

# THE VISOR.

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BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE  
SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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CHRISTMAS, 1933.

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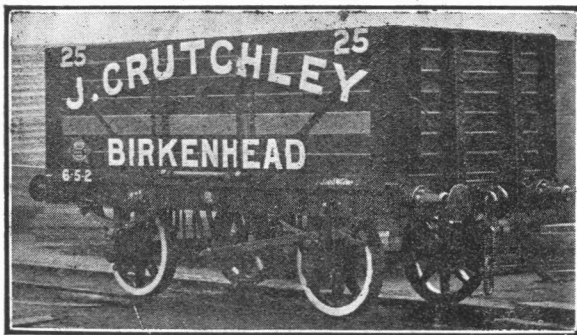
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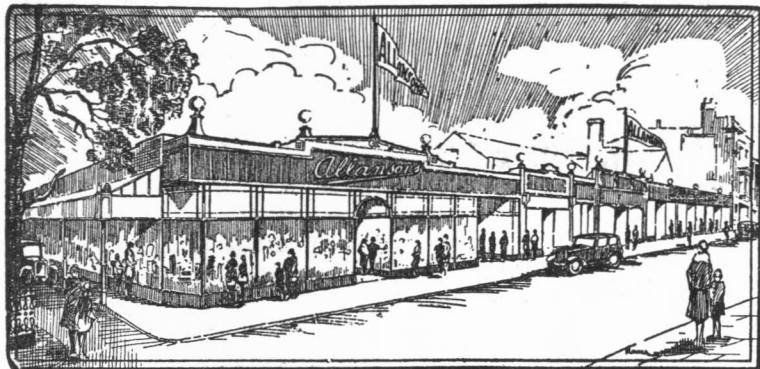
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Photo by Wm. Cull.



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### School Calendar.

Autumn Term begins	... ..	September 13th.
Swimming Gala	... ..	October 19th.
Film Display	... ..	September 28th.
Half-term	... ..	October 28th—November 1st.
Term ends	... ..	December 21st.
Spring Term begins	... ..	January 10th.
Half-term	... ..	February 17th—19th.
Term ends	... ..	March 28th.
Summer Term begins	... ..	April 24th.
Half-term	... ..	May 19th—22nd.
Term ends	... ..	July 24th.

### Editorial.

THE Christmas term is usually one of the busiest in the year, and this term has proved no exception. Prominent among the many events of the term was the Swimming Gala which was the usual great success as will be seen from the account printed elsewhere. We will content ourselves by saying that the Gala was held this year amid new surroundings in the Byrne Avenue Baths.

An exhibition of films was again given this term to provide funds for the erection, over the gateway to the school playing fields, of an ornamental arch bearing the school crest.

It is with some pride that we record the conferring of the Honorary Freedom of the Borough upon Alderman Solly who for 41 years has been the chairman of the Governors. Younger boys will remember, no doubt, that the event was fittingly celebrated by a half-holiday.

In view of the standard we set ourselves in the summer issue of *The Visor*, the work of publishing this present issue has been considerably more difficult. We trust that the circulation will be increased in proportion. After intensive campaigns for material it is felt that a vigorous selling campaign is necessary.

Editors in the past have bewailed the lack of interest shown by Old Boys at the University, and have appealed, with little result, for University letters. In this present issue, as will be seen, we have been blessed with a surplus of such efforts. If ever such enthusiasm is again evinced, we feel that such letters must be subject to as searching an examination as other material.

With the approach of the festive season and, alas, of exams, we leave you dear reader and wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

**Salvete.****Upper Vlb.—Westminster:**—Heys, T.**IVj.—Westminster:**—Crail, J.**IIIa.—Stitt:**—Little, N.G., Peers, R.T. **Westminster:**—Edge, R. W., Hayes, N. E., Sandland, E. V., Thornton, J.A.**IIIB.—Atkin:**—Evans, J. E., Hudson, H. S. **Stitt:**—Forshaw, M., Hallam, H. R., Ryan, P. **Tate:**—Dent, H. C., Hirst, E. W., Smith, D. T. **Westminster:**—**Bryan,** C. E. T., Froive, E. L., May, B. R., Waller, L. V., Weighill, A. E.**IIIj.—Atkin:**—Campbell, D. W., Cooper, C. W., Heanly, J. E., Millar, J., Moffat, D. M. **Stitt:**—Bolton, T. J., Duncan, S., Kavanagh, P., Mackay, K. F., Roberts, V., Smith, J. **Tate:**—Capper, T. R., Davies, R. A., Lawless, C. R., Miller, W., Robinson, H. A., Smith W. G. **Westminster:**—Bradshaw, A. J., Clinton, W. J., Garry, W. N., Powell, W. J. D. Williams, E.**IIa.—Atkin:**—Billington, Brown, G., Smith, G. **Stitt:**—Pritchard. **Tate:**—Chalkley, Langford.**I.—Stitt:**—Currie, J. **Westminster:**—Sparrow.**Upper Prep.—Stitt:**—Litchfield, Parker.**Lower Prep.—Atkin:**—Depres, D. R. B., Lyth, W. A. **Stitt:**—Bilsbarrow, G., Den, J., Lyons, J. D. M. **Tate:**—Bartlett, J.T., Halewood, S.D., Skelsey, P.B. **Westminster:**—Adams, W. R., Buckney, R. K.**Valete.****Upper VIa.—Atkin:**—Broadfoot, R.F. (1926—1933), *Prefect, Matric., 1931, H.S.C., 1933, Editor of The Visor (1932—1933).* Jones, H. W. (1926—1933), *Prefect, Matric., 1931, H.S.C., 1933, University Training Grant, 1933.* Jones, R. H. (1926—1933), *Prefect, Matric., 1931, H.S.C., 1933, Member of Debating Society Committee, Chairman of League of Nations Union, Sub-Editor of The Visor (1932—1933).* Todd, E. (1929—1933), *Prefect, Matric., 1931, H.S.C., 1933, Captain of House Cricket, Cricket Colours, Vice-Captain of Cricket Team, School Swimming Champion (1930—1933), Financial Secretary of The Visor, Henry Tate Scholarship, 1932—1933.* **Stitt:**—Hamilton, F. L. (1926—1933), *Prefect, Matric., 1931, H.S.C., 1933, Turton Memorial Entrance Scholarship, 1933 (Engineering).* Smith, G. W. (1926—1933), *Prefect, Letter of Success, 1932, H.S.C., 1933, House Captain, Captain of Football and Cricket (1932—1933), Football and Cricket Colours, Victor Ludorum, 1933, Member of Football Selection Committee.* Wood, J. (1926—1933), *Prefect, Matric,*

1930, *Letter of Success*, 1933, *Captain of Harriers*, 1933, *House Representative for Visor Committee*, *Tate Scholarship*, 1931—1932. **Tate**:—Clarkson, L. S. (1923—1933), *Prefect*, *Matric.*, 1931, *H.S.C.*, 1933, *Captain of House*, *Member of Cricket Selection Committee*, *Vice-Captain of 2nd XI. Cricket*, *University Training Grant*, 1933, *Henry Tate Scholarship*, 1929—1930, *Westminster Scholarship*, 1930—1931. **Westminster**:—Loxam, R. C. (1923—1933), *Head Prefect and Captain of the School*, *Matric.*, 1931, *H.S.C.*, 1933, *Captain of House*, *Member of Debating Society Committee*, *Secretary of The Visor*, *University Training Grant*, 1933. Marsh, W. H. (1925—1933), *Prefect*, *Matric*, 1931, *H.S.C.*, 1933, *Secretary of Debating Society*, *Secretary of Chess Club*, *House Representative of Visor Committee*.

**Upper Vlb.**—**Atkin**:—Parry, T. A. (1927—1933), *Letter of Success*, 1933. **Stitt**.—Kirkland, F. (1927—1933), *Matric.*, 1932, *Letter of Success*, 1933. **Westminster**:—Rogers, A. D. (1926—1933), *Letter of Success*, 1933.

**Vls.**—**Atkin**:—Francis, F. A., Davies, C. E. **Stitt**:—Cumming, W., *Matric.*, 1933. **Tate**:—Craig, E. S., *Squires*, R. **Westminster**:—Davies, L. M., Keates, J. P. (1923—1933), *Victor Ludorum*, 1933, *Art Editor of The Visor*. Wylde, P. R., *Matric.*, 1933.

