

eagle
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3/6

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editorial

BIRTHDAY EAGLE! 21 TODAY!

On a certain amount of literary constipation that the editors sit down.....
this Editorial. The Eagle has come of age, but the celebrations seem
to glossy, gaudy multi-coloured cover; no free cake within the pages.
with a knowledge of printing processes and a mere glimpse at the articles,
we perceive a change. In view of this, we call on you to explore aesthetic
by looking at our photographs, and sap all interest from our factual
Be merry, for this is the celebration.

comment

It has seen the introduction of a significant change in the Monitorial
whereby each member of Poetry holds the position of Monitor. At first
the number of monitors seems to be a great improvement on that of previous years
the number of monitors varied from ten to twelve; as there are now fifty or
more, the number of duties assigned to each is proportionally lower. If
we assume that monitors are necessary, which most of us surely do, the new
seems a much fairer way of splitting this onerous task in one's final 'A'
year. However, greater numbers also have disadvantages. It is our opinion
that the average monitor this year is far less aware of his position, and is con-
siderably more casual in the execution of his duties. Previously, by a system
of rotation, it was possible to exclude those who were unsuitable for the job
on account of their temperament or over-zealousness. This is no longer the case.

But there is obviously no system that is perfect, and the new system has the over-
riding advantage of giving everyone a position of responsibility, and thus everyone
can form a true opinion of his own capabilities.

STUDENT UNION: A committee is a group of persons selected from a body; in
coming from this body, it should therefore be a representation of it. It hardly
seems that the present School Committee represent the Boys, but are more the tools
through which the masters effectuate the Rules. This being so, there is an ever-
increasing need for a Union which would represent the views of the largest body of
persons in this community.

A Union such as this could act as channel through which comments criticisms,
grievances and compliments are directed towards their respective sources, and thus
bring about the most satisfactory general arrangements within the College. We leave
it to you.

letter

Dear Sir,

Have those beautiful, lazy, sun-drenched days by the river gone forever? Will we
never see boys standing in the midst of frothing waves, trousers rolled up, and
casting a worm from the end of their small sensitive spinning rods? Is the joy of
seeing a delicate yellow body jump from the water lost, the thrill of fighting and
reeling in a fiery-eyed trout gone? Will the excited shout of "I've got one" never
rebound from the walls of Black Wheel again?

The position of fishing in the school is such that this peaceful and lonely sport is
almost bound to become extinct. But the loss of this, the most aggravating yet
most enjoyable of hobbies, will not be the fault of Stonyhurst boys. No, they can
share no blame - for there are 50 or more well-equipped fishermen in the college,
all of whom are eager to indulge in their favourite pastime.

However, the school has sold the rights on the river, and fishermen, who fish for
the pot and not the sport, have overrun the river. They only allow the college four
permits to fish, and this number amongst 50 boys is utterly ridiculous. In my
opinion, these urban fishermen ought to be thrown into the river, and the school
authorities speared by treble hooks and spinners.

So, all you fishermen, take up your spinners and cast in the direction of the
Orderly Room.

Yours sincerely,

Frustrated Fish

The changing of the times

BY - F. RAINSFORD

is is woman.

his side contemplating the figure that lay and slept next to him.
ke himself, but smoother and more beautiful.
ved.
ed it and ran his hands over the curves and he felt warm and secure.
e opened its eyes and its hair shimmered softly.
and together they went to explore their garden, and to love God.

is is -----

his side contemplating the round figure in nylon that lay and slept
im.
ke himself, but heavier and more dominating.
proved.
ed it and ran his hands over the bulk and it snorted - he felt cold.
e opened its eyes and its curlers wobbled.
l and together they went down to breakfast.

adam now knew why he had given up religion.



**GRAMMARIANS of the world UNITE... TEAR UP your yellow sheets...
AND FOLLOW THIS ONE INSTEAD. (NAME.....)**

WEEKDAY MORNINGS:

7.20: Rise... 7.30: ALL to be out of dormitories (beds stripped curtains drawn)

7.40: ALL to be IN the Chapel. Exit from front; through glass doors to
breakfast. STRAIGHT to bedmaking: NOTHING to be left lying around
in cubicles.

8.15: IN classrooms for morning studies... classes.

10.45-10.55: BANK, BILLS, ABSENCES, LEAVES etc.

12.35: MASS OR WORK in classroom.

1.10: Wash, brush hair, clean shoes, read notices.

1.15: TO LUNCH : via QUAD. NB. NOT BEFORE 1.15.

(Sundays as above except: Rise 7.55 letter writing; 10.0: MASS
11.0: CLUBS or classroom...) NP MAY RISE EARLIER TH
6.30 for shower. rk and on w you d

quietly).

organisation — or not?

green sheets for all

"Grammar playroom is being run with too many rules and regulations."

"We are in a vice, with very little freedom."

"Over-organisation breeds the mob attitude."

some of the complaints about Fr W. Hewett's playroom system; are they justified in feeling hostile to the system of organisation that has controlled their movements during the past year or not?

Green sheet, the present Grammar bible and successor to the yellow sheet, with a crusading "Grammarians of the world unite... Tear up your yellow and follow this one instead", and goes through the order of the day in glorious detail, leaving nothing to the imagination. Should the Grammarian, pondering what to do between 1.10 pm and 1.15 pm, all he has to do is consult his green sheet which states that he must "wash, brush hair, clean shoes, etc." At a first glance, it appears that every minute of the day is scheduled for, and thus the Grammar boy might easily feel that he is in a vice.

Each boy seems to be on a committee of some sort. The number of names on the list is quite bewildering; at a rough count, there are 45 boys occupying offices of various sorts, ranging from "cricket" to "record player." (Roche seemed to be the only name I couldn't find!) One would also expect Grammar to be a race of human athletes with a possible 15 inter-class competitions listed on the green sheet (who is the lucky lad who represents Grammar 2 in the May Verses competitions?) A few rules are also sneaked in at the bottom of the sheet ranging from "ALL guns MUST BE HANDED IN TO MAJOR CAMPBELL IMMEDIATELY" to "Whoever loves a U.S. Marshal..." to the ambiguous "You may rise NOT EARLIER THAN 6.30 am..." Having said all that, it can be seen that the Grammarians' complaints about being run by rules and regulations are not unfounded. "X" (as he signed himself) wrote that he thought that "we are being run too much" and also added that because there is so little flexibility, it is hardly surprising that "The mob attitude" prevailed, which, paradoxically, is exactly what the playroom master was trying to stamp out by producing the green sheet.

So, then, looks black for Fr Hewett and (should he remain Grammar playroom master next year) the present Lower Grammar. Fr Hewett did not formulate a system of organisation without considerable thought, however.

"Why organise? Why type out yellow and green sheets?" There is method behind his apparent madness, for the sheets were meant to clear away the air of vagueness that surrounded the numerous sheets on the noticeboards; complaints about the sheets stem from the natural laziness that is in all of us, claims Fr Hewett: "Establish a standard and you get a reaction, because not all like a clear reality; it is easier to be vague." He claims that the yellow/green sheets do not account for "every minute of the day" and allows the Grammar boy greater freedom than ever before ("as the boys in Upper Syntax and Poetry will tell you.") Having had two years' experience at running Grammar playroom, Fr Hewett can also claim a knowledge of how to treat boys. He has also learnt that years differ; the present Grammar did themselves no good by running amok earlier this year: "If you find that you have a playroom that within 24 hours rips up the furniture and takes potshots at the television (in colour), you must act; fast and firmly."

