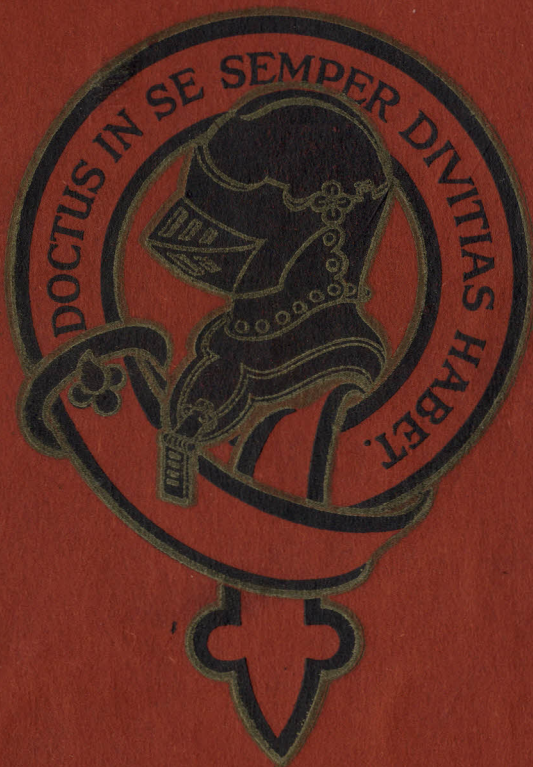


# "THE VISOR"

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BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE  
SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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CHRISTMAS, 1928.

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# THE "VISOR."

THE ORGAN OF THE BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.

Vol. I., No. 4.

CHRISTMAS, 1928.

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—

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T. JONES IIa.



## EDITORIAL.

As can be seen from the cover, our magazine has, this term, been slightly changed from the previous ones. It has been agreed to incorporate the Junior School magazine, "The Whetstonian," with the "Visor." We hope that these innovations will meet our readers' approval.

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Once more the School has upheld its excellent record in School Certificate results. This year our boys obtained sixty school certificates, of which twenty-eight were matriculation certificates. The list of names will be published next term.

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We must congratulate S. Y. Richardson on his splendid success in gaining the Borough Scholarship (and a distinction in Latin), through his Higher School Certificate.

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We accord a hearty welcome to Mr. Haime, who came to us at the beginning of the term in place of Mr. Knight.

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The Swimming Gala was a great success, and C. Smith must be congratulated on his performance in winning the School Championship.

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Congratulations must be offered to J. Wild (Lower VIc.), who gained a medal for the only point obtained by our school in the Inter-Secondary School Sports.

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The latest school activity is the Dramatic Society, which was started near half-term. We hope it will be as successful as our other societies and clubs.

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A new departure in the realm of the Debating Society was the inter-school debate with the Wallasey Grammar School on the subject of "Science v. Arts." We were represented by—W. Hastings and R. A. Maddocks.

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We must congratulate Alderman Solly, the chairman of our Governors, on his becoming Mayor of Birkenhead. The whole school agrees that such an event was most suitably celebrated.

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We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines:—The Quarry, Esmeduna, Oulton, Wallasey, Holt School Magazine, Birkenhead High School Magazine, Park High School Magazine.







**ATKIN HOUSE NOTES.**

House Master—Mr. Bloor.

House Captain—G. V. Ovens.

**Representatives in School XIs.**

**First XI.**—\*Ovens (Capt.), Jones A.I., Hosker, Phillips, Smith P.R.

**Second XI.**—Taylor.

**Seniors.** As may be expected from the above, Atkin is strongly represented in the Senior division, and at present heads the table, having defeated Tate, and drawn with Stitt.

**Intermediates.** In this section of the House Football Atkin is far from successful and can only hope for better results in the future.

**Juniors.** Prior to the lowering of the age limit in this division, Atkin was most successful, having defeated a moderate Stitt side by 11 clear goals, but this alteration has so considerably weakened the side that it is very difficult to raise an XI., and consequently all hopes for supremacy in Junior Football have to be abandoned.

**Swimming.** Much credit is due to C. Smith on his winning of the School Championship, Watkins of Tate House being a good second. Tate are to be congratulated on winning the Squadron race, beating Atkin by a few inches. Atkin's team was as follows:—Hosker, Jackson, Darlington, C. Smith.

**Chess.** This branch of sport is gaining popularity in the school, probably due to the School's success in gaining "The Wright Challenge Shield" twice, and Atkin has an even chance of regaining the school championship.

Ovens, 1st or 2nd board, and Latto, 3rd Board, are the House representatives in the School Team.

\*Signifies Colours.

**STITT HOUSE NOTES.**

House Master—Mr. Watts.

House Captain—G. Clark.

Stitt House has so far had a fairly successful season. The summary of results is as follows:—

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Points.
13	7	4	2	54	31	16

**Seniors.** We have played two matches this term, each of which has been drawn, the first with Atkin, when the result was 0—0, and the second with Westminster, in which game Stitt led 3—1 at half-time, the final score being 3—3.

**Intermediates.** Our results have been convincing, victories having been recorded against Atkin 5—1, and Westminster 3—0. We hope to maintain our unbeaten record of last season.

**Juniors.** The Juniors have shown poor form, having lost to Atkin 11—0, and Westminster 3—1. With a reconstructed team, we defeated Tate 4—1.

**Form Matches :—**

**6th Form.** Two games have been played, one won against Atkin 4—1, and the other lost to Westminster 3—1.

**5th Form.** Under the captaincy of W. S. Jones we have our most convincing department. We defeated Atkin 5—0, and Westminster 12—1.

**4th Form.** One match has been lost to Atkin 5—2.

**3rd Form.** We trounced Atkin to the tune of 14 goals to 2.

**School Elevens.** We have eight representatives in the school teams. They are :—Wild, Blackwood, Parker, Hughes, McBride, McIver, Richards, Jones.

**Swimming.** We congratulate our house squadron for their valiant, though unsuccessful, efforts at the Gala. Our team was :—Barker, Carter, Husselbury, Hodge.

**Chess.** We have one representative in the school team, namely L. B. Wood. We hope to retain our position as champion house in this department.

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**TATE HOUSE.**

House Master—Mr. Harris.

Captain— M. H. Baker.

The House still continues to retain its high reputation in the athletic life of the school. We have carried off the School Swimming House Championship for the 2nd year in succession, while we finished as runners up to Stitt in the Cricket Championship, which we might have shared had it been possible for all the matches to be played. The Football Season is not yet half over, so it is not yet possible to say who will be the ultimate winners, but so far we have done quite creditably, and hope to achieve success.



We would like to remind the younger members of the House that their efforts contribute to the success of the House in as great a degree as those of the Seniors, so that there must be no slackness on their part. Let them emulate the example of their Captain, whose zeal and enthusiasm have contributed in no small degree to what the House has already achieved.

Finally we must congratulate J. C. Mason on getting his 1st XI. Cricket Colours last July, and Watkins, Hartley, Symons, Woods for their gallant effort at the Swimming Gala.

1st XI. Colours. Cricket. J. C. Mason.

#### **Football.**

**Seniors.** In the Senior House matches we have not done well, having lost to Atkin 5—1, and drawn with Westminster one all.

**Intermediate.** The Intermediate teams were more successful having won two games.

**Junior.** The Junior House matches have resulted so far in one victory and two defeats for Tate.

**Sixth Form.** Two games have been played, our team winning one and drawing one.

**Fifth Form.** In the Fifths, we have done much better, having so far won the only two games played.

**Fourth Form.** Only one game has been played in this department.

**Third Form.** We have drawn one game in this section.

Altogether our football performance was discouraging, but we hope for better results next term.

#### **School Representatives.**

1st XI.—Baker, Hartley, Peel.

2nd XI.—Laird, Mason, Burnet, Wadlow.

**Swimming.** Tate scored a decisive victory by winning the House Squadron Race. Stitt led on the first lap, but Hartley, Tate's second swimmer, secured a lead that was upheld throughout the race.

The team was :—Woods, A., Hartley, Symons, Watkins.

Although our team swam so valiantly, we must give credit to Atkin, who were second, in running us so close.

**Chess.** We have three members in the school team :—Baker, 1st or 2nd board, McNeill, 5th board, and Green 6th board. No inter-house matches have yet been held, but we are hopeful of success in this department.



**WESTMINSTER HOUSE NOTES.**

House Master—Mr. F. W. Jones.

House Captain—K. Maxwell.

**Football.** We have every cause to congratulate our Senior House team on their performances against Tate and Stitt. Both these games were drawn, but in the latter after being two goals behind at the interval, we were unlucky in not obtaining both points.

The result of our final game with Atkin is awaited eagerly.

In the Intermediate section, both games played have been lost, to Tate 4—2 and to Stitt 3—0.

The Junior section is the most successful part of the House football. So far, three games have been played and each won, Tate being defeated by 4 goals to 2, Stitt by 3—1, and Atkin by 4—2.

