

"THE VISOR"



BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE
MAGAZINE.

SUMMER, 1928.

ROBB'S

IS THE HOUSE FOR GOOD VALUE IN

Boys' Clothes,

Suits,

Overcoats,

Raincoats,

School Blazers

AND

Caps

Robb Bros
GRANGE ROAD. LTD.
BIRKENHEAD.

When replying to advertisers please mention the "VISOR."

BON MARCHÉ

SPECIALISTS IN BOYS' CLOTHING.

Bon Marche are able to offer
boys' clothes of the best
quality at extremely reason-
able prices.

Blazers with Badge (all sizes)	14/6
School Caps	2/6
School Ties	1/6
Hose	4/6

*These are always stocked in
all sizes, in correct Birkenhead
Institute Colours.*

BON MARCHÉ,
CHURCH and BASNETT STREETS,
LIVERPOOL

Bon Marché (Liverpool) Ltd.

When replying to advertisers please mention the "VISOR."

THE "VISOR."

THE ORGAN OF THE BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.

VOL. I., No. 3.

SUMMER, 1928.

EDITORIAL.

Despite the weather, the Sports proved a great success.

Thanks are due to Mr. D. Bannerman for distributing the prizes, and also to the Stewards, Starters, and Judges, for the trouble they took in organising the Sports.

The open tug-of-war proved a welcome and popular innovation.

J. Wilson fully deserved the applause he received when presented with the Victor Ludorum medal.

And Southern for his excellent double victory in both the open mile and 880 yards handicap, when he started from scratch.

So much for the Sports .

Cricket has been well attended lately. Perhaps Ovens and Burnett are in part responsible . Surely they both deserve their bats after such great innings.

Tennis has been suggested as a new summer game for the B.I. enthusiasts. The part of our playing-field which at present is not used would make good courts, where Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, as well as summer evenings, could be spent in a healthy and vigorous manner.

To those who are on the threshold of " Matric," we offer our best wishes. We feel sure they will uphold our good record,

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines:—

The Cowleian, Cowley School, St. Helens.

The Wallaseyan (Wallasey Grammar School).

Esmeduna (Liverpool Collegiate).

The Holt School Magazine.

The Nautilus (Holmes Junior High School), Philadelphia, U.S.A.

THE EDITORS' LAMENT.

If we print jokes, people say we are silly.

If we don't print them, they say we are too serious.

If we print original matter, they say we are dull.

If we print things from other mags, they say we can't write.

If we don't print all the contributions, we don't know good stuff when we see it.

If we do print all the contributions, the paper is full of junk.

As likely as not, some fellow will say we copied this.

And so we did.

B.I. ATHLETIC SPORTS RESULTS.

Long Jump (under 14)—1, Walker, C. (W.) ; 2, Sutcliffe, R. (S.) ; 3, Barton, N. (T.) Distance 15 ft. 9 ins.

100 Yards (under 15)—1, Wild, J. A. (S.) ; 2, Baxter, J. (W.) ; 3, Abbot, J. (W.) Time 12 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

100 Yards (Open)—1, Wilson, J. (W.) ; 2, Smith, P. R. (A.) ; 3, Carter, F. C. (S.) Time 11 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

100 Yards (under 13)—1, Dunning, L. (A.) ; 2, Jones, J. O. (A.) ; 3, Shaw, G. W. (S.) Time 13 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

100 Yards (under 14)—1, Walker, C. (W.) ; 2, Elliot, K. (T.) ; 3, Porter, K. W. (W.) Time 13 secs.

Cricket Ball (under 14)—1, Barton, N. (T.) ; 2, Rogers, J. F. (W.) ; 3, Eniscott, J. (W.)

80 Yards Junior School—1, Davies, L. (T.) ; 2, Robey, R. (T.) ; 3, Jones, T. (A.) Time 8 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs.

Cricket Ball (Open)—1, Ovens, G. (A.) ; 2, Wilson, J. (W.) ; Rushton, T. (A.) Distance 85 yds. 3 ins.

220 Yards (under 15)—1, Abbott, J. (W.) ; 2, Pugh, R. D. (T.) ; 3, Thomas, C. D. (T.) Time 28 secs.

220 Yards (under 13)—1, Dunning, L. (A.) ; 2, Kirchin, A. (W.) ; 3, Shaw, G. W. (S.) Time 35 secs.

- 220 Yards** (Open)—1, Wilson, J. (W.) ; 2, Wild, J. (S.) ; 3, Coughtrie, J. (T.) Time 26 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.
- High Jump** (under 14)—1, Walker, C. (W.) ; 2, Sutcliffe, R. (S.) ; 3, Barton, N. (T.) Height 4 ft. 2 ins.
- High Jump** (Open)—1, Ludlow, D. (W.) ; 2, Hughes, L. (S.) ; 3, Bowen, G. (S.) Height 4 feet 10 ins.
- 440 Yards** (under 14)—1, Smith, G. W. (S.) ; 2, Anderson, S. E. (S.) ; 3, Sutcliffe, R. (S.) Time 1 min. 12 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.
- 440 Yards** (Open)—1, Wilson, J. (W.) ; 2, Bannerman, K. (A.) ; 3, Ovens, G. V. (A.) Time 59 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.
- 440 Yards Handicap**—1, Morris, L. (W.) ; 2, Davies, L. (T.) ; 3, Roberts, N. (W.)
- Long Jump (Open)**—1, Wilson, J. (W.) ; 2, Bannerman, K. (A.) ; 3, Wilson, H. E. (W.) Distance 17 feet 6 ins.
- Three-Legged Handicap**—1, Blair and Wetherall ; 2, Henderson and Barker ; 3, Williams and Keates.
- Mile** (Open)—1, Southern, J. (T.) ; 2, Powers, W. R. (A.) ; 3, Bannerman, K. (A.) Time 5 mins. 23 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs.
- Old Boys' 220 Yards**—1, Muir. Time 27 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.
- House Relay**—1, Westminster ; 2, Stitt ; 3, Atkin. Time 1 min. 56 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs.
- 880 Yards Handicap**—1, Southern, J. (T.) ; 2, Baker, R. (W.) ; 3, Horne, A. C. (W.) Time 2 mins. 23 secs.
- Hurdles 120 Yards** (Open)—1, Wilson, J. (W.) ; 2, Powers, W. R. (A.) ; 3, Ovens, G. V. (A.) Time 20 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.
- Obstacle Race**—1, Quaile, J. ; 2, Bowers, A. ; 3, Smith, C. ; 4, Barnett, T.
- Tug-of-War**—1, Stitt ; 2, Westminster.
- Tug-of-War** (Open)—1, Richardson's Team ; 2, Theaker's Team.
- "Victor Ludorum"**—J. Wilson (W.)
- Champion House**—Westminster.

