opportunity to extend our thanks to those who have aided the work of the S.V.P. in Wales, on the walk, and of course in Sandfield Park. We would like to thank the college for its generous donation to fund the group's work, and for the loan of its minibuses. Thanks too, to the C.I. for its help in raising funds for the sponsored walk.

We would also like to thank our brave walkers, Mark, Chris, Caroline, Chineze, Danny, Dominique, Helen, Lisa, Mike and Ged and Pommy and Tablo, our patient drivers, who offered great moral support.

Thank you to the football crew (who always turned up), 'Action Man' Pete, Emmanuel 'Barnes', oh, and Joe. We also wish to express our gratitude to our two awe-inspiring, ever-optimistic, and amazingly skilful leaders, Nick 'The Fifty-Yarder' and Simon 'The Sad-Headed Cilla'.

To conclude, we would hope that our work will be continued by next year's Sixth Form.

School Bank

Mr Richard Young

IN February, the school bank opened for business. It is operated by the Lower 6th Business Studies Class in conjunction with the West Derby Branch of Barclays Bank.

Since its launch at a Friends of St Edward's evening, it has attracted over seventy account holders from the lower school. Between 1-1.30 each Tuesday lunchtime, there has been a lively number of pupils passing through the bank's doors. So, if you have not been along, why not save a little each week.

It is hoped that next year, this school-industry link will continue to prosper, providing further mutual benefits, in terms of sponsorship for the school and services to the pupils.



Sci Fi

A large number of entries under the category of science fiction were received from members of form two. We print a cross-section of them below.

SCAPEGHOST Richard Comish Form Two

THERE was an atmosphere of peace in heaven, as one would expect. Everybody was going about their own business like they would on a normal day, all was well except one thing, no-one was quite sure what that was, but nevertheless there was something wrong.

It was then that it happened, an explosion at the mountain of splendour, that was where the fire-blade was kept, that was the tool of peace. About ten minutes later, the dimensional police arrived, they found nothing of the fire-blade, but what was stranger was the fact that an inter-dimensional portal had appeared.

Now although heaven is supposed to be a nice place, the government were definitely not nice spirits. Now this government needed someone to blame for this nonsense, but instead of choosing the obvious one, a demon, they decided to blame a spirit just to cause some controversy. Unfortunately for Al, he was about to become that scapegoat.

Al was walking down the road to his favourite pub, when two masked spirits jumped out at him. Al was hit on the head, then suddenly a red mist swirled in front of his eyes. The next thing Al saw was an inter dimensional plain, he had five options, the twenty first century, the eighteenth century, the nineteen eighties, the eighth century and return to heaven. The fire-blade was located in one of these time zones so Al decided to enter the twenty first century.

Everything went white, and then Al saw skyscrapers, planes and shuttles. Al's wrist computer located the Fire-blade in this complex. 'What luck,' thought Al. The computer had located the fire-blade in a large skyscraper. Al walked up to this building, and read the sign on it, it read 'Decom security', 'Oh dear' thought Al.

Al entered the building, it was a suit of plush offices.

'Err, can I help you?' asked the receptionist.

'Errrrr, well,' replied Al, 'yes, I am interested in your security products.'

'Which one might that be, sir?' answered the receptionist, now getting a bit suspicious.

'Errr, well your computer security devices' hazarded Al.

'Certainly sir, first floor.'

'Thank you,' replied Al.

The lift whirred its way up, for although the receptionist had specified the first floor,

Al had pressed the penthouse suite because that is where the computer had specified the fire-blade would be.

Suddenly the doors opened, and a complex of offices was revealed, Al followed a map on the LCD of his wrist computer, it led him to a store room, Al twisted the handle, but found that the door was locked. He looked round and saw no one so he started to pick the lock, suddenly a senior looking employee came round a corner and walked briskly towards Al.

'What are you doing?' boomed his voice. 'Err well, I'm a new cleaner here, and I was told that my uniform and tools would be here but it seems to be locked,' said Al, carefully removing the lock-pick from the door.

'Right, I see,' said the man, 'Well I will just unlock it for you then.' The man inserted a key into the lock, and the door slid open, as the panel slid back it revealed the brilliant light of the fire blade, Al made a run for it, he pushed the countdown button and the matter transporter started counting, Al seized the blade.

He suddenly found himself in heaven, noting that the fire-blade was not in his hand, he looked around. Peace had once again been restored in heaven.



Illustration by Christopher Grice,
Form Three.

