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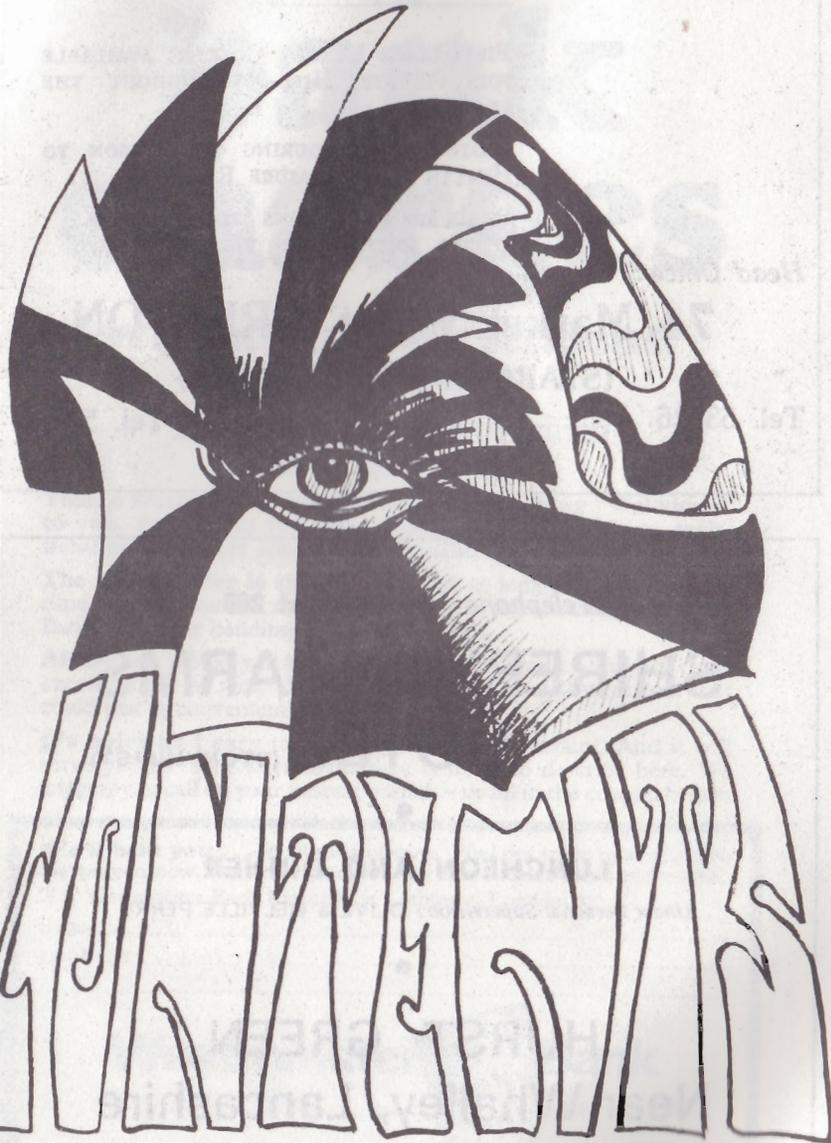
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Near Whalley, Lancashire

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 ART DIRECTOR : JOHN PAUL BLISSET.  
 BUSINESS MANAGER : STEPHEN ROCHE,



## CONTENTS

### EDITORIAL

### COMMENT

### LETTERS

### ALONE

### WITHOUT YOU

### EMIL

### MILFORD JUNCTION

### CERES

### DEATH OF A BABOON

### TALK WITH CHRIST ON THE 93 BUS

### LATIN AMERICAN EPISODE

### SLEEP

### PURPLE AND DARK RED

### STONYHURST 2500 ?

### I WANDERED

### ERISTIC

### CARTOON

### STORY OF BENEDICT

### THE BUTTER MELTS

### CREVASSES

### TO THE SOLDIER WHO RETURNS

### L'ABIME

### DID

### PAUL GRAVES

### EMIL

### CHARLY PETERS

### JIM BURNS

### STEPHEN LYNAS

### TONY D'ALTON

### TIM SEDWICK-JELL

### JOHN ARCHER

### DID

### JOHN DELAHUNTY

### SEBASTION McEVOY

### PETER GARRET

### COLA

### COLA

### DID

### JOHN ARCHER

### JIM BURNS

### SEBASTION McEVOY

# Editorial

Our thanks to all Contributors.

We hope to see "New Writing" back in the next issue of the Stonyhurst Magazine, but this cannot be done without your help. So Fr. Broderick joins us, including all those unproductive yet capable writers to write for both magazines.

Raphael Mansilla Pacheco deserves our special thanks. He has encouraged our artists to draw for the Eagle, and has also designed this issue's cover, "The Road to the seventies".

# Comment

"Springbok cricket tour on", says the "Times"; thus giving the ever increasing number of cricket lovers a chance of seeing a very skilful and expert in action. Was the decision a sensible one?

Looking back on the Springbok rugby tour of the U.K., we see a trail of blood and violence. The Swansea incident must be mentioned as an example of sincere student feeling, where the police lost their reputation as unbiased law-enforcers; consequently many people were injured (210). At Manchester, two and a half thousand policemen arrested at least 150 students; the Lancashire rate payers had to pay £7,000 for the three hours work. Will this happen next summer?

The M.C.C. must think again, we predict that some of the best wickets in England will be ruined by the actions of some militant students. They will either spray them up or spray strong weed killer over them, thus forcing inferior pitches to be used. It would be sad to see a repeat of the Swansea riots (both the police and the students were to blame), but the outcome would probably be much worse: there would be more police, which means more rate payers' money, there will be larger demonstrations which means more blood and hatred. It is impossible to hold peace-demonstrations at the present time, due to the large number of fashionable movements, such as Communism, Socialism, Marxism and Anarchism. We are not condemning these people as vandals or hooligans, because they are not. Both the peaceful and the militant demonstrators are determined to stop Apartheid countries coming to England, and also they hope, trying to make Apartheid countries realize that Apartheid is morally wrong.

