

"THE VISOR"



BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE
MAGAZINE.

EASTER, 1928.

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THE BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE FOOTBALL TEAM. 1st XI. 1927-28.



Standing—G. V. OVENS (Vice-Capt.), E. A. CONNELL, W. R. POWER S, R. K. CURRIE,
W. J. MURPHY, M. H. BAKER.
Sitting—W. E. COOPER, K. MAXWELL, J. WILSON (Capt.), L. H. HUGHES, S. PARKER.

THE "VISOR."THE ORGAN OF THE BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.

VOL. I., No. 2.

EASTER, 1928.

EDITORIAL.

In issuing our second number, we beg to thank you for your kind support of the initial production.

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Knight, who has taken the position of Mr. Smith, who departed from our midst at the end of last term.

We are sorry to announce the departure of B. V. Wood, who has entered upon a business career, and P. J. Beacall, who has graduated from the "Visor" committee to the "News" office. In their places M. H. Baker and K. H. Telford have been elected members of the Committee.

Our annual Speech Day was held on March 20th in the Town Hall, when Mr. Stuart Deacon presented the prizes. As all of you were there and listened with rapt attention to all that was said, there is no need to dwell on that side of the picture. We must, however, congratulate the community singers on their vocal efforts, and also our amateur actors on their production of the "Grand Cham's Diamond."

At present, the School Chess team has one more match to be decided in the Competition. It is to be hoped that they will win, and thus retain the Wright Challenge Shield for the third year in succession.

The Committee desire to thank the advertisers for their kind support, and trust that our readers will patronize them.

In this issue we include an innovation, viz., a University letter. We thank Mr. A. W. Ellis for his kindness in writing it and hope that this new feature will prove acceptable to our readers.

We invite letters criticising any portion of the magazine which calls for special comment.

Will contributors please write in ink, neatly, as bad writing and punctuation give trouble to the committee and the printers; also on one side of paper only. Always sign your name, and form, after every contribution.

Those who send drawings should use Indian ink. It would greatly assist if they drew their sketches the correct size for a page in the "Visor."

Our congratulations are due to J. Wilson, who in December last played his 50th consecutive game for the school team.

In Memoriam.

C. J. PROCTER, J.P., O.B.E., 29th Feb., 1928.

For many years a Governor and devoted friend
of the School.

C. W. MARSHALL, M.C., 3rd March, 1928.

A gallant soldier and a good sportsman.
(Birkenhead Institute 1891—1898).

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES IN EXAMINATIONS, 1927.

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

J. E. Lowry, M. H. Papperovitch, R. E. Wood.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

LOWER VIA.

R. Aston (m), M. H. Baker (m), A. Boyd (m), G. Bradshaw (m), G. Clark (m), J. B. Cooper, R. K. Currie (m), H. Davies (m), W. Hastings (m), A. Hunt (m), E. N. Husselbury (m), J. H. Johnston (m), R. H. Jones (m), I. R. M. Latto (m), H. A. McIver (m), W. J. Mantle (m), S. Marchant (m), K. Maxwell (m), J. Oldroyd (m), G. V. Ovens (m), F. E. Patron (m), A. S. Perry (m), W. R. Powers (m), T. H. Richardson (m), F. G. Robinson (m), H. Silcock (m), K. H. Telford (m), G. Walley (m), H. Wild (m), J. Wilson (m), B. V. Wood (m).

LOWER VIB.

J. H. Alldis (m), J. E. Anderson, G. E. Baxter, P. J. Beacall (m), R. Blackwood (m), E. J. Boote, C. Bridges, H. R. Bryan, T. B. Charlesworth, E. A. Connell (m), D. T. Drover, J. R. Jackson (m), R. A. Jackson, D. F. L. W. Jenkins, B. J. Leyland, J. W. McCallum, R. H. Moffat, F. J. Nichols, L. A. Reddie, E. H. Reid (m), A. W. Rimmer, G. Robinson, L. B. Smith, H. B. Thomas, D. J. Wallace, A. G. Weir, K. H. Yardley.

LOWER VIC.

W. L. Boyle, M. Brown, A. Caruth, L. Jones, R. M. Leatham, R. Moore, E. P. Spencer.

"m" denotes matriculation.

LIST OF SUCCESSES.

Scholarships Tenable at the School for One Year :

HENRY TATE (£10)—R. E. Evans, G. Clark, W. Ruston, A. G. Weir.

DUKE OF WESTMINSTER (£5)—G. Philpot, C. W. Benson, J. Pemberton, B. H. Cockbain, R. R. Sarginson.

Henry Tate Exhibition of £70, tenable at Clare College, Cambridge—John Dickinson.

Stitt Exhibition of £20, tenable at Liverpool University—M. Papperovitch.

Council Scholarships, tenable at Liverpool University—

E. A. M. Hughes, G. Colquhoun, H. R. Gaughan.

Bartlett Scholarship in Engineering—C. D. Hall.

University Studentship—R. Kerr.

Degree of B.A. with Honours—

PART I—ENGLISH—A. W. Ellis.

PART I—FRENCH—G. Colquhoun.

Diploma in Education—J. Hunter, G. Pedre, E. C. Sykes.**B.Sc. Honours School of Chemistry—**

CLASS 1—C. Calloway.

CLASS 2—R. Croft.

Intermediate B.Sc.—L. C. Faragher.**LL.B.—**CLASS 2—L. Berkson.**M.B. and Ch.B.—**J. W. Pickup.**Ph.D.—**J. W. Belton.**PRIZE LIST.****Form IIIa.**

1ST PRIZE—S. Elton.

2ND „ —W. D. Christian.

3RD „ —S. Davies.

Form IIIb.

1ST PRIZE—W. H. Manley.

2ND „ —A. P. Macfarlane.

3RD „ A. Chalkley.

Form IIIc.

1ST PRIZE—J. Pemberton.

2ND „ —C. W. Benson.

3RD „ —T. N. McBride.

Form Va.

1ST PRIZE—L. B. Wood.

2ND „ —G. W. D. Wright.

3RD „ —S. L. Pinch.

Form IVa.

1ST PRIZE—J. Pritchard.

2ND „ —G. Richardson.

3RD „ —C. D. Greaves.

Form IVb.

1ST PRIZE—W. A. Minns.

2ND „ —N. E. Hosker.

3RD „ —D. Magee.

Form IVc.

1ST PRIZE—W. H. Marsh.

2ND „ —E. G. Bibby.

3RD „ —A. E. Griffiths.

Form Vb.

1ST PRIZE—H. Craig.

2ND „ —E. J. Matthews.