Our Sixth form results are quite good, one game having been won and one drawn, but our Fifth and Fourth form teams have obtained no points up to the present. The Third "formers" have drawn the only game they have played.

We have, now, three representatives in each of the School Elevens, Murphy, at present our only football "colours," Maxwell, and Theaker in the first team, and Wilson (Captain), Andrews and Morris in the second team.

**Swimming.** Although our Squadron Team finished last at the Gala, we should undoubtedly have put up a better show if our first swimmer had not been tired, through winning the previous race.

Our team was :—Telford, Baker, Kirkland and Murphy.

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**SCRIPTURE UNION.**

It is to be hoped that this article will induce more boys to join this, at present, very small branch. The task imposed is exceedingly light,—on joining all that you are asked to do is to read a brief passage of the Bible each day. It will not interfere with your games, or nightly pastimes; you can surely all afford five minutes out of twenty-four hours, especially for reading the most important BOOK. Do not wait to be asked again; I ask all personally now, to join at once, and give your names to—

I. R. M. LATTO,



## SCHOOL FOOTBALL.

The School 1st XI. is very unfortunate in being without most of last year's successful team. This state of affairs has resulted in experiments being made in many positions, with disastrous results. Eight games have been played by the School teams, with the following results:—

Opponents.	1st XI. Result.	2nd XI. Result.
Liscard High School .....	Lost 1—6	Won 5—2
Alsop High School .....	Lost 0—7	Lost 4—6
Bootle Secondary School .....	Lost 0—3	Won 8—6
Wallasey Grammar School .....	Lost 5—8	Lost 1—6
Quarry Bank School .....	Won 6—4	Won 6—2
Liscard High School .....	Won 9—2	Won 6—2
St. Edward's College .....	Lost 3—6	Lost 2—6
Waterloo Secondary School .....	Lost 3—6	Won 6—3

From the above results it will be seen that in most games the defence has been far from satisfying. Latterly changes have been made but with little effect. Now, following upon all this trouble, Hughes, our Vice-Captain, has left school.

It is to be hoped that a stronger defence can be found before the Shield Competition begins. Unless changes take place, it seems unlikely that we shall make any progress. On occasion the forwards and half-backs have played really well. The forwards are greatly handicapped by lack of weight, and when opposed by heavy defences they are naturally rather subdued. After the first three games had been played, the forwards found their feet and put up some good performances. Both wings have been playing very well, especially the Baker—Murphy wing. The half-backs play fairly well, but do not back up the forwards as well as they might.

The Second Eleven has fared better than the First Eleven, having won five and lost three. Although there are no brilliant players in the Second Eleven, the whole team is a fairly sound combination, and in one or two games has played really well.

The leading scorers in the First Eleven are Baker, Murphy, Hartley and Parker, who have each scored five goals.

The chief scores in the Second Eleven are P. R. Smith and McBride, who easily lead other challengers with 10 goals each.

The team, which is at present representing the School, is as follows:—

A. I. Jones, Hosker, Phillips, Ovens, Maxwell, Peel, Murphy, Baker, P. R. Smith, Hartley and Theaker.



## THE CHESS CLUB.

The Chess club has again opened its session successfully, thanks largely to the guidance of Mr. Moat. In the Wright Challenge Shield Competition, our team has been quite successful, although we have lost some of our best players. Only two matches out of five have been lost.

The following are the results:—

Birkenhead Institute	.... 2½	Oulton	..... 4½
Birkenhead Institute	.... 5½	Holt Secondary S.	..... 1½
Birkenhead Institute	.... 5	Liverpool Institute	..... 2
Birkenhead Institute	.... 3	Liverpool Collegiate	.... 4
Birkenhead Institute	.... 6½	Wallasey Grammer S.	.... ½

Another match was played with the Old Boys, in which the school was most successful, winning eleven games to four.

In the first division of the tournament, Baker alone has an unbeaten record, having won four games. Ovens has won two games out of three, and Mc Neill five out of six.

Acton is top of the 2nd division, having won six games out of six. Greaves and Anderson are his nearest rivals, each having won four games and lost one.

The 3rd division result is still in doubt, as the semifinal stage has not yet been reached.

We are all looking forward to better Wright Challenge Shield results next term, when the House matches will also be a source of interest. Another event in the near future will be the visit of F. D. Yates, British Chess Champion, to Liverpool. The School's two best players will probably each take a board against him in a simultaneous game.

“RUY LOPEZ.”

## SOCCER.

“Oo-ah-ay, now B.I.”

The cry rings out across the field,

“Come on, the Inny—don't be skinny

“With the goals, for we don't mean to yield!”

“Score's five-four,—make it more!

“Up to the goal-mouth,—now keep cool.

“Foot to leather! altogether—

“Kick it up for the sake of the school!”

BILL BAILEY (Lower VIIb).



### THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Once again, this term, the Debating Society has come into action, and once again, under the able guidance of Mr. Allison, it is running successfully and smoothly. The attendance this year has varied, the high water mark being reached at the last debate when there were 64 present. We are pleased to welcome the many boys who attend from the lower part of the School, and are glad to hear them speak, but we deplore the poor attendance of boys from the lower sixths.

The first debate this term was held on October 8th, the proposition being that the School Certificate Examination had failed to achieve its object. Mr. Blackwood and Mr. Baker put forth convincing arguments as to the truth of this statement, but were strongly opposed by Mr. Maddocks and Mr. Boggie, who, making out an excellent case for the examination, won the day.

A fortnight later, a debate was held on the much discussed topic of "Road v. Rail." Mr. Hastings and Mr. Halliday advocated travel by road, and were opposed by Mr. Hallett and Mr. Piggott, who declared that railways were more expeditious. This motion was also lost.

The third debate of the term, concerning the history of Merseyside, excited much interest, and consequently there was a large attendance. Mr. Clark and Mr. Humphreys proposed the motion that Merseyside has little in its history of which to be proud, and in opposition were Mr. McIver and Mr. Ovens, who with their arguments in favour of the district carried the house unanimously.

This term, the Debating Society has increased its activities somewhat, by holding an inter-school debate with Wallasey Grammar School, of whom we were the guests on November 16th. The motion was that the study of Languages and Literature is more important than that of Maths. and Science, and members of our society respectively led the motion and seconded the opposition. Arguments as to the uses and spheres of the school subjects were put forward, and on a vote being taken, the motion was defeated heavily. Our heartiest thanks are due to the Debating Society of the Wallasey Grammar School for their kind hospitality and for this further opportunity of strengthening the link between the two schools. Also are we grateful to those thirty boys who that night braved the elements on our behalf.



The Society has still two debates to hold this term. Next term promises a very attractive programme to its supporters, who, we hope, will increase, debate by debate.

### ON THE PROSPECT OF LEAVING SCHOOL.

It may be given that I should roam  
By Isis' or by Cam's fair streams,  
Or maybe not so far from home,  
For these fond hopes may be but dreams.  
In any case, the end is nigh,  
My school career is closing fast,  
And I observe with many a sigh  
That this same year will be my last.  
Of future hopes, Joy loves to tell  
Of studies in a different sphere,  
Yet I, who pen this sad farewell,  
Shall ne'er forget my sojourn here.  
For as I journey on my way,  
To me may come an influence sweet  
Of men, perhaps long passed away,  
And help me then, life's tasks to meet.

I. TURUS (Upper VIa).

### CAMP.

It has been suggested in high places that we should have a camp. All are agreed except one.

"Would you go?" he was asked.

"No," said he.

"Why?"

"Because I don't like camp."

"Ever been?"

"No."

Several people who have never been to camp hold the same ideas. They prefer what they call a comfortable bed, regular meals, and somebody else to cook them, hot and cold water laid on, and so forth. They have never understood what it is to get up in the fresh of the morning and douse their heads in a bucket of cold water, then to turn round and cook their breakfast.

Those who have not been do not know; but take it from me, it's the best holiday. I've been. You try it. (I don't suggest winter, however). H. A. McIVER (Upper VIa).



## THE MOON.

It was a night in early winter. I was sitting by my bedroom window, which had been thrown open at the top: a book on my knees. The weather, unsettled of late, seemed to have recovered from its former inclemency, and the air was cool and reviviscent. To crown the glories of the winter eve, the moon beamed down in all her queenly splendour. She seemed to be playing Hide and Seek with Mother Earth, as, from time to time, her radiance was dimmed as she hid herself behind some fleecy cloud. In a few moments, however, she would again appear and sail serenely across the jewel studded sky, whilst the moonbeams filtered through the frosty atmosphere, and tower and pinnacle cast grotesque shadows on the ground beneath.

I was well able to see the print by the moonlight, yet I could not concentrate for more than a second or two on my novel. It was not that the book which I was attempting to read was an uninteresting one. At any other time it would have gripped me. Now, however, my mind would wander from it, and, constantly gazing at the universe above me, I thought with wonder of the insignificance of man and how we mortals were but as sand in the hands of a colossus.