Dear Readers,

As you can see from the number of letter(s) printed, we are sadly lacking. This term we have heard people moan about everything; food, religion, monitors, staff, work, South Africa and drugs. There must be someone in the school that can write a reasonable letter.

Yours

Ed.

# Letters

Sir,

I feel a few words on the Stonyhurst soccer situation would be in order.

Under the auspices of Richard German (an FA coach) and Brian Keating, football has been resurrected - but for how long? Although the 1st XI has won its matches to date, 18 players have been fielded all told. The reason why this is so, because football remains unofficial and therefore has last pick of players — netball, caving, shooting, etc. all take priority, and as a result, it becomes increasingly difficult to field a team. Whilst football (the country's national game, please note) remains unofficial, this problem will always remain.

Similarly, it is a disgrace that we have no match pitch. I can remember when the top flat was a soccer pitch. I thought that the middle flat would be turned over to soccer this season, but instead it went to rugby; the official excuse being "pressure on pitches", and yet in previous seasons all teams have managed to play without using the middle flat.

Then there is the question of money; if our matches must be played away, then money must be provided for transport and kit. Although we do have funds, the number diminishes after each match, so it is becoming necessary to replace the dwindling shirt store — but where is the money?

I am given to understand that many of those in higher positions are opposed to financing the sport, as well as being opposed to the actual sport itself. If this is the case, then all I have to say is this: the interest in soccer is enormous. So many people wish to play that the field beyond Smith soon becomes a mud bath. The interest in the sport must surely warrant its being official. Many of those who do not play rugby play football, and it seems to be becoming an alternative for the many drop-outs. Secondly, it seems only reasonable that the country's national sport should be catered for at Stonyhurst.

Stonhust's game may be rugby, but that is not an excuse to ignore football.

Yours in hope

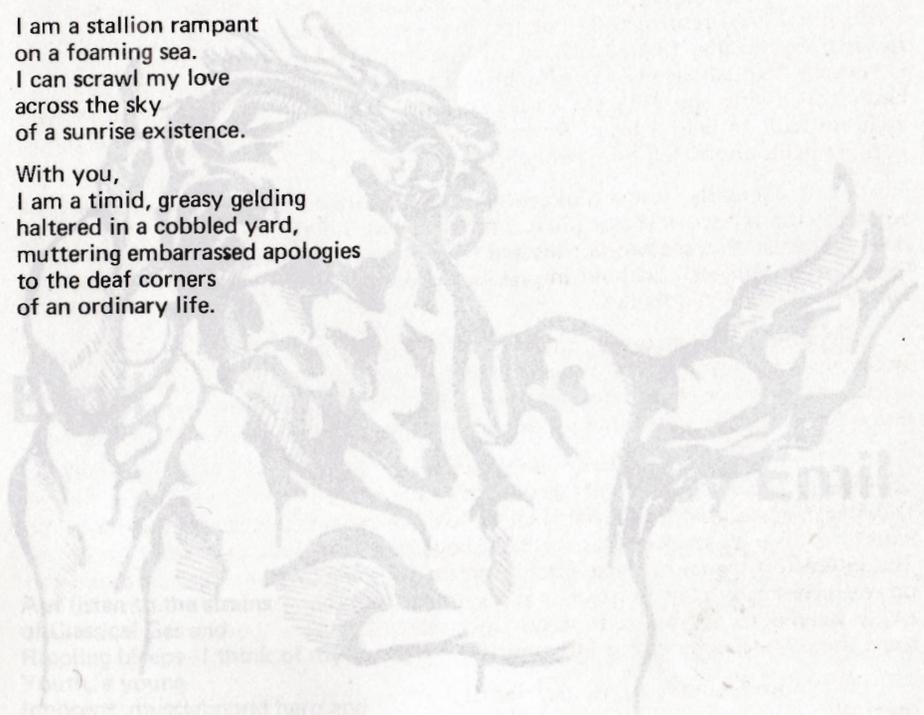
John Matthey.

# Alone

by Did

I am a stallion rampant  
on a foaming sea.  
I can scrawl my love  
across the sky  
of a sunrise existence.

With you,  
I am a timid, greasy gelding  
haltered in a cobbled yard,  
muttering embarrassed apologies  
to the deaf corners  
of an ordinary life.



# Without You

(Written under the influence of the Mersey Sound)

by Paul Graves



Without you frogs would breed lice  
Without you, water would melt  
Without you, giraffes would need growth hormones  
Without you, today wouldn't be tomorrow's yesterday  
Without you, clocks would go "Tock . . . Tick"  
Without you, air would grow on trees  
Without you, life would be dead  
Without you, milk would be delivered in paper bags  
Without you, Cinderella would have climbed the beanstalk  
And Humpty Dumpty would have killed himself laughing  
Looking at the Crooked Man trying to spend a crooked penny

Without you, Noddy would be Public Enemy No. 1  
Without you, "Fings would be wot dey used to be"  
Without you, gramophone records would get stuck, stuck, stuck  
Without you, holes would have a Polo in the middle  
Without you, the clouds would hail marbles  
And the marbles hail Caesar  
Without you.

# Emil

by Emil

As I listen to the strains  
of Classical Gas and  
Rippling biceps—I think of my  
Youth, a young  
Innocent, musclebound hero and  
I say to myself,  
"Why was I born so beautiful?"