**Vla.**—**Atkin**:—Jones, D. C. H., *Matric.* Ramsden, J. J., *Football Colours*. Moffat, I. S. **Stitt**:—Chalkley, E. H., Jones, T. M., Milne, L. A. **Tate**:—Chapman, D. C., Harris, E. C., Houghton, C. F. S., Simpson, A. B. **Westminster**:—Ames, S. E., Edelsten, W. K., *Matric*.

**Vlb.**—**Atkin**:—Hughes, O. G., *Matric.*, Jones, J. O. **Stitt**:—Bolton, W. H., Colenso, R., *Matric.*, Edwards, J. R., Powell, J. M., Hawkes, J. **Tate**:—Povall, H., Shannon, G., Venables, G. C. **Westminster**:—Collinson, G. C., Lord, C. V., Torbett, J. M., Wylie, D. R.

**Vlj.**—**Stitt**:—Holland, E. F. R., Trigg, F. J. **Tate**:—Pipon, E. G.

**Va.**—**Tate**:—Wadlow, R. P., *Cricket Colours*.

**Vb.**—**Atkin**:—Ellis, A. R. **Tate**:—Hamilton, F. L. **Westminster**:—Davies, G. G., Hobbins, E., Holme, W. O.

**Iva.**—**Tate**:—Hughes, D. **Westminster**:—Bryan, G.

**II.**—**Stitt**:—Hely, D., Hessler, J., Richards, J., Smallpage, K. **Tate**:—Jones, P.

**Upper Prep.**—**Atkin**:—Gibson, P. **Westminster**:—Clark, D.

### *The Fourth World Jamboree, 1933.*

**A**FTER a very interesting and novel journey during which they passed through Belgium, Germany and Austria, the eight Institute Scouts who went to Hungary for the Fourth World Jamboree reached Budapest two and a half days after they left Birkenhead.

They received a very hearty welcome from all the nationalities with which they came into contact and made many friendships. Time passed quickly since unusual sights and happenings called for a great deal of attention.

Several visits were made to Budapest and surrounding towns, and, despite the great heat of the Hungarian climate, no tempers were lost, since luxurious baths were always at hand. Late nights and early risings temporarily took the energy out of several people, but, fortunately, no serious illnesses occurred.

The Jamboree was a marvellous experience for everyone, but it held a special interest for English and "non-Hungarian" scouts, for they were travelling to a foreign country, perhaps for the first time in their lives. JO MUNKAT.

---

### *The Swimming Gala.*

**T**HIS year, the Gala was held in strange surroundings at Byrne Avenue Baths. Consequently, the organising powers of Mr. Clague were taxed to the full, and he is to be congratulated on the excellent way, under the circumstances, in which the events were carried through. These new Baths are much more suited to the occasion than those at Livingstone Street, there being more seating accommodation for spectators. Now, after our first visit, we hope we shall hold our Gala there in years to come.

Todd was unchallenged for the School Championship, and so won it for the fourth year in succession,—a record. This year, for the first time, a Junior Championship was competed for. Goodwin gained the distinction of being the first holder.

The new way of mop-fighting failed to "dislodge" Peckham, although Makin managed to tie with him, neither of them having lost their balance before the Headmaster decided to give two medals.



There was an exceptionally large entry for the Old Boys' Race, so it was decided to have a two lengths' race only, instead of the usual one of four lengths. Smith again won narrowly from Dubois.

The prizes were presented by Alderman Naylor, whilst Mr. Allery made a supporting speech. D.B.

### RESULTS.

**Form VI. Handicap, Final:** Darlington (A.)  
**Form V. Handicap, Final:** Buckley (A.)  
**Form IV. Handicap, Final:** Black (A.)  
**Form III. Handicap, Final:** Austin (A.)  
**School Championship:** Todd (A.)  
**Junior Championship:** Goodwin (S.)  
**Senior Neat Dive:** Wylie (W.)  
**Junior Neat Dive:** Quaile (W.)  
**Senior Breast Stroke Race, Final:** Darlington (A.)  
**Junior Breast Stroke Race, Final:** Makin (W.)  
**Senior Back Stroke, Final:** Todd (A.)  
**Junior Back Stroke, Final:** Quaile (W.)  
**Long Plunge, Final:** Peckham (W.)  
**Object Diving, Final:** Perry (T.)  
**Senior Mop Fight:** Peckham (W.) ; Makin (W.) [Tie.]  
**Junior Mop Fight:** Mayo (T.)  
**Senior Obstacle Race, Final:** Todd (A.)  
**Junior Obstacle Race, Final:** Smart (S.)  
**Life Saving Race, Final:** Perry (T.), Clarkson (T.)  
**Balloon Race, Final:** T. M. Jones (T.)  
**Rescuer's (Clothes) Race, Final:** Buckley (A.)  
**Novices' Race, Final:** G. E. Williams (T.)  
**Old Boys' Race, Final:** R. Smith.  
**Senior House Squadron Race:** Atkin.  
**Junior House Squadron Race:** Stitt.

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### *The Films.*

ON October 26th, our second display of films was held in the Gymnasium. There was a large gathering of parents, friends, and boys, all of whom thoroughly enjoyed the show.

It opened with a news-reel featuring 'News of To-day and Yesterday.' Then followed the most important feature of the programme, a film of school activities. In this were shown the Treeplanting, the Cross Country Run, the School Sports, and finally the Scout Camp.

This film was later presented by Mr. Hirst to the Headmaster, who, after thanking Mr. Hirst, said that he already had visions of a school library stocked with films of this type.

During the interval there were several musical items rendered by A. Cathcart and T. Hunt (pianoforte), A. C. Williams (treble), and W. W. Aslett (violin).

The second half of the programme consisted of three comedies featuring such popular 'stars' as Mickey Mouse, "Our Gang," and Charlie Chaplin.

In conclusion, we should like to express our sincere gratitude to Mr. Hirst for his great kindness in taking and exhibiting these films. The proceeds of the entertainment went to our Playing Fields Fund.

D.B.

### *Examination Results, July 1933.*

#### HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Broadfoot, R. F. (Distinction in French); Clarkson, L. S.; Hamilton, F. L.; Jones, H. W.; Jones, R. H.; Loxam, R. C.; Marsh, W. H.; Richards, F.; Smith, G. W.; Todd, E.; Walker, K. (Distinction in History).

#### LETTERS OF SUCCESS

Hayes, J. W.; Kirkland, F.; Laver, H. N.; m Mackinder, R.; Parry, T. A.; Rogers, A. D.

#### SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

##### FORM VI.

m Alldis, C.A.; m Aslett, W.W.; m Boggie, D. (L.M.); m Bozier, H. J. (M.); m Cocker, T.; m Collinson, J. (M.); m Condon, J.; Craig, E. S. (F.); m Cumming, W.; m Darlington, A. C. (M.); m Davies, F. W. (M.); m Davies, J. (F.); Davies, L. M.; Francis, F. A.; m Hughes, G. E. (M.C.); m Hunt, T. W. (C.); m Lunn, C.A.; m May, R.E.; Rowson, E. A.; m Slinn, J. N.; Squires, R.; Turner, J. E.; m Wood, A.; m Wylde, P. R.

##### FORM LOWER VIA.

m Barker, C. R.; m Boyce, A. T.; Chapman, D. C.; Cumming, D. A.; m Edelsten, W.K. (M.C.); Harrahill, G.; Harris, E. C.; m Hewson, R. L.; Iveson, E.; m Jones, D. C. H.; Jones, T. M.; Leigh, J. S.; McAlpine, S. V.; Milligan, R. H.; Pealin, G. A.; Porter, W. F.; Sampson, J. D.; Simpson, A. B.; Taylor, E.; Williams, H.; m Wilson, W. S. M.

## FORM LOWER-VIB.

m Colenso, R.; m Hughes, O. G.; Peckham, D.; Povall, H.; Shannon, G.; Torbett, J. M.