THE BEING David Atherton Form Two

THE ragged clouds sheathed the full moon, which, through the clouds cast long, sad shadows that crept up the tall, cold walls of the huge, eerie castle. The nerve-tingling sound of the hoot of a lone owl split the engulfing silence.

Inside the vast walls of the gargantuan castle, nothing stirred, not even a bat, not even a breath of wind.

Cobwebs stretched from joist to joist, hiding sleeping spiders. In every room, a musty, thick, unpleasant smell was the overwhelming feature. All rooms were

empty bar a few meagre sticks of furniture, with broken legs, that is all except one. In a great room lay a huge sarcophagus, elaborately decorated with layered gold and microchips. Under the glass top, lay the sleeping body of the figure of many St Edward's pupils' nightmares. There was a manuscript, inscribed with the word ECONET, next to the sarcophagus. A cuddly toy in the shape of a cat with orange fur and black markings gathered dust on a sideboard.

The person was wearing a shiny black tuxedo, brown corduroy trousers and a flowing robe with blood red lining and egg stains. In the distance, the twelve solemn bells that marked midnight, could faintly be heard in unison with a wolf's howl.

An utterance came from within the coffin, 'Blasted alarm'.

The being's eyes flickered and opened with a creak. He cautiously lifted the lid of his 'bed' and sat up slowly, very slowly.

Brushing his shoulders of the dust he acquired in an encounter with the high wizard Machail, he swivelled round and stepped down. He spat, but missed the floor, the spittle sizzled on his slippers.

Stretching his legs, he strutted out of his room and set off towards the main door. He was a creature of the night, and he was hungry as usual. When the door was only open a chink, cold rushed in and when fully open, he stood and breathed in the bracing night air. Baring his yellow fangs with a vicious look in his eyes and a funny grin on his face, he set off in search of some juicy Midi-Experimentation or a nice morsel of software.

Bats fluttered around the bony trees, they knew that Richard 'The Sloth' Comish was on the hunt, they knew that some poor traveller or computer salesman would meet their grisly fate on this harsh night.

THE FUR COLLAR Daniel Dempsey Form Two

JOHN was my best friend. But I never try to think about him. It's only on certain nights, when I'm all alone in my room, that I remember . . .

It was during the Christmas holidays last year when John asked me to stay at his house overnight. He lived in a big gloomy house set a long way back from the road. And he didn't want to be alone there at night. His parents had gone to visit some friends and wouldn't be back until next afternoon. John said we would have a really good time without his parents around.

And we did. At about 12.00 we decided to get dressed for bed. John had been given a velvet dressing gown for Christmas which had a thick fur collar. We had been watching television in the living room, but then we turned it off. We hadn't noticed it before, but now the stairs seemed too big and almost sinister.

We started to walk up the stairs, then all of a sudden we both ran up the stairs to John's room as though something was coming up after us. After we closed the door, we laughed at ourselves. We didn't

Still life

Christopher Rodenhurst
Form Five





CHEESE PLANT COLLAGE
Christopher Caldwell, Form One



CIVIC BUILDING
Colin Cassidy, Form Two



BICYCLE/LINO PRINT
David Strong, Form Five

A la manière de...