# The Ballad of Milford Junction

by C. Peters

Milford Junction is a small town lodged in the Housatonic River valley between two of the less mighty of the Appalachian peaks. Once an industrious mining village of the "boom" era its mines now stand deserted echoing not the sounds of labour but only those of children playing. In the town centre there is a general Store, an outside of whitewashed boards and rickety porches and inside a stock of any item an inhabitant of Milford Junction might be likely to use. There is a Post Office, a small Library, and a Methodist Church, as Puritan in design as doctrine. A little higher on the hill leans a large, one-roomed building known locally as the "Barn" where plays are acted, people dance, and where pigs, paintings and geraniums are shown. The population of 307 enjoys its town's simplicity. And they enjoy its beauty. Its valley fields and hillside woods hold experience as well as beauty, and like all nature, a certain security. But Milford Junction like all other towns has a secret. An incident of the past restricted to the past, existing rarely in thought, much less in conversation. Milford Junction: simple, beautiful, and with a secret.

The day was Sunday, and organ music coming from the morning service echoed thru the valley, winding its way down the dirt paths, thru the bony fields between the pines growing on the hill. Nick Hebner was up early getting his work done, and finished with his work he sat on a porch rail watching the busy people coming from Church. Some would smile; others just pass. Nick was Milford Junction's Quasimodo. His mother's life ended when his birth and his skin proved his illegitimacy and the fact that Jake Booth had attacked her. His father hated him from the beginning, maybe before, and it was a relief to all when it was discovered that he was retarded. So this was the way Nick grew up — ostracized out as a sin; the odd boy whom parents warned their children to keep away from. But to a few of the villagers the arrival of this blue-eyed black boy meant a relief from loneliness. His curious questions were a source of need for old Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Jenkins too, and though most answers were invented they seemed to satisfy. But Nick's special friend was Jenny. She was a young girl of his age and they would meet whenever they could. Sunday was their favourite day, and on Sunday after he had finished greeting the churchgoers he ran to the willow to find Jenny. Nick first noticed the willow after a storm had taken away a side of the hill, and then the willow looked, from a distance, like the picture of his mother in the mantle-piece. So this became Nick's favourite place where he could sit and

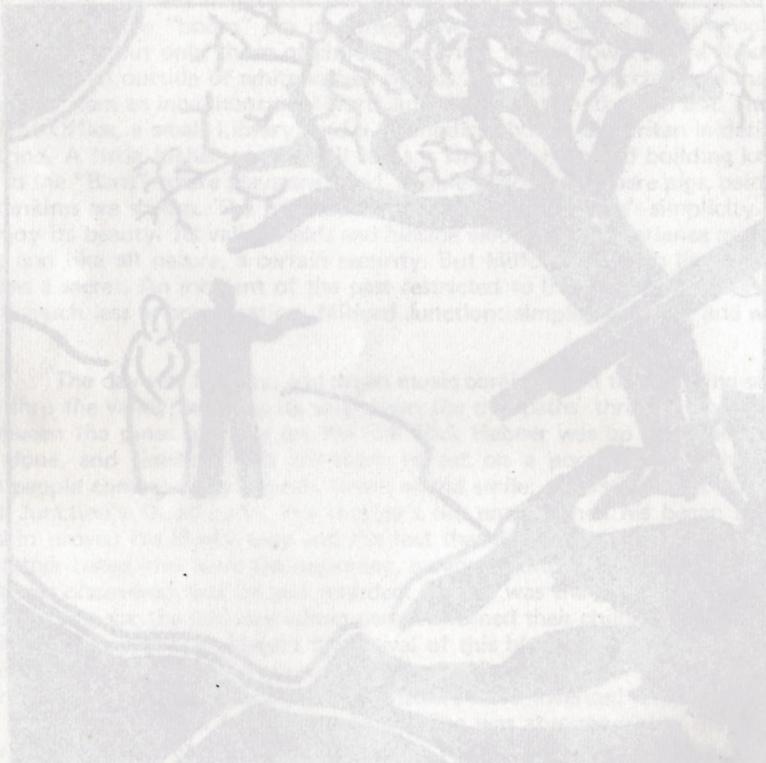
watch a sun rise or set or listen to the Church music. Jenny soon came and they spent the day in the house. It was only a floor with a tent, but to them it could be anything they wanted it to be, and was. Besides hidden by leaves, it was secret. They talked about things, ate the food that Jenny brought from home, and began to think where to tell her mother she had spent the day. Close to twilight Jenny fell asleep, the day having tired her.

Sheriff Remming was told Nick had been seen taking Jenny thru the stone meadows. At first he thought nothing. But it was Sunday; people gathered and they talked. And they spoke of the kidnapping of a poor young girl and they condemned a world where a young virgin could be molested. So half encouraged by responsibility and half hesitant with doubt the Sheriff and a few of the townspeople went to rescue her. Their trail was easy to follow, and the candle-lit willow was soon sighted. Nick had heard them coming and holding Jenny he climbed down and stood at the bottom of the tree, awaiting his guests.



Look Jenny they've come to our party.  
There's the kid. At the bottom of the tree.

I never really thought they'd come.  
He's got the girl.  
But I'm glad they did.  
She may be hurt.  
Because they're all so nice . . .  
She's probably in danger.  
All very nice.  
Shoot him.  
Wake up Jenny . . .  
Shoot.  
Our guests have come . . .  
I said shoot. Shoot !  
Welcome.  
SHOOT !



# Ceres

by James Burns

The mind floats  
And falls upon the brown earth;  
A bird flies in search of trees,  
And a leaf bends smiling to the wind . . . .

## MOISTURE

The grass, the beach . . . .  
A drop trickles  
Because the cave has crumbled;  
Colours, many colours . . . .  
Beast cries out for more.

## SERENITY

The bird can fly  
And swims . . . .  
The ocean's deep  
Crumbles;  
The leaf, strangled by the tree,  
Can see the clouds.