I was meditating thus when my attention was suddenly drawn to a solitary figure, who was walking at a brisk pace down the deserted street. There was nothing remarkable about his appearance, yet I did nothing but gaze at him. I felt as if I wanted to cry out and warn him of impending danger, but *vox faucibus haesit*, and I laughed to myself for such foolishness.

Just then the cathedral clock struck the hour of midnight, and between the first and the second clangs of the distant bell, I heard a pronounced "pop." The lonely pedestrian uttered a choking sob, and sank into an undistinguishable heap on the pavement. I jumped up with a cry, upsetting the chair in my haste, descended the stairs four at a time, and dashed out into the moon-blanchèd street. But the nocturnal traveller had disappeared. Non-plussed, I looked skyward. The stars winked knowingly, and the moon beamed down.

IMO. PECTORE.



## WARNING.

I would advise all boys who are attempting the Matriculation Examination next year to practise staring at a piece of blank, white paper, for an hour at a time. Last June, the candidates (or at least, most of 'em), found it tiring to the eyes, and irritating to the nerves to stare fixedly at a blank answer-book for an hour, wondering what to put down. It might exercise a very sad effect upon the mental equilibrium of a boy with a weak constitution, which calamity would spoil his summer holidays. Therefore—TAKE MY TIP.

Yours Faithfully,

ONE WHO HAS BEEN IN FOR IT.

## THE FIEND.

(With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe).

In the form room sad and dreary

Whilst I lingered lone and weary

Pondering o'er what was to be my fate,

Whilst I loitered nearly napping,

Suddenly there came a rapping,

There was someone loudly rapping,

Rapping at the form room door,

Only this and nothing more.

Presently the noise grew stronger,

And I said " I'll wait no longer,"

Thinking that ' It ' was some kid from Tate ;

Here I opened wide the portal,

And the only earthly mortal

Whom I always, always feared,

Stood outside the form-room door,

Only a master, no-one more.

Not the slightest falter made he,

Not a moment stopped or stayed he,

But entered straightway through the door,

And in a threatening voice he ordered,

" Hold out your paw "

Against this fearful doom I did implore,

But I got four, no more.

H.D.



**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.**

William, he livèd in Stratford-on-Avon,  
 And wrote many verses which school-boys despise.  
 His name is immortal; and images graven  
 Are set up,—his memory better to prize.

William, he wrote about Richard the Second,  
 Julius Caesar, A Midsummer Night,  
 Macbeth, and Hamlet, and when all is reckoned  
 I really can't say what that chap didn't write.

BILL BAILEY (Lower VIb.)

THE LIBRARY,  
 BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE,  
 WHETSTONE LANE,  
 BIRKENHEAD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "VISOR."

Sir,—

It is in the interest of nature lovers that I relate the cleverness of Integral. He is black, as if he had come from a sunny climate, such as that of England.

I have trained Integral to do many wonderful things, but they are mere nothings, to the astounding feat that he accomplished the other day.

I was doing my homework at about 7-21 p.m., when my nib broke, much to my consternation. Another nib could not be found anywhere, thus placing me, if you will excuse my language, in a pickle.

What was I to do? I could see, in the near future, a master whispering words of wrath in each ear alternately, and, at the same time, tickling my nose with the useful end of his stick. However, I was soon relieved of my anxiety.

Integral climbed up the table and ran along the slippery surface as fast as he could. He bowed gracefully before me, and, dipping his tail in the ink, he proceeded to continue the work. He knew the structural formula of benzene, without my telling him.

Is not this remarkable?

I cannot understand it.

Yours, etc.,

Animal Lover.

P.S.—Integral is my favourite pet.

P.P.S.—Integral is the son of Calculus, who is the head of my cockroach family.

## RUEFUL REFLECTIONS CONCERNING HUMAN NATURE,

Voiced by an Indigent Form III Boy,  
upon entering the Tuck-Shop.

(With apologies to a Poet).

Crunch, crunch, crunch,  
'Tween those wild, white teeth, O choc!  
And I would that my funds could suffer,  
The strain of a two-penny block....

O well for the Sixth-form boy,  
That he shouts with glee for more!

O well for the Janitor's wife,  
With a chance to secure a score!

And the chocolate-bars go down,  
To accommodation internal;

But O for the touch of a vanished coin  
Or a "tip" from a hand paternal!

Lap, lap, lap,

'Tween those ruthless lips, O drinks!

But the sight of those who greedily quaff  
Gives but food for thought, methinks.

A.V.H. (Upper VIb).

## SCHOOL-BOY HOWLERS.

A Refugee keeps order at a football match.

A Schoolmaster leads a sedimentary life.

Psyche was a black boxer who fought Carpentier.

Petroleum is what you cover floors with.

During the Napoleonic wars crowned heads were trembling in  
their shoes.

Lumbago is a mineral used for making pencils.

Some cows are very dangerous, especially the bulls.

Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like  
umbrellas.

L. M. DAVIES, Form IIIb.



**ADAPTABILITY.**

My friend Alphonse Douglas is a rather eccentric Irish chap. He is, moreover, well blessed with this world's goods, and happens to own the "Daily Prevaricator," the news-paper which leads the world. Having introduced my friend, I will now proceed with this story.

We were talking of journalists in the club the other evening, and Charlie Cheesebinks was boring us with his theory that every journalist and reporter is able to adapt his style to any event. For example, he said that the "Jokes" editor on a paper could report on a funeral quite as well as an expert in such matters.

My impulsive friend, Alphonse, who loves to oppose the statements of Charlie Cheesebinks, immediately made a bet with him that he was wrong. Charlie accepted the bet.

To decide the question, the reporter of the race-meetings on the "Daily Prevaricator," (Commonly known as Tipper), was to visit and report on the ball at the Welsh home of Lady Keepitt of Aberdeen. Furthermore, one of the society reporters on the paper was to attend and report on the race-meeting at Tooton.

The reports were not to be printed, but given straight to me, and I (for some reason unknown) was to read them at the club. The reports came in due time. Without any preamble I will give you now a copy of them.

**(1) Good attendance at Lady Keepitt's Ball.**

Some well-known and distinguished people were seen in the paddock at Lady Keepitt's ball last night. I noticed especially the Hon. Percy Clarence de Boteillewash, whose sire recently came in first in a Parliamentary by-election at Wigan, and Madame Slhshkotchovck Rumsni who went well the whole night. The meeting started well, nobody was left at the bar, an unusual thing these days. About half-way through, the favourite was undoubtedly, the Tango. The music supplied by



the band was most enjoyable, the bass fiddle leading for several bars. It was, however, followed closely by the two flutes, which eventually romped home in the third waltz tune. Altogether a most enjoyable meeting, and you may take it from me as a sure thing, that Colonel Squadshun's beautiful colt will marry Lady Keepitt's youngest daughter early next season.

## (2) Brilliant Gathering at Tooton.

My dears, such a select and distinguished gathering was present at the Tooton meeting yesterday. Major Snappy and Lord Simpson were there, of course. The former was accompanied by the beautiful Miss Maggie Feline, who wore a ravishing cloak of brown beige satin with a yellow border and red stripes, so elegant and charming my dears.

The most beautiful and chic frocks you ever saw were there, and oh, my dears, Madame Smartoall's wonderful crêpe-de chine cape, trimmed with gorgonzola fur, was awfully exquisite, quite marvellous really.

The jockey on the favourite horse, Mr. Archibald Phillips, you know, nephew of Sir O. E. Booses, wore such a charming shirt, cherry stripes with green lines running between black dots and purple rings, so refreshing and modern my dears. The winner of the race was an awful outsider, my loves; he had an all red shirt; not at all becoming you know. The judge of the race is related to the cousin of the nephew of the best-man at Miss Herry Jall's recent wedding, which was such.....

There was a lot more in like strain but we all had had enough, so I did not continue my reading. Alphonse won his bet and Charles gave up his theory all together. I have since found out that the reporters were bribed.

PRESSMAN, Lower Sixths.



### SCHOOL LIFE IN BELGIUM.

When I was twelve years of age, I was taken from a school in London, and put in a school in La Louviere, Southern Belgium.

There were 300 boarders and 350 day boys in this particular school. The boarders consisted mainly of Walloons, but a good few of the boys were Flemish, whose language was forbidden in the school, but who indulged in it when out of earshot of the master. There were also two Chinese boys who could speak English: I was the only English boy in the school. The lessons were all taken in French. My own knowledge of the language consisted of a few verbs and such phrases as "Je suis un jeune homme," "Mon oncle est plus grand que ma tante," and such like; but when anybody spoke one of these sentences to you, you were all in a mess.

When I first entered the college, it was evening, and supper was going on. I was put in a room with the other boys at a long table, where I was met with a mouthful of French of which I did not understand top or tail, but after managing to murmur "Comprends pas," I subsided into a gentle silence. After supper we went to the dormitory. English boys, when "dormitory" is mentioned, mentally picture pillowfights, feeds, etc., but in Belgium each bed had a wooden partition round it, and a master patrolled the place during the night, so all fights were stopped.

