



AD - VISOR



The Newsletter of Birkenhead Institute Old Boys

Issue 4 - Summer 2000

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COMMENT

The 4th Ad-Visor has been easier to produce because I have had much more copy thanks to you. I would appreciate more from the "under sixties" to make it more interesting to a wider age range. Regarding numbers on the register, we are well on our way to the 500 mark. The latest count is 445. If you know an Old Boy who would like to be on the register please let me have his name, address, year of birth and years at B.I.

FINANCE

Eric Jackson (1939-44) continues the onerous task of handling our finances, with almost 450 on the register this is quite a job. As you are all aware we have no subscription but depend entirely on donations. You have been very generous, enabling us to meet all our commitments for which many thanks. Hopefully you will continue to support our various activities with your donations. Cheques payable to B.I.O.B.

MILLENNIUM DINNER

First the bad news. At very short notice we were advised that Prenton Golf Club was not available owing to major refurbishment - mini disaster. Now the good news. After much searching around, we have a new venue. Caldys Golf Club, which looks very good. Unfortunately, costs there are higher which means an increase in price of the ticket to £20 but it will be well worth it. The date is still the same, Friday 13th October 2000 6.0p.m. for 7.0p.m. Dress Lounge Suit/Blazer. A number of B.I.O.B's who have not attended in the past have already reserved places and indications are that there will be a full house of 125 again. As Pontins advertisement used to say "Book Early" if you wish to secure a place. As usual we shall be holding a charity draw (the cost to you is already included in the ticket) and donations of prizes (e.g. a bottle) will be very welcome. An application form is attached.

YOUR MEMORIES

ALEX TURNERT (1930-35)

Twenty Five Years Undetected Crime

I was delighted recently to find memories of my old school were being revived with the creation of a "register" of B.I.O.B's. I heard about it when my sister-in-law from Bebington showed me an article in the December edition of "The Champion". Needless to say I enrolled at once and asked Harold whether he would like an "article": what follows is the result.

I was one of seven boys who won scholarships at the old "Woodlands" school in 1930. Six of us entered the Institute including Alan Theobald, Albert Dalziel and "Wooley" Woolman. Another boy, Eric Chergwin, went to Park High. Upon leaving school in 1935, and with the help of George Stelfox (1930-35), I soon found a job with a Liverpool firm of Canned Food Importers. George was with a rival firm next door in Stanley Street whilst Theobald had also found a "post" with a firm of Fruit Importers in the nearby Fruit Exchange. So a small, but

select, coterie of B.I.O.B.'s was formed in an area later destined to house the "Cavern". Alan started on 15/- (75p)p.w. whilst George and myself had to be content with 12/6 (62.5p) weekly. There was little left for any of us once we had paid for fares and lunches, although an adequate meal could be had at "Ma" Petty's eating establishment for 7.5 old pence. The "restaurant" in question lay within a positive labyrinth of back cracks off Dale Street.

In late 1938 I applied to join the Palestine Police and was accepted. The "salary" offered was £11 monthly and all found. This compared with the 30/- (£1-50) per week I was being paid in Stanley Street. For a variety of reasons I did not sail until March 1939, when twenty of us sailed from Tilbury on a 23,000 ton P. & O. liner called the "Maloja". We travelled two to a cabin, enjoyed wonderful grub and drank incredibly cheap booze. The ship called in at Gibraltar, Tangiers, Marseilles (a rum place that) and finally Port Said (even rummer). Egyptian Railways took us to El Lantara on the Suez Canal. Then Palestine Railways took over and took the "Squad" through the Sinai Desert on to Lydda (Lod) Railway Junction where we boarded Military type trucks and, escorted by Armoured Cars, proceeded to the Police Training Depot at Mount Scopus on the outskirts of Jerusalem where we underwent a truly arduous training course lasting three months. The course was very much on the Military side and I was very thankful for having

served over three years in the Liverpool Scottish T.A. Incidentally, there were at least three other B.I.O.B.'s in the Regiment at this time. They were Harold Barker, Bob Lowson and Ritchie Meneely.

In 1939 the Palestine Police numbered about 5,000 of whom some 2,000 were Arabs and Jews. About half of the 3,000 British Police were ex Regular Army men whose main purpose in life seemed to centre on beer, women and divers other sports! Upon the outbreak of World War 2 the Force became a Military Brigade. The advent of the war saw the virtual demise of the great Arab Rebellion of '36 - '39, but gradually Jewish Underground Movements took over and were to continue their atrocious activities until the British quit in May, 1948 by which time over 300 British Police had found graves in this ancient land.