## STORM

The brown earth  
Hides the broken wing . . . .

## TRANQUILITY

And the moon fades, forgotten, towards the sun . . . .

# Death of a Baboon

by Stephen Lynas

The hot African sun beat down on the dying animal. His side, torn open by the claws of a lion, was dripping blood. Why the baboons had attacked the lion he did not know, but that was no reason for him to stay out of the fight.

It had been a fierce struggle while it had lasted; he, following the troop through the trees, had seen four of his companions rolling in the dark earth fighting the lion. Worried by the fact that they should have attacked the lion, he had fled to the earth below.

This was a true King, although sadly outnumbered, he made his attackers suddenly, his great paw lashed out, and caught the side of the baboon, ripping skin open. This, the baboon knew, was his last day in the forest. Slowly, painfully he moved away; the others had not seen him creep away to die, "a good thing he thought, for he would only be a hindrance to them.

Soon he stopped, the pain was too great to bear, "Oh why, why couldn't I die?"

The day was passing quickly; it would soon be dark, then he could rest in peace, without the sun beating down, burning his torn skin.

Up above, the vultures circled, cawing hoarsely, willing him to die, waiting to pick his bones clean, waiting, waiting.

Then the thought of death struck him true, and fear took its hold. Fear that what would happen in his next life, with the Gods Shar, and Bethzal; or, would he be another life, would he be alone in darkness left to wander?

Would he go to the place of the devil god Libo, to live the next life under the tyranny, a life of slave labour, sweating, toiling, for no reward at the end?

Then he noticed the jackals. All the time he had been thinking, a pack of jackals had encircled him. He could see their dark outlines in the fading light and he shivered. His thoughts had taken command.

Suddenly a young cub made a rush at him, trying to quicken their pace. The baboon's fangs sank deep into the jackal's flesh. The blood dripped into his mouth, this cool liquid tasting like the nectar of the gods, was all he had had to eat for the whole day, and it refreshed him greatly.

Then, as the whimpering cub ran back to its mother, fever took hold of him, and he lost consciousness.

As he woke up, he found the jackals only a few feet away from him, their eyes glinting at the thought of so much food. This he knew was the end, the animals could wait no longer, and slowly they crept in.

A few minutes later he was with Shar, and Bethzal.

# Talk with Christ on a 93 Bus

## by Tony D'Alton

pay your 6d. fare now your'e on earth).

st Almighty,  
are lost to the world, where are you now  
'e not in the theatre, - I miss you on T.V.  
I got to dive into the baptismal font  
ig you out  
reeze of sponge . . . . .  
baptise you - Jesus Christ !

'd better shake yourself up  
ou want to get a job - Get your hair cut.  
y Tiny Tim can have it like that !  
y don't want no prophet - preachers nowadays.

the poor to make the Church rich  
's your doctrine.

st I wish I had your head for business :  
so much hair though.  
're a Jew, don't change that :  
sh I could feed my 500  
ives on five loaves and five fishes !

# Latin American Episode

## by T. Sedwick-Jell

A few minutes after 9 o'clock in the morning, the ungainly looking Curtis lifted it's load of groceries, livestock and people off the runway into the blue, cloudless sky. It left behind 200,000 people avidly reading "La Prensa Graphica" on the subject of the impending change of power. While the official government paper claimed that their were traitors in the country. Prensa were insistent in their denial, which was, in fact, considered as a charge.

In the rather cramped cabin of the aircraft, the passengers were settling down amid the roar of the piston engines outside. Everything was as normal for such a flight; the pilot had gone to sleep. A slight buzzing sounded on the radio on the flight deck. The co-pilot stretched out a hand and he idly adjusted the set. A voice came through, repeating incessantly "Your revolution has taken place".

The co-pilot shook his sleeping friend.

"Carlos, wake up; it's happened!"

"What the hell . . .?"

"The revolution; it's happened!"

Just then a voice repeated the phrase, this time in the cabin. The two guardias looked round to see two pistol muzzles pointing at them.

"See that map, and the red mark? Land there". The two crew members stared into the men's faces.

"We can't, we can't," the helpless Carlos cried out.

"You will land or get this in your stomach," the bandit said, waving his pistol about.

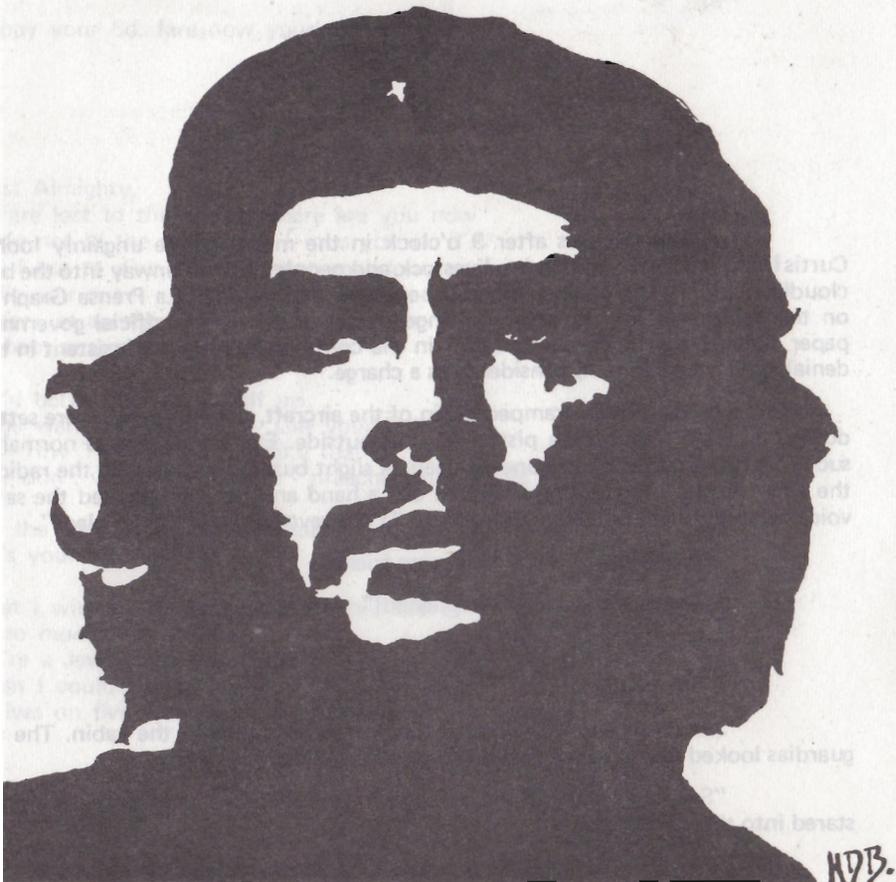
"We can't, we can't," He got up ready to fight it out, if necessary. He proudly remembered he had been hijacked once before.