The college was a Roman Catholic institution, the masters being priests; they wore long coats which came down to their ankles. These were never taken off during the day, even when the masters joined us in a game of football. Football as played by boys of my own age was a funny affair. We played one hour each way. At the beginning of the game everybody would start off quite briskly, but after half-time the majority would slack off. It was nothing to see, towards the end of the game, three half-backs having a chat with the goal-keeper, hands in pockets,



One of the most surprising things about the Belgian schoolboys is that they drink beer and smoke. It was very amusing to me to see boys in the play room, which had tables in it, but no chairs at all, standing round one of these tables with their berets on, smoking and playing cards. They looked a regular rough lot of Apaches.

At the end of the year we used to have the breaking up dinner. Wine was served, and the dinner consisted of about five courses. After dining we had games and dancing, as the school had a fine band.

Our day commenced with the ringing of a bell at 5-30 a.m.; at 6 a.m. we assembled in the Church for 20 minutes for mass, after which we went into the studyroom to look over our homework. At 7 a.m. we had breakfast, and then a few minutes' recreation. Lessons began at 8 a.m. and lasted until 12-15, dinner followed; then, from 12-45 to 1-30 recreation, 1-30 to 2 study; then lessons again until 4 p.m.; half an hour for tea, a short recreation, and we had study, two hours' homework time then supper and so to bed. Lights out 8-15 p.m.

On Tuesday and Thursday afternoons we were taken a walk, half the school going one way, half the other. We used to walk four deep, and as there was only one master for 150 boys we used to have some fun. Mostly, the walks were amongst coal pits, La Louviere being in the centre of the coalmining area. About once a fortnight we were taken through the woods, then it was great fun, as the great sport was to dodge under the undergrowth away from the column and back again without being seen. Woe betide him who was "copped"!

English was spoken by a few of the older boys, but the majority were as ignorant of English as I was of French. But at the end of the first term I was able to join in the conversation; during the second I picked up a lot more, and after that it came quite naturally. In fact, at the end of the first year I was able to shout as hard as I liked at any pal who was rude about Old England.



## SCHOOL IN 2028 A.D.

## John Storm's Day Dream

by "Televisor."

To-day in class old Binks began to speak  
About the progress modern science has made,  
When suddenly his voice went strangely weak,  
And everything around began to fade.

And then it seemed as if the room had changed :  
The old familiar objects all were gone,  
And in their stead before my desk were ranged  
The queerest things I ever gazed upon.

Discs, knobs and wires with coils of every size,  
Connected up with one big telephone ;—  
Strange levers met my unaccustomed eyes,  
And every wireless gadget yet unknown.

Around me sat a group of silent boys :—  
I looked in vain for faces that I knew,—  
And wondered at the unfamiliar noise  
That from the 'phones in crescent murmur grew.

Beside me sat a youth of noble mien,—  
A single tunic robed his shapely form :  
He gazed at me as if he'd never seen  
A creature in his life like Johnny Storm.

" O tell me please," I cried, " where can I be !  
'Tis all so strange and new,—where are the rest ?  
Old Binks,—I mean the master,—where is he ?  
And who are you,—and these, so oddly dressed ?"

In soft and fluty tones he made reply :  
" We do not speak to strangers as a rule,—  
Into your presence here I will not pry,  
But merely tell you that *we are in school.*"



"Good Heavens, man!" I cried, "what do you mean?  
How in the name of wonder can this be?  
If I'm in school, then where have you all been?  
And Mr. Binks, pray tell me, where is he?"

"I do not understand your "Mr. Binks";  
We *have* a tutor but he's far away;—  
Those coils you see up there are vocal links  
To hear what he, our tutor, has to say.

It's not unlikely that he's still in bed,  
But let it not be thought we are not seen,  
Since always over his recumbent head  
Is fixed a televisionary screen.

Each pupil takes what subject he may choose,  
For all are being broadcast every hour;  
And all from one big station, where we rise  
Some fifteen hundred kilowatts of power.

Each desk is fitted with a folding screen  
Whereon the student's daily work is cast;  
The lamp above it turns from red to green,  
To show how long the lesson is to last.

Men used to write with pens in by-gone days,—  
A slow and tedious process, you'll agree,—  
To-day our thoughts, when filmed by Röntgen rays,  
Are rendered visible for all to see.

Geography and history now are one,  
While books and maps, of course, are never seen,  
Since living views of every land are shown  
In present, past and future,—on the screen.

"But what of German, Latin, French?" I said,—  
He started up as if he had been stung;  
"All these you name have been for ages dead,  
The whole world speaks one universal tongue."



"And football, cricket, tennis,—other games?  
Such pastimes surely will for ever last!"  
"I think," said he, these are but empty names  
Belonging to a far-off savage past."

"But isn't there a Gym with swedish stuff,  
And drill, to keep you well and strong and fit?"  
"Oh dear me, no," said he, "'tis quite enough  
In ultra-violet rays all day to sit."

"But what about your meals in this queer place!  
May I enquire how all these chaps are fed?"  
"These pills we carry in our pocket case  
Are charged with Vitamins from A to Z!"

It dawned on me at last that I alone  
Had leapt through time a century ahead,  
That since the 'Break,' a hundred years had flown,  
And all the fellows that I knew were dead.

The chap who shared my desk, young Ginger Griff,  
We used to think was such a frightful bore,—  
With his stale jokes and everlasting sniff:  
To think that I should never see him more!

But most of all I mourned for poor old Binks,  
My master just one hundred years ago;  
I wonder what the poor old blighter thinks  
About the boy who used to rag him so.

The tricks I played were only done for fun;  
Could I but see his kindly face again,  
I'd beg his pardon for the things I'd done.  
Could I but feel his hand!—Just then.

A sudden pain shot through my down-dropt head:  
"Wake up you lazy good-for-nothing ass!"  
It was the master's angry voice who said  
"A hundred lines for sleeping in my class!"



### THE WANDERER.

He halted, conscious that his movements were being watched. Without betraying his readiness for instant action, he continued his walk.

He was certain that someone was about to make an attack upon his life. There had been many before; these he had eluded, and now once again he was about to cheat his foe.

Suddenly he stopped and stiffened. He had seen the stealthy movements of his bitter foe. This self-same enemy had made an attempt upon his life during the trek from Klondyke to Frisco.

Again, he had attacked him in the outskirts of Mandalay. It was here that he barely managed to escape alive. Once more his enemy had attacked him in Russia. And now, whilst crossing Mexico, he had experienced the sinister feeling of death, of the presence of his enemy, and of the distance between himself and his kindred.

With halted breath his bitter foe drew near, hate written across his features; his arm was raised, his hand enclosed some dreadful weapon. The intended victim leapt to elude the stroke . . . he was too late.

With one last heave, he lay dead and mangled, so swift was his end.

Brushing the dead fly off his map of the world, the weary schoolboy placed his worn Atlas in his school-bag, before retiring to bed.

H.W. VIb.

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### CHRISTMAS DAY.

In every land, on every sea,

In every act and scene and part,

Some Brother, some B.I.O.B.,

Has this great thought within his heart—

"Unto My School and Friends of yesteryear

"Be Happiness this Yuletide, and Good Cheer!"



## SCOUT NOTES.

Since the last Scout notes appeared in "The Visor," the B.I. Troop has made good progress. The troop has increased in number and the attendance at meetings has been satisfactory.

On August 15th last, 20 scouts journeyed to Ross-on-Wye for their annual camp. The site was lent to the troop by Mr. G. R. Trafford of Hill Court who kindly allowed the boys to camp on his estate. An exceedingly happy and enjoyable fortnight was spent by all in the camp. The surroundings were delightful and the weather good. When the usual camp duties had been carried out, the remainder of each day was devoted to rabbit-snaring, walking in search of good subjects for photography, games and other forms of amusement. Visits were paid to Goodrich Castle and King Arthur's Caves at Symond's Yat. Here the boys were given tea by Mrs. Barnett whose son, when at the Institute, was a member of the school troop. All those who camped at Hill Court are greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Trafford for their kindness and generosity and hope to accept their invitation to camp on the same site next year.

Altogether the camp was such a great success it found some boys rather unprepared for the out-door life. It is hoped therefore, that during the winter and spring every boy will become fully trained in Scoutcraft so that he will find his next camp even more enjoyable.

Miss Emery has found it impossible to carry out her duties as A.S.M. any longer and it is with regret that her resignation has been accepted. Her work for the troop will be remembered by all the boys with whom she came in contact.