IMPOTS.

Impositions every night
 Labour I with all my might.
 Impot half finished, I hand it in,
 The master makes an awful din.
 Under his glare I humbly quail ;
 He hovers o'er me like a whale ;
 Then the tyrant speaks to me :
 "Up to the masters' room," says he.

F. Bird (1Vb.)

ATKIN HOUSE.

House Master—Mr. Bloor.

House Captain—Ovens, G.V.

In accordance with our expectations, Atkin House has distinguished itself on the cricket field. The Senior Eleven in a severe struggle with a strong Stitt side managed to gain a victory which was considerably marred by our decisive loss at the hands of Tate.

Nevertheless, we are confident of beating Westminster, who have lost every game, and so we shall finish with 2 points on a level with both Stitt and Tate. The Championship will consequently depend on our results in the lower parts of the school. Unfortunately the prospects in this branch are not too bright, but they are a great improvement on previous years. Below is a list of players who represent the school.

1st XI.—Ovens (Capt.), Smith, P.R.

2nd XI.—Robinson, G. W., Thornton, Taylor, Hosker.

In the first XI. Ovens has made three good scores, namely 47, 55 and 54, whilst the huge score of 73 not out was registered by our promising player Thornton.

Sports. Our prospects in this important branch of school were poor, but much credit is due to our rather light team who in the tug-of-war, against a heavy Stitt opposition, made a great fight before being finally beaten.

Before the sports, very few of us were hopeful, but we are all pleased that we gained the second position.

Swimming. Swimming, which has started, is eagerly sought now by all, but as we all know, good swimmers are difficult to find. With practically the same relay team as last year we hope at the swimming gala to improve on our position of runners up, and take the swimming honour which our good team deserves.

STITT HOUSE NOTES.

At the close of last Football Season L. H. Hughes was awarded his school colours. We join with the rest of the school in congratulating this player upon his well-deserved honour.

Cricket. This Cricket Season has provided some very keen games, in which Stitt has held its own with marked success. In Senior House games we have won two games and lost one.

We beat Westminster and a strong Tate side, while previously we were unfortunate to meet Atkin when Ovens was at the top of his form. We dismissed Westminster for 19 and Tate for 21. When we played Tate, we were without a First Eleven player in R. K. Currie, who left during the term.

In Intermediate House games we are fortunate to be able to place an exceptionally powerful side in the field. We have played two games and won them both in hollow fashion.

The Juniors have played but one game, and that has been lost.

From the above results it will be seen that we have an excellent chance of adding the cricket championship to our other successes.

School Representatives.

1st XI.—Robinson, Richards, Bowen, Clark.

2nd XI.—McBride, Swan, Weir, Perry, McIver.

The Sports.

Although not so conspicuous on the running track as on the cricket and football fields, Stitt did fairly well in the Annual Sports. In the House Relay race we finished second. Anderson (VIb.) and Parker are to be congratulated on the splendid start they gave us. In the final of the tug-of-war, Stitt beat Westminster after a hard fight.

TATE HOUSE NOTES.

House Master—Mr. Harris.

House Captain (Cricket)—A. W. Burnet.

School Cricket. In the School Elevens, we are admirably represented by Burnet, Phillips, Mason, Maddocks, Watkins, Hartley, and Laird, all of whom play leading parts in the two teams. This season, Burnet has distinguished himself by a splendid 59 against Liverpool Collegiate, one of our most formidable opponents, for which display he was awarded his colours.

Senior House Matches. In the Senior House Cricket Matches, we have played three, won two, and lost one. Particularly worthy of mention is our defeat of Atkin, who scored only 6 runs and against whom Phillips took 6 wickets for 3 runs, and Burnet 4 for 3.

Intermediate House Matches. In this department, we have played two matches and lost one to Westminster. Atkin, however, we walked over, vanquishing them by 63 runs to 9. In this match, Maddocks made 24 and Watkins took 4 wickets for no runs.

Junior House Matches. In the Junior House Matches, we have played one game and won, beating Westminster by 53 runs to 36. In this match, Laird was chief scorer, with 24 runs to his credit.

Athletic Sports. In this realm, we have not done so well this year as in previous years, securing only 24 points. In spite of this, however, members of the house, namely Southern and Beacall, came first and fourth in the mile, and Southern further distinguished himself by carrying off the 880 yards handicap. However, we have some good material in the lower forms which will prove its worth in future years.

WESTMINSTER HOUSE NOTES.

House Captain—J. Wilson.

House Master—Mr. F. W. Jones.

House Meeting. On Monday a house meeting was called to choose the House representatives for the Tug-of-War and the Relay. The following were chosen:—

Tug-of-War. Wilson, J., Cooper, Marchant, Connell, Maxwell, Telford, Theaker, Morris and Miller as reserve.

Relay Team. 100 yards Roberts—100 yards Murphy—220 yards Wilson—440 yards Baxter.

Sports. We have now ascended to our usual place in athletics. In the year before last we were Champion House, last year we were runners-up, and this year we are again Champions. Not only of this can we be justly proud, but also of Joseph Wilson, our House Captain, who was Victor Ludorum. In the Relay Race he was third to receive the flag, but by a miraculous turn of speed gave us a large lead which Baxter kept.

The tug-of-war team did not fare so well, for after pulling Tate in the preliminary pulls we lost to Stitt in the final tug. However, as Stitt had only one man under 10 stone, there is some excuse. Other men who helped our House to victory include Baxter, Abbott, Kirchin, Walker, Ludlow, Morris and Roberts, all of whom gathered points for the House, and prizes for themselves.

Cricket. It is sad to have to turn from telling of our glorious feats at the Sports to telling of the poor results we have obtained at Ingleborough Road. We have won only one match to date, an intermediate house match versus Tate, but as there are a few more to be played we hope to alter this state of affairs.

We have only two Westminsterites in the first eleven, and two in the second. These are Maxwell and Andrews, Murphy and Wild, respectively. This is a sorry change from football, for we could boast of ten men in the School teams.