Philip Hateley
Form Five

Allegretto

Piano

mf

p

Presto

rit. mf

f

p

f

sf

Tempo I

mf

Adagio apressivo

p

rit. mf

pp

p

pp

Tempo I

p

mf

rit

pp

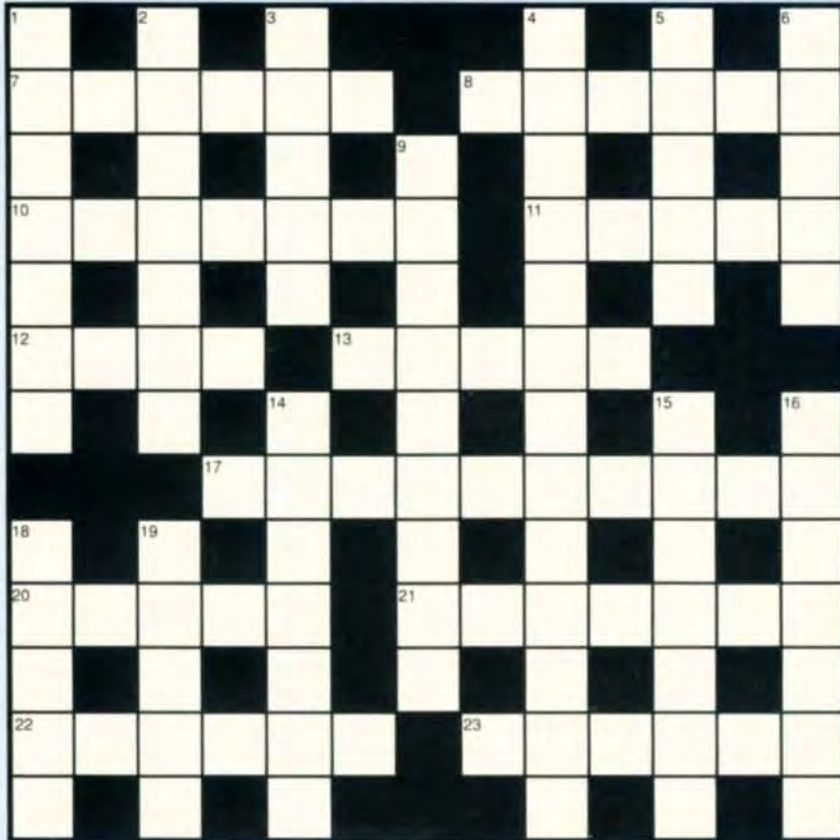
Feb.
1990

Prize Crossword

Mr Neville Mars

Laser Layer Recipe

Mrs Enid Williams



- 1/2lb Minced beef or lamb*
- 1/4lb Onions (sliced)*
- 1/2 Teaspoon oregano pepper*
- 1/2lb Canned tomatoes*
- 1/2lb Potatoes (parboiled)*
- 1/2lb Turnips (parboiled)*
- 1oz Flour*
- 1oz Margarine or butter*
- 1/2 pint Milk*
- 1/4 Teaspoon paprika*
- 3oz Cheddar (grated)*

METHOD

1. Dry fry the mince until brown, saute the onion in the mince fat. Add the oregano, pepper and tomatoes, cook for 5 minutes.
2. Slice the potatoes and turnips.
3. Place flour, butter and milk in a pan, heat, stirring until sauce thickens, boils and is smooth. Add paprika and most of the cheese.
4. Put half the mince in the base of a buttered ovenproof dish, cover with a layer of vegetables. Repeat the layers.
5. Pour cheese sauce over the dish, sprinkle with remaining cheese. Bake at 180°C (350°F) Mark 4 for 30 minutes. Serve with green vegetables.

ACROSS

7. Performers would find this soft route refused. (6)
8. Ceremony, or a series of them. (6)
10. Frankly, he sounds like the Birdman of the School. (7)
11. Perhaps gangsters wear them in the USA. (5)
12. This 21 would present arms differently. (4)
13. HIJKLMNO. (5)
17. A country 21. (10)
20. A ship in silicon for the head. (5)
21. Pain in thrice for this pedagogue. (7)
22. Grew and prospered. (6)
23. He is honoured in Minnesota, plus at (in a way) West Derby. (2,4)

DOWN

1. Eccentric astronomer? (7)
2. River in part of England, e.g. Egypt. (7)
3. A strange depot can be chosen. (5)
4. Would you get more speed proverbially in this way? (4,4,5)
5. A kind of 21. (5)
6. A kind of 2M, 3D, etc. etc. (5)
9. Beats me endlessly with hat confused set up in lab. (5,4)
14. Evil mixed in gathering credit. (7)
15. Lofty route to town? (7)
16. Lyre rim written funnily (7)
18. You could build on it. (1,4)
19. Taking too much interest. (5)

Entries to Mr Moseley by 6th July. A £10 gift voucher will be awarded to the winner at an assembly.

Name

Form

want to leave the room again, we sat down and started to talk. That's when we first heard the noise. It sounded like someone sharpening a knife on an old grindstone.

We stopped talking and looked at each other, feeling scared inside. There was a thick silence, John said he had heard the noise before, he said it was probably the shutters. We heard it again! SCRITCH SCRATCH. It shrieked up from the dark, lonely rooms before us. SCRITCH.

John got a wild look in his eyes as though something horrible had come into his hand. Before I could catch him he ran out the room. I sat in the dark, sick with fright. I called out John's name but it was answered by silence — SCRITCH.

I heard it again, the terrible sound. Then I heard John's footsteps moving down the next and final flight of stairs. I heard him reach the bottom. It didn't come after that, he must have just fixed the shutters. Perhaps he was sitting on the stairs laughing at me.

I got up and started towards the door to turn the light on, but a feeling of fear swept over me that held me back like a hand against my throat. Nothing could make me leave my darkness for that darker unknown outside the room.