The activities of the troop for the next few weeks will be mostly those which can be carried on indoors. Some boys are working for the Public Health badge, others hope to qualify as interpreters at the forthcoming Jamboree and the newcomers to the troop are endeavouring to pass out of the tender-foot stage as soon as possible. There is still room in the troop for more recruits and any boy, not necessarily from the junior forms, will be welcomed. It is also hoped that a Rover Crew will be formed in the school and if there is any scout of more than seventeen years of age who would care to become a Rover, he can obtain full particulars from Mr. Davies.



## LIBRARY NOTES.

This term, things have been rather more lively than usual, in the library, not a little amusement being derived from the furniture, for which this of all rooms, has long been famous. Signs of Spring are numerous, notably in the bookcase with its frame of golden brown, but even that might look considerably better with some roses—or, better still, sea-weed—growing over it.

The collapsibility of one of the chairs sometimes provides a little amusement. The worst—or perhaps the best—of it is that it doesn't give way until somebody sits on it. Regarding chairs, we have at last realised our ambition—to have at least one complete, sound, quadruped chair. This was procured, at considerable risk of life, from the Art Room, and it is rumoured that a band of adventurers will visit the room every Monday afternoon, with a view to securing, altogether, twenty more, replacing them by broken ones.

We are expecting at least one distinction in French at the examination, for somebody a few weeks ago ate the French Dictionary; it disappeared, and has not been seen since. One might think that after this, there would be a scarcity of dictionaries, but the library is so well stocked that we hardly notice it.

The most interesting part of the majority of places is their inhabitants, and the library is no exception to this. Its inhabitants are much the same as they have been in the past. In short, they are worse than ever. W. B. Lood the chair-breaker from Savo-Juglia, is very much in evidence, for although,

“No sort of sign there was that he could raise a stormy rumpus,”

Yet, he has distinguished himself as a “regular upper sixth former.”

As the decoration of the room, and arrangement of the furniture are left entirely to us, we hasten to take full advantage of the privilege. We should prefer to hang our sole picture at an angle of sixty degrees to the horizontal, and decorate it with cigarette cards. Alternate floor blocks turned over so that the black side is uppermost would make a much more pleasing design than the somewhat monotonous brown. Also, we must get a large supply of red ink for the walls, and with this, and other alterations, in the course of a week or two we shall be able to make the library a place fit to live in.

G. C (Upper VIa).



**SLAVERY.**

In 1833, through the agitations of many good-minded people, slavery was abolished. The owners of the slaves were paid twenty million pounds compensation, and the slaves themselves set free. Think what it meant. Everyone of those men was at liberty to fill up his football coupons for next Saturday's games. Everyone of those women was at liberty to go to the bargain matinee while the washing was hanging drying in the back garden.

Yet we, we free men of a free nation, are slaves. We are all slaves to one master whose tools pervade every British household and there are received gladly. Yet little do we, we advocates of liberty, we who are so loth to be overruled by anyone, think that we are according such a warm reception to one whose utter slaves we are to be and on account of whom we ruin many a good tie or swallow hastily many a good breakfast. Little do we think that on account of this alleged friend, there is a daily stirring of the tribes who dwell in the heights of Higher Tranmere or in the far distant plains of Thornton Hough. And there it sits on the mantlepiece, while I am writing this article, ticking serenely away and never caring a jot what I'm saying about it.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

**BITS AND PIECES.**

Recently a balloon was sent from the school advertising the "Visor," and the finder was to receive a free copy of our magazine. It has been rumoured that Latto was attached to the balloon by an invisible thread.

Smoking is prohibited at the Birkenhead Institute. In other words, the "fag" no longer exists at our school.

It has been reported that in Rock Ferry district on November 5th all the sky was lit up. It is strongly believed that Latto was burning last year's contributions.

It is with great pleasure that we greet our new master Mr. Haime. One of our noted Scotchmen recently said that our newcomer treats the school as "Hame sweet hame."

Mr. F\*\*n is fond of enquiring if his pupils are following him.

We wonder if our honourable master would be surprised to find 5b ahead of him one day.



## OLD BOYS' NOTES, Autumn, 1928.

Since the last issue of the "Visor," the Society has held its first General Meeting of this year, at which an interesting syllabus was drawn up, and since then the membership of the society has been rather slowly and slightly augmented.

On October 23rd, we held a debate on the motion "That woman is losing her charm." There were only a few members present, but those that were there enjoyed a very elevating discussion among themselves, the motion by the way being carried.

Undoubtedly, though, the Big Event of the Session was the Dinner we held on November 21st in the School Dining-room.

There were about fifty people present, our guest being Mr. Griffiths who is now Headmaster of another School in the town.

It gave the Society great pleasure to meet in addition one or two present Masters of the School, and our only regret was the unavoidable absence of the Head.

The function was kept going the whole time, thanks to the efforts of some very talented old boys, in fact so good was the standard of entertainment, (all provided by old boys), that one left the School with all one's old pride of, and interest in, it renewed, and after all by what better results can an Old Boys' Society hope to justify its existence?

The Committee is looking forward optimistically now to the Dance on December 15th, 1928, in the School Gym, which is open to Old Boys and their friends.

This Dance is usually one of the most popular of our activities and a good attendance is hoped for.

LOUIS BERKSON, Hon. Sec., B.I.O.B.S.



# "THE WHETSTONIAN"

JUNIOR SCHOOL,

December, 1928

Dear Readers,

This is the 5th Edition of our magazine, and I am sure it will be a great success.

I hope everyone will buy a magazine. This year we have joined with the Seniors, so our magazine will be more interesting than ever.

I hope that the boys under ten will give particular attention to the competition.

Yours,

T. JONES,

Editor.

## COMPETITION.

The "Whetstonian" was sent to me,  
And delightfully I read  
The pages of prose and poetry,  
From the boys of Birkenhead.

The verses were mostly very good,  
Tho' words did not always rhyme,—  
But mistakes, if rightly understood,  
Mean better another time.

So cudgel the brain and wield the pen  
For my prize of half-a-crown,  
For twelve-lined poem, boys under ten,  
On the best school in the town.

Your affectionate,

"AUNT BETSY."



### SUMMER CAMP.

When we went to camp, we went down to Woodside to catch the 9-30 a.m. train to Ross-on-Wye.

After a long wait, as it seemed to us, the train came in; we managed to get ourselves and our kit-bags on the special coach that was given us.

About half an hour later the guard blew his whistle and the train began to move; the tunnel outside Woodside is a very long and a very dark one. When we went in a boy stuck his head out of the window and a passing train nearly knocked his head off.

Some of the Scouts at the top of the carriage were trying to sing "Show me the way to go home," it proved a failure so they stopped that and talked instead.

The scenery when we were nearing Ross was beautiful; we could see the corn and oatfields stretching away in the distance.

At Ross a motorcar took up our kit-bags.

It was  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the town to the camping place and we had to walk it.

At last we reached the camping place, and we found the tents and kitbags ready for us; after the tents had been pitched and a bucket of water got, for everybody was thirsty, we had some food; and after that we put our baggage in our position in the tents. There were six tents, Mr. Davis's, the prefects, a stove tent, the cubs tents which were ours, and two scouts tents. The first night none of us could sleep, but just lay and tossed about; in the morning breakfast was porridge, milk, and bread and butter.

After a few days a proper kitchen was installed, made out of four posts with ropes tied on to them, and a fire in the middle.

At the top of the field where we camped were apple trees, which were invaded by us, the apples were small but very sweet which we did not expect.

At the end of the first week we went to Goodrich Castle which could be seen from the tents; when we got there it was three-pence to go in; the keeper showed us the dungeons and the chapel, as the east tower had not got any steps in it we could not go up it, but the west tower had wooden ones, so we went up that and saw the the tents in the distance from a loop.



Ross was a picturesque town with its old Market Hall, and little shops; the church was very old, and had three young elm or willow trees inside.

Next Tuesday we went to Symonds Yat, had a fine tea at a fine tea-house and afterwards visited the dripping caves.

On the morning home everything was bustle; we had slept in a barn near by during the night, so everyone could be got to the ground, later on a lorry came to take the things down to the station, at last the train came in and everything and everyone got on, as it moved off we all gave three cheers for Ross. Nothing happened on the journey home and as the train entered Woodside we sang the school warsong and got off as soon as possible and went home.

M. MILBURN, Form IIa.

### B. I. J. S. SPORTS.

#### Football.

Our football season opened well with a match against IIb. In the first half we had most of the play, and at half-time the score was 3—0 for us. After half-time they scored 4 and we got 3 more. Full time 6—4 for school.

The next match was played against Winchester House.

In the first few minutes we scored, and at half-time we were leading 3—0. In the second half we added 1 more and they scored 3. Full time 4—3 for school.

Our next match was against Winchester House. Soon after the start they scored, and at half-time it was 3—0 in their favour. In the second half we were swamped and at full time the score was 10—3 for Winchester House.

J. S. LEIGH, Form IIa.

### SPORTS.

Sports day is always a welcome day for seniors and juniors. It took place on June 21st.