Football. We have now four football 'colours' in the House, out of six in the School. J. Wilson and W. E. Cooper gained them in previous years, and this year E. A. Connell and W. J. Murphy gained this distinction.

It is with pride that we can look back on this year's work and play. We, as a House, have done creditably in everything we have undertaken, with the exception of cricket, and we sincerely hope that the boys in the lower forms will uphold the high reputation of the House.

THE LADS OF B.I.

The thirds, young nippers just started this school,
Who wouldn't think twice ere they'd call you a fool.
The fourths, with just a little more sense
Which we hope will develop, a few years hence.
The fifths, not as bad altogether, we think,
But with little more brain than the missing link.
The sixths, hard luck; it is a bit thick
The way they must swot for the dashed old matric.
The library, all brains and knowledge bumps,
Such swots, but they are really awful chumps.
The Cubby Hole, that snug little nest,
In all the school these chaps are the best.

SCHOOL CRICKET.

The cricket season has been one of the most successful experienced in recent years. Of ten games played by the First Eleven, seven have been won and three lost. The second team has been rather less successful. Three games have been won and three have been lost.

While we have every reason to congratulate ourselves, it is very obvious that our success has mainly been due to the efforts of the "colours," who have in nearly every match carried the team on their shoulders. It would be just as well if the rest of the team tried to emulate the example of their captain, who has often shown them that the bowling could be hit.

The fielding of the 1st XI. has reached quite a high standard, and in this respect the team is above reproach.

We feel that these remarks on the school cricket would be incomplete without a word of thanks to those prefects—Hastings, Latto, Baker, Blackwood and Alldis—who have so admirably looked after the canteen at the pavilion. The Staff and School are highly appreciative of their services.

Results.

FIRST ELEVEN.

- B.I. v. Bootle S.S.** (away)—B.I. 101 for 6 wickets (Ovens 47, Burnet 20); Bootle 94 (Ovens 5 wickets for 38, Robinson 4 for 46).
- B.I. v. St. Edward's College** (away)—B.I. 8; St. Edward's College 61 (Robinson 6 for 24, Ovens 2 for 25, Phillips 1 for 7).
- B.I. v. Liverpool Collegiate** (home)—B.I. 134 (Burnet 59, Currie 19); Liverpool Collegiate 121 (Robinson 5 for 44, Ovens 4 for 52, Phillips 1 for 6). For his part in this game, Burnet was awarded his School Colours.
- B.I. v. Rock Ferry High School** (home)—B.I. 111 (Ovens 55, Phillips 14, Mason 11); Rock Ferry 38 (Robinson 5 for 19, Ovens 4 for 12, Phillips 1 for 0).
- B.I. v. School Ship "Conway" II.** (away)—B.I. 65 for 5 (Burnet 28 not out); "Conway" 28 (Ovens 7 for 12, Robinson 3 for 13).
- B.I. v. Bromborough Pool III.** (away)—B.I. 74 (Burnet 25, Phillips and Richards 11); Bromborough 28 (Ovens 5 for 12, Robinson 5 for 15).

B.I. v. Waterloo Sec. School (away)—B.I. 42 (Burnet 15) ; Waterloo 99 (Ovens 4 for 25, Phillips 2 for 23, Robinson 3 for 39).

B.I. v. Wallasey Grammar School (home)—B.I. 60 (Ovens 22) ; Wallasey 61 for 3 (Ovens 3 for 24). In this game, we sustained our heaviest defeat of the season against the strong Wallasey XI. As the score shows we were no match for them.

B.I. v. St. Edward's College (home). B.I. 30 ; St. Edward's College 20 (Ovens 4 for 8, Robinson 4 for 8). In our innings, Burnet played remarkably steady cricket, being at the wicket 75 minutes for 6 runs.

B.I. v. School Ship "Conway" II. (home)—B.I. 138 (Ovens 54, Burnet 29, Smith 19) ; "Conway" 52 (Ovens 6 for 27, Robinson 4 for 25). In this game Bowen distinguished himself by making four brilliant catches at point.

There are still, up to the time of writing, ten games to be played.

SECOND ELEVEN.

B.I. v. St. Edward's College (home)—B.I. 60, St. Edward's College 15 (Boyle 4 for 1, Murphy 2 for 6, Thornton 3 for 6). Unfortunately Boyle has now left school, and thus we are deprived of the assistance of one of the most promising bowlers we had.

B.I. v. Liverpool Collegiate School (away)—B.I. 70 (Taylor 20, McBride 20) ; Liverpool Collegiate 130 for 8 (D'Arcy 61 not out).

B.I. v. Rock Ferry High School (away)—B.I. 111 (Maddocks 31, Thornton 31) ; Rock Ferry 38 (Hartley 4 for 3, Thornton 3 for 6, Murphy 2 for 22).

B.I. v. Waterloo Sec. School—B.I. 147 for 6 (Thornton 71 not out, Bowen 25) ; Waterloo 31 (Thornton 5 for 15, Murphy 5 for 12). Thornton's all round performance ranks as one of the best in the history of the School, and as he is only in the fifth form, it will be seen that he is a most promising player.

B.I. v. Wallasey Grammar School (home)—B.I. 54 ; Wallasey 90 for 4. Like the First Eleven, our Second Team found Wallasey too strong for them.

B.I. v. St. Edward's College (away)—B.I. 43 ; St. Edward's College 47.

FIRST ELEVEN—BATTING AVERAGES.

BATSMAN	INNINGS		TIMES		HIGHEST		TOTAL		AVER-
			NOT	OUT	SCORE		RUNS		
Burnet, A. W.	12	...	1	...	59	...	204	...	18.54
Ovens, G. V.	12	...	0	...	55	...	206	...	17.1
Currie, R. K.	5	...	0	...	19	...	38	...	7.6
Andrews, T. J.	12	...	0	...	18	...	72	...	6.0
Phillips, K. C.	10	...	1	...	14	...	43	...	4.8
Smith, P. R.	9	...	0	...	19	...	40	...	4.44
Mason, J. C.	10	...	2	...	11	...	31	...	3.9
Maxwell, K.	12	...	0	...	10	...	45	...	3.75
Richards, G. N.	9	...	0	...	11	...	33	...	3.7
Robinson, F. G.	10	...	1	...	7	...	24	...	2.7
Clark, G.	5	...	3	...	1*	...	2	...	1.0
Bowen, G.	4	...	0	...	3	...	4	...	1.0

*Signifies not out.