The issue also came up in a recent Grammar parent's morning, and when the man concerned had survived the jollities of the day, he said that "95% of the Parents expressed not merely approval, but a positive desire that their offspring should be organised as much, as long, and as often as possible." The Parents should be allowed a say in the education of their children - but the question is, how much?

Fr Hewett is the first to agree that "too much organisation can create a mob", but also says that "Good order creates the possibility of a community." To a certain extent he is caught in the middle of two extremes. Obviously a community does require organisation and some basic structure of rules. Too many will of course create a mob; too few will equally certainly permit 110 coupled up adolescents to degenerate into one. Hence, it can be argued, the need for a clear, basic, and flexible structure - but is a yellow/green sheet the right answer?

I wonder if Grammar will howl with protest if I suggest that perhaps they are not all mature enough to know how to usefully employ large tracts of free time? It wouldn't surprise me if they eventually looked back on their Grammar year with pleasant memories, for it is only in retrospect that one appreciates the value of a certain type of education. In fact, I get the impression that Grammar are fast becoming a happy family (with the disagreements that any family experiences), so it might appear that this article is out of date; if Fr Hewett is Grammar playroom master next year, then Lower Grammar might find this piece of writing of some use; nor should they forget the immortal words of the bard of Stonyhurst himself, the Reverend Father William Hewett, S.J.:-

"I am always open to positive criticisms and initiatives; indeed, I delight in them."

J.M.

P.S. Although written by an editor, the editors do not necessarily endorse this view.

claudine

by Stephen Holder

re riding at full gallop along the glittering deserted sands of the Camargue.

of light from the late afternoon sun danced and sparkled through the flying
f silky gold that was your hair; a golden halo silhouetted your beautiful
your face, whose magnificent features were radiant with the thrill of
of excitement, of love.

re ran admiringly over your breasts, your hips, your buttocks, your thighs
perfectly formed, all painfully beautiful...all mine.

humble unworthy body was totally yours.

ht of you lying naked beneath me, part of me and I part of you. But ours
t just a physical relationship - it was much much more.

as the state of mind, the fusion of minds, for which the word 'love' ex-
s nothing; ours was the relationship of total understanding, total sympathy,
nowledge: a relationship for which the physical act of love was the outward
sion of the paradise that existed in our minds.

eded marriage? But it was inevitable: me, in a few years time, a
table married man with two children - and you my wife, already pregnant
another expression of our united minds and bodies.

w me gazing at you, and knew what I was thinking; your warm brown eyes
n mine, deepened, loved.

eth gleamed, your eyes sparkled, as you smiled the long slow delicious
that first drew you me to you- the long lazy smile that filled your features
night of love, as you stretched luxuriously beside me, on our chaotic bed.

..

s only one word in the English language capable even of hinting at the
of my feelings towards you, Claudine. I had the privilege of knowing you,
ng myself totally to you, of living every moment of my existence for you,
ne privilege of ... loving you.

to the american

middle class middle aged

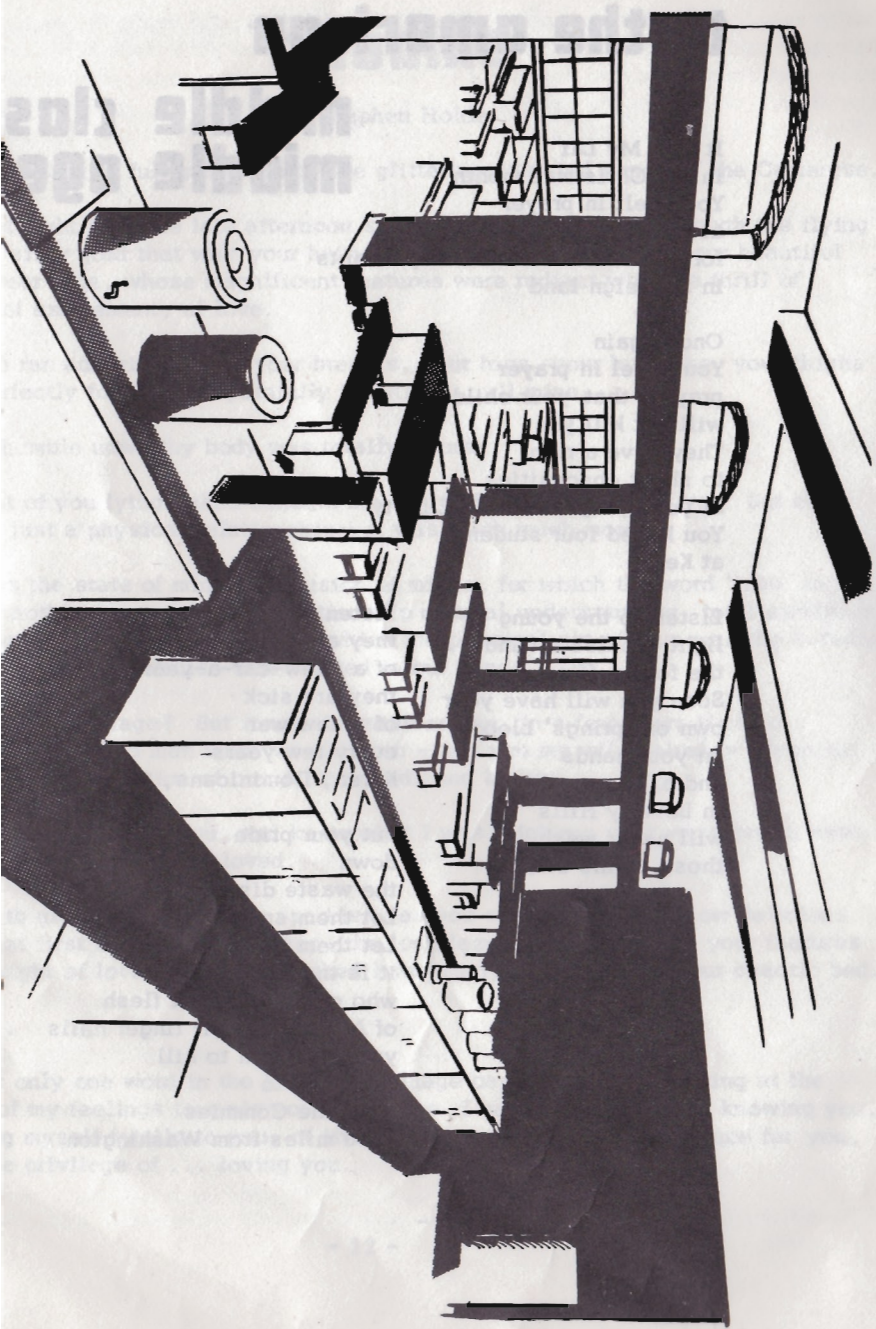
It was My Lai
in the Christmas month
You knelt in prayer
asking forgiveness
for the massacre of some peasants
in a foreign land

Once again
You kneel in prayer
praying that your children
will not kill you
They have a right
to shout obscenities
at you dying Statue Of Liberty
You killed four students
at Kent

Listen to the young
light candles around
the four coffins
Soon you will have your
own offsprings' blood
on your hands
and all the perfume
in Beverly Hills
will never wash
those stains away

Listen to them
they are sick
of a -new-car-a-year life
they are sick
of a new war
every few years
Korea, Dominicans, Cuba, Vietnam
and Cambodia

Put your pride
down
the waste disposal unit
Let them speak
Let them have peace
it is they
who carry the burnt flesh
of Asians in their finger nails
you told them to kill
They had to
Keep the Commies
8000 miles from Washington..