## SEPTEMBER 1933.

**Matriculation**—m. Keates, J. G.

**Distinction**—Chemistry—C.; French—F.; English Literature—L.; Mathematics—M.

### *The Presentation of the Freedom of the Borough to Alderman G. A. Solly, J.P.*

THE presentation of the freedom of the borough of Birkenhead to a citizen is but a rare and highly valued honour, but as the name of the Chairman of our Governors, Alderman G. A. Solly, J.P., has been the most recent addition to the list of Freemen, we felt a special interest in this ceremony when it took place at the Town Hall on October 18th.

The presentation was attended by the Mayor and Councillors of the Borough, and a number of distinguished citizens and visitors. (Including five boys from the Institute).

The Mayor and speaker from each political party laid particular emphasis upon the untiring and devoted efforts of Alderman Solly in the Service of the Borough, during the last forty years, and they stressed the unanimity of the Council's resolution to confer this honour upon him.

After signing the Roll of Honorary Freemen, and receiving an engraved silver casket, Alderman Solly spoke of the rapid growth and extension of Birkenhead, during his long years of residence, and gave instances of its sound and prosperous condition at the present time.

We naturally wished to extend our sincerest congratulations to our Chairman, and were delighted to learn that he had consented to honour us with his first public appearance after the ceremony. He reminded us of our duties and responsibilities as the future citizens of the town, and advised us to take a pride in all its activities.

Alderman Solly was heartily cheered, and roused further applause by granting us a half-holiday to commemorate the honour he had received.

Although we shall not readily forget the occasion as a result of the half-holiday, we feel that our Chairman's continued interest and activity on behalf of the School would itself have been sufficient justification for the Presentation of the Freedom of the Borough.

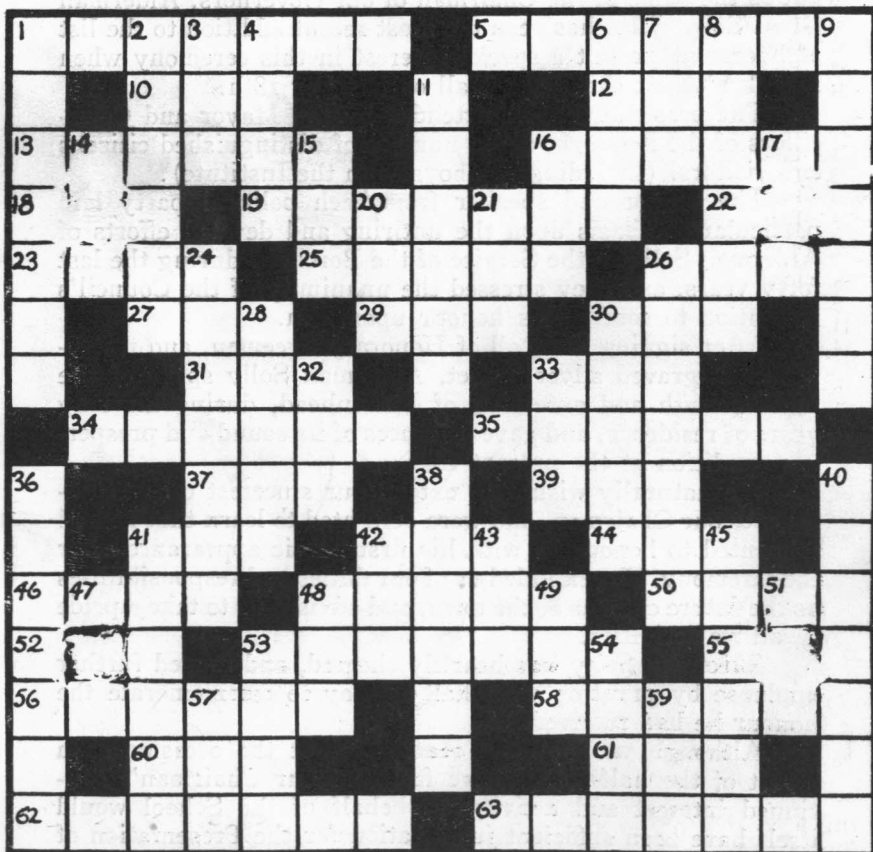
K.W.

### Crossword No. 2.

THE prize for this Crossword was awarded to J. A. Blair, and a second prize to W. S. M. Wilson. As the solution has been published on one of the notice-boards in the School, it will not be given in this issue of *The Visor*.

### Crossword No. 3.

TWO prizes are offered for correct solutions of this puzzle, which is rather less difficult than its predecessors, the second prize being for the first member of a Third or Fourth Form to hand in a correct version. Solutions to be given to Mr. Hall.





## CLUES.

## ACROSS.

- |  |                                  |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1.—Vegetable.                                | 35.—Keeps the door.              |
| 5.—Mourns.                                   | 37.—Often follows cut.           |
| 10.—Household god.                           | 39.—French denies.               |
| 12.—Tune.                                    | 41.—Poem.                        |
| 13.—Colour.                                  | 42.—Worthless before penny.      |
| 16.—To reach.                                | 44.—His Christian name is Paul.  |
| 18.—Geometrical end.                         | 46.—Lofty places.                |
| 19.—Alternative member of a political party. | 48.—Goddess.                     |
| 22.—To taste.                                | 50.—Part of speech.              |
| 23.—Employer.                                | 52.—Insolence.                   |
| 25.—Sends out.                               | 53.—Idiotic.                     |
| 26.—To drip.                                 | 55.—Wont.                        |
| 27.—To congeal.                              | 56.—Organic base.                |
| 29.—Confused railway.                        | 58.—One who criticises severely. |
| 30.—Possessive adjective in France.          | 60.—Pike.                        |
| 31.—Gained.                                  | 61.—Exclamation of repugnance.   |
| 33.—Possessive adjective.                    | 62.—Joker.                       |
| 34.—Body of hired applauders.                | 63.—Estate.                      |

## DOWN.

- |                                 |  |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 1.—Lawn game.                   | 32.—A religious.                           |
| 2.—Dashing fellows.             | 33.—Component of an electrolyte.           |
| 3.—Proclamation.                | 34.—Pilgrim's badge.                       |
| 4.—Famous ship.                 | 38.—Shady spots.                           |
| 6.—Cautious.                    | 40.—Supply with force.                     |
| 7.—To dry.                      | 41.—Resist.                                |
| 8.—Flowers.                     | 42.—Bird.                                  |
| 9.—Plains.                      | 43.—A certain.                             |
| 11.—Go to bed.                  | 45.—Nem dlo.                               |
| 14.—Things (Latin).             | 47.—Rest.                                  |
| 15.—Before.                     | 48.—Tali.                                  |
| 16.— — est longa.               | 49.—Dull fellow.                           |
| 17.—Contend.                    | 51.—Same as 55 (across).                   |
| 20.—Electrical unit.            | 53.—Plant of the 1 across family.          |
| 21.—Training school for cadets. | 54.—Squalid district.                      |
| 24.—Guerdons.                   | 57.—(rev.) Privilege of lord of the manor. |
| 26.—Occidental.                 | 59.—Legal maturity.                        |
| 28.—Brimless hat for women.     |  |
| 30.—Tear off.                   |  |

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### *I Packed up my Trunk and I went.*

I PACKED up my trunk, or strictly speaking not my trunk, but a bag attached to the saddle of my bicycle, and set off in search of Southern England. As it was my fortune to be carrying a tent, it mattered little where my destination should be. Thus I left my native town wondering what the distant regions would reveal, whether my dreams had portrayed to me true

images of anticipated districts or whether my imagination had misled me. I rode through the early morning, a gentle nip in the air mildly reminding me that summer was approaching her end. I was free from worry, free from care, with the knowledge that I was to drink the beauties of the intoxicating South, my mind open to receive anything.