BOWLING.

	OVERS		MAIDENS	RUNS		WICKETS	AV.
Ovens, G. V.	150.1	...	30	...	313	...	53 ... 6.0
Robinson, F. G. ...	151.1	...	35	...	313	...	44 ... 7.11
Phillips, K. C.	20.3	...	0	...	72	...	6 ... 12.0
Burnet, A. W.	9	...	1	...	34	...	2 ... 17.0

FIRST ELEVEN—CRITIQUE.

***G. V. Ovens** (Captain)—A good all-round cricketer, who possesses variety of strokes and can score rapidly when he gets going. Has bowled really well this season, but would be well advised not to take too much out of himself in this respect. A good field and a safe catch.

***F. G. Robinson** (Vice-Captain)—Excels purely as a bowler, and has shared with his captain the majority of the wickets. Studies the art of bowling and places his field well. Must learn to bowl over the wicket. A good field.

***A. W. Burnet**. A batsman of the steady type with a sound idea of defensive play, although he has shown that he can score quite freely. Has fielded splendidly at mid-off, and is a useful change bowler.

- T. J. Andrews**—A rather stodgy bat who lacks scoring strokes. One of the safest fielders in the team.
- K. Maxwell**—Has not done as well as expected this year as a bat. Good field.
- P. R. Smith**—Has been rather disappointing as a batsman, after a promising start. Seems to lack energy.
- G. N. Richards**—A steady bat, who is improving. A good field.
- K. C. Phillips**—A promising all-rounder, who possesses a number of strokes and uses his feet well. A good bowler, who has not had much opportunity of showing his worth. Fielding his weak point.
- G. Bowen**—A much improved batsman. Might make more use of his height and reach. Has fielded brilliantly at point.
- J. C. Mason**—A promising bat, who will improve when he gains more experience. Good field.
- R. A. Maddocks**—Has kept wicket really well on occasions. The most stylish bat in the team, with a variety of strokes, but at present lacking in power.
- G. Clark**—A good wicket-keeper. As a bat has improved, but lacks scoring strokes.

*First Eleven Colours.

INGLEBOROUGH.

O Ingleborough, Ingleborough, sweet it is to lie
 On summer days when summer suns shine in the summer sky,
 And watch the white-clad cricketers across the cool green grass,
 Or, if too tiresome this should prove, to see the swallows pass
 In never-tiring swoop and soar, until the misty eye
 Can scarcely follow
 The slowest swallow
 And droops to the game once more.
 And the skylarks singing soar
 As they did in years gone by
 When Ingleborough was but meadow or field
 With hedgerow, pond and stream
 (With cattle to feed or barley to yield),
 And school but a far-off dream.

P.J.B. (Upper VI. C.)

CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

It is the usual thing when writing a Cambridge letter for a School Magazine to describe the activities of that particular section of the Old Boys Society. Unfortunately, however, I am not in a position to do such a thing, so I shall just mention a few of the things which impress one most during one's first few weeks in the University.

Perhaps the most striking thing during the term is the enormous number of bicycles to be seen about the streets, particularly between lectures. Everyone has a cycle of some description, and has also a lock for it, as the custom of accidentally borrowing is widespread. Indeed, so universal is this practice that a special detective is engaged to keep a watchful eye on all bicycles. He has the reputation of knowing every machine in Cambridge by sight.

Next in popularity to the bicycle is the gramophone. It is interesting to count the number of tunes one hears during quite a short walk through the town. All tastes are catered for, the newest noise, straight from the brain of an American genius, intermingles with the heartiest of Operas, the saxophone tries its hardest to outwail the violin. Fortunately for the wonderful peace which settles on the town after Hall, these instruments are forbidden after 9 p.m.

Lastly may I mention the never failing politeness of the College servants, lab. boys and shop-assistants? They really are an obliging lot of people always anxious to do their best.

J.R.D.

A BICYCLE.

Two wheels—five bars—pedals—a brake,
The thing my horror doth awake;
Endowed with unique jolting powers
To charm away the leisure hours.
Squeaking—like that of heavenly lyres,
And—most of all—pneumatic tyres.
But this is no imagined ill,
The road is everywhere up hill;
It does not set you at your ease
To battle with contrary breeze;
And it upsets the normal mind
To face with tears the wintery wind,
And lastly, yet by no means least,
Your face is made mosquitoes' feast.

C.D.G. (V.A.)

MIRACLES.

A well known author has written a short story in which the hero can work miracles, and, among other things, sends a policeman to San Francisco in record time, and stops the motion of this little world of ours. The reader when he has finished the story may say, "Bosh," "Bilge," or "Tripe." Miracles like that never happen in the 20th century. Perhaps not, but miracles do happen. This magazine is one of them.

According to a certain nicely written notice at the southern end of the corridor, all contributions to "The Visor" should have been put in a wooden box, also at the southern end of the corridor, on or before 2nd June. But when the box was opened there was nothing there—the cupboard was bare. In other words there were no contributions, and how a magazine is to exist with no contributions is incomprehensible. Yet here is this magazine, as large and interesting as ever, although there were no contributions, which fact is nothing less than a miracle. You may say that it exists because it was sent to the printers later than was intended, and because certain brainy fellows had inspirations, but is not that last fact a miracle? Our contributors are not Edgar Wallaces. They cannot write one short story a week and a novel or play every fortnight. It takes a tremendous effort to write one article per term. Some day they will break down under the strain. We can always rely on miracles. If this magazine is to continue you must write something for it, and write your article several days early, not late (as I have done).

H.W. (Upper VI.C.)

THE VISITATION.

It was a very dark night. The stars were obscured by a thick blanket of dense black clouds, and a damp mist enshrouded the earth, so that it was impossible to see more than a few yards in front, and street lamps were discernible only as blurred yellow lights struggling through the gloom. Jim slunk along the dark streets, his cap pulled well down over his eyes, and the collar of his tattered jacket turned up. He walked close to the grey buildings on his left, frequently casting hasty glances behind him, like some wild cat evading pursuit.

Soon, in the long street of sombre dwellings, he came to a house, grimy and dull like the others, which was his objective;

for, after a final glance around, he entered, silently closing the door behind him. Inside, all was dark, but Jim knew his way, and was soon at the top of the narrow, rickety stairs. At the far end of the landing was his room, and here he sat, deep in thought.