The New Refectory (artist's impression opposite) must surely herald a complete change in Stonyhurst food. Its main aim is "to provide better food, fresher, hotter and with more variety to the boys; the secondary aims are to avoid waste and to save staff "

Basically, it embodies the present Grammar and Lower Grammar refectories as well as the new extension- it is to be finished in the following manner: The Ceilings will be covered in decorative, sound absorbent tiles; the floor by P.V.C. welded sheet with cushioned backing- the wall by plaster with Vymura or a similar finish. The wall on the extreme right, however, may, as Fr Earle suggests, be covered with "an extremely vulgar mural "

back to square one

Amid the merging colours of Whitest White and Blackest Black,
The prancing figures play and fight,
Forming their many sequences,
Outliving their infinite tragedies.
But one army has lost, its soldiers are gone,
Save one, their leader, their monarch, their king,
He whom they swore to defend with their lives,
They did.
But now he is cornered, like a fox by the hounds,
And the hounds close in for the kill
. Checkmate!
Back to square one,
Amid the merging colours

by Clive McGonigal
L IIIA

for your eyes only

OLD but I don't know, that there is one true climax in a woman's life. I have lived with this climax for nine months, she will have gone through ny of childbirth and the doubt of its heart beat. When she hears its first gurgle she knows that it was not all in vain and that her son will be a to her and to humanity. In her eyes the pink pissing lump of flesh and lying there on the rapidly dampening sheets has the whole world in front ust waiting to be conquered: and she produced it. equent years she will be kept awake by it; she will feed it Gerber baby the BEST) which it will promptly spit onto the Axminster. It will go through at the most alarming rates, but despite the devastation, the volume of g and the sleepless nights, her mother's instinct tells her that she must it. The fact that it came out of her makes it an extension of herself which s to promote to the world, with her love. Because everybody knows that a id comes from a lousy mother. es the kid through nursery school and every time she collects the young e says to herself "That's my boy and mine alone." She invests her pride f respect in that boy. Perhaps at prep school you remember, the mother mps up and claps frantically as her son wins the egg and spoon race; she that she is top mum now and none of the other mums can hold a finger to is her pride that went over the line with the china egg. onny blue-eyed makes the grade to a certain well known public school experiences the triumph of the one whose dreams are fulfilled. Despite the at the fees are in excess of £600 a year, this boy's parents know that it) well spent. They could have a nice ponce car, but even in these days alism, being an old boy still means something. rse, most of this is taken for granted by little blue eyes. He realizes nd appreciates none. But how do they feel if 'little blue eyes' just turns and kicks the whole bloody lot right back in their faces and spits out all e cyril lord, mainly because 'little blue eyes' made an issue over the of his curly locks, or because he didn't make it to church one day; mind t wasn't because blue eyes had 'disproved the existence of God and the cal rights of the catholic church' but because he can't be damned to get fat ass. In that glistening lump of saliva they see £600 a year, 16 years e, and affection, and most of all, they see their own pride being soaked o the carpet

s you have blue eyes.

S. D. R.

- 16 -

pelagic

by Peter Garrett

Although the Kieran loved the land, fertile Dana, his first love was the sea. He knew it intimately; - knew its different moods. He knew, when the horizon dissolved into a leaden mist, or when the waves fled with white-flecked caps, what was foreboded. The reason that Kieran knew so much about the sea was that he spent so much time with it. One afternoon, when the sky was clear and the sea shaded deep blue-green, he sat on the strand at Cross for three hours, and just watched.

That night he had a dream. He walked down a corridor that led along the strand to a large departure lounge filled with slender people speaking Gaelic. Through windows he saw slim boats, each large enough to carry about fifty passengers, lying beside jetties projecting into the ocean.

Presently, he was approached by a small man with green uniform and large hands.

'Tir na-nOg, Duvilaun, Iniskea, or Inisglora?' asked the little man at rapid rate in rich Gaelic. 'Well, um, Inisglora, actually,' replied Kieran, who knew enough Irish to cope with the situation.

The leprechaun (for the little man, Kieran observed, was nothing other) led him through a door marked 'Inisglora' on to a quay to which was tied a boat containing about thirty-five people. Kieran crossed the gangway and took a seat. Almost immediately the vessel moved away from the shore.

The passage across the open sea was smoother than he could have imagined. Beneath the prow of the boat the waves danced, convoluted, and intertwined, like music, but none of their crests and hollows were reflected on the passengers.

Within two or three minutes the ferry slid to berth by a quay on Inisglora, and the passengers disembarked. Kieran found himself in a small town with marble white buildings lining straight streets. He followed one of the streets leading towards the centre of the island; the buildings soon petered out and the road became a lane winding through pasture land. Presently, Kieran reached the crest of the island and looked out over what should have been the open Atlantic.

The sun shivered on the sea and was shattered into a million fragments; but it also shone on a pure golden strand stretching the length of a large island separated from Inisglora by straits two or three miles wide. There was a city;

- 17 -

lding rose on building, bright in the morning sun. Little detail could be
de out on the south end of the island, shrouded by an eddying ground mist,
in his dream Kieran could see four great towers, metallicly glinting,
mbing from their covering and reaching upwards.

the next day, Kieran asked his father if Tir na-nOg really existed.

ere was once such a place", his father replied, and his deep eyes were
ed with the accumulated sadness of a whole people; 'but apart from being a
lective memory of a race, it has passed away. It now exists only in the
ads of men '

the following night, Kieran dreamt that he once again stood on the crest of
sglora. This time, the long strand of the island across the straits was dull
y. Only a few low walls remained of the magnificent city that had been and
four metallic towers were no longer there. At the rocky extremities, the
and foamed viciously.

en he awoke, Kieran remembered nothing of the dream.

the curragh pulled through the cadenzas of the sea towards the southern tip of
sglora. Kieran knelt in the prow of the boat, the fresh wind tugging at his
r and flinging wet salt flecks into his face. He knew that there was some-
ng lying on the other side of the island, something that he was very eager to
e.

the boat rounded the fuming point. The pewter sea stretched out westwards
il it mistily joined the sky. A leaden sea-drizzle drifted from the north and
vered the boat like a shroud, drenching the occupants within seconds.

ran curled in the bowels of the curragh. The mackerel flapped, spreading
l-covers and showing their pink life-blood pulsing through the open flesh
eath.

ly the silver membrane of the sea lay between him and the horizon.

ly the sea.



eagle eye

personal

MOWERS, sheep-shearers, hedge-
rs and other assorted hair-cutting im-
nts available. Apply Orderly Room.

BIRDS need you. If you're BIG, THICK
upid, apply Hilary for light work most
oons.

ALE: Three trunks of African Beads plus
aves. APPLY George.

YOU a grouse? If so sell it to the
ng Officer - he's short of good, game

YOU LAZY? Does life get you down?
way from it all and join us - The Geog

YOU IMAGINE YOU ARE A FLOWER?
do. Come and join me. BOX 7
fields)

YOU REALISE that 10 Chinese die every
of the day due to starvation? Well,
quick and we'll kill a few more of
stards.

see me please. J.S.P.