3RD „ —W. H. Blair.

Form Vc.

1ST PRIZE—S. W. Layfield.

2ND „ —S. M. Torbet.

3RD „ —H. E. Wilson.

SPECIAL PRIZES.**For Matriculation with Distinction in more than one Subject—**

G. Clark, R. K. Currie, H. Davies, W. Hastings, I. R. M. Latto, W. J. Mantle, G. V. Ovens, G. Walley.

George Holt Prizes—

MATHEMATICS—J. E. Lowry.
 CHEMISTRY—M. Papperovitch.
 PHYSICS—R. E. Wood.
 LOCAL NATURE STUDY—L. B. Wood.

Solly History Prize—A. S. Perry.**Connacher Memorial Prize for English—R. E. Evans.****Mr. C. J. Procter's Prize for Geography—E. N. Husselbury.****Miss Dodge Memorial Prize, presented by Rev. C. Dodge—**
C. Kehoe.**Prizes for Drawing—K. H. Telford, J. H. B. Wetherell.****Prizes for Writing—N. McBride, F. Harrison.****Silver Cup for Games—**

SENIOR—H. G. Roberts.
 JUNIOR—W. J. Murphy.

House Trophies—Championship Houses—

ATHLETICS—Tate.
 FOOTBALL—Atkin.

**Champion Four—A. Niblock, H. Christian, T. C. Cockram,
J. W. Hutchinson.****A TRAGEDY IN VERSE.**

'Tis only an infant pippin,
 Growing on a limb;

'Tis only a typical small boy
 Devouring it with vim.

'Tis only a doctor's carriage
 Standing before the door;
 But why go into details?
 The service begins at four.

R.J.R. (Lower VIa.)

FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "VISOR."

Dear Sir,

The University is still at the top of Brownlow Hill. It is hoped shortly to bring it nearer the river for the convenience of the ever increasing horde surging over from Birkenhead. Either the authorities will, as I say, move the building, or they will request the Birkenhead Institute to close down for a few sessions, as the academic staff is not sufficient to cope with the number turned out by that establishment every year.

At the present time, there are men from the old school in every department of the University. Freshers, seniors and post-graduates jostle cheek by jowl at every social function. The old boy's tie is flaunted wherever two or three are gathered together.

At Wyncote; in the lecture room; at dances and in the libraries, I can always see a face that bears the B. I. distinctive stamp.

There is no mistaking the old B. I. boy. He has a happy laugh for most things. He can always find a place on some team. He has many friends. He comes out well in the exam lists and he makes a general nuisance of himself on Panto Day.

Perhaps, now there are more of us than ever before, holding offices on the Guild or on faculty committees. The Chemical Society, one of the largest in the University, is ruled by a very distinguished old boy. We hold the entertainments offices and control the press.

We have set up a tradition which those coming up in future years must preserve. This year's freshers have started well. I hear that Papperovitch has already held the Medical Students Debating Society spellbound with his golden tongue. That is the spirit! Let us distinguish ourselves quietly! The old school, we know, will be proud of us. That is enough. We want no society for Liverpool University B. I. Old Boys. Surely a pat on the back from the school is better than one we give ourselves.

I am, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

ALBERT W. ELLIS.

LIVERPOOL SECONDARY SCHOOL JUNIOR SHIELD.**Birkenhead Institute v. Quarry Bank Secondary School.**

On Feb. 1st our Junior Shield Team entertained Quarry Bank Juniors in the First Round of the Shield Competition. When the result of the draw was made known, we were fairly confident of success in this game, but contrary to expectations, our side was defeated by 3 goals to 1. "There's many a slip . . ."

Our team on this occasion was:—Wild; Perry, Hardie; Jones (W. S.), Jackson (Capt.), Richards; Andrews, Lee, Jones (L. O.), McBride, Mason.

There was a good muster of boys and masters ready to encourage our boys, who played in white. The two teams were much of the same weight, excepting the smallness of our inside forwards. Jackson lost the toss, and Jones kicked off facing sun and wind. Play was for some time of an end to end nature, both goals being visited in turn, but whereas Wild was early called upon, the Quarry Bank goal-keeper was not tested to the full. After about 20 minutes' play, Quarry Bank took the lead through their centre-forward, who had had one goal disallowed for offside. Our forwards missed several good openings at the other end, and shortly afterwards Quarry Bank came away in good style to score a second goal. Throughout this half Jackson and Wild were both prominent for splendid play.

HALF-TIME:—Birkenhead Institute 0, Quarry Bank 2.

The first half had been fairly even, both sides pressing in turn, but whilst Quarry Bank made the most of their chances, our forwards were woefully weak in front of the goal. Up to half-time Mason was undoubtedly our best forward, while the Quarry Bank centre-forward and right winger were always conspicuous for them.

The second half was not very old when Institute had reduced the lead. Jackson struck the bar with a great drive, and from a scramble on the goal-line the ball was rushed into the net by one of our forwards. The remainder of the second-half was all in our favour, and Jackson, who was playing a good game, struck the bar once more. Occasionally Quarry Bank broke away, and in the closing minutes their right winger scored with a low drive which left Wild helpless.

Quarry Bank deserved their success, if only for the better manner in which they took their chances, and but for weakness in front of goal in the closing minutes, might have secured a larger margin.

Our team is to be sympathised with in being defeated, but in all fairness it must be said that they did not deserve success. Our defence was, in the main, quite sound, although a slight weakness was revealed at left-back, where Hardie, handicapped by size, played very pluckily for all that. Wild was one of the great successes of the game. The half-backs were, on the whole, good, with Jackson easily outstanding. The best we can say for the forwards is that they were handicapped by lack of weight, and Mason was the best of the bunch.

SENIOR SHIELD.

Alas for our hopes! On Feb. 8th, our Senior Shield team was beaten by Wallasey Grammar School by 3—2. Thus have we been beaten in the first round of each competition. However, although beaten by the narrowest of margins, our team was by no means disgraced, for until the final whistle sounded, they fought valiantly, and it was no fault of theirs that they failed.

There was rather a poor muster of our boys, the Wallasey supporters being quite as strong a force.

When Ovens won the toss, the following team played with wind and slope in their favour:—

Powers; Connell, Currie; Ovens, Maxwell, Hughes; Patron, Murphy, Parker, Cooper, Baker.

In the first minute our forwards made headway on the right by means of clever passing, the movement being eventually spoilt by offside. Play was of an end to end character, but Powers was never called upon owing to the good work of our backs.