His mind was focussed on his partner in crime who now lay dead in a ditch just outside the town; his partner, the man who had trusted him, and whom he had murdered for the sake, of fifty pounds. That very night they had robbed a rich farmer returning home from a very profitable day's marketing, and had divided the spoil. Jim had followed the other and struck him from behind. He rifled his pockets, when suddenly the injured man recovered consciousness and gripped Jim's leg. Jim turned and struck the other in the face. "I'll make you sorry for this," the dying man had said. Again Jim struck, and his partner fell back a lifeless corpse.

Now that he was in his room the murderer thought of his crime and the dying man's words. What did they mean? Jim did not believe in ghosts because he had never seen one. But how else could a dead man wreak vengeance? He pondered. The room was dimly lit by one candle. What ghostly shadows were cast by the few pieces of furniture! How silent everything had become! Not a sound broke the stillness of the night. The quiet was like the very grave. Jim shivered. He had never felt like this before. Surely the words of a dead man could not affect him so? Hark! What was that? Pad-Pad-Pad-Pad. Something was coming slowly up the stairs! Pad-Pad-Pad. Yes. There it was sure enough! Pad-Pad-Pad. It was at the top now. What could he do? Pad-Pad-Pad. It was coming along the landing! Towards his door! He sat petrified on the edge of the bed. The thing was just outside. His eyes were glued on the door. The handle turned. He wanted to cry out. He couldn't move. He couldn't speak. His tongue was parched and dry. Slowly—slowly—the door turned on its hinges. It seemed an age before it was half open. He could stand it no longer. With a shriek he slipped to the floor in a crumpled heap. "Whatever 'as 'appened to yer?" asked the gruff voice of his rather stout landlady.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

I know the above statement is received with a certain amount of reserve by most boys,—in fact I can almost hear "wailing and gnashing of teeth" from some of "the thirds!" But it must have struck even "the thirds" in their thoughtful moments (yes, they do have them, in spite of what their form masters think to the contrary) that there must be something in the statement or it would never have been written in the first instance. In addition music must charm somebody or there would not be so much of it knocking about.

Now the point which I wish to "ram home" in this little dissertation is—why shouldn't *we* take a hand in this "charming" business?

To answer this question I must ask other questions and (in true Irish fashion) answer them myself.

Firstly:

Why should we as a school bother trying "to charm" anybody?

Secondly:

What form shall our "charming" take?

Thirdly:

Can it be done?

Lastly:

Will it "charm" anybody when it is done?

There are many answers to these queries:—

I. Why should we as a school bother trying to "charm" anybody.

The most "Dismal Desmond" must admit that our school has a record to be proud of in every branch of learning and recreation. Why! our school has sufficient Matrics and school Certifs. to its credit to paper its walls inches thick. We have a splendidly equipped gym, a magnificent Sports Ground and Pavilion; a first class Swimming Gala; splendid periodic Scouts Displays; debates on such "burning" topics of the day as "should therms be muzzled"? etc., in short everything that a good school should have. We even do our little bit of singing at Prize Giving,—and very nice it is too—at least so others tell me. But has it ever struck you that every school in the district does these things?—not so well, mark you, as we do, but nevertheless they do them. So there is

nothing unusual in our programme of events as so far chronicled.

Why should not our school,—the school of which we are all so proud and to which we have learned to look for a lead in so many directions,—be the first to begin this "charming" affair? We should thus be the first school in the district to realize that "*music hath charms*" and what is more, the first to carry that realization into effect in a really practical way.

Shall we be content to allow others to lead the way and then meekly follow like a flock of sheep?—NO! "Let us then be up and doing;" if we are to be the first in the field, we must move NOW. We want our school to lead the way in this as in other directions,—here then is another way in which we can add lustre to the already brilliant record of OUR SCHOOL. Let us be the *first* to prove that "*music hath charms*."

II. What form shall our "charming" take?

Almost every school has its choir, so if we are to "charm" in a way of our own, we must choose some other method. To mention some alternatives,—bugle bands "kick up" too much "row" and become a nuisance to the neighbourhood—fife and drum bands ditto. Military and brass bands are too costly to "fit out" and anyhow the Governors might object to having to take out Special Insurance Policies for the windows and roof of the Gym. Mouth organ, concertina and bagpipe bands, . .

. . . (The remarks re these have had to be censored—Editor). To cut a long story short I propose to form an Orchestra, as I find on inquiry there are a number of players of orchestral instruments among our boys. It now remains with *you* to come forward in your scores and help us to prove that "*music hath charms*!"

Players on the following instruments only need apply at the present moment—Violin, Viola, 'Cello, Double Bass, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, French Horn, Trumpet, Trombone, Tuba, Tympani, and Drum (Big and Side).

A list for a "reserve team" will be opened (to form a jazz band) later. As it is scarcely likely there will be sufficient boys to form an orchestra of any size, I would suggest it be thrown open to "old boys" as well.

Think of the proud position we shall then be in,—the only school in the district with it's own orchestra. There is no more "charming" way of proving the truth of my heading! Won't the audience at the next Prize Giving be "charmed."

III. Can it be done?

The answer to my first question should put us in the proper frame of mind to reply to this one. The obvious answer is YES. Difficulties are only made to be overcome,—with enthusiasm, interest, pride of school and determination on our side, we are more than half way to answering this question. IT CAN BE DONE, and I look to you to help me to help you to do it! Will you let your school down in this "charming" matter—NO! Will *you* be a "charmer"—YES!

IV. Will it "charm" anybody when it is done?

Of course it will! If nobody else will listen to it, the fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, uncles, aunts and cousins, etc., of the "charmers" will at least *say* they are "charmed" (whatever they may think). There will, of course, be people who will refuse to be "charmed," "charm we never so wisely," but if necessary we shall just erect a sign bearing the words:—

"PLEASE DON'T SHOOT THE ORCHESTRA,—THEY ARE DOING THEIR BEST."

Teasdale Griffiths.

A MIDNIGHT WALK.

The night is dark, the sky is overcast
With dark and gloomy clouds which hurry past.
Slow in lonely, quiet, half-lit streets,
With measured step the police go round their beats.
No other person is there now about,
Nor any else I see this walk throughout.