J" New Chinese Restaurant opening in
e Farm - Next Saturday.
etor, Hu Flung Dung

re, Measure. Yes, we are your
y Australian Tailors - everything
in 24 hours - or as you might say;
morrow

GRABBIT, and RUNNE SOLICITORS
to announce a new partner. PANDA -
e-you-I'm-not-drunk

Story telling. Gather at Richmond

Please, Please See Me J. S. P.

HOLIDAYS. ISRAEL. Details from the
Bursar.

New Boilers for Old. Apply Clerk of the
Wrecks (sorry Works)

New Books from Seedy & Grabitt
"Unlucky for some" by Richard German
"Smashing Time" by Stanley Holgate
"England On Id A Day" by Groucho Elliot
"Hard Knocks and Dirty Socks" by B. O. Ossey
Another in the great series of "I was there"

books
"Great moments in Sport" by A. Botty

Will the boy who stole my scissors and Mr
Perry, kindly return them to my desk at
once. J.S.P.

Will Captain Learmont please kill the curry
before serving it!

DID YOU KNOW that the new 1st XI motto
is, "Out first ball, Lose 'em all."

NEWS FROM P.O. - Dolly Mixtures will
no longer be sold! GOLLY.

GREEN lists, RED lists, BLUE lists, WHITE
lists, PINK lists PLUS -
The FAMOUS YELLOW lists. All on sale
now, in Uncle Bill's Organization pack;
only 4d. Hours of business 10.45-10.55.

JENX requires anything on 4 wheels.
Exchange 2-petal Cosmos Mk I, 250cc twin
cylinder. Possible cash settlement on either
side.

ARE you lonely? Why not join the Skipton
Lonely Hearts Club? Daytime, ring 259 ask
for Butch; after 6 Horrogate 84134 ask for
Marjie.

antony cavalier

Following a tip-off from Dave Little, we present the new president of the Stonyhurst
Association, 1971-72.

An Old Boy of many years, he was never one to conform to hair and dress regulations (as
can be seen from this photograph taken when he was in Lower Grammar.) Often wore
glasses and described by many of his contemporaries as "a splendid chap", he eventually
became Captain of the Fencing team. When asked to comment on his new appointment,
he replied with a Foxy grin: "Well, quite Fransly, it's all a bit of a laugh." At
present, he is working in a London Art Gallery.

PERSONAL (Contd)

BUT Jacob felt his hair and was sure; for the
Kernel was a hairy man." BOOK OF
SHEPHERD. I.i.

DOESN'T ANYONE WANT TO SEE ME?
J.S.P.

Late Football Result: World War 1
World War 2

WINE, dine, and sing over Great
MacAdamies, Tonite.



eagle scoop

AT LAST the truth can be told!

YOU'VE only heard RUMOURS!!!

NOW, our man in the Baptismal font, Chasubel Thistlethwaite S. J. (rejected) tells the tale of controversy IN HIS OWN WORDS!!

YES! It's the story of HORRIFIC proportions about the intense bitterness between... THE GROUNDSMEN and THE MUSIC STAFF!!!

READ how Barry Botlon attempted to plough the aisle in the Stonyhurst church... DURING SINGING PRACTICE!!

HEAR what happened when Bill Greenfluff tried to pull up Mr John's organ by the roots!

SHOCKS! Shocks! SHOCKS!!! YES! And it's HERE, Today, in EAGLE EYE!!

Questions are posed by our man... why DID Mr Arsons deliver a vicious uppercut to Martin Greenfluff when he tried to re turf in the nave during High Mass??

READ it TODAY - ONLY IN THE EAGLE EYE!!

It's a story of MURDER, INCEST, VIOLENCE, PORNOGROPHY and whatever you want it to be!!! Do you remember when the Music Staff were caught... contd P. 103.

take them off

Appeals our man under the covers, Mustapha Boks

TAKE off those dirty, Jewish, apartheid bodyliners, that are ruining our magnificent tradashnal nishnal game! This must have been the thought coursing through the minds of the spectators streaming away from the Stonyhurst Offal, after today's stimulating draw between Slopshire and Jockshire.

The play opened with a praises-be-ta Allah bright sun shining on the turbaned heads of the twenty-three Slopshire fielders, and Jockshire, boosted by a wonderful zero from their Indian opener, Jock Indi Box, had soon made 26451 for 1 declared. Their score was kept low by some magnificent fielding, Slopshire flyning the ball to the stumps with great enthusiasm. Slopshire came in, but Jockshire's bodyline attack, headed by large and hairy My Kwin, soon had them in trouble, O Muhammed yes. The bowlers were endangering both life and limb of not only the batsmen, but also of their own fielders. There was B. Cheating standing at first slip-it-in, legs apart, waiting for a tickle, and by Golly he got one; O yas right up the Jockey. Kwin was by this time bowling his 75th maiden over, and that reminds me: I have a ver nice sister only 14 years old. O yas she like cricketing gentlemen ver long black hair, she like you by Allah, her address is . . . (tum to p103)

A. IS ALIVE AND WELL
AND IS SHORTLY RETURNING TO STONYHURST"

vitably
plague of them will soon descend.
m their shiny chariots the occupants emerge -
liedoscopic,
d all shapes, all sizes.
e female fossils
utting around, aged or
uvinated.
ars hidden behind a facade of compost
quired wholesale and in bulk),
m Les Madames Rubenstein and Quant.
cot had no finer
ts to get potted-in
ts to get knotted-in.
ong the male species
magnificent and rare collection of ivory domes
th the occasional unscrupulous toupee
pping gently in the soft June breeze.
ey commentate on the seasonal gag -
Chinese flag, flying from the Eagle Towers,
they then relate the
our de Force" of their pre-war skulduggery.)
sils both,
companied by an interesting and ripe bunch
lesser-spotted teenage daughters,
ose varied talents
well displayed.
three whole days
se robust, dynamic, and naturally
letic gentlemen,
mely, members of Lower Line
re to postpone their long-running, smoke-rock,
version of "The Fire Raisers"
Tremendous sacrifice they bore unflinchingly.
t a cloud to be seen over the Common Place;
eed, a sight for sore throats.

After the creme de la creme of all the
Catering Officer's efforts throughout
the year
(Eleven o'clock cup of semi-congealed
coffee in the More Library),
We move into lunch.
As recommended in cordon bleu Abdul's
"100 Black Holes" 1967 Edition
Cuisine is served in the
Canvas black hole of Academies.
Plump prehistoric poppets dashing
around,
Only too delighted to issue you with
Plastic fork number three.
Sympathy is expressed by all for the
cold turkey
Having to be served up before it could
take
A Haircut.
But to follow . . .
What delightful plastic troughs
Of pigmy-portion after-shave trifle.
". . . for these and all thy other benefits"
Amen.

- 24 -

by Digits

the hated society

by our man in the Avenue Ponds,
Andolf Noodge

I say, three cheers for the BBC. Three cheers for Ramsey Macdonald Hastings 1066. I was agog to see the Jesuits doing their own thing (I'm trying to give it up, personally) on the box last night. Did I recognise the Billy Bremner of the Jesuits, Mikul Baroe, grinning his way round the Grammar classrooms (in colour!) and Antony Armstrong John doing his own thing with an organ? I say, well done the Jesuits!

Look at it this way; wasn't it charming the way Hastings showed us the ins and out of the Common Place and Common Room? I was agog.

When I went to interview Mikul Baroe in his charming terraced room on the western outskirts of the city about this amazing programme, he had this to say:

"Well, Andolf. . . Could be good. I mean, look at it this way. I'm not called Billy Bremner for nothing. Have a cup of coffee; it's only 3.30 am.