After about twenty minutes' play, the persistence of our forwards brought success, when, owing to a misunderstanding by Wallasey's defence, Baker was presented with an open goal. Our forwards continued to press, but the Wallasey backs were very sound, both in kicking and tackling. However, about fifteen minutes later, Wallasey's goal fell a second time, when

Murphy, meeting a centre from the left, headed into the net. Soon afterwards Patron had extremely hard luck when the goal-keeper tipped a strong shot over the bar.

Towards the end of the first half, Stephenson, the opposing centre-forward, scored from close range.

HALF-TIME :—Birkenhead Institute 2, Wallasey 1.

The first half had been greatly in our favour, and the Wallasey attack was prominent only on one or two occasions. Our forwards had been playing very well, their passing at times being really first-class.

In the second half, Wallasey gradually gained the upper hand, and it was only the splendid play of our backs which kept our goal intact. However, even Connell and Currie had to admit themselves beaten on two occasions, when Stephenson swept through. The first goal was a splendid effort, and when Stephenson shot from a very narrow angle, Powers was deceived completely. The last goal came when the centre-forward scored in the last minute following a combined raid.

Before this goal was scored, Cooper had been extremely unlucky, when, after a swift thrust up the left, he beat man after man, to see his final shot deflected by the wind. On two more occasions the same player delighted the spectators with good dribbles.

The end came with Wallasey the winners of the finest game seen on the ground.

Our team is to be congratulated on the valiant fight made against a much heavier side. Our forwards, on the whole, played splendidly, especially in the first half, when Baker was outstanding. The line suffered a little through Parker being somewhat overawed by the importance of the occasion, but when he settled down, he did one or two clever things in conjunction with Cooper.

The half-backs played quite well, although Maxwell was inclined to be a little slow.

However, the performance of the forwards and half-backs faded into insignificance when compared with the clever work of Connell and Currie at back. During the second half especially, these players drove back again and again the Wallasey forwards, and all through the game they shielded Powers admirably.

Powers played fairly well in goal, although not up to his usual high standard.

The "star" of our team, barring the full-backs, was undoubtedly Cooper, who throughout played a great game, and kept Baker on the move with well-judged passes.

The Wallasey forwards swung the ball from wing to wing better than our forwards did, and in this ability lay the secret of their success. Their centre-forward is to be congratulated on his clever hat-trick.

B'HEAD INST. v. BOOTLE SECONDARY SCHOOL.

The above game was played at Ingleborough Road, and, in consequence of the crushing defeat we inflicted on our opponents at Bootle, a big margin in our favour was forecast with confidence. Heartened by the wonderful display of their goalkeeper, the Bootle team fought splendidly, and in the end were vanquished only by 2—1.

Even taking into account the excellence of the Bootle goalkeeper, our side would have had several more goals had the effectiveness of the forwards been of a higher standard. The value of first-time shooting was demonstrated by Wilson, from centre-half, who, besides, scoring one great goal, had several strong shots repelled.

The one forward on the side who was in any degree troublesome to the defence was Cooper, who, as usual, played a good game. Towards the end of the game our full-backs came up among the forwards, and it was from Connell and Currie that some of the best shots came.

In the last minute Bootle scored.

RESULT:—Birkenhead Institute 2, Bootle Secondary School 1.

BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE v. ST. EDWARDS (Away).

Having lost by 6 goals to 2 at home, the School was not too optimistic about its chances. Facing wind and sun in the first-half, we were fully extended, but the defence held, and we crossed over on equal terms, no goals being scored. In the second half, we dominated the play, and by two excellent efforts

Cooper and Parker scored. However, St. Edwards, with their superior weight, rushed in two goals, one immediately after the resumption, and the other a few minutes from the end.

The outstanding players were Maxwell, Murphy, and Baker, the last two combining extremely well on the right wing.

RESULT:—Birkenhead Institute 2, St. Edwards 2.

B'HEAD INST. v. ST. FRANCIS' XAVIER'S COLLEGE.

The above game was played on March 7th at the School ground. The School team was without Baker, who was unfit.

The game started in the favour of our visitors, whose forwards attacked our goal in the first minute, but from a good position their right wing sent over the bar. Both sides had numerous opportunities, but our forwards suffered through a marked weakness at outside left. The opposing forwards swung the ball from wing to wing much better than did ours, and it was from one of these combined movements that they managed to score their first goal.

Throughout the first half, Cooper, our inside left, was the best forward on the field, while of our half-backs, Hughes was outstanding. Both full-backs kicked and tackled very well, thus making Powers' task light in goal. Our forwards missed several good chances in front of goal.

HALF-TIME:—Birkenhead Institute 0, St. Francis' Xavier's 1.

In the second half, we had more of the play than our opponents, but although Cooper created several openings, nobody could turn them to account.

During this half there were many cases of "hands" on both sides, and when one of these offences took place in the penalty area, Wilson took the spot-kick, but to the amazement of everybody he sent wide. This failure seemed to unbalance the side, and although Murphy did some clever things on the right wing, there was a noticeable falling-off in the play.

Towards the close of play, S. F. X. broke away and made success secure by scoring another goal.

RESULT:—Birkenhead Institute 0, St. Francis' Xavier's 2.

It must be admitted that S.F.X. just about deserved their win, if only for the better methods of their forwards. They held a decided advantage in weight, and made use of it.

ATKIN HOUSE NOTES.

House Master—Mr. BLOOR. House Captain—G. V. OVENS.

Football, the game which has been occupying our chief attention during this term, has been far from successful. In no senior match have we been badly beaten, but we have just lost in each case. As regards football in future years, we are confident of victory in many departments.

Chess. In chess we meet Stitt in the final of the school tourney. Unfortunately we have just lost one of our best players in B. V. Wood, and naturally we are not too optimistic.

Cricket and swimming, which will soon be upon us, are eagerly awaited by many in our ranks. In these departments of Sport we are confident of success.

HOUSE REPRESENTATIVES IN SCHOOL TEAMS:

1st Eleven—Powers, Ovens.

2nd Eleven—Hosker, Jackson, Smith (P. R.).

Chess Team—Ovens, Latto and Wood (B. V.)

STITT HOUSE NOTES.

House Master—Mr. WATTS. House Captain—G. BOWEN.

Senior House. We have at last succeeded in gaining the most coveted honour in the School—the Football Cup. We won all three games; against Atkin (3—1), Westminster (4—2), and Tate (7—1). Parker was leading goal-scorer for the seniors with seven goals.

Intermediate House. This branch of the House football was very successful, the full result being:—

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	POINTS.
6	5	0	1	24	6	11

Atkin was the only opponent who managed to take a point from us.

Juniors. This was the most successful department of the House. Six games were played, and all were won, 26 goals being scored for, and 5 against.