The first race was the 80 yds. Junior Handicap. There were about 30 events in all 4 of which were won by Juniors, these were—

1. 80 yds. Junior Handicap, R. Campbell.
2. Obstacle Race, J. W. Quaile.
3. Three Legged Race, J. Blair and G. Wetherell.
4. Hundred yds. (under 13) K. S. Price.

The "Victor Ludorum" was won by Wilson of Westminster. Atkin was 2nd, Stitt was 3rd and Tate was last.

The prizes were distributed by Mr. Bannernan.

T. HUNT, Form IIa.



### ARMISTICE DAY.

Armistice Day was held on Sunday this year. As usual my family and I went to church. One of the members of our church had arranged with the B.B.C. to have wireless installed in the church. We had three loud-speakers, and heard the service from the Cenotaph at Whitehall. There was a good deal of oscillation at first, but the service was quite clear later. We had some hymns first of all, among which was "O God our help in ages past." Two Minutes Silence came next. Then our own preacher read the Roll of Honour, the National Anthem was sung, and Earl Jellicoe gave the command to the troops. We also heard the massed Bands from London. Altogether it was a very solemn service.

G. WETHERELL, Form I.

### THE MAYOR'S VISIT TO CHURCH.

On Sunday, November 11th, the new Mayor of Birkenhead, Ald. Godfrey A. Solly, visited St. Mary's Church.

The service did not start till 11-30 a.m. as there was a service at the Cenotaph at 11-0 a.m.

The Mayor walked into the Church in state robes, preceded by the Mace Bearer. The Mayor was walking with the Town Clerk. The N. Transept was reserved for the people and it was very full. The Mayor sat on a chair in the middle aisle, and at the request of the Mayor, the service was conducted by the Vicar, and the sermon by Rev. E. Bernard Rae, Vicar of Christchurch.

At the end the people waited while the Mayor and Corporation went out.

C. LUNN, Form IIa.

### THE CUBS.

The Cubs in the Institute are the 23rd Birkenhead pack. It is composed of seven sixes each having a colour: they are:—red, green, white, black, blue, tawny and dark brown.

We hold our meetings weekly on a Tuesday night in the gymnasium. We start with the grand howl and marching, then we form into our sixes, and sixers collect the subscription and we have team games. After that we are split into groups, and go to different corners, and work for first and second stars and badges. Then we form up and have games and are afterwards dismissed.

W. ASLETT, Form IIa.



## SUMMER.

The trees are swaying in the breeze,  
The birds are singing at their ease,  
Cattle are grazing on the leas!  
And it's all because of summer!

The waves are lapping on the sand,  
The sun is flooding all the land,  
The people listen to the band,  
And it's all because of summer!

The bees are humming all the day,  
Butterflies flitting o'er the hay,  
The children merry at their play,  
And it's all because of summer!

G. WETHERELL, Form I.

## ROUND THE WORLD.

We catch the ship at England,  
And we first of all reach Spain,  
Here the bonny orange groves,  
Never see the rain.  
Here the brave toreador  
Faces the angry bull,  
And here all the people  
Get pleasure in full.

Next we reach dark Africa,  
The land of wild Zulus,  
Here we meet the Tiger,  
And in the forest the bamboos,  
Sometimes we see the Lion,  
But not the Kangaroo.

Across the sea to America,  
We then do hie.  
We here see the wide prairies  
And hear the raccoon cry,  
Soon we see the Rockies,  
Those majestic mountains,  
Then we see the great Lakes,  
And perhaps the mighty trains.

ERIC RISE, Form IIa.



**CHRISTMAS.**

The bells ring out their joyous chimes,  
 'Tis here at last, the merriest time,  
 We know throughout the year,  
 The frost, fresh powdered on the ground,  
 While all the world in rapture bound,  
 Listens, Christmas is here!

J. H. P. YOUNG, Form I.

**FISHES.**

I saw some little fishes aswimming in a pool,  
 They were so big and lovely and so nice and cool.  
 The next day I wandered there  
 To catch the fish so bold  
 But then I only caught a cold  
 In future I must have more care.

IAN WOOD, Lower Prep.

**THE SEA.**

The Sea is Britain's heritage,  
 The sea is wide.  
 Upon the sea big liners sail  
 And in it pirates 'bide.

The sea links up our Empire  
 It guards our island too,  
 'Neath it many jacks do lie  
 And on it many still may hie.

E. RISE, Form IIa.

**THE DAISY.**

Of flowers there are many kinds,  
 But I like the daisy best.  
 The daisy is a common flower  
 Yet still it is the best  
 It's little white flowers with pink are pied,  
 And it will at night, from the darkness hide,  
 It's the commonest flower of all known  
 But still it is the best.

E. RISE, Form IIa.



**HORATIUS THE ROMAN.**

Horatius was a warrior bold,  
 The Romans pride was he;  
 And he cried when the Tuscan army came  
 "Who will defend the bridge with me."  
 Two brave men came forward and said,  
 "We will defend the bridge with thee;"  
 And forth they went among resounding cheers  
 "Hurrah for Horatius."

C. DAVIES, Form IIa.

**THOR.**

There was a mighty man named Thor,  
 Who came and knocked at a poor man's door.  
 Because the man was out,  
 Thor gave a great shout.  
 The shout turned to thunder  
 And tore the house asunder  
 And that was the end of Thor and his thunder.

And being no house, he could not stay;  
 So the great man Thor then went his way  
 After this came hail and rain  
 And pelted Thor and caused him pain  
 He looked for shelter; but in vain.  
 Thor thought he'd cause no thunder again.

E. HOLLAND, Form IIb.

**THE POSTMAN.**

What a good friend is the postman!  
 Who brings us the letters each day,  
 No matter what kind of weather,  
 He trudges along on his way!

He must walk many miles in a day  
 And a great many more in a year  
 And although he does in December and May  
 He can bring us bad news or good cheer.

We run when we hear his rat-tat  
 To take in whatever he's brought  
 A parcel or paper or letter,  
 And give him the greeting we ought.

G. WETHERELL, Form I.



**THE TRAMP.**

Have I a house? no not I,  
 My home is the earth;  
 My ceiling the sky.  
 Have I a servant? yes I have,  
 I have a servant that never will die,  
 My trusty stick reaching shoulder high  
 I'm getting old, it's a great help  
 I could not get along myself  
 Soon I'll be gone and my stick will lie,  
 Without an owner but it will not die!

TREVOR JONES, Form IIa.

**A DREAM.**

One day when I was only ten,  
 I met some queer looking men.  
 Their hats they wore upon their feet,  
 They were such funny men to meet.

They raised their hats from off their feet.  
 And handed me some lovely meat,  
 I threw the meat upon a beam  
 Then I discovered t'was a dream.

G. R. COOK, Form I.

**THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.**

The Massacre of Glencoe  
 T'was a fearsome sight,  
 It was an awful fight.  
 The braes were covered with blood  
 And the steels that clash  
 And the sword that gash  
 Clashed in that terrible night.

The signal on the hill top  
 Burnt clear and bright,  
 And the clan Macdonald  
 Came through the night  
 To rescue their chieftains  
 In their strongholds  
 In that terrible night.

H. BOZIER, Form IIa.



**THE ROBIN.**

When the frost is on the ground,  
 Then the Robin comes around;  
 Looking for some crumbs to eat  
 In the winter snow and sleet.

Sometimes people, thoughtless are,  
 And forget to fill the jar,  
 Then they find poor Robin dead  
 On his hard and wintry bed.

KENNETH HUXLEY, aged 9 years, Lower Prep.

**THE PIPING.**

The piping is clear,  
 Welcome and dear,  
 Dear to the cottager and sage,  
 And in the castle,  
 Where the foolish old rascal,  
 Has finished his play, for the day.

C. K. COUGHTRIE, Form I.

**THE HAPPY DAY.**

The Sun comes golden in the morning  
 All the shadows flit away  
 Out of darkness into dawning  
 So begins a happy day.

When a happy day is finished  
 And the shadows come again  
 Then the sunlight is diminished  
 And there's darkness in the lane.

W. PORTER, Form IIa.

**AUTUMN.**

Autumn is here!  
 With its brown leaves  
 Autumn is here!  
 And the wheat is in sheaves.

Autumn is here!  
 With its pears so sweet  
 Autumn is here!  
 With the rain and the sleet.

DOUGLAS BOGGIE, Form IIa.



**THE ROBIN.**

The Robin has such shiny wings,  
 And such a lovely song it sings,  
 Of food he is often in need,  
 So I sometimes give him a little feed.

KENNETH WILLIAMS, aged 7 years (Lower Prep).

**AT XMAS.**

At Xmas I have an Xmas Tree,  
 All dressed with pretty things for me.  
 It is so nice when it's lit up,  
 It makes my dreary heart cheer up.

H. SQUIRE, aged 8 years, Lower Prep.

**A GREEK LEGEND.**

A man named Alicus and his son Castolas were imprisoned on a small island in the Mediterranean and Alicus was thinking of a way of escape.