Truly amazing. I was agog.

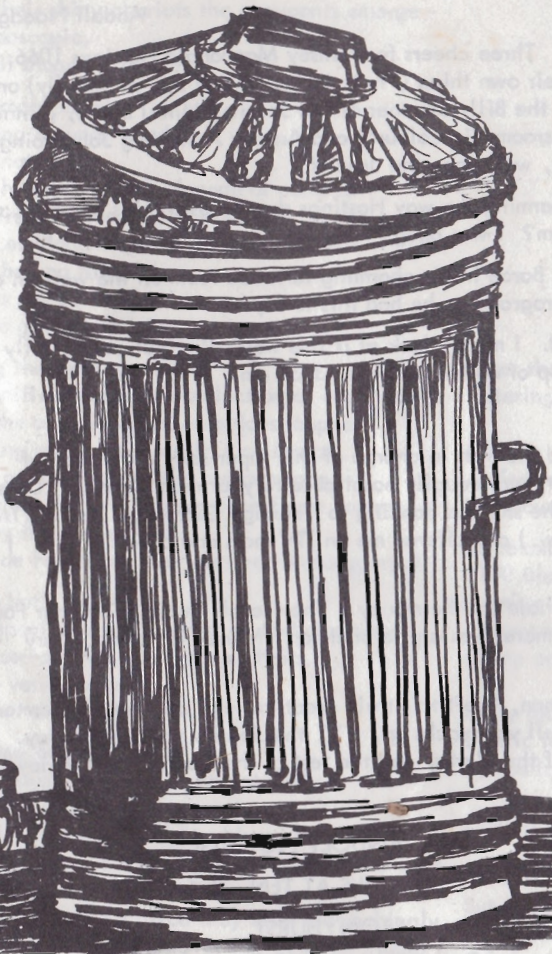
Jorge Erl, Jock of all trades and the man in charge of this super sexy collection of Jesuitical crumpets at Stonyhurst, was equally hospitable to your man Noodge. Dressed only in a grass skirt and beads, he stopped dancing to "Young, Gifted, a Jesuit" (TM 132435, at your record shops now.) and offered me an ITV mass and a pint of gin. I was agog.

"Hey, you! We're only in this hole for the money. They're all stupid (Grammar Four please note.) Life is something more than a pile of litter. Money is not necessary - not to me, anyway."

Having lent £5 to this amazing man, I left this truly great college agog in wonderment. I say three cheers for the BBC! Pull your socks up, ITV, the Jesuits are here to stay. Hooray for Bremner, Erl Gray, Clarke of the Works, and the rest of the Accrington Stanley Holgate team. Well done the BBC.

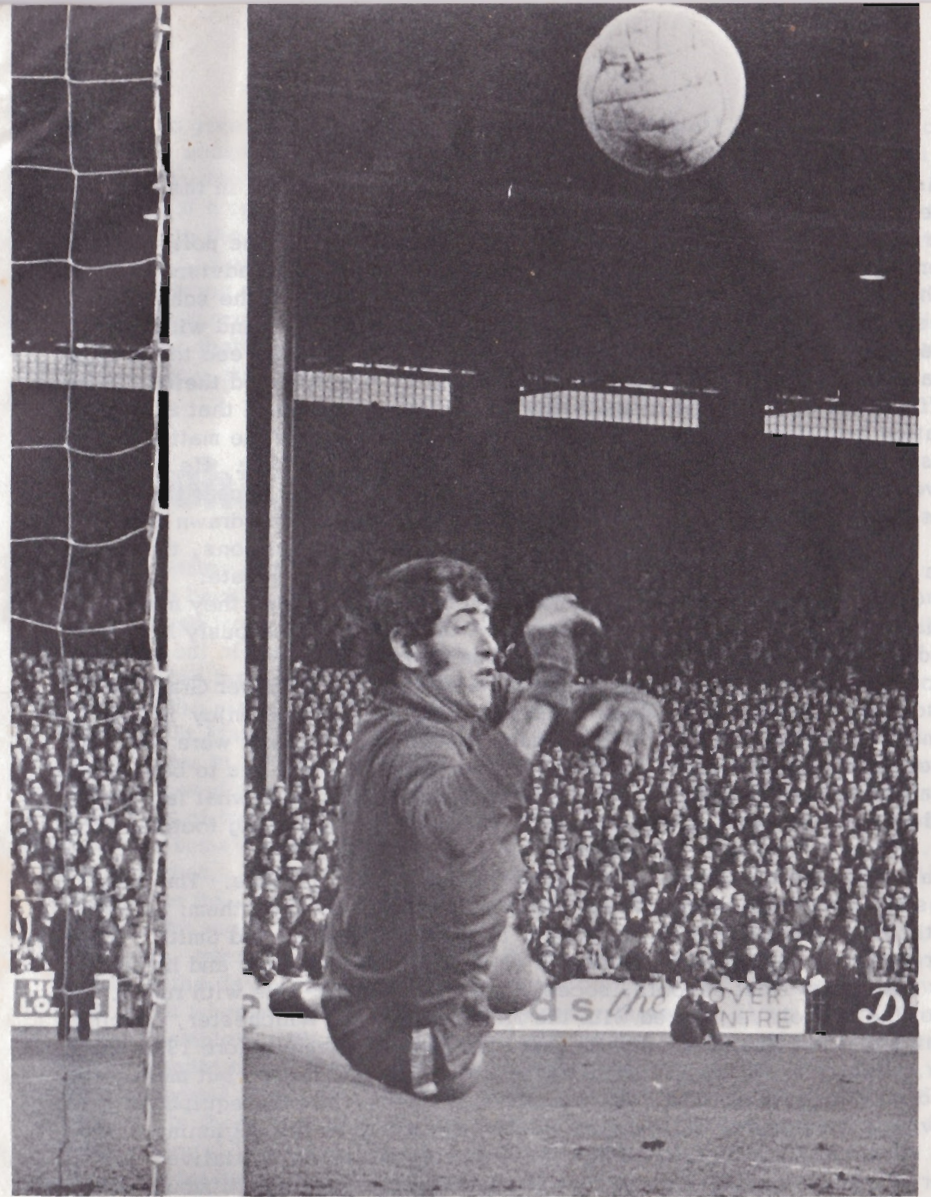
ANDOLF NOODGE,
NEWS AT TEN,
STONYHURST.

- 25 -



Always standing
a recluse
behind the garage
Always malicious
Standing with your lid
purposefully defiantly open
to let
your evil thoughts
stray over my roses
your fullness
attracts
the clean-minded wind
you push evil
in its way
even the wind
picks up your sins
you've got into a habit
of going
to confession fortnightly
habit
as soon as
you've emptied your thoughts
you're evil again

that's your aim
to end up
on the council tip.