Sixth Form. Three games have been played, one having been won (10—1), another lost (5—0), and the third won (8—2).

Fifth Form. In the Fifths, there are only fourteen boys in Stitt, so that it will be seen that we have no choice in the matter of team selection. One game alone has been played, and this was lost.

Fourth Form. Stitt, in this department, is very strong. Three games have been played and won, the total score being 16—1.

Third Form. Three games were played, one won, and two lost, with 6 goals for and 10 against.

This record for all Stitt games is as follows :—

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	POINTS.
25	20	4	1	90	39	41

During the term A. K. Currie was awarded School Colours. No player in the Eleven deserves the honour more.

School Representatives :—

1ST ELEVEN—Currie, Hughes, Parker, Bowen.

2ND ELEVEN—Wild, Walley, Perry, Richards, Jones (W. S.)

Chess. We succeeded in beating Atkin in the final of the Inter-House Chess Competition. Two players from Stitt are in the School team : Walley and L. B. Wood.

TATE HOUSE NOTES.

House Master—Mr. HARRIS. House Captain—R. E. EVANS.

The House certainly has not distinguished itself this term. No matter how much the teams were changed, we were not able to field a really strong team in either the Senior, Intermediate, or Junior matches.

In the Seniors, we have won one match out of three, and that match was against Atkin, when the score was 3—2.

The Intermediate team was more successful, partly because the majority of the boys in the House are about the age and football standard of the Intermediate matches.

The Junior House matches have been well and keenly fought. We won once and lost twice this term, yet on all three occasions there was only a narrow margin between our score and that of our opponents.

In the Sixth form matches we have been very successful, for we have not lost a match.

The Fifth form results were very good, but those of the Fourth and Third very poor.

Baker, the House's only representative in the First Eleven, must be congratulated on his excellent performance during the Senior Shield match with Bootle, and his scoring one of our two goals.

Hartley, J. C. Mason and Thomas have played with much success for the Second Eleven.

WESTMINSTER HOUSE NOTES.

House Master—Mr F. W. JONES. House Captain—J. WILSON.

Interest has been centred this term, chiefly on the Senior House teams. We can only ascribe to bad fortune our failure to win the Cup. We lost to Stitt by 4 goals to 2, and beat Atkin by 2 goals to 1.

Our record was:—

				GOALS		POINTS.
P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	
3	2	1	0	13	7	6

This record gained us the position of runners-up.

The other House matches have shown that we have material from which to build a sound Senior team, in future years. We rely on those who have played in Intermediate, Junior, and Form House matches, to raise our position in the House table in coming years.

Apart from Football, House matches have progressed smoothly and without incident. The next event we are all looking forward to is the School Sports, and we take this opportunity of urging all loyal Westminsterites to do their utmost to raise our position in Athletics from runners-up to Cock House.

Swimming will soon occupy a large place in our minds, and the Gala will create a new field for Westminster to conquer.

LIVELIER LESSONS.

Have you heard about him,
A certain little lad
Who smeared across a wooden seat
Some sticky gum he had?

A master sat upon the gum;
Excitement filled the air,
For when he rose to take the class,
He also took the chair!

R.J.R. (Lower VIa.)

SCOUT NOTES.

In the limited space at our disposal, it will only be possible to give a bare outline of the many activities which have engaged our attention since July last.

The summer camp was held at Ross-on-Wye, and, in spite of rather heavy rains towards the end of the second week, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. We camped on a most convenient site, surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery in the country. Time was too short for us to visit all the places of interest in the district, so we have decided to camp at Ross-on-Wye again next summer.

Since the commencement of the new School year, we have become possessors of Troop Colours. These were presented to us by Alderman Arkle, who in the course of an excellent speech, reminded us of the significance that Colours bear to their owners, and of the Scout Law and Motto.

We are all very busy at present doing handicraft work. In past years the 23rd (B. I.) Troop has always done well in the Handicraft Exhibition, and this year we hope to do better, and carry off the trophy awarded for the best exhibits.

We now number forty Scouts. We have all passed the Tenderfoot stage, and there are very few boys who have not yet obtained their Second-Class badges. Twenty of us are hoping to become First-Class Scouts before the end of the year, but, before we can become qualified, we must each train a recruit. We therefore need at least twenty new recruits. Will twenty boys from the Third and Fourth Forms come and join us? We will make you welcome, teach you to be useful, and train you to "Be Prepared."

CHESS CLUB NOTES.

In the third division knock-out tournament, all the rounds have been played up to the final. This, however, remains for Pritchard or Wilson, to be called the winner.

Crawshaw and McNeill, each having seven points to his credit, draw for first place in the second division. Both have played good chess this term, and will probably make good first team players next year.

An interesting tussle is taking place in the first division, the winner of which will be the school champion. Walley, Baker, and Ovens are leading, having obtained 6, $5\frac{1}{2}$, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ points respectively. Walley has to play Ovens and Baker, whilst the latter two shared the points in a game leading from the Centre Counter Gambit.

Our School still shares (with Liverpool Collegiate) the top position in the Wright Challenge Shield Competition.

The Liverpool Collegiate chess team played so slowly in the match on March 16th, that much of the pleasure was taken from the games. Only one game was finished. Theaker lost after a hard fight, and Green's unfinished game was adjudicated in his opponent's favour. The remaining five games are still to be adjudicated.

An interesting match took place on March 3rd, when the Old Boys beat the School team, 8 games to 6. Three cheers for the Old Boys!

Altogether the Club has had a successful term, the success being due to the splendid work of Mr. Moat. The praise due to him, for his work in the furtherance of chess in this district, cannot be too much emphasised.

BY STALEMATE.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Yet another term has sped since I penned the last report of the Society, and now it is again time to write another article on the progress made during the term.

"Successful" is the only adjective that can be applied, for, with the notable exception of the first debate, all our discussions have proved highly interesting and most entertaining.

One special thing that is to be noticed is this, that several boys, hitherto unknown to the Society, have delivered speeches, and quite good speeches at that, showing us, at least, that the School does not lack oratorical talent. But the Committee would be highly gratified if more boys would volunteer to speak. After all, one never knows when it might be necessary to deliver a short address, and, at such a time, experience is a great help, in fact, absolutely necessary. No one need be afraid of speaking at our meetings; all that is required is a few thoughts arranged in logical sequence, and the task is done.

But I must not linger on the benefits enjoyed by orators, and the qualifications required to become one; I must push on with a general survey of the term's progress.