I rolled along through the familiar country of Cheshire, always anticipating further pleasures, and longing to cross the boundary into unexplored parts. Having left Nantwich in the rear, I bade farewell to Cheshire and plunged into that great part of England unknown to me. A few hours passed, and with them, meadows, rivers, lakes, country mansions, and innumerable other interesting spectacles. Then I reached Lichfield and its cathedral. The latter has left stamped on my mind an impression of a velvet lawn, behind which stands a large, dark mass, surmounted by three spires and decorated with numerous spiky ornaments. At Kenilworth, it was raining. As I rode down the hill approaching the castle, I wondered who had trodden that road in the days of good Queen Bess. I wondered if her knights had gone to sup in those spacious rooms now possessing at the most only two walls; if they had danced on those floors now overgrown by grass; or if the Queen herself had ridden down this very road to honour her host by spending a night at Kenilworth Castle. When I reached the valley of the Warwick Avon, it was raining heavily, but my cheerful spirits conquered the vain efforts of the bad weather to create a dismal attitude. That night I camped on the banks of the Avon at Stratford, where our greatest dramatist had played as a child, and loved as a man.

The perfect weather of the following day justified my cheerful outlook. When I left Stratford, it was dominated by a glorious sun which spread a fatherly brightness on the small town and the river, flowing peacefully by the old haunts of William Shakespeare. That morning I followed the comparatively quieter roads over the Cotswolds, which, in the intense heat of the summer day, proved very hard work. The views obtained were magnificent. I frequently mounted hills a little higher than their brothers, and drank the beauties of the glorious panorama spread out before me. I was rewarded for all my previous labour by a gentle decline into a river valley at Burford, a town of which the main thoroughfare was an extremely steep incline. A few miles further on I crossed the Thames at Lechlade. It seemed to me incredible that this

beautiful country river should be the same as that which bears ships of nearly every country to the great port of London. The peaceful little hamlet of Coate is rapidly being swallowed up by its great industrial neighbour, Swindon. It was with a profound sadness that I perceived that the home of one of our greatest writers had been converted into a public park, complete with children's swings and other artificial amusements. Leaving the playground of little Sir Bevis, I followed a Roman road over the Marlborough Downs and finally reached Marlborough, a quaint little town hidden in a hollow.

The next morning saw me pedalling through Savernake Forest, enjoying immensely the quiet and peaceful aspect of this beautiful spot, the home of many deer. My next sphere of interest was the undulating Salisbury Plain, now extensively occupied by military training centres. In the blazing noonday sun I beheld Stonehenge, a regular mass of romantic pillars. I rode by the mound of Old Sarum, constantly thinking of Hudson and his Wiltshire walks, and finally arrived at Salisbury. Having seen with my own eyes the view of the cathedral over the river, I no longer wonder at Constable's glorious failure, he was brave to attempt so impressive a picture. Following the Avon to the coast, I pitched camp at Christchurch at dusk.

Having passed miles of artificiality, stretching from Christchurch to Poole and including Bournemouth, I was very relieved to see the landlocked harbour of Poole being gradually left behind, and strike out for the beautiful country of Southern England. As an admirer of Thomas Hardy's works, I was very interested in Dorchester and preferred to call it Casterbridge. I passed through that town in a reverie, half-expecting to see Henchard directing the loading of his corn, or Lucetta peeping through the curtains of her room at the handsome Farfrae in the square below.

The next day, I turned North over Somerset and the Mendip Hills, finally approaching Bristol at dusk. I hoped to cross the Channel to the Wye valley that night, but, being uncertain as to my direction, I decided to wait till the morrow.

Up through the beautiful Wye valley on that sunny sabbath morning, I rode on, rising frequently to commanding heights and looking amazedly on the winding river flowing on its way to Mother Sea. By the romantic ruins of Tintern Abbey, I rode northwards, along the border of England and Wales,

and finally camped in a Hereford orchard, the apples falling around me as I slept.

The next day was just a ride home through Shropshire and Cheshire. At Chester, I was forced to light my lamp, and here also, it began to rain dismally, just as it had done on the first day of my adventurous exploit.

Thus I accomplished a feat that perhaps, when I am an old man, will stand out among the reminiscences of my boyhood, and, sitting back in an arm chair, I shall look back with joy upon the time when I cut that glorious triangle out of the map of England.

A PEDLER.

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### *Peredur's Tree.*

*And he saw a tall tree by the side of the river, one side of it being in flames from the top to the foot, while the other was in full green leaf.*

*Peredyr ap Efroc (Red Book of Hergist).*

SOME say that man is like Perèdur's tree,  
 One half in flames, the other in full leaf;  
 But none can say if man's best form would be  
 Most fire or flower, or if his fret and grief  
 Are flames that gnaw the border of the green,  
 Or blossoms glowing where the fire has been.

Some say that flower and flame were one time wed,  
 Not incompletely, each on half a stem,  
 But in a plant whose every blossom bled  
 A dew of fire, and vapoured mystic red  
 Aerial blooms with insects lost in them.

But it must ever be so, that the flame  
 Spreads on a severed trunk its magic blaze;  
 And no man knows what is the proper name  
 To give to grief; or if fire is the same  
 As life itself. When man has solved the maze  
 In which he wanders, he may find a way  
 To flames like roses, and to flowers like day.

C. DESMOND GREAVES.

Reprinted by permission from *The Poetry Review* (July—August, 1933).

## *Wilfred Owen.*

### THE WAR POET.

**B**ORN in 1893 at Oswestry, in the no man's land of England and Wales, in Shropshire, where two traditions have struggled and merged for thirteen centuries, Wilfred Owen must have inherited some of that ingrained involuntary poeticism found, for example, in Mary Webb's characters. Although his interest in poetry began early, it did not thrust itself on the outsider, and for this reason, indeed, little is known about his early life. There are those who picture the man of genius as all meteoric, shooting from clamorous babyhood to victorious maturity, always a tornado wherever he goes. Owen was the antithesis of this. He was of a shy and uncommunicative nature and his teachers at the Birkenhead Institute remember him only as a normal schoolboy, giving no trouble, and joining in the activities of the school. In the absence of stacks of anecdotes this enables one to imagine very shrewdly what his school life was like.

Mr. A. Paton who was his particular friend at school declares that there was nothing in Owen's school life to foreshadow his future fame. He was not a bookish boy; he did not play cricket or football; though he took a keen interest in swimming and roller-skating. His poetic self lay hidden behind a veil of self-consciousness and puritanism. Going into a friend's house on one occasion, he tripped on the mat, and was so nonplussed that he could only blush and stammer throughout the visit. But he was not invariably thus. He and Paton had a holiday together. They climbed trees and hay-ricks, scrambled about the rocks by the river, gobbled sugar plums, and became every day so gloriously worn out that cold water sprinkled on their faces each morning was made their alarm clock. Owen's nature had undergone little change when, an accredited 'coming poet,' the intimate friend of Siegfried Sassoon, his fellow officers did not know he had written a verse.

In 1913 he suffered a severe illness and went to France as a teacher of English. A year later the country took on another aspect. It was during the four years of the War that his best work was done. The sensuous redundancy of his juvenile poems, acquired from his hero Keats, was washed away, and though the proper expression of modern warfare defies the old technique, the Achilles and Hector style, Owen succeeded wherever

success was possible. Such poems as his sonnet "Happiness" and the one beginning "His face was charged with beauty, as a cloud . . ." where the subject of war is not in evidence, suggest that he was a romantic or mystic poet wrenched away by the war from his proper métier. Had he lived there is little he might not have done. He was killed on November 4th, 1918.

The new system of dissonant rhymes, as in the lines

Sing me at morn but only with your laugh  
Even as spring that laugheth unto leaf,

was invented by him, and has been used very successfully by subsequent poets. When one reflects that his poetry was written in what snatches of leisure come the way of an officer in the front line, his achievement approaches the miraculous.

C. D. GREAVES.

### *Others as We See Them.*

THOUGH this is the eighth article of this series, none of our contemporaries has yet seen fit to accept the invitation to return the compliment, extended when 'Others As We See Them' first appeared. Our criticisms have in some cases had their effect, and suggestions have been adopted, but without acknowledgment; and very rarely is any reference made to them. The idea, however, is spreading.