FOOTBALL

its future

FOOTBALL - ITS FUTURE

is the immense popularity of football at S.M.H. as shown in the next
e written by a Master there.
original intention of this article was to attempt to define the policy of
er at Stonhurst in the early 1970s. To do this, we were advised to con-
the Games Committee who now guide the Sports policy of the school. All
estions on sport are discussed by the Games Committee, and with this in
a number of questions were devised and Colonel Shaw agreed to discuss
matter with the Committee. One vacation later, we received their reply to
ffect that they refused to make any form of statement, and that all recom-
ation were forwarded to Fr Earle. We therefore pursued the matter further
asked the headmaster what the committee had recommended. He replied:
ve received no recommendations on football." It would appear that the
s Committee are afraid of being attacked in print or being drawn into argu-
e. If they refuse to comment or tell the boys of their decisions, there
s little point in their existence - the matter is open to debate.
e Games Committee are still dithering on the subject, then they might like
nsider an aspect of the soccer argument that has not previously been dis-
ed in print (or, as far as we know, verbally.)
popularity of the sport is evident in Lower Line; 53% of Lower Grammar
soccer voluntarily and 81% of Grammar play the sport and enjoy it (the
mar figures include inter-class games; both sets of figures were obtained
recent playroom surveys) To be good at soccer, talent has to be exploit-
an early age, and the present facilities (described, somewhat farcically,
adequate") will not be anywhere near adequate for the young footballers of
Games Committee takes its stand on the question of pitches. The best
es are put aside for teams, and soccer is not permitted on them; as a re-
the only pitch available for soccer is that mud bath beyond Smith. Such
tribution is described by a member of staff as "dishonest", and he further
s out that at most schools, soccer is played side-by-side with rugby.
of the schools registered with the FA include Eton, Winchester, Lancing,
minster, and Charterhouse. In fact, Stonhurst's game before 1920 was
er. However, we do not press for soccer to replace rugby, but merely for
distribution of pitches - the incentive is there, as is the equipment
wing a donation of £45 worth of soccer equipment at the beginning of the
, but the Games Committee has failed to respond to the initiative. We
er if there is another school that is experiencing the same difficulties?
hink not.)
urse, I have no doubt that the Games Committee have answers to the
ions posed. No doubt they will feel that their case has been completely
presented. The Editors hope that they will reply; it appears to us that
ames Committee was a non-starter from the start, and should they con-

descend to give us something more than a "no comment", they might succeed in
redeeming something of their tarnished reputation. In the meantime, you may be
consoled by the fact that the Games Committee is discussing the vitally import-
ant issue of a cricket cap emblem and that soccer will be no better off than be-
fore despite the strong case for a review of pitch policy. Mr Keating (a mem-
ber of the Games Committee) told us in a rather despondent tone of voice that
we're "fighting a losing battle." However, if enough pressure can be brought on
those in authority by you Great Academies parents and Stonhurst boys, it might
be that the short-sighted individuals may be persuaded to change their regressive
and blatantly dishonest policy.

whither bounceth the ball

"Norbert Stiles adjusted his teeth, flicked a pass to George Best and the ball
was in the back of the net, Bonetti beaten and the crowd roaring. The familiar
chant surged from one end of the pitch to the other, a bell sounded and it was all
over. A host of stars trotted off the pitch; Charlton, Greaves, Hurst and Peters.
Five minutes later Stiles and others lay in untidy heaps on the changing room
floor and the players, all 4'6" of them, were back to normal.
Soccer at St Mary's Hall can trace its history to the dim and distant past of
frozen water in the washing place and the swish of Jesuit wings. Once upon a
time there was a rugby ball and a playground full of grey-flannelled athletes.
The object of the exercise was to place the ball behind a rather indistinct line.
One day, some luckless boy dropped the ball, kicked it, and ran after it. And
that was that. In the course of time the rugby balls became round, as all old
rugby balls do, and soccer became a most popular recreation sport. And strangely
enough, the rugby improved.
Nowadays, every club and player under the sun seems to be represented. Every
minute of the day a round ball is bouncing, being kicked or chased somewhere or
other. But where is all this leading? Already there is a flourishing 'Figures
League' complete with a reserve programme and an emotionally charged inter-line
soccer competition. Next year, who knows, there may even be fixtures with
other schools? A soccer pitch lies proudly next to four rugby pitches. The en-
thusiasm is there, the skill is slowly developing and there was a strong feeling
at the Parents' Weekend that soccer should replace rugby or, at the very least
be played for one out of the two terms
Perish the thought! Let rugby remain the major sport. St Mary's Hall boasts a
fine rugby record, the values of the game are well known and there should be no
question of any replacement. At the same time, however, there must be a strong
argument in favour of recognising soccer as a sport which can provide a great
deal of enjoyment for a large number of people and one which can provide a great

rugby and, indeed, contribute much. It is no accident that good soccer can easily adapt to rugby-witness the previously untapped rugby skills hireburn Gentlemen.

which can provide so much interest cannot be a bad game though the more ant sides of professionalism would not be welcomed. These particular ns, Stiles, and Bests do not collapse like aspiring oscar winners bleating ntion. The perpetual outraged appeals for fouls do not seem to exist With the unpleasantness eliminated and the teamwork and all-round eveloped there is surely a strong case to allow the status quo to continue. s hoped that the round ball will be able to bounce forward into the future."

* * * * *

evening conversation

The children talk
in pine-enclosed voices
of the dead butterfly
a Red Admiral
on the glacier
the talk of how
they touched it
warmed it
in their stalk-like fingers
but only
one obedient flutter
came
giving momentary pleasure
to their singing voices
then
falling
freezing
dying
it lay perched
fallen
frozen
dead
amongst granules of ice
amongst granules of rock
waiting
for the childrens feet
to stamp it
into a six inch grave
leaving a red wing
to fly
with the wind
and to die
with the sun.

john archer.

birth

I was out; breathing and screaming, the latter policy I thought necessary and suitable for the occasion. Three white masked faces bent over me, and their pink gloves gave me a light-handed touch; the rubber of the gloves felt as if it was trying to go against the grain of my newly-aired skin. Finally one of the white figures said, "It's a boy." I was surprised at the length of time it took to make this obvious announcement.

My mother, My kingdom for the last nine months spoke; "He's going to be called John."

Mother, why John? I thought, and my first impressions of her and her joint propagator, (whom I was yet to see or hear of) was that they lacked imagination. So my name is John, and I'm lying on this messy white trolley staring at the bright lights focused on this new life.

"And the Lord said, Let there be light and there was light."

My thoughts turned away from the lights and pondered on my mother; she had fed me and she was going to carry on feeding me for a month or so. How was she going to carry on feeding me? they've cut my food channel I've got no cord; where can she put the food into me? I was just about to start a panic-stricken screaming when one of the busy white figures, with swift dextrous movements, picked me up. I in all my nakedness was brought face to face with my mother. This may sound biased, but I thought that she was very beautiful and her smile killed all my worries about my next meal.

"But mother, why do you want me to be called John?" If only I could speak and tell her I had decided, while in my tight foetal position, on a name for myself; an unusual name, because I had also decided that I was going to be different from normal people, even though I had never seen or known what normal people were.

Wesley-Reinhard was the name I had hoped for; I had tried during those months of enclosure to persuade my mother to change my name. Whenever I heard my mother discussing names with my still yet unseen father, I would kick or try and change my position in the warm bed; I would think so hard that my mother would lie down with migraine attacks, but I never got through.

My name is John and I don't like it. I have been living for about five minutes and I've had enough; to make matters worse, my mother, while inspecting me under the strong lights, said,

"John will be so pleased, he has an heir." "Who was John? - Was he my father? Was he called John as well?" During the minute's inspection I decided that the other mysterious John was my enemy, my rival, the belligerent John.