Our first debate, "That there should be equal franchise for men and women," proved rather a failure. The proposers, Messrs. E. A. Connell and A. S. Perry, pointed out that women are capable of holding responsible positions as well as men, and the opposers, Messrs. G. V. Ovens and R. A. Maddocks, countered this arguments by averring that woman is inferior to man. This did not "hold water," and the proposal was carried.

Our second discussion, "That a man cannot become rich honestly," passed off more satisfactorily. The proposers, Messrs. R. E. Evans and S. Y. Richardson, claimed that it is impossible to go through life as a business man without committing some dishonest action. But the opposers, Messrs. R. Blackwood and M. H. Baker, urged that not only have men become rich honestly, but also that it pays them to be honest, for people would rather deal with an honest man than with a dishonest one.

"That Modern Civilization is a failure" formed the topic for the third debate. The proposition, represented by Messrs. S. Papperovitch and F. W. Miller, painted a lurid picture of the evils of the present state of things; but the opposers, Messrs. P. J. Beacall and G. Boggle, showed quite clearly the great advance that civilization had made, compared our present state with that of early times, and contended that the great progress made, proved that modern civilization was not a failure. The house, influenced no doubt by this latter argument, rejected the motion by a large majority.

The last debate held before going to press was upon the subject of the Nurse Cavell film, about which there has been so much controversy. The proposers, Messrs. E. A. Connell and M. B. Hallett, contended that this film was being condemned unseen, and that the liberty of the subject was being interfered with by a Government official. The opposers, Messrs. A. S. Perry and R. A. Maddocks, asked the question whether it was in the interests of international peace that a film, commemorating one of the most bitter episodes in the great war, should be allowed to be shown, and furthermore urged that it was rather a sordid trick to commercialise the sacred memory of a woman like Nurse Cavell. The assembly showed its approval of the latter arguments by rejecting the motion by a fairly large majority.

In closing, may I once more urge the members of the Fifth and Sixth forms to make a special point of attending our meetings. The topics are interesting, the meetings do not last long, and, last but not least, one gains that valuable asset of not being afraid to state one's opinions in a clear and concise manner to one's fellows.

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

Friends, Romans and Children of the Advanced, I am writing not a moral treatise as delights the eye of our lord and master, Mr. Evans, not an intricate mathematical problem, such as warms the heart of his competent first assistant, Mr. Richardson, but the truth, the whole truth, and almost all the truth. I am about to unfold to you, my dear children, the awful mystery and ceremony of a meeting of the Directors of the Birkenhead Institute Magazine Limited (Tel: Wirral Rly.—one line).

At 4-25 p.m. on any old afternoon of the week, a miscellaneous collection of specimens (Please Mr. Editor, forgive me, but I must record the truth), congregate in the Library, the Olympus of B. I. gods. Here they decide the fate of the forthcoming issue of the B. I. M. (alias The "Visor.")

The first procedure is to move the ejection of all intruders and members of the public. (It was only by risking my bodily welfare that I have been able to collect such information as I now set before you).

Now business commences. To an accompaniment of much cheering (and booing from the extreme opposition, imported from the Cubby Hole), the chairman, our aforesaid lord and master, proposes that there should be an orderly meeting and an adjournment at five o'clock. One or two members smile superciliously, but the majority leap to their feet and cheer madly, although no one would be more surprised than they if they finished before six o'clock. Then the fun begins. One member, a certain Mr. Connell, the popular right full-back, in a manner befitting his offices, in well-turned, in fact, topsy-turvy phrases, demands that a financial account should be read out. Thereupon, the treasurer, the first assistant to our lord and master, with a face as long as that of a Scotchman who has lost sixpence, announces that there is a serious deficit of one half penny. Some one here cries out "Shame," and Mr. Connell, standing on his chair shouts, so that all Whetstone Lane may hear, "We've bin swindled." The chairman crushes him by ejaculating, in his sweet baritone voice, "Shut up, you fool."

Then a bright young spark, who takes maths, makes a suggestion almost as bright as himself, that the price of the magazine should be raised to the exorbitant sum of one shilling. This idea is cried down till some rash young genius suggests that the magazine ought to be sold for sixpence. The directors, thereupon loudly upbraid the miscreant, who poor creature, begins to wish that he had taken out a Daily Mail free insurance policy, as Mr. Perry, a great upholder of that illustrious journal, had advised him.

By now everyone is warmed up to his job. The light of battle shines in every eye, so that the chairman might just as well try to hear a pin drop in 5c form room immediately after break, as attempt to restore order to the meeting. The noble gentlemen slander one another freely and generally behave like civilized beings. If you can imagine a bull in a china shop, a Communist at a Tory meeting, and a crowd of Aberdonians trying to get a free sample, all rolled into one vast, uproarious mass, you have an approximate conception of a Magazine Meeting.

Then someone, with the last gleam of intelligence that remains, shouts "Time, Gentlemen," and that noble company of martyrs, complacently pleased with themselves, wend their way home.

G. B. (Upper VIa.)

WHERE?

O haunt of wise and knowledge burden'd men,
 Who dream of things beyond our feeble ken,
 Where Shakespeare dwells at peace, and Chaucer still
 Delights the eye and mind (he only makes *us* ill),
 Twice blessed fane, from noisome babbling free,
 Where learning dwells enshrined, and all agree,
 And I half seem to know your worried looks,
 And catch you pond'ring often at your books;
 There Evans dwells in solemn state, and round
 Him seated all the sages can be found,
 And George, whose fingers light dwell often on the keys,
 When music cometh after nights of ease.
 Affairs of state that vex the master mind,
 And magazine committees, too, you'll find,
 While Atkin dwells serene and views the peaceful life,
 And far away is heard the murmuring strife
 Of saner schoolboys climbing steadily
 To those dread heights of immortality.

P.J.B. (Upper VIc.)

SIR WILLIAM THE BRAVE.

In the year 1438, a castle was situated on the east bank of the Seine, about 30 miles south of Rouen. One wall was washed by the waters of the stream, and the other sides were guarded by a deep ditch, filled with water from the river. One May morning, a KNIGHT, Sir William the Brave, was sitting in the great HALL of the castle, telling stories of chivalry to his son, Harry. He had just finished one tale when HARRY'S mother entered and called to her son.

"ALLEZ SON," he said; "Allez à votre mere." When his son had gone, he also, left the hall, donned his armour, mounted his steed, crossed the MOAT by a drawbridge, and rode down the road towards Rouen, at a good PACE.

He had been riding for an hour, and was passing through a dark WOOD, when he was startled to hear shouts, and the clash of steel.