Time passed. My ears strained for a sound and my nerves tingled at imagined shadows. Then I heard a slow shuffling noise on the bottom step. Was it John? It had to be yet the footsteps seemed too heavy, too deliberate. I took control of my mind and shook with terror.

Then suddenly I knew what I would do. When he got back if I felt the fur collar it was John, if I didn't . . . well there was nothing I could do.

The shuffling footsteps had reached the second flight of stairs. I fearfully moved towards the door. I felt the skin crawl on my back as the footsteps reached the top step. The door creaked as it swung open. I reached my arms out and hoped. My fingers closed around the thick fur of John's collar. My body drained with relief. I moved my hands further to touch John's face. I was so happy I no longer wanted to scare him. But as my fingers moved up from the fur collar there was nothing.

Only the bloody stump where John's head had been.

SPACE EXTRAVAGANZA

Ian McHale
Form Two

THE planet was rusty-red in colour with shades of grey patches dotted about the surface. These, I distinctly thought, were volcanoes. The planet was growing larger and larger as the space-craft drew nearer. I began to feel what I thought Flotsam would feel like, not knowing where it is going and scared. On board the ship were five members of the INTERNATIONAL CRAFT ASSOCIATION, the ICA for short, one of whom was my best friend, the others were my associates from the training college.

We were now putting into use all the hours of time learning and practising what to do in such an emergency as this. Myself and a colleague were looking after the



Illustration by Josef Cannon, Form Six.

direction and speed of the craft while the others were looking after the condition of the ship.

The president of the ICA planned the expedition to last six months, but as the hover and take-off boosters had broken I now anticipated about six years of our lives would be taken up on this planet, or maybe we would just die.

The planet seemed to be growing much too fast for my liking so I conferred with my colleagues and we decided to try out the gravitational flag. This would tell us how strong the gravitational pull was. It had never been tested actually in space, but we were sure it would work. Dave knew the operational side of the mechanism and Tony had studied the theoretical side of it. Seeing as I was the captain I released the gravitational flag. It shot out like a 'bat out of hell' and was pulled towards the planet at what must have been one thousand miles per hour.

When all this was over Tony told us, in a matter of seconds, that the gravitational pull was so powerful that if we turned all power off we would still travel at the speed approximately of nine hundred and forty nine miles per hour. We were all amazed at this prediction and so after some discussion we decided to shut off all power leading to the boosters. This would slow down the ship and hopefully give us more of a chance of survival although it was virtually impossible to survive a nine hundred and forty nine mile per hour collision with a planet.

As the craft drew nearer to the planet the atmosphere became more and more tense. No one was talking and you could hardly hear the breathing of the passengers. The ship was about to collide with the planet as a fire came through the entrance to the engine capacity. Tony grabbed a fire extinguisher and hurled it at Dave. Dave caught the extinguisher with great difficulty and after some fiddling, began to extinguish the blazing red-hot fire, which was spreading over the craft speedily.

The ship was just about to hit when the fire was completely extinguished. Then Tony and Dave repositioned themselves in their seats with their restrainers holding them tight to their chairs.

Suddenly there was a great bang. I heard someone shout:

'Blast!', but I took no notice. So we landed.

MISSION: GREENGLOBE
SPACE DATE: 3029
Anthony McIlroy
Form Two

THE crew of the HMS ANTICA — the greatest Battlestar ever built — met at the Star Nova Moonbase to discuss their mission.

'So, what's this mission all about, Joe?' asked Dr 'Phones' McVoy, to his Captain — Joseph A. Birke.

'I am glad you asked me that,' said Birke. 'We have been ordered to find a substance similar to ozone to cover the hole in it. If we fail, even more countries, maybe even continents will disappear for ever!'

Since 2049 parts of countries had gradually submerged into the sea. Surprisingly only the South of England had disappeared. Nearly $\frac{2}{5}$ of the world's surface had been submerged. Some of the countries that had disappeared were: France, Spain, China, Vietnam, Outer Mongolia, Japan and Australia.

In 2070, Star Nova Command had been formed to make exploration easier. Already they had discovered many inhabited planets. Some of these had joined Star Nova while some joined a federation under the leadership of Meltininer. The federation and Star Nova were hostile to one another and frequent wars against each other.

Birke, 'Phones', Brock and Spotit and the other crew of the Antica launched into space, passing Saturn, Jupiter and Pluto in under an hour. Soon they entered the Galandei system.