My mother, after looking me over, brought me close and deposited a damp feeling on my face. I managed to hold back a cry of horror, but after very short deliberation within myself, I accepted this as normal. At the same time my misgivings about how the food was going to enter, were cleared up. Feeling much better I

led up next to my mother, "Please let me go back in, it's so much
er."
doors opened and a fourth white figure appeared; they all moved so
ly and silently through the swinging doors. The new-comer set her
e in our direction, bending over us, blocking out one of the witnesses to
rth, she said,
's coming in five minutes", and my mother smiled and hugged me presum-
at I would share in her delight at the meeting with my half-maker. This
ction set me even more against the John; he was also loved by mother; my
r can't love two John's at the same time.
ame is John, the same name as my presumed father, whom I hate, and as
I can tell, life is bitter. Before this John came, I gave as much love as
ble to my mother; I had to have as much attention as possible before my
appeared.

wing door swung open and a large man ran across to the bed shouting,
ing, I knew it would be a boy."
ame is John and I have a rival called John, that is why I cried and screamed
the rival was asked to leave. A white figure escorted him out.
small victory could only lead to a major war and so I decided to take a
al view of the situation.

ther John is large, I am small; my mother so it seems, loves both of us.
s larger than me and therefore requires more affection. At this point of
gment I despaired; there is only one way out.
ame is John, but I wanted to be called Wesley-Reinhard. I'm lying on a
rolley, (the nurses should have put me in a cot), staring at the witnesses
birth. Only they deserve to witness my whole and complete life.
dge of the trolley is close and I'm beginning to roll towards it: thus adding
al lines to my testament:

he Lord said, let there be darkness and there was darkness, and death
pon the earth "

JOHN ARCHER.

attendant

As the evening sun slid slowly towards the suburban skyline, the old playground attendant noticed that there was just one little girl left within the rusty railings. She had noticed him too, and approached with cautious indecision. When his old eyes were able to focus on her, he made out a worried, but attractive little face which already seemed to say "I'm lost. . . ."

Instinctively, he knew that it was for him to make the first move. "Hallo, blue eyes", he said, quietly; before he was able to follow up with a leading question she had snapped out: "My eyes aren't blue, they're brown." Somewhat taken aback, he decided to follow along with the line of conversation. "Well, your dress is blue, anyway. If you say that's brown, I'll eat me aunty's carthorse." This had come out so quickly that she was still trying to work it out when he posed his awaited question: "Isn't it time you were off home?" After a repetition, he managed to get the reply that she'd only just come."

Indeed, she had only just come, but she also was lost. All he was able to extract from her was that her first name was Josephine, but she was generally known as Jo. The old man rose to his feet, simultaneously clutching his back. The sun was now bisected by the sharp edge of a distant roof. "Well, I'm going to lock up the playground now, so you'd better come with me and we'll find out where you live." They made their way towards the iron gates, and, as they walked, they captured as if in a photograph, a scene of great contrast: a mixture of senility and youth, masculinity and femininity.

The shiny key turned in the rusty lock, and immediately the playground seemed almost foreign. Josephine, without any conscious effort, moved nearer the old man. "My brother Robert says you only lock things up if you don't want anyone to steal them - but who wants to steal a playground?" He searched for a reasonable explanation to give, but before he could answer, Josephine was running off towards a small dark figure at the end of the road. She stopped half-way and called back, "It's Robert. He'll take me home . . . Goodbye!"

The old man turned away and walked in the other direction. He coughed, and simultaneously clutched his back.

COLIN LANCELEY.





remembering

The towering griffins staring from the gate-posts
ready to pounce and
pick me up, and take me flying away
to the brown oast tower.

Bees hovering over the smelling lavender bushes
eyeing me, to
prepare a buzzing attack or a spiral retreat
out of reach.

Then climbing the splintery creosoted fence
on to the
lush, long, grass, squinting through busy flies, to stroke
the liver Shetland.

Then shying from a huge horse scared
at its lofty height.
At Night silently slinking to see the stars
and sit on the cold,

white painted, window-sill wondering whether I could fly
tempting myself; but then
rushing right round the rounded-room
to a warm bed.

Eating Chocolate twenties that were bought
in the village shop, at the bottom of
the hill. Daily going in the car
to see the big

red engines nearby, returning reading
a rag-comic;
with bloated cheeks from cramming in
gop-stoppers.

Lying low surveying the large scene
from a lime tree.
- a lord with his estate showing
his pride.

S. Christian.

here to take your parents at GA

Shopping:- Best of all shopping centres around Stonyhurst is ASDA - QUEENS; (Fame St, Preston); this is a large converted warehouse selling everything from baked beans to gin, or motor oil to alarm clocks. To get to it, take the road to Preston via Longridge and, after the Blackpool Road traffic lights, keep an eye out for a small turning on the left (cobble road) before the next set of traffic lights.

Closer at hand, CLITHEROE MARKET is open on Saturday afternoons - selling mainly foodstuffs and plants but also cheap records and bric-a-brac. Take the first turning left off Castle Street (the Clitheroe High Street.) Also in Clitheroe, the LION SUPERMARKET is good value (4d off all packets of 20, for instance.) First turning right off Castle Street. Opposite the LION SUPERMARKET is a garage selling cheap JET petrol.

or Entertainment:- If it rains, you might like to go to one of the three CINEMAS in Preston's Fishergate; or perhaps 10 PIN BOWLING opposite the Bus Station (the largest in Europe), off Fishergate OR, visit BROWSHOLME HALL, Clitheroe, which is open on Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays from 2.00 p.m. and is run by quite a character, Col R. G. Parker (Tel: Stonyhurst 330.) To get there, head for Clitheroe and turn off left at Bashall Eaves (it is signposted by the RAC so you won't get lost.)

es of Interest:- CLITHEROE CASTLE, surprisingly enough, is situated in Castle Street and is uninteresting - unless you want to see the aged inhabitants playing a very expert game of bowls. There are ruined abbeys at SAWLEY and WHALLEY; a ruined castle - GREENHALGH CASTLE - at Garstang and an abbey at Mitton which is worth a visit (the last of the Shireburns is buried there.) Bolton-by-Bowland boasts an unruined castle - BOLTON HALL. There is a Roman museum at the equally old town of Ribchester. The Forest of Bowland and the TROUGH OF BOWLAND (head for Dunsop Bridge from Stonyhurst) are particularly pleasant spots - good for picnics if you don't like the Marquee. Near Ingleborough there are the WHITE SCAR CAVES which one can be walked around (quite a way, though.)

eleguzzle:- THE PUNCH BOWL (Hurst Green):- A Dutton's Grill house (and very popular with parents and locals alike, so never go without

booking.) The food is plentiful and well cooked. (If you're hungry have a T-Bone steak or a mixed grill.) The service is mediocre and the waitresses have a tendency to forget extra vegetables when ordered. Unfortunately, rather a small bar. 25/- to 35/- a head. Recommended.

TEL: STONYHURST 209.

THE CORPORATION ARMS (Longridge):- Another Dutton's grill house and very similar to the Punchbowl. Again, recommended; same price range. TEL: LONGRIDGE 2644.

SHIREBURN ARMS:- Although a social focal point, the food is bad value for money and service tends to be aggressive and inefficient. The snacks at the bar, although pricy, are tasty.

BAYLEY ARMS:- Meals in the Bayley Bisque are disappointing, but the snacks at the bar are highly recommended. There is a wide range and are much cheaper than at the Shireburn. Prices of drinks tend to fluctuate and change is erratic.

THE SWAN & ROYAL (Clitheroe):- Recommended in The Times North West Supplement, this restaurant is a family business and is run with family pride. Excellent value for money: £1 - 30/- a head.