Thus, in 1946, I was not displeased when offered a transfer to Uganda. Accompanied by another British Sergeant, a 30-day journey took us from Jerusalem to Kampala through Egypt and the Sudan to Northern Uganda. In all we travelled by three different railway systems, river and lake steamers and by taxi on a few occasions when leap-frogging Nile "cataracts". I reckon such a trip would cost in the region of £7,000 today! I found Uganda to be the complete antithesis of Palestine. Situated right on the equator, with a minimum elevation of about 4,000', it consisted of a number of small

"Kingdoms" and other Administrative Districts. I was by now a married Inspector aged 28. My wife of 55 years, Mary Joyce, joined me six months after my arrival when we settled down to seventeen happy years in the Uganda Protectorate. My terms of service included 3 year "tours" followed by 6 months U.K. leave with a return Mediterranean Cruise thrown in! Sadly, all this came to an end in 1963 when Uganda attained independence and most expatriate officers were "pensioned off". At the age of 45 I found jobs very hard to get in the U.K. and after several years in the doldrums I entered the teaching profession and taught for ten years. at Middle School level, followed by seven more doing Supply Teaching. I finally packed it all in at the age of 70. Since "coming home" in 1963, we have lived almost entirely at Shoreham-by-Sea, a pleasant little seaport in West Sussex. We managed to live in Spain for two years but eventually decided that sunshine and cheap booze were not the only things in life.

Finally a brief reference to B.I.O.B.'s abroad. Ted Wevill (1932-37) was, I think, the only other Institute man to serve in the Palestine Police but I never met him abroad. However, about 15 years ago we met in London at a P.P. Old Comrades Reunion and it didn't take us long to startle those nearby with a robust rendering of "Ooh! Aah! Aye! Now B.I....."! In Uganda I soon met George Maitland Brown (1924-29) who was Station Superintendent, East African Airways, based in Kampala. He and his delectable wife Hazel

(Hoylake) were very kind to the Ternents in our early days in Uganda.

I could go on and on (and probably have!) about my Colonial Police experiences but with Harold's approval I hope to submit a few "gems" in due course but, meantime, I cannot close without going back to a September morning nearly 70 years ago when I hastened through the Woodlands from our shop in Borough Road to the B.I. The playground was opposite a line of houses to which I had been delivering newspapers a little earlier that morning. The playground (did we call it that?) was packed with boys, many of whom were immaculately clad in "Bibby and Perkin" finest sartorial elegance. It really is a long time ago, but I often bless the day I won a scholarship enabling me to meet a lot of very fine chaps and be taught by a group of superb teachers who I still remember with great affection. How lucky we were!

HOWARD JONES (1949-56)

As an Old Instonian who has lived for several years in deepest Devon, I have found the news, names and memories in Ad-Visor very interesting and nostalgic and these have prompted me to write of one of my best memories from the old days which goes back almost exactly 40 years to the Old Instonians' R..U.F.C. Easter tour in 1960.

In a break with tradition it was to the Lake District and not the Isle of Man, possibly because over the years our players had experienced far

too many rough overnight ferry crossing on full (liquid) stomachs.

A number of cars left in very heavy rain from Birkenhead on the Thursday evening. I was lucky enough to be squeezed into the rear of a Morris 1000 behind Brian Huntriss and his then fiancée, Brenda.

The rain continued throughout the trip to Kendal and, knowing the Lake District's reputation for foul weather, we had visions of even more rain, muddy grounds and masses of undrivable and filthy rugby kit.

Our H.Q. for 4 nights was to be the Kendal Hotel and on arrival we quickly settled in and met up with the rest of the team. I think that Jack Bassett was Captain and I remember many other stalwarts such as Norman Little, Paddy Ryan, Harold Beckett, John Fisher, Tom Hodgson and Ken Jones. It was a mixed group with a good number of wives and girl friends.

Our programme was to play three matches in four days, Old Cockermothians, Furness and Kirby Lonsdale in that order and Easter Sunday was to be free.

We enjoyed the rugby but alas lost all three games, the first and last very closely but the second quite heavily. But the disappointing results did little to dampen our spirits and after each game we enjoyed the hospitality of our hosts and, later, more conviviality back at the hotel.

On our day off a group of us climbed Helvelyn the steep way from Thirlmere, most of us town boys wearing suede

shoes. How fit we must have been, three games and a mountain in four days!

Returning home on Monday evening from Kirby Lonsdale, the after-match beers finally caught up with us. With several pints inside us (before the breathalyser) we were held up in a monumental queue for over an hour on the newly opened Lancaster bypass. Being ex-grammar schoolboys we soon discovered that rugby boots were not just for playing rugby in!

From an outstanding rugby tour, two memories are still very vivid. First the wonderful team spirit and friendships which only members of an old boys' club can enjoy, and secondly it didn't rain at all, in fact the sun shone from Friday to Monday without a cloud in the sky.