Suddenly the alarm sounded. 'What is it?' asked Birke.

'The federation fighter fleet is approaching, Captain!' said Brock.

'Ready all guns, and raise the shields!' ordered Birke.

Suddenly the federation craft appeared, as if out of nowhere. They destroyed part of the engine room and communications deck, but their numbers were rapidly depleted by the Antica's THUD guns and the Star Nova fighters, which were more versatile and better armed.

Soon the remnants of the fleet had been destroyed. This left the planet Meltininer open to attack from Antica.

It was on this planet where Meon could be found. This substance could be used to cover the hole in the ozone. The only problem was that it was in a heavily defended vault.

Three quarters of the Antica's crew landed near the vault armed with THUD guns and laser rifles.

The Vault's walls were defended by TRAK guns and the finest of the Meltininer's soldiers.

A fierce battle raged with many on both sides until the walls were breached and the Antica's forces charged in and overpowered the Meltinines and finally found the Meon.

Some weeks later the Antica finished repairing the ozone layer and returned to Moonbase.

'That was easy, wasn't it?' said Brock.

'Yes', said Birke, 'Now let's go and get a drink!'

SCIENCE — friend or foe

Andrew Preston
Form Two

LET us look a few years, at the so-called, important discoveries that people in the world of science have made. Some of the things that have made things very helpful to us and to the further understanding of science.

Most of these discoveries are helpful, in a number of ways. Things like cleaning agents, electricity, mechanical tools and many other inventions which have been influenced and usually found by science. Although most discoveries are useful quite a number of them can have some nasty side effects, such as the development of nuclear energy, which although helpful is thought to have caused cancer and other related diseases near to the places where this energy is produced.

There are many insecticides, fertilisers and other products which are used on farms. An example of this is an insecticide called DDT, which, when discovered was thought to be a major discovery in the control of insects. But now, through careful research, this chemical has been found to be very harmful to man.

This past example is very good in demonstrating how science causes its own problems, but is able to identify these after much research.

Science can kill and science can cure. I have mentioned a few brief points on the power of science and its effect on people and the environment, but I will leave you to answer the question.

IS SCIENCE FRIEND OR FOE?

Sir, I can't do PE/games because...

Dear Sir,
John has been away with his head.
he has had it on and off all week.

Yours truly,
Mrs —

Dear Mr Gibbons,
Andrew will not be able to do games as he has chipped the bone in his big toe now. He is attending the hospital with it.

Dear Mr Gibbons,
D— came home yesterday with a hole in his trousers, could you please look into it.
Yours sincerely,

Dear Sir,
I had a word with the doctor and he said let Peter have a go and if it makes him wheeze, stop him doing it. Peter says he has done it and it made him feel bad so I think it's better if he doesn't overdo it.

Dear Sir,
Would you please excuse Christopher from swimming today. He had an accident to his little finger.

Dear Sir,
Paul was late because while he was waiting for the bus, he heard the National Anthem on the radio. While he stood to attention the bus went by so he had to catch a later one.

Dear Mr Gibbons,
Edward is unable to do outdoor games or watch them.
Your sincerely

Dear Sir,
My son was away yesterday afternoon because it was not worth him putting on a clean shirt just for an afternoon.

Mr Gibbons,
Please may Stephen be excused games today as he has a bad toe.



Letter of excusal received for a foreign student:



Illustrations by Josef Cannon, Form Six

Sir of the SEAGULLS

THE WORST TEAM IN THE WORLD!

WELL, MR. MORGAN HOGG'S THE TEAM FOR TOMORROW'S MATCH?

YOU COULD SAY SEEN BETTER DAYS, BROTHER.

HAHA!



THUD!
THUNDER!
RUMBLE!



THE ROARING CROWDS PITY THEY'RE THE OPPOSITIONS!



AS MR. MORGAN CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED WE'LL HAVE TO!

ENGLAND
AS IT HAPPENS THE KID'S WON AND WENT ON TO PLAY FOR ENGLAND THEY BEAT BRAZIL 6-0

* NOBODY CALLED PROF. BRAINSTORM EXISTS BUT I'VE GOT TO USE SOMEONE!

ED'S NOTE IT IS A COMIC

Si vis pacem...