I flee now from the sleeping town,
And walk where no lamps light my way;
But overhead the clouds are grey,
They lose their blackness and their frown,

And stars creep slowly one by one
From where they hid behind the clouds,
And soon the sky is all in shrouds,
Glimmering with a paler dun.
At times across the midnight air,
From Prenton on my right I hear
A screeching crow from Chanticleer.
Above my head the Little Bear
Twinkles with melancholy light.
But look! a moving star appears,
Through several constellations steers,
Until it vanishes from sight.
Not one lone meteor I see
But eight in all, and each aglow
As through the heavens they glittering go
Down falling high o'er dale or lea.

I have completed half my stroll
In passing by the Wishing Gate,
Where usually I hesitate,
To see the distant hills, the whole
Of Wirral's breath to th' western ridge.
While going down the stony hill,
Into the dark I see distil
A feeble light. This privilege
Is giv'n to very few, to see
The first approach of glorious dawn,
The harbinger of brilliant morn,
While straight away begin to flee
Inhabitants of shades. The stars
Are fading. Clouds now paling float
In azure blue, In fields remote
From town, the rising lark unbars
The gates of night. Life stirs again,
The birds begin their morning song,
The spotted thrush begins his long
Day, singing in the hedgèd lane.

VISIT TO THE MERSEY RAILWAY.

At the invitation of the Mersey Railway Company on May 30th, a party of twenty, accompanied by Mr. Watts, visited the company's plant at Hamilton Square, where they were initiated into such mysteries as the interior of a signal box and the driver's cabin of a train. The party, which was drawn from the upper and the lower sixth forms were greatly interested in all that they saw, and spent a highly interesting and enjoyable albeit slightly warm, afternoon.

The party met at Hamilton Square Station, where they were divided into groups of seven, which was a more convenient number for the railway officials to educate. The first group then went into the Booking Office where they saw the booking clerks at work, the ticket dating machine and the rows of tickets numbered and arranged in order from 0000 to 9999. The tickets were of various colours, to denote the various varieties of ticket, such as first and third class, cheap returns, excursions, etc. At the end of his duty spell, the clerk has to enter in a book the number of tickets of each class that he has sold, which he may easily ascertain by comparing the number of the last ticket sold by the preceding clerk (also entered in the book) with that of the top ticket of the remaining file. The books were shown to us, but none of the group was sufficiently well versed in book-keeping to understand them.

The party was then conducted to the platform level where they entered that "sanctum sanctorum," the signal cabin. The signal equipment on the Mersey Railway is of the most perfect and up-to-date pattern existing. Instead of the long frame and heavy levers (often requiring the signalman's maximum effort to pull over) usually associated with steam-worked lines, there is a large box-like structure, with the signal and point levers projecting from the top of it, only a little longer than a man's fingers. These levers are not connected by pull rods and wires to the signals but are merely switches, to send a current of electricity to pull over the points. The signals themselves being red and green lights, which are easily visible at surprising distance in the tunnel as the party afterwards found. Inside the box, between the levers, is an ingenious locking device, which prevents the signalman from making a mistake. For example, the levers are so connected that the signalman cannot pull over a lever to show that a section is clear, unless the section is actually free from trains, and all points are in order. As the signalman stands at the

levers, he has in front of him a chart on which the positions of all the signals on his section are shown, and also that of all the trains in his division of the line, so that he may see at a glance the position of each train between James Street, Liverpool, and Park and Central Station, in Birkenhead. This has entirely superseded the old method of bell signalling between the stations, except in the case of Park Station, which is not the absolute property of the Mersey Railway, but is a joint section, so the old method is retained, there being a bell, a key to call the other station, to give signals, and a little indicator, showing "Train on line," or "Line Clear" as the case may be. Many other precautions for the safety of the travelling public were explained, and several of the party had the pleasure of pulling over levers to control some of the trains, but were unable to move one of the controls, which would have interfered with the safe running of one of the trains, showing the safety of the interlocking device.

The party then left for the power and pumping station in Shore Road via the subway, where they noticed the peculiar dip in the latter, where the present company had to go under the line of the proposed "Mersey subway" which was never commenced, however. At the power station, the boiler house was first visited, where the party was impressed with several things, not the least of them being the heat. The stoking is done mechanically, the fuel, small-broken coal, being discharged from large pipes into the hoppers, thence in an endless chain to the furnace, in the heart of which the temperature may be as much as 1500 degrees. The boilers are all of the water tube type and there is an ample reserve of boilers in case of breakdown. We were then shown the condensing plant, where the steam from the engines is condensed into water again the necessary cooling agent being the salt water that is pumped up from the tunnel! The condensed water is then deprived of the oil it picks up in the engines by mixing it with solutions of alum and soda, when a gelatinous precipitate forms, to which the oil adheres. It is necessary to use hard water in the boilers for soft water attacks the iron somewhat, so the corporation water is hardened with lime, an ingenious measuring machine adding the exact proportion of milk of lime to the water. We were then taken on top of the main furnace flue, among the steam pipes, all covered with "lagging" to keep the heat in, where we saw the boiler instruments, such as pressure and water gauge.

We then passed into the power house proper, the floor of which was on a level with the boiler tops. In the power house are both turbine driven dynamos and dynamos worked by ordinary reciprocating engines, the latter being now used only as reserves. There is also a "booster" for generating small currents and a small alternating current plant for supplying current to the signals. In this room are the main and emergency switchboards. Next door is the accumulator room, extending over two floors, containing hundreds of huge accumulators which are used during periods of "peak loads" such as the morning and evening rush hours when the capacity of the railway is well tested.

We were then conducted to the pump house, next door, where they have two large pumps, a vertical electrically driven model, and a much older beam engine, the two, although doing roughly the same amount of work, forming a remarkable contrast in size, the older machine literally towering over its newer rival. The beam engine is a double acting compound engine, the high pressure cylinder being some 18 inches bore and the low pressure one being of course considerably more. The size of the engine may be gauged from the fact that the valve gearing for the top end of the cylinder is situated in a gallery, which is reached by a flight of steps, while the gearing for the lower end is on the floor. Each upward stroke of the engine (which takes place about every 10 to 15 seconds), raises about 600 or 700 gallons of water.

From the pumping station we returned to Hamilton Square Station where we had a trip to Central Station, Liverpool in the driver's compartment of a train. The driving of these trains is of a comparatively simple nature, there being only 3 controls in common use, viz., the whistle, speed controller, and Westinghouse brake, and it is far easier to see into the tunnel ahead from the driver's compartment than from inside the coaches. The trains have a two-speed arrangement, the necessary resistances and cut-outs being placed alongside the driver.