JOHN MCCULLEN (1934-39) (Thailand)

A letter to the Editor

I entered 3J in 1935 and later was in Remove A, the room opposite the Detention Room and adjacent to Biddy Harris's room. I recall all the masters that you mention as well as Moat who took me for French and who was, on retirement, replaced by Twinkle Jones who I met later at Officers' Training Unit in 1943. When Bertie Bloor left for his beloved army, his place was taken by L.A. Fox until he too went to war. Perhaps you did not choose Latin, so Haime must also be added to the list, vanishing in 1939 as Chief Civil Defence officer in Wirral.

I recall that evacuation day when the school marched up Whetstone Lane, along Church Road and along Bedford Avenue to Rock Ferry Station

to endure a long wait for the train to Oswestry. I was comfortably billeted with the Vicar of Oswestry but found the facilities of the school there depressing. Our Head prided himself on developing a science school but that school was certainly an Arts school. My group were taking H.S.C. in Maths, Physics and Chemistry and the Labs at Oswestry were, by Institute standards, inadequate. Bummie Jones used to return weekly to ferry chemicals and apparatus back, but never enough. I was glad to return home at Christmas. Incidentally, I obtained a glossy photograph of our group in Oswestry taken on the first or second day there, and, should you be interested, I shall make a copy and send it to you. Perhaps it holds a picture of your brother. No one at that time will ever forget those days of bombing. No central heating and windows blown out. I did not count the number of times that we were going down to the air raid shelter, but it was very many. I had been given the duty of running around the school with a handbell and ensuring that every classroom and lab. was empty.

GRAHAM VAHEY (1945 - 50)

Having been 'volunteered' by John Jordan of Tasmania to receive the new *Ad-Visor* I was initially dismayed as there seemed to be no names or dates associated with my period at the B.I. However, *Doctus in se semper.... etc* I awaited future editions and, lo, I began to notice names I knew.

My first day at B.I. - in the Third Form was beset with

bewilderment in the Hall at Morning Assembly. The 'Klon' announced that (this was the first intake after the 1944 Education Act) "we have some working class boys with us; I suppose we shall have to get used to them". I recall looking around only to see others dressed like me, in "Bibby & Perkin" black blazers and grey trousers. Later I began to realise that I was a 'working class boy', a term hitherto I had never understood. Were all such boys only put in Stitt House, and were the wealthy only in Westminster? As I watched 'the Klon' deal with us I realised that he was prejudiced, something I had not come across before. I used him as a model of how not to be in life. In fairness, he also ran a good school and was encouraging of good academic standards even though he always addressed us as 'that boy', never by surname. Johnny P was my Form Master over some years and he also took us for Rugby. I was put in as a 3-Q, for as he said: 'Vahey, you have nothing between your ears so it doesn't matter if your head gets bashed.' 'Oh thank you, Sir' was the stock answer. Later I also got praise too - but for English, which was his subject. Nancy Price was one of two women members of Staff, the other being the Klon's Secretary. Nancy encouraged me endlessly and, like most boys who did *extra* Art instead of Latin, I fancied her romantically. Though I was inclined to the Arts it was Len Malcolm, recently returned to the school, now a

Master, who encouraged me in Physics. His personal interest and encouragement led me to a high mark and distinction at the School Cert. exams, even though I was not interested in maths. Curiously enough, here in my own country of Scotland, it is known as Natural Philosophy. It follows that anything to do with physics is still an interest - including Star Trek Voyager! Whatever happened to Len's brother Gordon, who was my contemporary and a friend? Finally, it must be admitted that the B.I. education was a disciplined education, with attention to the rules of Grammar, the discipline of searching for sources of information, i.e. the beginnings of research methodology (useful in my present profession), love of music and the arts, love of sport (mine eventually was middle-distance running - learned in the Roman Road, Lever Causeway and the Playing Fields) and a love of fellow men.

RENE COJEEN

Irene was school secretary from 1942 to 1975. She is very fondly remembered by many B.I.O.B.'s. In March this year she celebrated her 90th birthday. Many congratulations from all B.I.O.B.'s. The following is a letter received from her: - "Dear Mr. Beckett, I was very pleasantly surprised to receive the lovely Golden Broom plant and happy to be remembered by so many of the B.I. Old Boys. You had gone on your way before I arrived at the School but I have been happy to hear from Len Malcolm of the Re-Unions organised during recent years and to know the extent of the

interest shown by so many Old Boys, this, I feel, is a tribute to all that the School meant to them. My thanks to you for the gift and my best wishes and remembrance. Sincerely,
Irene Cojeen"

TEA TOWELS

D.S.W. (Dave) Jones (1940-46) has designed a very fine tea towel depicting eight scenes of B.I. Graham Williamson (1947-54) was responsible for arranging the printing. These will be available at the Millennium Dinner in October, price £3 (£1-50p will be donated to charity). They can also be had by post at £3-50p. U.K. or £4 overseas by applying to Harold Beckett. Cheques payable to B.I.O.B.s

B.I.O.B. GOLF SOCIETY

Once again Derek (Mick) Turner (1946-50) organised a most successful meeting at Prenton Golf Club. He even organised good weather. For the second year running the numbers attending were up. The winner of the Pyke Cup was Ian MacDonald (1941-48), the runner-up being Ton Kirchner (1944-49) who received the Len Malcolm Tankard. Ian Galt (1949-56) was third.