*The Quest* (Westcliffe H.S., Mids., 1933), in its School Notes mentions with pride an appreciative review of a previous issue by another magazine. *The Visor* has commented favourably on this efficiently managed journal before, and the number before us is, if anything, better. The reports of societies are varied and interesting. Vain repetitions, the curse of school magazines, are avoided, and the original contributions, though few, are mainly good. But the sub-editors, who are responsible for the editorial, in their elation at what they call their 'exalted position,' have produced a classical monstrosity in the shape of a quotation with the head of Horace and the toes (though not the feet) of Martial.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Esmeduna* (July, 1933), records the election of Collegiate to the Headmasters' Conference List of Public Schools. We congratulate the Collegiate School on winning a distinction rarely accorded to secondary day schools. It is interesting to note that this school, about twice the size of our own, has over



80 old boys at present at various universities,—over twenty being at Oxford and Cambridge, and wins an average of nearly twenty university scholarships every year.

\* \* \* \* \*

The frontispiece of Liverpool Institute Magazine (Sept., 1933), presents a novel photographic view of the school through an arch high up on the roof of Liverpool Cathedral. This magazine contains a long list of university degrees and post-graduate distinctions obtained last year, but has nothing of literary merit apart from a short story of about 1,500 words, which is quite good. An effort of this kind requires ability and skill above the average, and, when successful, is a valuable contribution.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Birkenhead High School Magazine (Vol. XIII., 1933), gives evidence of plentiful talent in prose and verse.

\* \* \* \* \*

The editorial column of *The Caldeian* (July, 1933), is entirely and unaccountably taken up with a dissertation on teeth. *Dens agitat molem.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Chronicle* of the Edmonton County School (July, 1933), contains very little from the fifth, and especially the sixth forms, but more from the fourths and thirds. This gives the magazine a rather youthful and immature appearance, but should augur well for its future unless, as sometimes happens, these promising beginners fade away as they grow older. Something of the kind seems to be taking place, to judge from the notes of the Old Students' Association. The finances of this body were re-organised at an extraordinary general meeting, and their rules were amended as follows:

"1. (a) Those members who join the Association and Football Club will pay 2s. 6d. and 6d. for each match; (b) and Hockey Club, 6s. (c) and Literary Society, 3s. 6d.

NOTE.—Members who join two or more clubs will pay the added subscriptions of those clubs less 2s. 6d. for every club after the first one joined."

Surely nothing can be fairer or clearer than that.

Sidelights on secretarial activity in the O.S.A.:

"We offer our apologies to Frank Gill, who has not, as we announced he had, a flourishing family."



But Frank brightens up when he reads the next paragraph, inserted for his special benefit :

" We draw his attention to the also incorrect announcement of John Wright's marriage, which John has kindly made correct for us."

How, we are not told. Poor John !

\* \* \* \* \*

In addition to the above *The Visor* Committee gratefully acknowledges receipt of the Wirral County School Magazine, *Oultonia*, *The Wallaseyan*, *The Cowleian*, the Birkenhead Girls' Secondary School Magazine, *T.G.S.* (Teignmouth Grammar School), the Holt School Magazine, St. Edward's College Magazine, and *The Log* (Hobart, Tasmania).

\* \* \* \* \*

A copy of No. 1 of *The Ionian* has reached us, printed and produced entirely by members of the Rock Ferry Council School. This achievement disarms criticism, but would, of course, be impossible in a school like our own owing to the lack of two essentials : (1) time ; (2) equipment.

### Correspondence.

THE PLAY CENTRE,  
BRASSEY STREET,  
17th Nov., 1933.

Dear Sir,

As monitors and boys of Brassey Street Play Centre, we wish to thank you for the fine set of books you sent us from the Institute. Those who come to the Reading Room appreciate very much the gift of new books, and we are sure they will last us for a long time.

Yours sincerely,  
The Monitors,  
D. R. FOWLES,  
G. COTTRELL.

Dear Sir,

We would like to thank you very much for the books you have sent us. All the girls are delighted with them and would like to thank the boys who took the trouble to collect them.

Thanking you again,

Yours sincerely,  
OLIVE McMORIE,  
DOREEN HARDING.

### *University Letters.*

THE uninitiated person's opinion of the University is a home for 'gentlemen,' a place of ease and pleasure, where work is a myth, and play the hope of youth. The Fresher's experience of the University is of a strange and awesome home of learning, where he is left entirely to himself, to continue on his own way as he thinks best.

The Fresher, however, very quickly settles down to his new life, and soon forms his acquaintances. Then it is that he finds plenty of hard work is really done, believe it or not; in company with men and women of all counties, of all nationalities, he learns not only to work hard, but also to play hard. Of course, opportunities are readily available for avoiding work, but generally, study is serious, and play vigorous.

Clubs and societies of all kinds exist here. The sports club cater for all games, and in addition are debating, Christian, music, and faculty societies, to mention a few. Faculty societies hold meetings, perhaps weekly or fortnightly, when tea is served, followed by a lecture from one of the members, usually to the accompaniment of an aerial bombardment and sound-effects from the 'back-benches.' At a recent meeting, the lecturer informed his listeners that his speech would be non-technical, in fact, so simple that a child of twelve would understand him; his consideration was warmly (?) applauded by his audience. From time to time, socials and dances are held, which are invaluable for making one a good 'mixer.'

The Freshers' Social, held early in November, proved to be a very jolly evening, including dancing, singing, and various 'introductions' for Freshers. The most distressing part was walking home from the Ferry early the next morning! The seniors tried to rag the new students, by banding together and charging; considering the fact that the seniors were outnumbered by at least five to one, the final result was hardly up to their expectations. Save for this ragging, and that of the Architects, with which every newspaper was filled, no other has been observed. Are we freshers to be left alone this year, or is it merely the lull before the storm? We shall see.

Life at the University is interesting and varied, and to record all the activities, the humour, the disappointments, the glories of achievement, would require more space than *The Visor* would allow me. We, at the University, send you greetings, and to those who come to join us, we shall give a reception worthy of a B.I. Fresher.

R. C. LOXAM.

THE STUDENTS' UNION,  
LIVERPOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Visor*.

Dear Sir,

It is with great trepidation that I take up my pen to write this letter. So ably have the doings of this University as far as they concern Old Boys of the School, been recounted in the past that I fear for my literary ability and even the subject itself appals me. Am I to make this letter a mere chronicle of men and events, or must I wax lyrical over red brick buildings and a 'quad' of concrete; over non-existent smiling lawns that "back" the buildings, or the equally mythical river which, dawdling on its way reflects the forms of undergraduates studiously begowned? Here some keen reader will burst in upon my review with a quite ungracious "We know all that" and will inform me that even the address I am using is incorrect. Admit it I must—the "Union" is no more and I must agree to alter the address to "Reilly's Cowshed" that noble edifice once the home of those would-be "Bohemians," the architects. I am forced, therefore, to deal with men and events. The School is well represented again this year in all branches of sport and in every activity of the University. Members of the various faculties recount with obvious delight strange tales of stranger deeds done by Old Boys.

The Medical Faculty has its share of gruesome doings but now some of its members who once aspired no higher than surreptitious Shove Ha'penny in the library disport themselves at billiards apparently with utter disregard for work.

The Physicists and Chemists are still much as you knew them, yet much more learned actually, with greater powers of delving into the unknown. This with especial reference to the Chemists, who now produce substances with formulae, and, alas, smells, infinitely more grotesque than any that ever floated out of the "Chem' lab." windows.

The Engineers still gambol in their boiler suits lightly chanting their simple lullaby entitled "Cheerio Engineers"—sleep comes not lightly to an Engineer.

The Arts Faculty again has many Old Boys in its midst, but I have it on good authority that this is not in the slightest degree due to the fact that here there are more members of the fair sex than in any other department. Their schoolboy friendships have evidently taught them the truth of the old age "Co-education is the thief of time."

Some old boys are now gracing the 18th century portals of the Department of Education where is dispensed the strange art of "doing unto others as they have been done by" [Misquote—Ed.] [Verb. Sap.—Sub-Ed.] Now that they are on school practice their respect for the abilities of the staff of the old school has grown immensely.

And lastly the "freshers." Our "alma mater" has by now received them into her bosom—no longer "freshers" but "men." May we of the University together with you all wish them "Success to their dreams."

Yours sincerely,  
STUDENT.

LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY.