At last he hit on a plan and started to keep bees. He collected feathers from the shore to make two pairs of wings. The feathers he moulded into shape with beeswax, and it took father and son two years, working night and day, until, at last they finished. They started out at dead of night and they came out of night into dawn. As soon as Castolas saw the sun, he began to fly too near it and his father ordered him not to.

But Castolas disobeyed the order, the beeswax melted and he fell down, down, down, then there was silence except for the lapping of the waves, which sounded like the mourning of the sea-gods.

So Castolas was punished for his disobedience to his father.

Alicus escaped to a peaceful land, but he was never happy and could not bear to hear the lapping of the waves.

WILLIAM PORTER, Form IIa.



## A SHIP ON FIRE.

While we were on our holidays in Ramsey, I.O.M. last summer, we were startled to hear the maroon signal for the life boat to turn out. As it was a calm day we all wondered what it could be for, so we rushed up to our bedroom, which over-looked the harbour, and there steaming across the bay, was a coaster, pouring forth dense smoke from the hold. It was low tide so it could not come into the harbour. The life-boat was already out, but was not needed at the moment. We could see the men working in the boat, trying to clear the cargo into a smaller boat along-side it, which was also pumping steam to try and put out the fire. Soon after we saw the ship move towards the shore, where it was beached. It stayed in the bay for two or three days, waiting for a tide high enough to float the boat off. On a Sunday morning the boat disappeared. I was told the boat was going to Liverpool from Glasgow and was carrying a general cargo. The name of the boat was the "Cumberland Coast."

C. K. COUGHTRIE, Form I.

## A DAY IN AMERSFOORT.

One day we went to a place called Amersfoort, there are a lot of soldiers stationed there, unluckily it was not market day.

There was a beautiful cathedral but it was closed and we could not see inside it. We could see the market but it was empty. We went down a lot of lanes (all of them were paved with stones).

There is a bridge which we went under, it had on the side nearest you, roads coming from east and west, and on the side as well on the main road from Amersfoort there is a castle in memory of somebody. I have not seen the palace of Amersfoort, but I have seen the Ex-kaiser's palace, and car which is like a taxi coloured orange.



There is a station from which many trains go to other places.

We saw a blacksmith making a shoe. One day we all got on the train and went to a place near Amsterdam. There is a river there.

We got a motor-boat and sailed away. We passed under a lot of toll bridges where we had to pay 5 cents (in English money id.) at every bridge. There were a lot of windmills. Part of the way I steered, we got nearly as far as Utrecht where we had lunch. A lot of big pleasure boats, which made the boat rock, passed by.

We took several photographs of the ship.

J. A. BLAIR, Form I.

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### THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

I was fighting in the Battle of Blenheim for Marlborough against the French. I could not hear anything except the crashes of steel and the cracks of rifles, and wounded men's agonised cries. Our great general came round on his horse to encourage us, and to give us orders. All around was a mass of men and a glitter of steel. The French had their strongest position in a little village called Blenheim, which they had fortified with their best guns, and kept all their best men there. Soon the battle was raging all along the line. We were told to pretend that we were only fighting the strong part while some of our men went further down, and fording the river attacked the French. They soon fell back and put them to flight. Then men at Blenheim finding themselves cut off from their friends, surrendered and laid down their arms.

GEOFFREY HUGHES, Form IIa.

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### MOUNT ETNA.

Etna the active volcano, has again been pouring forth streams of boiling lava which is working great destruction.

Mascalucia has been buried in lava, and it is believed that a priest has been marooned in the church, because the bell is still tolling, and the shrieks of a parrot are heard.

After a while there was a lull in the flow of lava, and the people thought that their homes would be saved.

But soon after that, a new crater opened and a new stream of boiling lava stopped the road of the fugitives.

W. ASLETT, Form IIa.



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**A DAY IN WALES.**

One day I went to Wales in the car. It was a cold frosty day so I wrapped myself in rugs to make myself warm. I went to Hawarden and the car stopped so I had a look round. Then we went on to Mold, where my father told me I could go and have a look at the shops. I went and walked up and down the streets and looked at the shops. Then the car went on to Ruthin. We did not stop there so I looked as best I could through the window. We went to Llangollen where the sun was shining where we saw a canal which was alongside a road. After we had gone a little further we had our dinner on a little country road. There were only one or two motor-cars that passed us. We went on for some miles. We went up one side of a great mountain and then down the other side. At last we came to Mold again where we stayed for a good time. Then we got in the car and drove home.

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**THE AURORA BOREALIS AND ANTARCTIC.**

The Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights are a series of brilliantly coloured lights. They are caused by myriads of minute particles radiating from the sun, and are seen in many different forms and colours in Arctic and Antarctic regions.

In the Antarctic Penguins and Seals of every sort abound, from the walrus which is found here the very best ivory is obtained. One of the biggest creatures found here is the Sea Elephant which is 20ft. long and 18ft. round.

From the Sea Bear, another animal, is obtained some very much valued fur and from almost any seal both oil and fur are procured.

E. RISE, Form IIa.

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**THE POWER OF ELECTRICITY.**

Electricity was in the world thousands of years before it was discovered, but it was late on in the sixteenth century that a man named William Gibert experimented with it and the world began to show great interest.

William Gilbert is called the Father of Electricity, he was 63 when he died in 1603.

Many famous men followed him and wonderful discoveries were made.



Electric power can do many things. It is able to lift heavy weights, drive trams and trains, cook a dinner, heat a room, heal a sick child, and kill us if we are not careful. Electric lighting did not become general until close on the nineteenth century. A boy called Stephen Gray from the Blue Coat School in London made a wonderful discovery with pack thread and silk and found he could send a current of electricity 88 yds. along his line of thread. Afterwards came the lightning conductor. Many others were made very quickly including the well-known telephone which proved very useful to mankind. Later Michael Faraday discovered the electric dynamo by it we have current for the telegraph, the ship, the tram, the train, the lighting of our streets and houses and the power for working the worlds machinery. Two other men were Edison and Joseph Swan who invented the incandescent electric lamp. Swan lived on till 1917 to see all the marvels of that year. At the moment there is great talk in the papers of a machine which is claimed to be capable of running for unlimited time and to give constant power, practically perpetual power and to give a small amount of current, which can be amplified sufficiently to provide electricity and power to any house or works anywhere.

K. LUSTY, Form IIb.

### THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR.

In the old days, on an island, there was a Minotaur, and each year some youths and girls were taken in a ship to feed the wild animals kept there. Theseus had been thinking he would rescue them, so one year he went with them.

It was a few days before the people were to be given to it. King Minos, who owned the island, had a daughter; she gave Theseus a dagger and a ball of silken thread, which he tied to the gate, and as he walked along the ball unrolled. After he had gone a good way, he heard a noise and going a little farther on he saw a wild beast. The animal rushed forward to meet him, but Theseus expected this and stabbed it, but did not kill it. It attacked him again but after a savage struggle it ran away. Theseus ran after it and killed it. He then came back and he found King Minos's daughter waiting for him. He then went to the ship, and after a few days came back to his home.

G. PEALIN, Form IIa.



**BUENOS AIRES.**

I will now go on from where I left off in the last magazine. The cars have only one deck, they are very low and have big cow-catchers in front.

If you have a bicycle you may ride on the pavement out in the country because there are few policemen out there.

It is unsafe for a lady to go out along lonely roads, after dark. I was out one night with a friend and saw a man standing behind a tree, evidently waiting for somebody.

The climate is very hot and all the plants get scorched up by the sun.

I only wear shirt and trousers and a pair of gym-shoes or sandals in summer.

The ships coming to England carry a great deal of meat.

It takes just nineteen days on a fast boat, but a slow boat takes three weeks.

A. BOWERS, Form IIa.

**A LEGEND.**

In the time of the early Britons, people had no knives with which to hunt the wolf. He laughed at their flint tipped arrows when the Britons shot at him and did not harm him.

There was one tribe whose chief was determined to get something to kill the wolf with. So one day he went out, and he saw a man emerge from the forest pursued by a wolf, then the man turned and drove something into the wolf and it dropped down dead. He strode up to the wolf and saw a clean cut in it and he wondered what had killed it. Then he went after him, and the man led him into a clearing where he saw many men making knives.

A lady approached him and asked him what he wanted. He told her that he had come for some knives. She told him that he could have some if his right eye was put out, and his tribe gave them food. So he allowed them to put his right eye out, and in return he received knives for his tribe.

After this he was regarded as a god by his people, he was not allowed to walk or sing with his tribe, and he was not allowed to marry.

When the wolves came his men drove them away, and then the wolves never returned to raid that tribe again.

LOUIS SIMMS, Form IIa.



**XMAS TIME.**

"A happy Xmas! A happy Xmas!" chirped a merry Robin one wintry morn outside a little boy's bedroom. "Have you got all your toys from Father Xmas?"