He hastened towards the source of these sounds.. He came to a clearing in the forest, and saw, on the farther side, a lady, who was guarded by five retainers, SORE-BESET by about 20 ruffians. He put spurs to his horse, but WILLIAM'S steed needed no encouragement. He charged against the ruffians crying "St. Denis for France."

"BEN, it is Sir William, the bravest knight in France," cried one of the lady's guards. Then the rogues knew they were beaten, and turned, and fled.

"Any casualties?" queried the knight.

"We've all got slight scratches," replied a retainer; "but, tarry a moment; DAVE-IS missing." But Dave had been chasing the ruffians, and he soon returned. "WHAT'S happened?" demanded Sir William.

The lady he had rescued was Lady Joan. She had been to PARIS, and was returning to her castle at LEWES, Sussex. JOAN'S party had been lost in the forest, when they were attacked by the ruffians.

Sir William set them on the right road, accompanied them for a league, then bid them "Adieu."

H. W. (Upper VIc.)

"ADVANCED" (RE)FORMS.

I awoke. It was 9 o'clock. "School at 10-30?" thought I, and shivered. "At any rate, it would do no harm to wash," I mused. You see, washing is always a schoolboy's forte, and after a while it develops into a mere habit. I had washed, dressed, and finished my breakfast, before the thought of school troubled me again. "I might as well go," I decided; "they would miss me so." Thus, having finally brushed my hair, I put on my coat and gloves, and, with a determined look on my face, set out.

The School in appearance is not inspiring, its grey stone walls being frescoed with verandas, the luxurious furnishings of which can plainly be seen through the glass.

When I arrived, I walked boldly up to the main entrance, specially reserved for masters, and stepped on to the escalator. As I passed in, I smiled graciously at the policeman, who always stands, baton in hand, behind the door, to protect capless schoolboys from enraged masters. Having ascended to the library by the lift, and having read my correspondence, I descended to the hall, where it is usual to commence morning school by singing one of the latest songs to the accompaniment of a jazz orchestra. This day however, as it was Latin first period for members of the Upper Sixth forms, one of them suggested that we should have the hymn, "Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh," for a change. As this was received with derision by the rest of the School, we started with the popular song, "We ain't gonna work no more, no more," and this was followed by a lecturette from the Head Prefect on "How not to Overwork." The Lower Sixth, who always occupy, together with us, the balcony, were then asked if they would like to dismiss, and, as some of their number were desirous of partaking of coffee and biscuits, they agreed that they would, and we filed out.

The first period, Latin, passed without any untoward happening, although the usual hackneyed jokes were recounted, and Cicero's ideas of what is expedient and what is morally right, were cited.

Monsieur, the French Master, now entered, and obsequiously suggested an examination. As we did not feel in the mood for work, we assented, and the gramophone and records were brought in. The papers were given out, and half-an-hour was allowed for looking up any texts or notes we had. When this had passed, Monsieur announced that time was not limited, and we could have until the end of the morning if we liked, or even the afternoon. At the top of the paper, a small paragraph in smaller print insinuated that we might do two questions, but one would be accepted, or if the candidate thought he might strain himself, he could abandon the idea, and do none at all. The gramophone had started, so I let my eyes wander through the questions. Number one was:—

Translate:—"Marie avait un petit agneau," and explain why the simple style is in absolute accordance with the subject. That, coupled with the strains of "Oh sleep, why dost thou leave me?" from the gramophone, was too much for me, so I laid down my pen, and, following the example of my neighbours, who by this time were snoring, I slept. The bell for close of morning school woke us all, and we handed in our papers, all blank it is needless to say, and went home for lunch.

We returned in the afternoon to recline on the divans on the verandas, and to drink in iced lemonade, and the subtle plots and mysteries of—no, I am not going to say William Shakespeare—of Edgar Wallace.

At 4-20 p.m. prompt a bell clanged through the school. Then, and only then, did the school awake to life, and the members of the library with a full throated cry of "Home James!" trooped home to relaxation and rest.

"CUPIDUS SUM."

IMPRESSIONS RECEIVED ON WALKING THROUGH THE "KEMMY LAB."

What a charming place. . . don't all those little bottles look nice? Just like the bar at the Red Lion. . . wonder if they could supply a small Bass?—What's that? Don't be a fool, did you say? . . . Very fine air they have here; beats New Brighton easily; almost rivals Garston. . . coal gas and bad eggs seem to predominate . . . That's the idea, boy, see what you can do in the matter. . . .

"Open the windows and turn on the taps;
Brighten the lives of the gas-water chaps."

Ha! You see the atmosphere is telling on me already. . . . Let's get on. . . . That little chap does not seem very pleased Got a rotten experiment, did you say? H'm. . . . Suppose it must be rather annoying to get a red coloration instead of a blue precipitate. . . . He really is trying though; he's added a bit of everything he could put his hands on. . . . now he's got a fine black mess, better than any blue precipitate What do you say? Want to know the formula for water? Don't know, sorry—wait a bit, though. Now will this do: W-A-T-E-R? . . . who's an idiot? Yes, I'll have a lime juice. . . . What? Lime water. . . . I see, not the same thing I suppose. . . . That's very clever, such nice smoke, and all done in front of the audience, too; nothing up his sleeve, except his arm (no 'arm in that). . . . Crash Something else gone west. . . . Quite a nursery rhyme atmosphere y' know, "Pop goes the beaker," and all that sort of thing. . . . What are you grinning at? There's the bell, come on, hurry up, rush for an oxa before the crowd. . . .

R.H.R. (Upper VIa.)

CERTAIN CROCKS.

From observations made and taken during the last decade, in my mind I have found several conclusions forming, the gist of which is, that though the world may in some respects be appreciably better than ever before, civilisation has brought certain restrictions, which are, to say the least of them, unpleasant. Consider the modern cup. It is essentially a product of civilisation. Only the vast capacity for crime, engendered by continual progress in the art of living, could have evolved it. I do not say that cups are not now greatly superior to the cave-man's utensils, but I do say that their drawbacks are many and various. How often, when possessed by a raging thirst, are we served with one tea-cup which is only half full, and which, if full, would contain barely enough to fill a table-spoon: and when we desire no more than a few, meditative sips, how many brimming pint-pots must we empty, merely for the sake of politeness.

That almost inseparable companion of the cup, namely, Saucer, is not itself devoid of imperfections. Saucer is usually depressed in the middle, in order to make a species of stand for the cup, and consequently, by careful adjustment, the cup will stand firmly. But displace the cup never so little, and it either

wobbles or spills its contents. This instability is trying to highly strung persons, who tend, in their nervousness, to make the cup even more unsteady. Saucer might be improved, but I see little hope for the cup, and so must resign myself, with the best grace possible, to a malignant fate.