Sir,

Having at one time occupied the enviable (?) post which is now held by your august self, I am in somewhat of a dilemma. I know of old the sort of thing one should not say in a University Letter; I have myself spent hours blue-pencilling the efforts of fledgling undergraduates, and thus am in a position to sympathise deeply with you. Now, however, I am also in a position to appreciate the other point of view, and if one excludes the usual trite banalities concerning the clock-tower, the daubing of "freshers" with green paint (which is a myth), and all the other "romantic" aspects of university life which have struck former generations of letter-writers, there is very little left to say. Rumour hath it however, that a scientist (may his shadow grow less!) has already written a University letter!! Such presumption has drawn us from our lair with gleaming eye and ready pen, to champion the cause of the nobler arts. The *furor scribendi* of our scientific friend must not go unnoticed. Go to, we will write of exploits of friend Wood in the realm of classics: we will wax lyrical over friend Todd's masterly handling of the Problem of British Merchant Shipping: we will sing in Miltonic strophes—but enough! we will not stray beyond the confines of our task. We will economise in ink and space by merely assuring ourselves that this little effusion has performed what should be the purpose of a university letter—to show that there is still a link between us and the School which we have recently left. And at this juncture, ere we wax devastatingly moral or philosophical, we will quietly bow ourself out. Valet.

R.I.P.

EXETER COLLEGE,  
OXFORD.

To separate Oxford from the surrounding countryside would be to take away part of Oxford itself. Memory links the two indissolubly, for the delights of Oxford life go beyond our buildings. Delightful personalities, and good times, too, embrace the rivers, the fields, the woods, and the hills, where so many glorious afternoons have been spent, and only after a year at the University does one realise that Oxfordshire is at its best in early autumn. Then one can tramp the foot-paths trodden by generations of undergrads,—along the banks of rivers fringed with rushes, heavy with fallen leaves, sentinelled by stocky willows, and patrolled by tranquil swans. Or one can cycle to Boar's Hill and gaze upon the City of Spires nestling in its wooded valley, to the woods at Wytham or Blenheim that stand out with remarkable effect against a background of uniform green: or to the famous avenue of beeches at Christmas Common now thickly carpeted by fallen leaves. It is a wonderful sensation too, to motor southward across the Downs or to climb the Cotswolds or Chilterns to the North and see the glories of a rolling countryside dotted with hamlets and woods. And while to the North one should call in at Broadway (about dusk) and have tea at the Lygon Arms—once a monastery—but now a really magnificent old inn complete with monster fireplace, crackling log fire, oak panelling, tapestry, pewter, armour, stags heads and even a delightful South Country accent that will tell you yonder portrait "Be of some froggie or other, zur."

As for the Colleges, Mediævalism still resists the onslaughts of Modernity. A plea was made recently in the Union for modern appliances. It was suggested that wash basins and bathrooms might be supplied per staircase. What a Philistine the speaker must have been. Would he take away the Spartan joys of College life? Would he let pass into oblivion the invigorating sight between seven and nine each morning of touzled hair and bleary eyes, of dressing gowns and towels drifting across the quads to a communal bathroom placed in the most inaccessible part of the Coll.? And would he not have re-enacted one of Rome's ancient scenes? For these baths—placed conveniently near to each other—are the morning rendez-vous where all yesterday's topics are discussed.

Brother Philistines are also at work in Exeter. The owl that hides away on the chapel roof and makes the night hideous with its hoots, tho' probably the reincarnation of some former blood, is the suggested subject of a midnight expedition of slaughter.

And the Exeter ghost. Autumn, with its early nights and innocent freshers—is conducive to the re-telling of its doings. It inhabits the Tower and is said to be the sprite of some misguided youth who flung himself from its top. Servants swear to having heard feet walk past them on the stairs without any material body accompanying, and tales are told of undergraduates who have vacated the staircase because of unaccountable draughts and knockings on the doors. One poor fellow had his gramophone put on nightly by this most obliging of ghosts. But alas! this term a cold blooded Scot and a cynical American inhabit these ghostly quarters, and news is scarce.

G. JELICOE.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE,

CAMBRIDGE.

24th Nov., 1933.

The Editor *The Visor*.

Dear Sir,

It is a rather interesting experience after some years in business to be re-introduced into an atmosphere reminiscent of School life. At the first few lectures I attended after my arrival, the finding of myself seated in a small wooden desk with text-books and note-books before me took me back in memory some fifteen years to the time when at the Birkenhead Institute my brain was tortured with the intricacies of French irregular verbs and the complexities of Latin declensions.

There are, however, differences which serve to remind me that a few years have passed by since that time. There are features in the life of a residential college which cannot be found when one's acquaintanceship with the school building is limited to about six hours a day.

It is a new thing to be wakened from sleep by the persistent clanging of the College porter's bell as he patrols up and down the corridors outside our rooms. A hasty and cheerful toilet completed, we go down to the dining-hall—

glancing into the common-room en route, to see if there are any letters for us—and there we are met by the pleasing odour of bacon and the sight of the porridge pan with its satisfying contents.

After breakfast there is morning Chapel. I have a vivid memory of my first impression of the scene, as in ones and twos the students in their academic gowns passed into the College Chapel for a short service of prayer and praise.

Morning lectures over, we are free to follow our own inclinations. The afternoon is usually given over to games or to a quiet stroll. Then follows tea, the one meal of the day which we have in our own rooms, the others all being served in the dining-hall. It is such occasions as these that help one to realise the joys of friendship in College. Not until one has learnt to manœuvre a kettle so as to bring it most rapidly to the boiling point, to prepare a "brew" of tea of just the right strength, and to pass round the dainties with the air of a born host, can one be said to have become acclimatised. Imagine eight or nine fellows sitting on chairs, desk or table, or sprawling on the carpet, all busy eating, chattering, laughing, and you will begin to realise the fun to be got out of a College tea.

Not, of course, that the fun is limited to such occasions as these. There are always the nimble wits and practical jokers who add spice to the daily round.

Naturally, there is the more serious side of College life also. There is work to be done, and the study is not always easy, but such valuable opportunities for gaining knowledge are not to be neglected. Still, every reader of *The Visor* knows that, and the mere mention of it is sufficient.

I fear I have already occupied too much space, and I must close.

With best wishes for the continued success of your magazine, and for the present and future well-being of all your readers,

Yours sincerely,

ALBERT S. COOPER

(B'head Inst. 1916-22).





THE ornamental iron arch displaying the school crest, and bearing the inscription BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE PLAYING FIELDS, which has recently been erected, has much improved the approach to the school ground. In order to raise funds for this purpose, an entertainment was arranged, and Mr. Hirst again kindly gave an exhibition of films depicting incidents from school life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ald. Solly, who has been Chairman of the Governors for forty years, has been created an Honorary Freeman of the Borough. We were particularly pleased to welcome him on the very morning after the ceremony, and we feel especially proud of his association with the School.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another recent honour conferred on one of our Governors is the appointment of Councillor J. P. Allery to His Majesty's Commission of the Peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are very sorry to learn that Mr. Lewis, who has been handicraft master since 1908, is retiring at the end of this term. He will take with him the sincere wishes of everyone in the Institute for his and Mrs. Lewis's health and happiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Swimming Gala was the usual success and model of organisation. No performance this year was striking enough to set Byrne Avenue on fire. The marble halls and luxurious appointments of the new baths misled visitors accustomed to the rigours of Livingstone Street, who thought they had been misdirected to a super-cinema.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Upper VIth. are proposing to have a scroll blazoned over the Library door, with the legend:

"Our name is legion, for we are many."

Alternative names suggested by members of the staff and by other forms were unfavourably received.

The eight scouts from B.I. who went to Buda-Pesth for the World Jamboree had a very enjoyable camp. A film of some of their experiences has been shown at School, and talks on the subject have been given by Alldis, Collinson and Wetherell at a meeting of the Sixth Form Debating Society.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were pleased to see so many Old Boys at the Memorial Service held in the Gymnasium on Armistice Day. The Headmaster reminded us of the futility of war and the necessity for an international appreciation of this fact.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sale of poppies this year realised £2 17s. 10d. This is a slight decrease compared with last year's figures.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is with much regret that we record the death of Alderman Arkle. He was one of the most prominent men in local educational circles.

\* \* \* \* \*

Further successes of Old Boys call for mention. We heartily congratulate Jellicoe on being awarded a Bursarship of £30 by the Exeter College authorities.