OMISSIONS

I realise I have made a number of omissions and am full of remorse.

RUGBY GIANTS

J.D. (Johnny) Robins was P.E.. master at B.I. from

1954 to 1958. He played for Birkenhead Park whilst at B.I. He also played many times for Wales and also for the "Lions" in New Zealand in 1950. Later he was coach to the "Lions" in New Zealand in 1968. Many B.I.O.B.'s are very indebted to his coaching of Rugby at B.I. We are very pleased to have him on the register.

HENCHMEN

I completely overlooked Greg Pandit (1972-8). Greg is responsible for the sourcing of the BIOB 110th Anniversary Tie; in addition he took on the distribution and has now sold over 100. Cost is £11 (inc. p&p) £12 overseas. Should you wish to order, please send remittance, payable to Greg Pandit, to 107b Banks Road, West Kirby CH48 0AB. Tel 0151-625-6601

VICTORES LUDORUM

1922-1930 Port Sunlight Ground
1931 onwards at Ingleborough Road

1922	Pickup, J.	1935	Wheat, K.(Ken)	1947	Turner, H.M. (Herman)
1923	Longman, J.	1936	Jones, P.O.	1948	Turner, H.M.
1924	Muir, E.	1937	Hill, R.L.M.(Leighton)	1949	Turner, H.M.
1925	Muir, E.	1938	Bawden, H.R. (Rex)	1950	Dawson, R.A. (Roy)
1926	Adams, E.C.	1939	Clarke, L.F. (Les.)	1951	Rushton, B.J.
1927	Davies, H.	1940	Huntriss, S.B. (Stu.)		Jones, N.N. (Newby)
1928	Wilson, J.	1941	Bartlett J.T. (Jasper)	1952	Jones, N.N.
1929	Andrews, T.J.		Proudman, H.G. (Harold)	1953	Jones, N.N.
1930	Andrews, T.J.	1942	Harris, R.G.(Young Biddy)	1954	Jones, N.N.
1931	Andrews, T.J.	1943	Boston, C. (Colin)	1955	Hodgson, A.S. (Andy)
1932	Rice, K.J. (Ken)	1944	Ware, B.E. (Brian)	1956	Lee, D.A. (Dave)
1933	Smith, G.W.	1945	Pollard, G.M. (Mike)	1957	Hardy, T.F. (Tom)
	Keats, J.G.	1946	Roberts, C.J. (Chris.)	1958	Evers, G.B. (Gerry)
1934	Milligan, R.H.		Thomas, H.D. (Bert.)		

WHERE ARE THEY NOW - ANY NEWS PLEASE

Ted Wood	70	Dave Docherty	55	Bert Thomas	71
G.A. (Gas) Smith	71	Dave Sherlock	65	Bill Keating	56
Norman Boyd	72	Ted (Joe) Pringle	71	Alan Brammall	64
Graham Baxter	75	Tony Doveston	67	Barry Doveston	62
Peter Probert	76	Alan Parkinson	63	Bob Blador	70
Paul Shakespear	42	Neil Foster	42	Paul Critchlow	42
Paul Waters	42	Steven Taylor	42	Trevor Bowen	42
Roger Fairclough	42	Paul Grannon	42	Steven Evans	42
Keith Hitchell	42	Bruce Bowden	42	Gary Silk	42
Gary Wigfield	42				

OBITUARIES

Brian Bowker
(former Teacher)
Bebington
Died 27/2/00 aged 55

Harold Owen (1914-17)
West Kirby
Died 10/3/00 aged 98
(Our oldest member)

Beau (Albert) Hassal (1934-41)
Langport,
Somerset
Died 28/6/00 aged 76

Brian Peever (1937-43)
Newmarket
Died 25/2/00 aged 73

MILLENNIUM DINNER - FRIDAY 13TH OCTOBER, 2000.

I desire to attend the Millennium Dinner to be held at Caldy Golf Club, Links Hey Road, Caldy and enclose cheque for £20 made payable to B.I.O.B.

Name.....

Address.....

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Telephone

Please state if vegetarian or diabetic meal is required.

Please return to Harold Beckett, Little Haven, 1 Salem View, Oxton, Prenton, Wirral
CH43 5UH