His superiority was shattered with the shot of a revolver.

"Madre Mia! I didn't mean it."

Meanwhile, in the aircraft cabin, the passengers were sitting frightened in their seats. They saw the two men drawing their revolvers, and they heard the shot from the flight deck.

One of the hijackers came out. Standing by the cockpit door he said :



"We were going to land in the jungle, in a clearing. The shot that killed the Polish co-pilot also damaged the landing gear. We will now have to make a landing. Patria o muerte!"

The pilot skilfully brought down the machine to a few hundred feet above the level of the trees. The propellers were trembling at the strain they had to bear from the aircraft.

All of a sudden the plane's nose leading for a little clearing, broke its way through the dense trees.

The screams in the cabin almost drowned the harsh grating of the metal. Several seats became dislodged from the floor, and the cockpit was crumpled up. A trail of blood flowed from the cockpit along the aisle.

Someone had opened the door which was obstructed by several tropical bushes. However the passengers made no hesitation in scrambling out onto the forest floor.

Several minutes later they made an inspection of the plane. Next to the pilot, lay his killers, the two hijackers, while crushed at the controls was Manuel, the co-pilot.

Just then, as the passengers were arguing about how to get out, two Cessna 150 planes, in airforce colours swooped across. Help was to come.

So Lineas Aereas del Caribe met its fate.

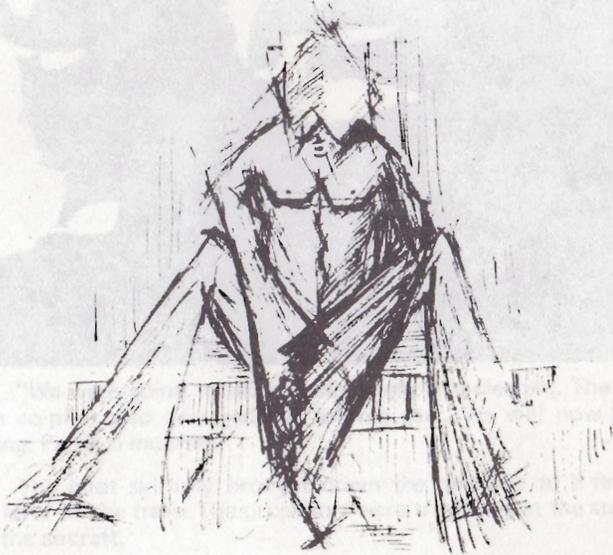


# leep

by John Archer

s the eyes  
shut  
with forgotten words  
x it  
with pictures  
colour vision blurr  
t your head on a  
mountain  
ur feet in a  
valley  
d remember the sun  
tomorrow  
curséd fire  
will burn

a day in your life  
will be burnt  
so sleep  
sleep with your fantasies  
close those  
moon-drenched eyes  
live in your sleep  
for tomorrow  
the sun  
will waken  
long  
morning  
sighs



# Purple and Dark Red

by Did

I thought I would sleep to ease my mental pain,  
Then stopped short in my intent  
Because I knew, that on awakening again  
It would all sweep sickeningly back,

Worse than before. Perhaps I could talk to a friend  
But I want to be alone.  
If I stay still, my broken brain could mend—  
Like a shattered rib-cage.

My pain is a wound internal no-one sees,  
But I bleed still.  
I melt humorously outside, and freeze  
To death within.

I am in a room with all the exits barred  
Except for one.  
To get through that I'll overpower the  
Guard of life-eternal freedom.

# Stonyhurst 2500?

by John Delahunty

Nine hundred deafening cannon shots were fired, each one producing a robbing echo. It was the nine hundredth year of Stonyhurst's lengthy existence. Only the original building remained; only the towers looked safe, the rest looked old and insecure.

The celebration was majestic, because King George XI was making one of his rare public appearances. Everyone cheered as he dismounted his Robo-steed and the custom of the horse still remained, although the animal had become extinct).

He made one of his long and highly monotonous speeches, after which he was shown round the building. Inside, the flaking walls gave the appearance of having suffered from the great strain of the ages. It had once been a school; now it was a museum. A tour could be arranged for the reasonable price of four pounds.

He was then shown to the refectory, where he had a very appetizing meal. Some 2342 vintage wine was provided to celebrate the occasion. The meal finished, he departed. As he came out of the gates he noticed that the sun was much brighter. He switched on his cooling circulation system in his golden garment.

Out of the liquid tinted Ultra Violet a hideous man charged. The crowd became even more afraid when the sunlight revealed his ugly features smiling over them.

"Death to Stonyhurst," he screamed as he threw an atomic grenade.

The room was dark and murky, and reeked with the pungent smell of decay. Along the dirty walls hung the rotting carcasses of animals. Two women clad in black rags mumbled as they worked. Their hideous faces eyeing the dusty shelves.