"It is Xmas day Chirrup! Chirrup! There is a great big pudding awaiting you in the dining-room Chirrup! Chirrup!" chirped the merry little robin.

G. HUGHES, Lower Prep.

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**A DAY IN A MOTOR BOAT.**

One Sunday, while we were staying in Baarn, a country place not far from Amsterdam, we all went for a day's outing in a motor boat. We had to get up early to get the train to a small place called Waesp, where the motor boat was waiting ready for us. It was inclined to be showery when we started, but it cleared up into a lovely day.

On our way up the river Vecht we had to go under several bridges where we had to pay toll 5 cents (English money 1d.) On the banks of the river were many farmhouses and all the people were dressed in native costume. When we got up nearly to Utrecht we moored the boat and had lunch. Some of us got out and took photographs. Two big pleasure steamers came past and made the boat rock.

After lunch we started off again towards Amsterdam. On the way the captain let us steer and it was great fun.

We came home a different way, leaving the river, and going on a great canal to Amsterdam. When passing through the canal we had to pass several locks. In one lock, while we were waiting for the water to be levelled up, a beautiful Alsatian dog came and we fed him with cake.

Some of us sat right on the bows of the motor-boat part of the time. We arrived in Amsterdam at about 5-30 p.m., and got the train to Baarn.

J. BLAIR, Form I.



### THE PIRATES.

One day Joan and John were on the sea shore, exploring the caves when they came to a cave that never seemed to end. They went in but when they had gone a little way along, it opened out like a little room and at the far corner they saw something glittering, so they went nearer and they saw a lot of gold, but suddenly they heard a shout. It sounded like the shout of a man, and it said, "Here we are, my fellows, this is the cave with all the gold!"

As soon as he saw them, he said they were to be bound with ropes, and put into the boat, to be taken to the ship. The pirates then took Joan and John to the boat, pushed off, and sailed away. When their father found that they did not come home for dinner, he guessed that the pirates had captured them, so going down to the docks, he sent for his sailors, got into his ship and started off to see if he could catch them. On they went until they came in sight of the ship, far away in the distance. Then they put up the sails, took to the oars, and went to the side of the pirates boat. They boarded it, took John and Joan home, and they lived happily ever after.

ALEC QUAILE, Upper Prep.

### THE WOODEN HORSE.

A long time ago the Greeks with their leader Ulysses set off to invade Troy. When they arrived they found a barrier which was the walls and gate. They sieged it but with no avail. The war raged off and on till Ulysses went home for more men. When he returned he let the old soldiers have a rest and let the reinforcements attack. Sometimes the Trojans won and sometimes the Greeks but the latter could not get into the city. They used battering rams but they had no effect on the strong walls, which were built for worse occasions than this. Ulysses at last thought of a cunning plan and they began to slow down and then they made a wooden horse. Then the Grecian soldiers got into it and the remainder got into their ships and sailed a little way. Before this, they sent a message to the Trojans saying, that if they did not take the horse in, the goddess Athene would avenge them. They took the horse in and that night when they were feasting the soldiers crept out and let the others in. The Trojan soldiers were drunk and were put to death. When morning dawned the great city was in ruins.

H. BOZIER, Form IIa.



BALDUR'S DEATH.  
THE LEGEND OF PERSEPHONE.

Persephone was a lonely girl who lived in the country. She lived in a beautiful house, and had everything she wanted. The only thing which her mother would not let her do, was to be married to Apollo, the sungod.

Every day Persephone would sit by the sun-dial in the garden, and watch Apollo as he drove across the sky in a flaming chariot which was golden and drawn by four golden horses, each with wings on its feet.

One day she was sitting in the same position, as usual, watching Apollo, when the earth shook, and Persephone found herself falling down, down, down. She fell upon a bed of dry leaves and then she found that she was in the kingdom of Pluto.

Pluto then came up to her and he looked so terrible in the gloom, she thought, and indeed he did. "Ha, ha, ha," said Pluto, "you will now be my slave for ten years. At the end of that time, if you have served me well, you shall go, but only if you have served me well. Sweep this room!" And poor Persephone began her task, "Oh dear," she sighed, "I shall never be done."

She went on toiling for six months, Pluto watching her always. One day he went leaving all the doors locked and Persephone wandered about until she came to a hole in the rock. She walked through this and found that she was walking upward. Joy of Joys! there was the light, and she walked towards it, but she found that there was a barrier of spikes at the top. She could not get out, so she leaned over and called to Apollo. He heard and sent his messenger Mercury to get her out. Mercury soon got her out with a sword, and Persephone could not have been more thankful. She went back to her mother who thought she was lost, and after that she went and sat in the garden again, and then, in pity, Apollo changed her to a sun-flower, and that is the origin of the sun-flower, as it blooms in the garden to-day there for anyone to see it.



**BALDUR'S DEATH.**

In the Palace of Broodblink, Baldur, the beloved, dreamed a dream and when he awoke he felt a shadow over him; so he went to seek Frigga his mother.

"What is the matter, dear Baldur," said Frigga,

"I have the shadow of death on my head" replied he.

"You shall not die" said his mother.

She called to the iron, steel, wood, trees, and people to swear that they would not injure Baldur

When they had sworn, Baldur went into the field where they played their games.

But Loki got some misteltoe and turned it into a dart and gave it to Hodur the blind god. He threw it at Baldur who, with a cry, fell dead.

D. CHAPMAN, Form IIa.

**WRECKED ON A DESERT ISLAND.**

The "Pearl Queen" of Plymouth, bound for the South Seas, was laden with guns for the natives. The ship was a gunrunner, with a crew of ruffians. She was a schooner; strange to say she was kept in perfect order. Discipline was strict and her captain, John Lunn, an old, hardbitten, seaman never allowed drink to be taken in his crew.

One night, with tropical suddenness, a storm burst and as we were near the coast we could see the jagged rocks.

I was a stowaway, hiding in one of the lifeboats, when I heard a shout of, "Man the boats," I jumped out of the boat and grabbing a rifle and a box of cartridges, I jumped on to a loose hatch-cover and as I did so I struck my head, bright lights danced before me and I fell.

Bright sunlight streamed down on yellow-golden sands, and the palms swayed in the spicy breezes. I woke up with a ringing head and as I sat, I gathered my wandered thoughts. I took my rusty watch out of my ragged pocket, and by taking the glass out and exposing it to the sun I managed to light a fire. I climbed a tree and knocking down a cocoa-nut, I had my breakfast. I kept up the fire and two days after I was picked up by a passing ship.

DOUGLAS PECKHAM, Form IIa.



## A TRIP UP SNOWDON.

We spent our Summer Holidays at Abersoch. One day we decided to go up Snowdon.

So we set off early in the morning with our lunch. We went to Portmadoc by car, then took the bus via Beddgelert to South Snowdon, here the climb began. First the path was easy, then it got more rocky, and a bit steeper, and we had to follow piles of stones with white ones on the top. Soon it got more rocky, so I had to be scout, and find where the piles of stones were, then we came to a big pile of stones, with a white marble one on the top, we went a bit further till we came to a rock where we had our sandwiches, then burnt the napers afterwards. Then it got more rocky and much steeper. Presently we came to a gate in a wall, and a sheep fold. When we got to the next gate mother and Kenneth left us, because it got a lot steeper. Before they left us, we looked at the lovely view, again we saw a lot of lakes, some big, and some little. We had been looking at these lakes quite a lot, but now we could see them much better. On one side there was a very steep precipice, with some little lakes at the bottom. By and by we came to a Knife Edge, which, along the top, in some parts was very narrow, then it got steeper again. After a scramble, we got to the top. We saw the little station, with the little train in. Then we went to the café and had some lemonade. There were a lot of people on the top, I went on to a little castle of stones, so that I could see the view, which I thought was lovely.

It was now three o'clock, and the sky was clouding over, so we started to go down. I had been leader all the way up, but now I was last, because it was much harder going down than it had been coming down. Before we were half way down it began to rain, I took hold of daddy's arm, and we began to run, for the clouds were chasing us. Just before we were at the bottom, we saw the bus go, with mother in it, but she told the driver to wait at the station. When we got in the bus, it was nearly full, but when we got to Beddgelert it was full.



Once the bus stuck in the mud, and we had to get out into the rain. Another time the mud-guard of a car got jammed on the mud-guard of the bus.

Eventually we got home to a good dinner of fish, and then Ken and I went to bed.

D. PATERSON, Form I.

### A GREAT INVENTION.

In the days of Elizabeth, people walked about quite ordinarily. Now they scorn to walk, they even go to the golf links in an aeroplane.

People say "Pooh! The very idea of going to Paris by sea, just think of it, when here's a little 'plane handy."

But now there's even a greater invention, namely an aeroplane-motorcar-ship. It can be used for travelling on land, at sea, and in the air, and I hope to see the day when those machines will be as ordinary as a motor-car, and the day will come when schoolboys will use them as bicycles.

CECIL ALLDIS, Form IIa.