J.B.L. (Lower VIa.)

THE RAMBLINGS OF A SCIENTIFIC MIND.

The ambition of every scientist is to formulate some simple, explicit, theory, substantiated by fact, which will elucidate certain difficulties found in every branch of science. Knowing that every theory must be explained, I take up my pen in a futile endeavour to cultivate a convincing style of writing, necessary for any explanation, no matter how simple.

The topic, about which to write, matters very little, for an essay concerning "The propinquity of Hawaiian music to the wail of an assinine oscillator, perhaps osculator also," is precisely as uninteresting as a comment on "The rights of a prefect in being a privileged donor of impositions." Perhaps a stirring, passionate novelette, relating in miniature the marvellous, self-deniant, and heroic actions of a modern Sidney Carton, would immortalize me. As I am an unimaginative, hard, and callous scientist, such lofty schemes never enter my head. . . .

(At this juncture of the proceedings, I take a rest to recuperate from my cerebral exertions). . . .

After rest comes labour; so it is with me; a deep perusal of the unintelligible scrawl, depicted above, is necessary to collect the few tangible threads, which so insecurely hold together the utter nonsense surrounding them. After great consideration and a still greater expenditure of my meagre supply of patience, I am compelled to admit that the above threads are very few and far between; in fact, their existence is doubtful.

At this stage of the proceedings, I find myself in "that slough of despair," and at the end of my resources, and I am forced to grope about in the dark to discover some insecure peg on which to hang my facts.

My search is vain; I resign myself to the inevitable; I admit failure, for I have been writing about nothing, and a scientist's rudimentary principle is, "Keep to facts."

As you, my dear readers, must know, nothing cannot be expanded, and consequently, I, like a philosopher, for the first time, do not try to enlarge it, and close, leaving you the unenviable task of following my scattered thoughts to their illogical conclusion.

G.V.O. (Upper Vīb.)

SOMETHING.

For many people the most difficult problem to solve at the end of term is: "What shall I write an article about?" I'll tell you: anything, something—

Something good or something bad,
 Something happy, something sad,
 Something false or something true,
 Something old or something new.

Suppose that, in the old-fashioned, orthodox, and time-honoured manner, we divide the absorbing subject of something into two divisions: something old and something new.

When the problem of article-writing presents itself to you next term, you might write on something old, say Queen Anne's death, the discovery of America, Methuselah, Birkenhead Corporation tramcars, so-and-so's "latest" joke, the laboratory apparatus, a certain individual's tie or another's bike. What a wide scope we have under the head of "something old;" anything from the famous railway-station bun to Jannie's biscuits! from Cheop's pyramid to masters' gowns!

Or instead, you could write about something new. "Ah," says my clever friend (assuming I have one), "There's nothing new under the sun." Wait and see" (as Mr. Perry once said). That remarkable periodical, the "Daily Mail" (I hope this reference will not arouse a controversy between the two Mr. P.'s), as I was saying when my desire for international peace made me interrupt myself; the marvellous "Daily Mail" issued recently its No. 32,342, claiming to be the "News of the Future," the issue for Saturday, Jan. 1st, 2000. Now, for two reasons, this prophetic, Old Moore-like twopennyworth suggests something new as a topic for the

"Visor"; firstly, this advance news opens before our eyes new vistas of the glorious future; secondly, this issue pointed to something new, strange, unbelievable, yet true, a "Daily Mail" which does not mention Soviet petrol, or Conservatism!

But why waste time on the "Daily Mail?" Let me suggest something else new: the "Visor," Mr. _____'s bicycle, an early arrival of a certain prefect, or a chairman who does not say that the next item is the chairman's address, and that he will not occupy the time.

There's nothing difficult about writing something about something; nothing's easier and nothing's harder. But what is hardest is to decide in what class of something nothing should be put. Nothing IS something (witness an earlier effusion of mine), but what sort of something is it?

Is nothing something new or something old? Something false or something true?

"Nothing's something; something's nothing, that's all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

S.Y.R. (Upper VIa.)

THE IDEAL MATCH.

The whistle blows, the ball is kicked,
The inside left is neatly tricked.
A swinging pass out to the right
Is intercepted in its flight.
The tall left half of sterling worth
Has been a half-back since his birth,
And now with accuracy rare,
He lobs the ball to that place, where
The centre-forward stands unmarked
(Between his teeth his gum is parked).
He takes the leather in his stride,
And stoutly kicks the yellow hide.
It travels goalwards with a spin;
The speedy winger cuts right in:
His shot, like water from a jet,
Careers in and breaks the net.

R.A.M. (Lower VIa.)

RANDOM REFLECTIONS OF A SCHOOLBOY.

"Yes, my lad, how I wish I were back at school again." What father has not used these words at some time or another? What boy has not thought how great a fool his father must be to utter such seemingly idiotic words? Does Mr. Smith, Senior, think of the impositions, the punishments, the homework, and the trials of Mr. Smith, Junior, when he thus speaks? Does he take into account the mental sufferings of boys waiting in an agony of suspense, outside the masters' room?

Of course he doesn't; he knows nothing of that which the average school-boy has to undergo. But, pardon me if I err, school-boys, at any rate ordinary school-boys, always seem a very contented lot of individuals, always abounding in mischief, and full of fun. Never, even in my wildest flights of imagination, have they appeared a tyrannised, servile crowd, anxious care and worry lining their tired faces.

Not that school-boys never have cares and worries. My third-form days disprove that. There was a certain period on a certain morning that I used to dread. How I hoped that the earth would swallow me up, just for that certain period on that certain morning, and how every moment during that period I sat with my heart in my boots dreading the time when I should be called upon to answer a question concerning a subject about which I knew nothing!

And the homework—! Every night I trudged home, in wet weather and in fine weather, with a bagload of books upon my back, the weight of which seemed to bear me down. How long it used to seem before I finished my appointed tasks! The hours I used to struggle with algebraic problems, with French verbs, and Latin declensions, endeavouring all the time to get the awful task completed, so that I might pass the rest of the evening in peace and happiness.

But even homework was not without its redeeming features. The gladness that was mine when I discovered that by doing an easy, arithmetical question or geometrical rider I might escape having to go to post on a cold, damp, and dreary night! Or by affecting to study an interesting grammar book, avoid having to perform some menial, household task. Yea, verily, even homework has its compensations.