\* \* \* \* \*

Five Old Boys of the School graduated at the University of Liverpool this year. They are J. H. Alldis, W. Hastings, A. Humphreys, J. McNeil and G. W. D. Wright.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to them, and to G. Bowen (1922-8), who has been appointed lecturer in Geography at Glasgow University. Bowen graduated at Liverpool with First Class Honours in Geography in 1932, and in the same year was awarded a post-graduate scholarship and the Humboldt Prize.

\* \* \* \* \*

C. R. Lockyer, another Old Boy, who until recently was on the staff of Hemingford Central School, has been appointed headmaster of St. Paul's Church School. He is one of three Old Boys of the Institute who are now headmasters in Birkenhead.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Old Boys' Amateur Dramatic Society scored another success at the Birkenhead Hippodrome at the end of October, when they played for a week to full houses, with a change of programme for the last three days.

B.I. accords a very warm welcome to Mr. Towers, who joined the English Department at the beginning of the term. We trust that he will find most of the amenities of Scarborough, if not in Birkenhead, at any rate at New Brighton.

\* \* \* \* \*

The School upheld its record as usual in the School Certificate Examination results last July, and excelled itself in the H.S.C. Examination. In the latter connection we must heartily congratulate Hamilton on winning a £70 Engineering Scholarship to Liverpool University.

\* \* \* \* \*

The physics laboratory fire extinguisher suffered early in the term the indignity of being dethroned. Via. also suffered the indignity of being put on lines. The fire extinguisher has been reinstated.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three new windows have been added to the Art Room. At last Art finds her place in the sun.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Wednesday, November 14th, Mr. Sydney Lamb, who has done so much for the Penny in the Pound Scheme, gave a short but arresting talk to the School about the work of the Voluntary Hospitals. This was one of those rare occasions when most people thought the talk too short even though, in the absence of a proper assembly hall, we were obliged to sit in discomfort in the Gymnasium.

\* \* \* \* \*

Entreaties, cajolery and threats combined barely succeed as a rule in procuring *one* University Letter. This term we have received more than we can print. We very much appreciate this increased interest in the School and its doings, and remind Old Boys at the universities and elsewhere that their literary contributions, epistolary and otherwise, are always welcome. Subscriptions, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

The thanks of *The Visor* Committee to Bozier, Cathcart and Heys for their valuable help in advertising the magazine. The notice boards have shown us how they 'rose to the occasion' and 'did their level best,' thus 'maintaining the tradition.' It is a pity that some of their work is not found in the magazine itself. Strange that with three Art Editors these pages contain so little of their art!

It was so distressing to the sub-editors, on finding *The Visor* box full of manuscripts, to discover on closer scrutiny that 99 per cent. of them were attendance slips and the remainder 'bus tickets, that the attendance slips have been abolished.





\* \* \* \* \*

The Secretary now comes round with appropriate morning and afternoon greetings, and collects names and notes. This is known as the *Nota Bene*, or *Habeas Corpus* system: if you have been absent, you must either bring a note or produce your corpse.

\* \* \* \* \*

There once were three pages called *Varia*,  
Whose contents grew draria and draria.

Said their readers, in pain,  
"If you're printed again,  
In thousands of pieces we'll taria."

ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
<b>HOUSE NOTES</b>			

### ATKIN.

**I**F consistency is a quality which can be attributed to the House, we may reasonably anticipate a most successful year, for Atkins has begun with a flourish. As in previous years, the Swimming Gala was a marked success from our point of view. Todd, our last year's captain, won the School Championship for the fourth successive year—a record in itself, and our Senior Squadron Team regained the School Championship with ease. Our Junior team, moreover, though beaten by a touch, revealed several promising swimmers upon whom we can rely.

The first fortnightly Mark-sheet gave us a substantial lead over the other Houses. Yet not only in the classroom but on the playing-field we are well to the fore. We have no less than ten representatives in the First and Second elevens, and if the results of the Senior House matches hardly uphold our football strength, a little more enthusiasm on the field will be an effectual remedy.

Our Intermediate team has won both matches played, and it is our Junior members who are causing the greatest concern. As was the case last year, our Junior team is decidedly weak, and has yet to win a match. But a shirking of responsibility appears to be the prime cause. Is there any medical explanation for the recurrent outbreak of 'colds' on a Wednesday morning?

Individual members of the House continue to distinguish themselves. Walker is Head Prefect; Aslett has returned the fastest time for the Harriers; Cathcart retains the coveted position as Keeper of the Keys; while we hear that Alldis distinguishes and attempts to disfigure himself on the 'rugger' field. Barker reveals imaginative and ingenious schemes for "brightening up" the Library; and Snelson has a surprising aptitude for acquiring detentions on the afternoons of House Matches. We mourn the loss of the 'soccer' and table-tennis prowess of McKinlay, who, we believe, now graces the Cotton Exchange. Or maybe he's wool-gathering.

K.W.

### STITT.

NATURALLY, the main topic this term is Football. Altogether, Stitt have participated in eight house matches. The Seniors have won one, drawn one, and lost two; the Inters have lost the only match played to date; while the Juniors have lost one match, but won two, almost annihilating Atkin by sixteen goals to two. This deluge of goals was totally unexpected considering the form shown by our Juniors last season. The Seniors started the season well, but were handicapped in the last two matches by the absence of certain members, who have to attend Wednesday afternoon detention for several weeks. The bulk of the work has fallen on our two first eleven representatives, Christian and Milligan, who are to be congratulated on their splendid play.

The Cricket season, which ended after the Summer *Visor* had gone to press, resulted in Stitt obtaining ten points (Seniors 6, Juniors 4, Inters 0). If the Intermediate team had been up to the standard of the other two, we should certainly have gained the championship.

In the Swimming Gala, at the beginning of the term, our Senior Squadron came in third, while the Junior Squadron obtained first place by a touch. Goodwin gained for Stitt the honour of Junior Swimming Champion.

Boggie, Evans (vice-captain), and Laver have been elected prefects, so that, with Christian (captain), we now have four representatives among the chosen few.

In the Chess team we have two representatives in Hunt and Leighton, their performances being reported elsewhere.

There are still many tears being shed concerning our position in the mark sheets, where we are again guardians of the third and fourth places. It rests with every individual member of the house to put this matter right, by working honestly and by avoiding the detention room. How about it?

W.D.C.

#### TATE.

AT the end of last term, Tate crowned a very successful year by carrying off the Cricket championship, obtaining a total of 12 points.

This term, however, has not been nearly so brilliant. Early in the term we were ousted from our position as Swimming champions. In the Senior Squadron race, Burrell, Clarkson, Collinson, and Jones were beaten into last place, while the Juniors, represented by Burrell, Watkins, Wheat, and Williams (E. G.), came in second.

This term seems to promise better luck for our football teams. At present we lie second in the table. Our Senior House team, aided by Collinson, Harrahill, Slinn, and Wheat of the First Eleven, have beaten Westminster 4—1, and Stitt 3—2, but lost the return match to Westminster 3—0. The Intermediate team, our weakest link of late years, started the season by drawing with Westminster 2—2. The Juniors have lost one match to Westminster 4—1, and have beaten Atkin 4—2.

So much for our sport. After a slow start we have again headed the mark-sheets, and, but for several detention-hounds (that's a new one on me.—Ed.). we should have been higher all the term.

The Chess team has Robinson and Davies, A.L., of Tate in its ranks, and we look to them to try to obtain the house championship.

Finally, just a word of congratulation to Broadhurst, Goodwin, and Slinn on their becoming prefects, and to Goodwin in particular on his succeeding to the position of house-captain.

J.N.S.

### WESTMINSTER.

ONCE more we come to sing of our tribulations, to sigh for "the good old days," to gnash our teeth over the detention fiends, and to speak of hope for the future. For a considerable time Westminster has been consistently bottom in the mark sheets, chiefly because of the fondness of certain youths for the detention room. It was therefore rather a shock to our House Captain to hear that at last we have been first in the "three-weeklies." We trust that Westminster will not again fall from grace.

In the realm of football, Westminster have shown up to better advantage and have established a lead of seven points. We hope that we may again carry off the the football championship at the end of the season.