Simon Weston
Form Six

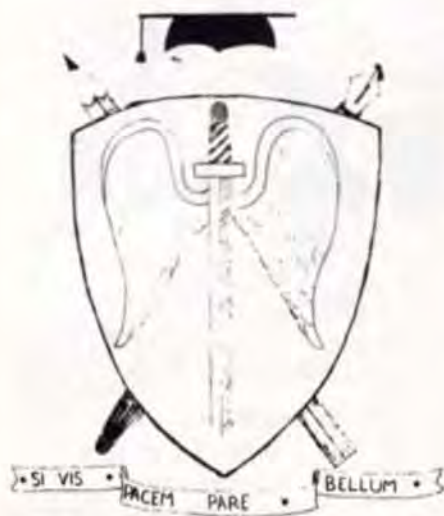
BEFORE deciding upon my entry for this year's school rag, oops mag, I scanned through a couple of well-read previous editions. It seems that every year somebody in the sixth form writes an article based upon random jottings — now it's my turn.

Usually these articles are written by tall, very unpopular head-boys who write them only to patronise those in the lower school — not this one. Who am I anyway? I am, like you, all things to all men; to some I am a right-wing neo-fascist pig, to others I am just a red-haired midget with an over inflated ego.

Perhaps my ego is over-inflated, it has to be, in this country there is always someone 'ready to have a dig'. It is easy to see why I am a right-wing neo-fascist pig — I am often heard speaking of the merits of counter-insurgency warfare and if this is not enough to isolate me from my fellow students, I am a self-confessed Depeche Mode fan and an Everton supporter. Psst, this goes no further, but I do own a 'Haircut 100' single, say nothing!

As any other outcast will tell you, the secret to not being walked over and detested is to fervently argue your cause — even if it is that 'Haircut 100' were once a half decent band. When possible try to pass any ridicule onto someone else — lower sixth-form girls are usually good sports (without even knowing it).

All social outcasts throughout the school must unite under the banner which reads 'Si vis pacem pare bellum' which we should quote to those who mock us — especially hippies and communists — it reads, 'If you want peace prepare for war'.



Badge by Simon Weston, Form Six

To be a pilot...

Mr Nigel Hornby

IT sounds like a cliché but from an early age I had wanted to become an airline pilot. To further my interest, and get closer to my goal, I made model aeroplanes, read aviation magazines and visited airshows. At the age of about sixteen I wanted to get my hands on a real aircraft.

Ideally I wanted to obtain a Private Pilot's Licence (PPL). However, the cost of such a venture, then as now, was prohibitive to most teenagers. Consequently, I applied to the Royal Navy for a Flying Scholarship. Having been through a series of tests they sent me on a thirty hour flying course at Cardiff airport. The course covered basic handling, instrument flying and navigation; together with associated ground subjects. I paid for an extra five hours flying myself to meet the requirements of the Civil Aviation Authority and was then in the proud position of having a pilot's licence before a driver's licence.

I left school in 1981 which was a bad time for civil aviation in general and for pilot recruitment in particular. The only other organisation training professional pilots was HM Forces, so I joined the Royal Air Force. Amongst many other things, I learned how to fly a jet at the RAF College, Cranwell.

After leaving the RAF I moved on to become a flying instructor at Manchester Airport while I studied for the ground examinations required for a Commercial Pilot's Licence (CPL). Having completed these, together with the necessary flying tests, I obtained my CPL and was licensed to be let loose on the general public.

I started applying to the major airlines for a job as a First Officer on a multi-crew aircraft. In the meantime I did a few trips as an air taxi pilot. This is one of the most demanding jobs in civil aviation because the air taxi pilot is the ground staff, flight attendant and driver rolled into one. However, it is also very rewarding because everything is down to you.

The first trip I did was to take a party of five businessmen from Bournemouth to Cork and then on to Manchester to look at some factory sites. As we crossed the Irish Sea they enjoyed their meal (and complimentary bar) blissfully unaware that Cork was fogged-out. The alternative was to divert to Shannon; but this would have meant hiring cars, rearranging plans and hotels etc. However, as we got closer the weather improved towards the landing minima (the legally defined limits in terms of altitude and visibility to which an aircraft may descend in poor weather) so I made an approach.

The aircraft, a twin-engined Piper Aztec, went into cloud at about 5,000 feet and remained so until a few hundred feet. When it broke out of the gloom there were enough visual clues to make a landing. During the approach I was concentrating hard on the instruments; but I was also aware that the blokes in the back had put away their drinks and were concentrating pretty hard on me. As I shut the engines down, one of them said 'Well done that man at the front'. That is an example of how a pilot derives his job-satisfaction.