THE BELVEDERE (Read):- A welcome haven in the midst of the North East Lancashire Steak-and-Roast-beef sea. An Italian Restaurant, The Belvedere boasts a good menu, excellent food and service and reasonable decor. Try the fresh Cannelloni (6/6 a ½ portion), followed by one of the Veal dishes. 30/- to 40/- per head. TEL: PADIHAM (994) 72250.

self destruction

Proudly you walk through the great music of glory	The cold grey clouds have been dyed bright crimson
While crystalline shadows stand silent and still in the darkness	by the blood of the foolish dead that you've killed
they're staring at you and I know what they're thinking	and all you do is feel proud, you worshipper of glory
Despairing thoughts.	It's pathetic and sad.

I'm almost alone up here on an isolated rock	Like a seagull trying to fly without wings It doesn't get anywhere but gets smashed on the rocks
I'm just a simple minded person who wastes tears for peace	and the sun in the blue sky stares down and cries
and I watch you down below fighting against yourself	It's no use at all.
In a halo of fire.	Courtesy of CONTACT.



● ● ● ●
NG MY SOUVENIRS:

For example, you take a rotten apple and show it to be rotten, you don't tell much about apples: whether I should buy them, allow other people to buy, or should pour kerosene over them and burn the lot. And Mr Anderson's is not only bad, it's impossibly bad. Man and boy I've known nine schools the inside: some were baddish and one was bad, but I have never known one in which there wasn't somebody somewhere who had a genuine interest in the school who made the school. And the same must be true of Mr Anderson's experience as a teacher. If no one else was interested, what about himself? And put Mr Anderson as the housemaster he was into the school he imagined, and his film would shrivel up.

The one necessary condition for the existence of his nightmare academy is that it should be anywhere, anywhere, should have any interest whatsoever in the boys themselves: not the headmaster, nor the housemaster nor his wife, nor the chaplain, nor the prefect, nor the prefect's master (played, if my memory serves me right by F. R. Leavis, looking remarkably young for his years), nor, save anatomically, the matron. And so the boys revolve in the never intersecting orbits of their own obsessions, the

governors are criminally negligent, the parents criminally snobbish, the boys are corrupted or crucified, the headmaster noses ignorantly along the spoor of his own career until it brings him up against a bullet, the buildings go up in smoke and nobody need worry because none of it is real.

Moreover, as satire, the film was vitiated by unacknowledged anachronism. (I have no patience with those who assure me that the film really had nothing to do with boarding schools at all.) The "official" life of the school which Mr Anderson depicts is that of a past age. The uncontrolled flogging of boys by boys, the inculcation of school slang in formal lessons, with the inculcators beaten if the learner doesn't get it right, the segregating fancy waist-coats, the immense formality of chapel and parade, the contempt with which boys encourage one another to look down on all who are outside the system - from wherever it had been present, most of this passed out of school life around the same time as Mr Anderson did. Now this might all have been very well, Mr Anderson might have been engaged in drawing a retrospective caricature, were it not for the fact that all the details of the unofficial life of the boys belong vividly and insistently to the year 1968: the gear, the minis, the motorbikes, the music, the cafes. And so the school looks pretty silly and the film looks pretty unreal.

Of course bits of it are funny and bits are beautiful, and bits are even realistic. The school chaplain doubles his job with that of C.O. of the Cadet Force, and when neatly caught between his two personae by a pointed gun, he cries "Put that rifle down immediately!" then modulates to "In the name of Christ, don't shoot." There was beauty in the fantastic, joyful, undulating ride on the motorbike (was it in black and white? were parts of it in slow motion?) And the return after the holidays, with all the trunks and two-way streams of people, and the tattered wallpaper and scratched and ink-blotched furniture, and all the adjustment of holiday attitudes - all this was realistic.

But the film wasn't real. And so I apologise: when asked by your Editor to write a notice, I felt I really could not sit through it all again, but he said he would be content with a few dyspeptic memories. P. R. H.

WHEN 'if...' opened at the Paramount cinema in the West End, large audiences sat in appreciative and intent silence, applauding occasionally as if they were in a theatre. This could be said to be a measure of Lindsay Anderson's achievement as a director - or can it? I suspect that the majority of those audiences had close connections with public schools and were entertained by making comparisons, nostalgic or furious, with the reality they knew from first-hand experience. But surely herein lies a weakness. Anderson clearly dislikes public schools (although, or perhaps because, he was educated at one) and he has let his obsession divert him from what appears to be the film's main purpose. The school in 'if...' is only a symbol of any closed community: the film could have been set equally well in a London club, parliament, a military academy, the Church Assembly. As a symbol it has been caricatured, but caricatured more than it can stand without detracting from the main theme.

Anderson's acute observation of detail, learnt from his days in documentary films,

been a hindrance as much as a help - adding some shrewd comment and ed criticism, but at the same time overloading with detail at the expense of main theme.

real target of 'if...' would seem to be the tacit assumptions so frequently and rarely questioned in closed communities. "This is the way we do it" follow fatally easily from "This is the way we have done it up to now." And "can so often be something which cannot be defended rationally. Those set up in the system, the rulers and the ruled, have to suspend their critical faculties, even to indulge in wishful-thinking and make-believe. Some in fact go into a world of real fantasy. The three rebels indulge significantly in play (the swashbuckling fencing sequence, the blood oaths, the mock assault on the street, the scissors/paper/store game in the cafe.) Mick's 'Guy Fawkes' disguise is more than just a way of concealing a moustache. Others day-dream of the matron in her armchair, the housemaster's wife wandering naked in the corridors, Phillip's rapt fascination when watching Wallace at his gymnastics, Denson's unwilling prudishness. The film too reflects this balance between reality and fantasy until the audience is never sure which it is watching. Was the chaplain really hurt? How much of the motorcycle sequence is wishful-thinking? Do Mike and the girl ever roll naked on the floor? In the final cataclysm, are the bullets and mortars really used in earnest, or, if they are, why that it is the outsider, the Girl, who shoots the headmaster?

Juxtaposition of the choir's serene chapel music and the primitive beat of the Luba illustrates another element in the film. Rejection of apparently sophisticated society and its standards drives Mick, Wallace and Johnny back to the primitive. And for them the primitive involves the savage. "Violence and destruction are the only pure acts", intones Mick. But the savagery has not specific target. It is uncritical, directed at "them" and the world in general. Destructive rather than constructive, it is an empty despairing protest against all that they cannot control.

' is interesting enough and provokes reflection, but I cannot see it as a good film. It is not even well made. And there is little to suggest that Anderson can do anything but side with the rebels in a negative if spectacular protest. Surely we, and we, have something better to offer than that?

And on a final note, a poem which could apply to 'if. . .'

GENERATIONS

Why do I object to you, young man?
Is it that I envy you your youth, your freedom,
My own long past,
Not well-remembered because so confined?
Or is it that I hate - yes, hate
The freedom that is arrogant,
That tramples on what others think and feel?
A problem this.
What shakes security and repose is resented.
So I resent your views - at first.
But time may bring insight,
And insight acceptance.
He alone truly lives who truly is prepared to change.

But well we know "a thing of beauty is a joy forever";
So why destroy, pull down, with four-letter word,
And urgent modern decay
What others have built of beauty?
To speak the truth?
But truth without compassion kills.
And death smells only of corruption and the grave.
So I resent when youth is led by youth to see only this -
A living death in life.
"Only the best" we say, "is good enough".
"The Best" - that too is a four-letter word.

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