Suddenly there was a crash and one of the fiends gave a cry of terror.

"What is it," asked the other in a withered voice.

"Graymalkin, I... I've... I've dropped a wax puppet on the model of Stonyhurst. . . It's ruined.

"Oh well," said the other reassuringly, "accidents will happen".

# I Wandered

by Sebastian McEvoy

I wandered outside the gates of a house where it said "PLEASE COME IN" and not "KEEP OUT" I walked around the lands, keeping off fruitful cloves and on barren fields.

And in the dark, I'd see sparks of light appear and I'd rush to find a dying torch then, I'd sit on the cold, stony ground, feeling the warmth of the distant house.

And I'd ask "How is it the house is full?" till one day I gave up and walked in.

The door was opened by a weird old man who said "Ah, we've been waiting for you long" and then, behind, a lady came and said, "where were you" I only blushed and mixed among the flock of sheep inside.

ristic

## by P. Garret

It was that mellow hour just after dinner, and the gods sat back contentedly sipping mead and savouring the effects of the excellent wine provided by Dionysos. Conversation was slow and interspersed by long pauses, but intelligent and witty. The blue valleys below lay in darkness, but golden evening still touched Olympus' tip, glinting on the silverware and on the polished olive of the magnificent Aphrodite.

During one of the lengthier lulls in the conversation, Zeus, sitting at the head of the table, and up to then unusually silent, decided that the time had come to announce his idea. He shifted in his seat, and coughed a little pompously.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, sounding slightly unsure of himself; "I have been thinking seriously about our position, and have decided that we are in need of a new image." At this point there was scattered applause from some not-so-sober members of his audience.

"From now on," continued Zeus, gaining confidence, "I will be referred to as the Prime Minister. Ares, you will be Minister for Defence.

"Henceforth, Ceres is to be Minister for Agriculture. Dionysos is to be Minister for Food (and Drink). Poseidon, in future you will be Minister of the Seas."

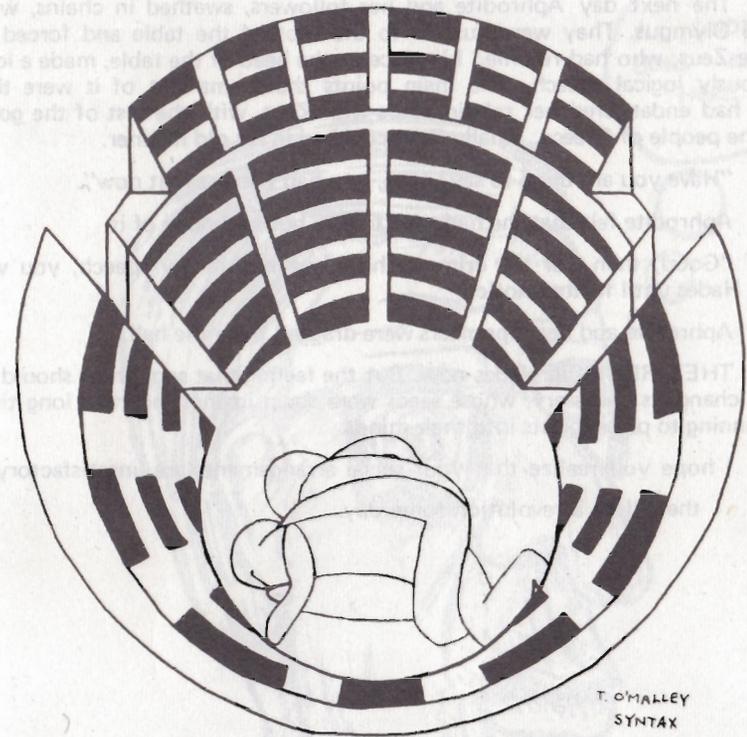
And so he went on, until all the deities held a post. Hermes was to be Minister of Commerce, Athena, Minister of Education, and so on. Hercules, Minister for Health, Hades, Minister of the State, to name a few. All the deities, that is, except Aphrodite. When Zeus seemed to have finished, and settled back into his chair in a field of finality, she ventured:

"What about me?"

Zeus grunted. "Aphrodite m'dear, whoever heard of a Minister of love?" he asked, and added: "Besides, it would be immoral."

Aphrodite felt colour rising to her face at the consequent roar of laughter. She rose from her seat and left the hall without a word.

It was some time after noon on Olympus and there was a cabinet meeting in progress. Each member sat at the great conference table, sucking at the taste left in their mouths by a hurried lunch. Zeus was discussing the relative advantages of allowing the people of Greece to partake in revelry on Olympus every Friday night. Most of the members were bored, and a few, Dionysos included, had their heads in their arms on the table. Nobody looked up as Aphrodite rose and stood at the far end of the hall.



T. O'MALLEY  
SYNTAX

Their attention was gained, however, by the quiet but commanding cough she made. She waited until every eye in the room was upon her, and then began.

"I'm starting another party," she said, a confident smile touching her lips. "All those who want to join it, come over here."

Dionysos immediately jumped up and went to stand beside Aphrodite. After an interval of two or three minutes she was joined by four more deities.

"The elections are in six months' time," said Aphrodite, and, followed by her supporters, left the hall.

GREECE was a frenzy of preparation. Both sides were carrying out intense election campaigns. "Would you vote to continue 13,000 years of divine misrule?" queried Aphrodite's manifesto. "Vote Aphrodite, and your hair will fall out" warned Zeus.

The day of the elections arrived, and after the polling it was found that Zeus had won by a minimal margin. He immediately issued orders that Aphrodite and all her party should be taken into custody.