Shortly afterwards I joined British Airways as a First Officer on British Aerospace 748s based at Glasgow. If you like flying and battling against the weather then Scotland is the place to be. However, below flying on the line I had to complete simulator training together with base flying. Base training is great fun but very hard work. It involves flying an unfamiliar aircraft while a training captain simulates the failure of engines during various phases of flight; together with various other emergency procedures. The only drawback is that you are normally rostered to fly the exercises at two o'clock in the morning because, needless to say, the aircraft must be without passengers.



Then came the line flying and the exotic destinations: Wick, Shetland, Orkney, Benbecula and Stornoway to name a few. Shetland is probably the most demanding airfield in the BA route network due to the weather and its short runways. The main problem is the wind: it is always strong, usually gusty and invariably from the wrong direction. (There are no trees on Shetland.) This makes for an approach where the pilots earn their money. A training captain told me that when there is no wind in the Shetland Isles the locals fall over. But it is a great place to learn how to handle an aircraft in a crosswind. You never exceed your own limitations, or those of the aircraft, but it is very satisfying to fly.

An approach at the correct speed and altitude, minimising discomfort to the passengers and then kiss the aircraft onto the runway. Despite what any TV programme might tell you there is no computer available that will get you into Shetland on a wet and windy night.

For the past year I have been flying the Advanced Turbo Prop, manufactured by British Aerospace. It is used by BA on domestic routes such as Glasgow to Manchester, Belfast, Birmingham; and lately Heathrow to Jersey. British Airways also has four ATP aircraft permanently based in West Berlin. As a result of a quadripartite agreement between France, UK, USA and USSR only aircraft of the four powers may fly over East Germany within the Berlin Air Corridors. All flights to and from the Western Sector Aerodromes must be cleared through the Soviet element of the Berlin Air Safety Centre (at least this is the situation at the moment). BA operates German domestic services using Boeing 737 and ATP aircraft. Examples of the routes are Berlin-Hannover, Berlin-Munich, Berlin-Dusseldorf.

The weather again plays its part in flying over Germany. During the cooler months the major factor in en-route weather is extensive frontal cloud. The cloud often falls very low and in industrial areas like the Ruhr merges with smoke. Widespread, persistent low cloud or fog is common in

winter and late autumn. In spring and summer the main problem is thunderstorms. Normally with weather radar pilots can avoid them.

Thunderstorms should be treated with respect because a bad one can cause structural damage to the aircraft or personal injury to passengers and crew. However, within the Berlin Corridors you are restricted to flying below 10,000 feet and within a piece of airspace 18 miles wide. It is not unusual in summer for all three corridors to be blocked by thunderstorms. At one time if a pilot considered it necessary to deviate from the Corridor due to severe weather he had to declare an emergency.

Over the past few months the situation has eased so that now they are less likely to send a MiG after you if you leave the corridor. I have enjoyed flying the ATP and it has been good experience. It is a relatively new aircraft with new technology propellers, fuel-efficient engines and a glass cockpit; this means that the flight deck has small television screens instead of the old style dials and gauges.

In July I am likely to be moving on to the Boeing 757. This will mean more time in the classroom learning about the aircraft's systems, simulator details and base training. This is all part of the challenge of being a pilot. There is always something new to learn or a different aircraft type to fly; additionally there is the challenge of new routes and destinations. *Nigel Hornby was a pupil from 1970-81.*

Photographs by Mark Moore, Form Six.



Trip to Paris

Paul Duffy
Form One

WE all got on to the coach (double decker!) at about 10.00 at night and started on the journey to France. At about 11.30 Anthony Nelson vomited in the coach. We stopped at a service station where he was seen stuffing his face with breakfast, we got back on the coach and went on through the night and morning until we arrived at Dover. There we had to wait about an hour before we boarded the boat. The trip was pretty uneventful, but the minute we boarded the coach, before we even started moving Anthony Nelson was sick again; by this time most of us on the top deck were feeling a bit sick because of the smell. Colin Campbell's pet rat was sitting at the front of the coach and David Tunna and Colin Campbell were fighting over him.

On the Tuesday afternoon when we arrived in Paris we went up the Eiffel Tower, some people did not want to go up to the top. When we eventually reached our hostel (at about 4.00) we got changed and went to our restaurant (which was right in the middle of the red-light area) to have our meal which was quite nice. After that we went down to the bank of the River Seine to play there. Dominic Charters had a fight with Mr Grice who was begging for mercy at the end of it. After that we returned to the hostel for bed!

The next day we went to the Asterix theme park which everyone thought was really brilliant. If it was put next to Alton Towers after one year Alton Towers would lose nearly all their business to the Asterix park.