But the one thing which annoyed me intensely was the behaviour of the prefects. These fellows, wearing their aureoled caps as though they were crowns of gold, seemed to strut about the old school as if it belonged to them. With what scorn and contempt did they treat us poor youngsters! They seemed to take an inordinate delight in handing out impositions, in reporting us to masters, and, in general, playing the little tyrant. But now that I have attained years of discretion, and am myself a holder of that high office, I see how wrong my youthful opinions were. In fact, it is evident to me now that it is the youngsters who take an inordinate delight in teasing the prefect, and causing him, willy-nilly, to levy punishments in order to calm their excited feelings.

A.S.P. (Upper VIc.)

WHITE SUCCEEDS.

The Roses swayed; each thought they'd win,
And arrows fell both thick and thin,
While hatchets ploughed, and men did fall,
And with lances set, Red charged them all.

The charge was made, with all their weight,
While slaughter on the White was great.
And White gave way beneath the blow,
And they took to their heels and fled from the foe.

White returned and took pluck again.
A charge!—they made sure the field they'd win.
But no, the Reds withstood the charge;
Red's victory then was very large.

Again they met on Holcomb Hill;
The battle there was very great, but still
White fought hard and managed to win;
And Red was beaten, and gave in. J.G. (IIIb.)

DAY DREAM OF A THIRD FORM BOY.

"French!" said the third form boy, and print cannot express the utter scorn and despair summed up in that little word; "then maths, good lor'; never mind, it's singing this afternoon." With that he took out his French books, placed them on the desk, and fell into a glorious day-dream.

The day-dream is the most enjoyable means of passing a dry lesson, but unfortunately, the least profitable.

Suppose all the masters and prefects were absent one day (even the thought of such an event is enough to make any third form boy smack his lips in anticipation). Of course it would be all the same if only the masters were absent. The prefects could soon be disposed of, or, perhaps they would join in the revelry. Although,—who knows?—the janitor might take the lessons,—that would be awful. But he'd probably be busy in the tuck shop, so that would be all right. It would be jolly to ramble all over the school. No one in our form has ever been in the labs. There would just be about time to see the things in the labs worked during the morning. There's a lot of acids and things in one lab; those would be interesting, and perhaps someone could arrange a fight in there. People might get wet, but it would soon dry, or they could go down to the boiler room and get dry by the furnace. There could be a fine fight between us and IIIc.; we'd show 'em. It would be quite safe to put the plug in a wash basin, and leave the tap turned on. Someone said there was a shower bath in the cubby-hole—oooh! And then there's the wood-work room. Anyone could knock nails in the benches and no one would be there to stop him, and the lathe—but every time you touch that you cut your finger, so that would be no use. It would be lovely to hit a beaker with a mallet, and there will be plenty of them in the lab. We should be able to do all sorts of things in the gym; there's plenty of room for a fight. And I'd like to see that cannon outside close-up; we might wheel it into the gym and have rides on it in turn. "Ow! it's run over my foot—."

"Come out—what is the next word?"

R.B.

THE ADVANCED SCIENCE COURSE—UPPER VIb.

Our work is the wonder of every third-former.

In the lab., we no longer deal with mixtures of blood, beg pardon—salt and sand, but don our “Chemistry” coats, and discourse learnedly on Qualitative Analysis, and—solutions like Masters of Chemistry. In Physics, too, we excel; we have made two like poles attract, we have made magnets grow whiskers, and Mr. Wi—m— even passed a charge through young B—from the Wimshurst machine; but, whisper it low, we have never yet got an answer “within the limits of experimental error.” That is the great aim of everyone who enters the Physics Lab., but it is reached only after years of experience, and hours of patient wangling.

Thus:—“The burette scale reads 29.6 c.c.s. H’m! let us work that out.” [The answer is a little bit “out.”] “You know, my sight is bad: I really ought to wear spectacles. I must have read the silly tube incorrectly. Suppose we take it as 30 c.c.s. Now!” (taking off his coat), “Put that filthy rag over there. I knew something was hampering me. 50 c.c.s. . . . And, strange to say, the “thing” works out correctly.

The above are our only interests in schools. Mathematics is tiresome. Some of us work problems by commonsense, but the result is wrong. The only howler was when Mr. S—y said “The most important section on page six is the theorem on page seven.”

But the masters will be interested to know that we work hardest between 8-30 and 9 o’clock every morning.

G.C. (Upper VIb.)

OLD BOYS' SOCIETY.

President—J. SMALLPAGE, Esq., B.A.

It is a very great pleasure to inform all readers of this Magazine that the Society has enjoyed, throughout the Winter, an excellent measure of success, owing to the enthusiasm displayed by everyone concerned.

The two dances held in the School gymnasium, by kind permission of the Education Authorities and Mr. Smallpage, have been particularly successful, and it is fully anticipated that the Literary Evening to be held on Tuesday, March 27th, at which Mr. Dowse has kindly consented to be Speaker, will be pre-eminently popular.

The General Meeting, which has been postponed to Tuesday, April 3rd, closes the Winter's activities, and in looking forward to the future one feels confident that with an increased membership, the success of the Society will be even greater than in the past.

All boys who are leaving School at the end of the present term will be heartily welcomed at the General Meeting.

In conclusion, the Committee wish to place on record their appreciation of the courtesy extended by the Magazine Committee, in placing at its disposal each term, the pages of the "Visor."

A. FRANK HOWES,

Hon. Sec.

THE BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE OLD BOYS' A.F.C.

The Old Boys' Football Club continues on its flourishing way, and the present season promises to be more successful than any in the past. The aggregate results of the club's three teams, up to the time of going to press, are as follows:

GOALS.					
P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
60	38	17	5	232	145

The first team expect to finish very close to the leaders in the I Zingari League, Div. III., in which they are at present leading goal-scorers.

The second team stand at the head of the First Division of the Liverpool Old Boys' League, in which they are also leading goal-scorers.

Our third team is creating quite a disturbance in the Second Division of the same League. They should certainly finish in the first three.

It is very pleasing to see so many boys of the School at our matches. Their presence is distinctly encouraging, and, we trust, not without enjoyment to themselves.

We held our Annual Dinner in the School on Wednesday, 29th Feb. Some seventy members did full justice to Mr. Russell's splendid catering. The event was certainly a huge success.

We hope to arrange a game between the School team and an Old Boys' Eleven to be played some evening before the close of the present season. The game should prove a great attraction.

Boys who are at all interested in football are assured of a very warm welcome in the Old Boys' Football Club when they leave School, either as honorary or playing members.

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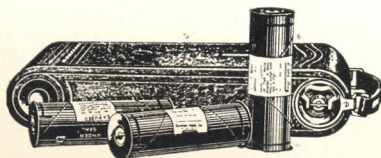
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