The next day Aphrodite and her followers, swathed in chains, were led to Olympus. They were hustled to the foot of the table and forced to listen while Zeus, who had resumed his place at the head of the table, made a long and tortuously logical speech. The main points that came out of it were that Aphrodite had endangered her relationships with Zeus, with the rest of the gods, and with the people of Greece. Finally Zeus coughed in his old manner.

"Have you anything to say? If so, you had better say it now".

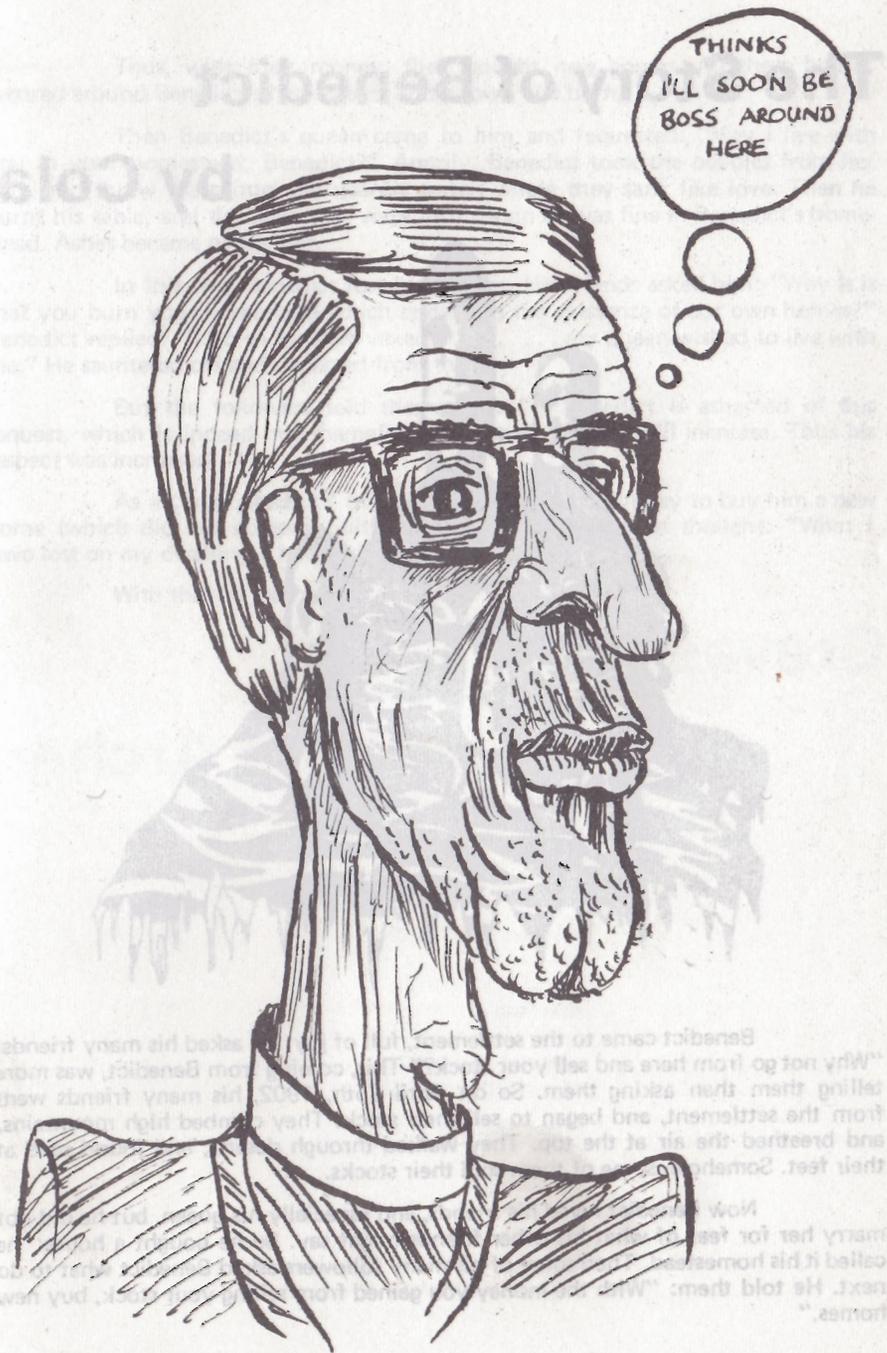
Aphrodite felt that she had a lot to say, but said none of it.

"Good, then, for the crimes I have outlined in my speech, you will remain in Hades until further notice."

Aphrodite and her supporters were dragged from the hall.

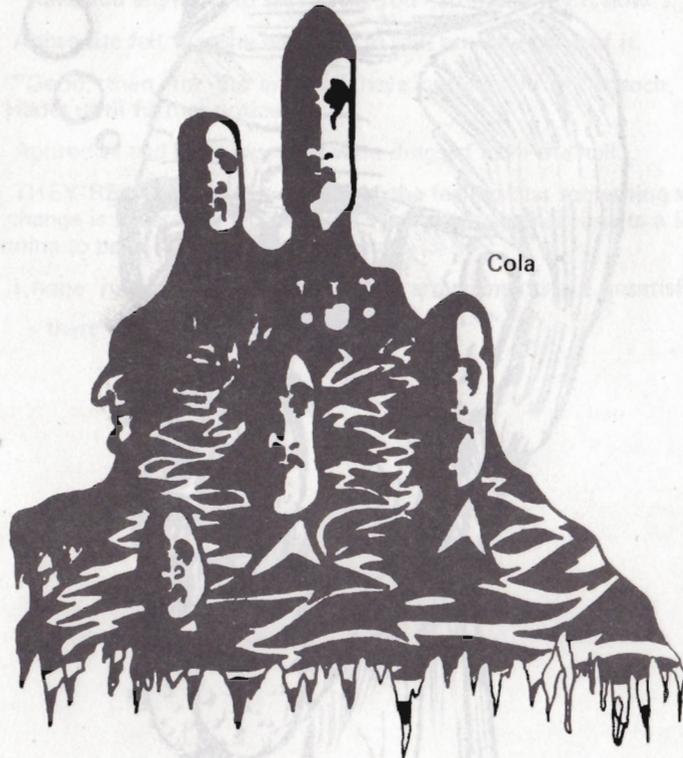
THEY'RE still in Hades now. But the feeling that something should be done, that change is necessary, whose seeds were sown in their hearts a long time ago, is beginning to press shoots into their minds.