After that we went on a boat trip down the River Seine which was very boring. And then we returned to the hostel to go for our meal and to bed.

The next day, after we had finished our breakfast we boarded the coach and set off for Calais; the journey there was pretty boring.

Eventually everyone, tired but happy arrived back at St Edward's.

Two Poems

Graham Jones
Form Six

'ABYSM OF TIME'

If Time were abolished it couldn't fly,
No winged chariot rushing near.
Past, Present, Future instantly pass by,
No last syllable to ever appear.
Perpetual life, never to die.

Need for a greater innovator.
Death would die in isolation.
Nothing to bring devastation.
The subtle thief survives no longer.

There'd be no need to conquer Time;
(Free at last from regulation)
There'd be no way to conquer Time.
Flora wouldn't bow her head
In Veneration to the dead,
Free to act at last in liberty.

'PAGANISM'

Harlequins set free,
Free to express
Whatever is meant
Honesty revived.
'Once is not enough'
The consequences of the
Gnomes
Undines
Sylphs
Salamanders
Will be revealed:
Asgard closed, Niflheim open.

LEAF VEINS/SCREEN PRINT. Carl Ferrigno, Form Five

Written on a train

Matthew Birchall
Form Six

AS the train pulls away from the station here in Lime Street my mind begins to wander to some of the previous occasions that I have left these particular tracks behind. Some of the trips have been to visit friends or relatives; a few have been to interviews but most have been for athletics meetings. Virtually all involved running up 'expense accounts' but that is not where my fond memories lie. The outward journeys are sometimes ones in which my very genuine fears get the better of me as my thoughts turn to the matter in hand. The return may see me lounging around in a couple of seats, exhausted, contented. There are few more pleasant sensations than that which accompanies knowing that you have given your all to achieve a goal, and have attained it; and that feeling is probably the main motivation for dragging my weary body around a frosty track most winter nights, giving my all and sometimes a little more.

Hence my appearance in school has often resembled that of a zombie as I limp from classroom to classroom, irritating teacher after teacher! And yet, I am still training well below the level expected of international athletes today.

Gone are the days when 'training' was just a slog around a cinder track. Such an attitude may have sufficed in Eric Liddell's 'Chariots of Fire' era but, as is accepted by everyone, today this just does not produce champions.

Few people realise that serious athletics is a fifty week per annum programme with only a brief respite to catch breath in September. Training for the rest of the year consists of specialist work at least four times a week and regular racing throughout the winter. Quality training means just that.

I obtained great amusement from watching the esteem in which 'Grange Hill' held their own 'County Champion' athlete. School outings were organised to watch him compete and his timetable was tailored to fit in with his training! Even though his success was fairly limited, this fictitious athlete was extremely dedicated, as is an increasing number of 'genuine' competitors nowadays. Indeed many of my rivals, even at the age of eighteen years are full-time runners. Tired? — you bet, but also very, very committed.

Even in Britain there are athletes who do nothing but live to run. Many runners have coaches who organise virtually their every waking hour to maximise their level of achievement. A friend of mine, despite being only sixteen years of age, has already made the decision to make his living from athletics. This is not as surprising as it



sounds when you consider that he holds an age-group world-record. His training is carefully analysed by video-camera and computers to calculate his centre of mass, the force his legs produce etc. Even part-time athletes, like myself, are placed under a superb coaching system that would have been unthinkable a decade ago; Junior internationals are guided by up to a dozen

coaching advisors; our skills are analysed on videos; we are granted extensive medical and financial support.

This year, every successful Junior athlete's goal is to compete in the World Junior Championships in August. Many athletes dream of making a fortune from competition and of becoming 'world famous'. In case you were in any doubt, amateur athletes do get paid if they are at all successful by their clubs, their country or by meetings' promoters. However, at any one time in Britain only about four or five athletes can comfortably make a living from competition. However, I think the potential financial rewards are the cause behind drug abuse which is often referred to. (The satisfaction obtained by winning/competing is no longer significant to many.)

Sport is an unpredictable phenomenon, and upsets will frequently occur. Stars are forgotten in an instant. Such is the precarious nature of sport.

Enjoy your summer!

Matthew is the English Schools 400m hurdles and AAA's champion and has represented Great Britain three times. He hopes to take-up a place to read engineering at Jesus College, Cambridge and to be selected for the Olympic team. At school he plays the viola in the school orchestra and sings in the choral society.



SUNGAZER/SCREENPRINT
Carl Ferrigno, Form Five

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