From Liverpool Central we returned to Birkenhead Central, the headquarters of the railway, where a pleasant surprise awaited us, for after a wash and brush up at the offices we were entertained to tea by the Company, after which a very hearty vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. Watts, seconded by Richardson, and carried with acclamation, was accorded to the officials of the railway company for their invitation and conducting us round, enabling us to spend a very enjoyable and instructive afternoon.

R.H.R. (Upper VI. A).

A HALF TERM MEMORY.

After nine hours' tramping through Puddington Woods to Burton and then on the Dee marshes, four tired fellows of the B.I. swung over the stile into the garden of the old white cottage at Puddington, so well known to them.

All were wet to the skin (farmer Sandy's sheepdip was principally to blame) but what did that matter? Eight game-keepers had been eluded that day, thus beating a previous record of seven.

The old lady of the cottage had very wisely prepared supper, and with an injunction to "mind the clean tablecloth with the jam," she set out to cut more bread at a rate known to her only on Institute half-term days.

It was dusk when we bade her good-bye and set off on our bikes for the city of the future.

We cast a backward glance at Puddington old Hall where one can see the grave of a horse that bore a Jacobite master from a Northern battlefield to the threshold of his home—and then dropped dead with his master still in the saddle.

The rider died a prisoner not long afterwards in Chester Castle.

We rode quickly and silently through the gathering darkness. We shuddered when we saw the "Red Lion" Inn at Willaston, for we knew that in a few months that hostel, three-hundred years old, would be converted to a corn store, and we wondered whether the Raby "Wheatsheaf" would ever share the same fate.

On again, and soon we saw ahead the lights of the Soap town, and in a few minutes our wheels were striking the stone sets, so thoughtfully provided for cyclists by the Birkenhead Corporation. New Chester Road was dreary compared with the lanes of Puddington, but for us at least the journey was brightened by the memory of a half-term well spent.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

A cool summer evening, full of drowsy murmurings, and reminiscent of Vc. formroom in the hands of a prefect. Just the time for a quiet run along some leafy lanes. And so we set out. Storeton Road hovers in sight, flanked by dim pine woods and rocky quarries. Down the Wishing Gate hill we go, still swinging slowly along. A lark sings. The rush of air is joyous, till we see it comes from my front tyre.

Never mind, we take it easy. After all, there's night left. Now a puncture is a funny thing, and, before we finished the job, we had mended four, once forgetting to take out the intruding nail and twice nipping the tyre. Still we set off again light heartedly.

By and by along comes Southall or even Wvld (English Cycling Champions, Ed). At least he's one of their close rivals. We gaze on him, waver, and then "Are you standing that, Nek?"—So off we go.

Hedgerows fly past, and hens cackle remonstrance in vain. We are on the "Top Chester." Southall, Wvld, or whoever he be, still leads by a short distance. Two Mills, the Shotwick corner and the inviting tuckshop. But nay, we have our prestige to keep as well as our saddles, pumps, toolbags and usual extras.

We catch him up, but he passes again, and so we tag on. Chester. "Suffering cats! it's half past nine," "Home, farmer." The shades of eve are falling fast. Also sundry big spots.

Home at last.

"Where have you been my grimy boy?" "Just for a quiet run through the leafy lanes and quiet ways of wooded Wirral, father."

And the rest of the story is not divulged.

P.J.B. (Upper VI. C.)

HOW WE CAPTURED THE BURGLAR.

Everybody awoke with a start. The dog was howling. My sister squeaked, "It's a burglar." My father was heard to murmur something about "hysterical women" before he lapsed into snores. The dog went on howling.

I shouted across to my brother, "What about it?" He said, "Righto," so we hopped out of bed and put on our trousers. As we did so I thought that it was a pity that someone had not invented a boot to fly spinning downstairs to shut dogs up. My brother took a candle while I took a boot. The dog rushed to meet us. He was enjoying the excitement. So were we, until we went into the coal cellar with our bare feet.

We were glad father was asleep. We searched all around the house but could find nothing wrong. We went to bed, while the dog went on howling.

My brother and I jumped out of bed again. We put on our trousers, and, this time, our shoes. My father would not lend us that necessary adjunct of a burglar capturer—a pipe, so we took a walking stick instead. We searched the house, but could again find no cause for alarm. We opened the back door. The dog rushed out and chased a cat burglar—one of our cat's gentlemen admirers. My mother not agreeing with my suggestion that my brother and I should spend the rest of the night playing ping-pong, we went to bed, having earned a night's repose.

My mother has promised never again to forget to give the dog his supper.

S.P. (Upper VI. A.)

LE MAITRE SANS MERCI.

"O what can ail thee, little boy,
Alone and palely loitering?

The lesson books are put away
And no bells ring.

"O what can ail thee little boy,
So haggard and so woebegone?
Thy friends are in the playing field.
And work is done.

"I see a pucker on thy brow
With anguish moist, and fever dew,
And down thy cheeks a wayward tear
Is dropping too."

"A master spied me writing notes
When other boys were doing prep;
His eye was stern, his frown was fierce
And firm his step.

"He took me to the master's room,
And though I wept and sighed full sore,
He paid no heed, but went for me
With swishes four.

"And when I saw the other boys
With cricket bats, and playing all,
They cried 'Le Maître sans Merci'
Hath thee in thrall."

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though lesson books are put away
And no bells ring.

S.C. (Form V.C.)

CAREERS.

(A guide to those who have just matriculated and intend launching themselves into the world).

I had little thought, when I was at school, of my after life. This may come as a startling confession at a time when we are overwhelmed by a vast number of books and articles upon careers for boys and girls. I have perused a number of these and I have been agreeably surprised by the bright and shining prospects open to boys and girls who are willing to apply themselves. It came as no surprise to me that there was unlimited scope for well educated people on the editing side of the film industry. (This would consist, I thought, in composing those remarkable pieces known as "sub-titles," and, I was sure there was room for much talent there). On applying to the Association recommended, I was informed that applicants must be University Graduates and that sufficient of them were forthcoming.

Let us proceed with our 'careers.' We have as a rule a series of articles, each article written by a man who is at the head of his profession. We are met on the threshold by some self-made magnate who, reviewing his own career, states that the modern youth enters a better stocked world than the youth of fifty years ago. He does not say that although the world may be better stocked it is far harder to gain some niche in it. He has, perhaps, in his own life, looked always forward, and now, having gained the Olympian height, forgets that those who have yet to climb may not regard the ascent as he does.