...I hope you realize that your social arrangements are unsatisfactory. ...  
there'll be a revolution some day.



# The Story of Benedict

by Cola



Cola

Benedict came to the settlement, full of joy. He asked his many friends: "Why not go from here and sell your stock?" This, coming from Benedict, was more than asking them. So on April 15th, 1902, his many friends went to the settlement, and began to sell their stock. They climbed high mountains, breathed the air at the top. They walked through deserts, and found sand at their feet. Somehow, some of them sold their stocks.

Now Benedict loved his friends, and especially his queen, but he did not trust her for fear of what his other friends might say. So he bought a house: he bought it his homestead. Then some of his many followers asked Benedict what to do next. He told them: "With the money you gained from selling your stock, buy new homes."

Thus, with their money, they bought new homes. All these homes centred around Benedict's homestead, and a town was born.

Then Benedict's queen came to him and requested: "May I live with you in your homestead, Benedict?" Angrily, Benedict took the pebbles from her hair, and threw them into the nearest water, where they sank like love. Then he burnt his table, and the nails that were in it. Soon all was fine in Benedict's homestead. Ashes became of the fire.

In this way Benedict lost his respect. His friends asked him: "Why is it that you burn your homestead which endangers the existence of our own homes?" Benedict replied: "I do so for I am vexed. . . . . my queen wished to live with me." He sauntered off and departed from there.

But the followers told themselves: "If Benedict is ashamed of this request, which is indeed not shameful, our respect for him will increase. Thus his respect was increased.

As a consequence of this, they raised enough money to buy him a new home (which did not compare with his homestead). Benedict thought: "What I have lost on my dwelling, I have gained in respect".

With that he married his queen.

# the Butter Melts

by Did

Heavy heat blankets shoulders, moulds  
Itself in leaden caskets round skin.  
Grilling earth urges flames higher-  
Any hotter, and melting feet, butter gold,  
Will glide, wink, and vanish within  
The furnace grip of leather fire.

# crevasses

by John Archer

crevasses grin more  
as  
the day grows hot  
sweating  
gasping for thin air  
opening blue graves  
of outcast rock

drops of water  
echo  
downwards  
slaughtering  
the distance of the yawn  
milking the blueness  
into brittle ice spawn

# To the Soldier who Returns by James Burns

Okay, you're home now.  
You're the fish  
And this, your sea.  
Red, imprinted in your plastic mind.

Yes,  
Finally your hair is  
Black;  
No, not grey,  
Just black.  
Feel it soft.  
You may touch now.

Smell scented clothes,  
Lubricated sunshines:  
Wear them,  
They're yours.  
Yes, ultimately yours.

Stare  
Through unbelieving eyes,  
Chasing life again  
Yes, you may eat the grass  
Or drink it and sigh  
Chlorophilic sensations.

Mind, your mind  
Fades, explodes, and seeks  
Mystic neon signs.  
Seek now  
Illuminated silence  
Through painted alleyways  
and in your loneliness  
Lose yourself  
In phosphorescent skies.

Night.  
Yes, perhaps you may  
Light a cigarette  
And smoke.  
Try and catch a star,  
Make love to evening  
Sounds in dreams,  
Then wake, and find  
That dream is a reality,  
And you can live again.

# Abime

by Sebastion McEvoy

Un jour le ciel était bleu-gris  
et que le soleil éclatait dans la mer  
paysage n'existant que dans les images surrealistes  
j'aperçus un enfant au bord de l'eau.

De loin il me semblait prier  
mais en m'approchant je me rendit compte  
qu'il ne faisait que passer du sable entre ses doigts  
et alors je compris qu'il essayait de trouver un grain de different

Je lui demandai ensuite pourquoi  
et il me répondit "C'est pour avoir un espoir dans la vie".  
Troublé, je suivis donc mon chemin vers l'horizon  
et me perdis enfin devant le soleil couchant.

Ils ne se comprenait pas  
et pourtant tous deux faisant la meme chose.  
Ils cherchait l'infinité. . . .



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Ham and eggs at the **bayley** used to be a much sought after Stonyhurst treat. It was cheap. It was good. It filled hungry young tummies. Times have changed. Tastes have become more international. Ham and eggs is no longer the treat it used to be. But a visit to the **bayley** is; the food (and free wine!) will be welcomed by the hungry — there's plenty of it; by those on a budget (Sunday lunch costs as little as ten bob); and by the sophisticates (try our **beef bourguignonne**). Even dinner in our colourful restaurant costs only 19s. 9d. which as the local saying has it — can't be bad can it?

If you are a young gourmet accustomed to Stonyhurst food and want a change; or a parent on a visit, who not make an effort to visit the **bayley arms**. Pop in, there's no need to book, you will be welcome just the same. You will find the new bayley with its bayleyburgers, bayleybar, bayleybitter, bayleybrunch, bayleybisque and the rest of the bayleybaloney as different as this advertisement. Until the new tax rise, any parents visiting Stonyhurst and occupying a double room, can have dinner with wine, accommodation for two, service, tea in bed, newspapers, all for just £7 each night, with a reduction for the second night stayed. That's a real **bayley budget bargain**.

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