We proceed through our series of articles as though we were surveying a well ordered field; each in its place and is within itself quite ordered. We are assured that any well educated youth (complete with matriculation certificate) has but to knock and all is open to him. He has but to show his passport, his certificate of fitness, to be assured of gaining his place. Thereafter he does some little work, which, though tiresome, is necessary, and in due course has his five thousand a year, his motor car, and, we understand, a wife and family.

We may imagine our material at the tender age of five and twenty seated in the Elysian fields of banking and accountancy, or whatever it may happen to be, partaking of his peculiar type of lotus, happy beyond the wildest of his dreams, all through the possession of a certificate which states that he has "Satisfied the examiners in the following subjects,"—I might suggest that the writers of these articles have attained that height of culture and persuasion to which Defoe aspired.

That the collection may appear to be a little more complete and comprehensive, our editor, who would have us believe him a human being, will without a doubt include a closing article—his God speed—written by a gentleman who is perhaps a retired Indian Civil Servant or—I have even seen this—a school inspector! This will tell us, amidst a host of platitudes about early rising, sobriety and hard work, to consult our own inclinations when taking a position. This whilst being an obvious observation is unfortunately in many cases impossible. It may be that our elected profession is overcrowded, that we are perhaps not eminently suited for it—or occasionally that our parents wish us to take some position to gratify their own wishes. It may seem good to them to have a son a doctor, a barrister, or a clergyman. I will not say that this last course results in disaster, but it often makes a person dissatisfied with his post.

I will finish with an apt quotation from Stevenson concerning the putting of a person to a post:—

"Why? Why is it? There is one principal reason I conceive: that the man was trapped. Education as it is practised is a form of harnessing with the friendliest intentions. The fellow was hardly in trousers before they whipped him into school; hardly done with school before they smuggled him into an office; it is ten to one they have married him into the bargain, and all this before he has had time so much as to imagine that there may be any other practicable course. Drum, drum, drum; you must be in time for school, you must do your Cornelius Nepos, you must keep your hands clean, you must go to parties—a young man should make friends, and finally you must take this opening in a bank. He has been used to

caper to this sort of piping from the first, and he joins the regiment of bank clerks for precisely the same reason as he used to go to the nursery at the stroke of eight. Then at last, dubbing his hands with a complacent smile, the parent lays his conjuring pipe aside. The trick is performed, ladies and gentlemen, the wild ass's colt is broken in, and now sits diligently scribing. Thus it is that out of men we make bankers."

Stevenson, we should remember, had quite a wide experience in vocation-tasting.

C. Kehoe.

OLD BOYS' SOCIETY.

President—J. SMALLPAGE, Esq., B.A.

Since the last issue of "The Visor" in April, the activities of the Society have not been very numerous—a thing more or less inevitable during the summer months in a Society such as ours.

From the point of view of the Committee (which was elected at the last General Meeting with Mr. D. H. Bettinson as its chairman) however, things are moving rapidly, and no effort is being spared to ensure that the coming season—which really starts with the General Meeting in September—shall be, if possible, even more successful than the last one.

Club nights are in the offing, a dramatic society is being formed, debates are being arranged, dances and suppers provided, and of course the football club is going to maintain its high standard of play and organization during the next season.

In conclusion let me repeat the old appeal to schoolboy readers at this, the end of the Summer term, the last lap in many cases, of their school careers: **Join the Old Boys' Society**, and further, get every friend you know who went to the School, especially those who are leaving with you, to join.

Remember the date of the next General Meeting—Sept. 18th, 1928,—and come to it. All your criticisms and suggestions will be welcomed and respected.

You will never regret taking the step which will keep you in touch with everything connected with the most important years of your life.

LOUIS BERKSON,
Hon. Sec.

Wm. Pyke and Sons Ltd.,

Jewellers and Silversmiths.

Watchmakers to the Admiralty.

42-44 Market St. & 237 Grange Rd.,
BIRKENHEAD. Telephone 403.



Challenge Cups and Shields suitable
for any kind of Sport supplied
at Competitive Prices.

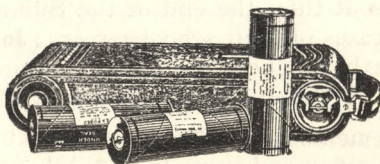
The most up-to-date designs in
Gold and Silver Medals.

Try us for Reliable Watches and Clocks, Silver Ware,
Cutlery, Electro Plate, etc.

For the Holidays !



You will need
a "KODAK"
and some films



Get them from

J. WOODHALL, 256 Grange Road,
BIRKENHEAD.

When replying to advertisers please mention the "VISOR."

JOIN

**THE
BIRKENHEAD
Y.M.C.A.**

(Senior & Junior Depts.)

EVERY EQUIPMENT FOR
EFFICIENCY by Scientific
Physical Training, Mental
Development,
Good Social Intercourse
and Christian Character
Building.

MEMBERSHIP OPEN TO ALL
Young Men & Boys from
12 years old and upwards.

HOW TO JOIN! Call in and
see the Secretary.

Roberts & Jobson

LIMITED,

for all

**Athletic
Goods**

At
Lowest
Prices.

**The Sports Shop,
Charing Cross.**

Phone Birkenhead 778.



**Secondary School
Books.**

In order to ensure prompt
execution of orders for the
September term, no second-
hand books will be purchased
from the pupils attending the
Secondary Schools after
AUGUST 6th.

F. J. DAVIS,
14 Grange Rd. West,
BIRKENHEAD.

Established in Public Favour
over Half a Century.

T. & G. YOUNG'S,
**Milk
Brown
Bread.**

16 Balls Road
and
151 Conway St.
Tel. 1047.

When replying to advertisers please mention the "VISOR."

Guaranteed for Five Years!

SUMMIT

Velvet tip Fountain Pens in your

SCHOOL COLOURS,

5/6

The Pen with the Five Year Point.

See our Special Display.

F. J. DAVIS, 14 Grange Rd., West,
BIRKENHEAD.

Tel. 21 Rock Ferry.

E. A. Murray & Sons, Ltd.,

PRINTERS and

PUBLISHERS.

437 New Chester Road, Rock Ferry

(A few doors from Bedford Road),

39 The Village, Lower Bebington.

When replying to advertisers please mention the "VISOR."