We congratulate Weston on being made a prefect, and Sampson on being elected Vice-Captain of the House.

Mr. Morris has succeeded Mr. F. W. Jones as House Master, and we feel sure that Westminster will repeat its past successes under his guidance. We would also like to extend a warm welcome to Mr. Towers, who came to the school at the beginning of this term.

L.C.

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### Form Notes.

#### VIs.

HAVING hidden behind the massive shoulders of "Sally" Turner, from the wrathful sub-editor who is after these notes, I will try to give the "low-down" on the activities of our delightful fraternity.

You will be pleased to hear that the gentleman who wields the mop so effectively on Gala night has again been amusing the natives, this time with his plus-fours. We're all waiting for him to bring his golf-clubs.

I have been asked to announce that the VIs. Classical Society (Jews' harps and violin tuners) are shortly to give a programme of classical music, including those well known



sonatas "Tiger Rag" and "Snowball." Another item will be some songs by the VIs. Madrigal Society. However, if you bring a supply of cotton-wool, you'll be all right.

There will be a tap-dancing act by Peckham, Leigh, and Williams, and if this act does not bring down the house, it certainly will bring down the stage.

Now for a little recitation:

Now VIs. this year is a quiet form,  
Or has been up to now,  
But it's always calm just before the storm,  
So perhaps we'll soon have a row.  
We'll hear the voices raised in song,  
"Louie's" loudest of all,  
He's joined the VIs. Madrigals,  
And is singing "After the Ball."  
And all the form will wear plus-fours,  
And stockings as bright as the skies,  
We'll come to school in red waist-coats,  
Wearing our old school-ties.

We shall now show you how *not* to look for a job.

The applicant hopefully straightened his tie as he stood outside the office door. When he was admitted, he wore on his face what was supposed to be a look of intelligence, but what was really a look of blank idiocy.

On seeing the manager's keen eyes on him, he squinted down his nose to see if there were any smuts on it, and tried to remember whether or not he had washed his neck—an operation which he frequently forgot.

The manager questioned him, "What do you know about Watt?" That was a teaser; the applicant wondered what he really knew about what, and finally gave it up. He instinctively tied a reef-knot in his tie, a habit of his, when puzzled. The next question, "What is Stevenson famed for?" "Sir, what club did he play for, Tottenham Hottentots or Chelsea?" asked the applicant. Five minutes later he wondered how he came to be sitting on the pavement.

Well, that's the end of the nice story, so cheerio from Uncle L.W., but, before we go, here is a poem by one who knows.

## DETENTION HOUR.

The golden sunlight floods the room,  
The flies wheel to and fro,  
And through an open window comes  
The hum of life below.

Three boys, before a battered desk,  
Survey with hopeless gaze,  
A page of algebra bestrewn  
With x's, b's, and a's.

The master sits with pencil blue,  
And marks without a blench  
The erring sum, the misspelt word,  
The French that is not French.

And so, throughout a tedious hour,  
The loud clock ticks apace;  
Each youth intent upon his book,  
With studious, frowning face.

And now at length the captives rise,  
Each gazing on his book;  
And sidle to their gaoler's seat,  
Snatching one furtive look.

They stumble through the dreaded task,  
Then cast their books aside;  
And speed through the deserted school,  
To the glad world outside. C.M., VIs.

## VIa.

SOME talk of French translations,  
And work like mites in cheese;  
They swot at Maths and Physics  
And other things like these.  
They are the school's bright heroes,  
None others can compare  
With the VIa team of 'triers,'  
For boys like these are rare.

Some hope to get distinctions,  
 And all to get matric;  
 Although their brains be muddled  
 They mean to do the trick.  
 For our brave boys are striving  
 To beat all records past,  
 With a glittering show of Honours  
 When results come out at last.

Then let us fill a bumper  
 And drink a health to those,  
 Why carry caps with Visors,  
 And work like goodness knows.  
 May they and their preceptors  
 Together have no fears,  
 But quit themselves like heroes  
 Of the VIa. Grenadiers.

So says Bray; but practical experience shows that his words are not absolutely true, as there are two types of people in VIa. First, we have the optimists who think that the Matric. is easy, and so do little or no work. Then come the pessimists who dread the thought of the Matric., and work hard in their endeavours to pass it. Curiously enough, the optimists constitute the bottom half of the form and the pessimists the top half, or so it would seem.

It is rumoured, mind you, I say rumoured, that G\*ll\*gh\*r was early one day this term. This rumour, however, has not yet been officially confirmed.

We congratulate Goodwin on his being first Junior Champion at swimming, and also T. M. Jones, for winning the balloon race at the Gala. Entwistle had bad luck in the Neat Dive, for a slight mistake in his last dive robbed him of the medal, which he undoubtedly would have won otherwise.

A. L. D\*v\*\*s is thinking of writing an "Ode to Prefects." He certainly owes them (one in particular) a lot that he would like to repay.

## Vib.

IF you cannot believe that a member of Vib. could possibly like school, read this lyrical outburst by one of our number.

From the third form to the sixth,  
With the fourths and fifths betwixt,  
B.I. is a "top-notcher" to be sure.  
When they're asked to help the needy,  
Their response is always speedy,—  
The "£. s. d." comes rolling in galore.  
On the field they're quite hot-stuff,  
Taking good luck with the rough,  
Never feeling—'gainst their foe—so very sore.  
In their forms, with loads of books,  
There are some despondent looks,  
But they try hard to master ev'rything.  
So they leave the good old school,  
Having learned the golden rule,—  
To "play the game," whatever fate may bring.

Now we shall hear about Mason's holiday in the Scillies.

The forty miles sea passage from Penzance to the Scilly Isles is made by the S.S. "Scillonian." The journey takes about three hours, and sometimes, in bad weather, three to four hours. This steamer, smaller than one of our ferry-boats, travels twice a day to the Scillies with passengers and goods. It discharges its cargo at St. Mary's Isle, which is the biggest and most important of all the two hundred isles of Scilly.

Long before you reach the Isles, you can see the white beaches shining in the distance, as the sand there is very fine and silvery. The brown islands and the blue water make the Scillies look like a group of Ægean islands in the Mediterranean.

If you are to really enjoy a holiday on these islands, it is essential for you to be a good sailor, because practically the only form of amusement is on the sea. If you wish to go from island to island, you must travel on one of the motor launches, which take provisions from St. Mary's to the other three inhabited islands.

St. Mary's is only eight miles in circumference, so you can easily walk round it in a day. While walking round the coast, it is interesting to note the different shapes and figures which the rocks make. Among these, the "Druids chair," "the camel's hump," and the "pulpit-rock" are the best known. On the rocks you can find dozens of glass balls, which were used in the Great War, to hold the submarine nets up in the water. Hundreds of these balls have been washed on to the rocks by the incoming tides.

After thoroughly exploring St. Mary's, the next island to visit is Fresco. This island is about a mile trip from St. Mary's, and is famous for its tropical gardens. Millions of flowers are sent, from this little island, to the mainland every year. The best season in which to visit these gardens is the Spring, when there is a magnificent show of tropical flowers. Flowers grow so well because the gardens are protected by a wood, and because frost is very rare.

The sea around the Scillies is often very rough, and it is a fine sight to see the spray being thrown into the air by the rocks. St. Mary's is fairly well protected by the other islands, but the really rough seas are around the Western rocks and the Bishop lighthouse. The motor launches go there with passengers only in very calm weather, and then you can see hundreds of seals lying on the rocks.

The day you are about to leave for England, you look towards the Western rocks, to get an idea as to how rough your homeward passage will be. The "Scillonian," being only a small boat, rolls and pitches in the calmest of weather, so it is not very pleasant to travel home during a sixty miles an hour gale!

And so, for the present, we leave you.

## VIj.

VIj. is a form of fame and renown,  
With many good lads, and sometimes a clown;  
And here we will give, alphabetic'ly named,  
The boys of VIj., and for what they are famed.

**A** is for Allen, a hulking big stiff.

**B** is for Burrell with dignified sniff.

**C** is for Coughtrie, skilled with his pen,

And also for Crowhurst, who laughs like a hen.

**D**'s for Dalziel, who gets many good marks.  
**E** is for Evans, who makes bright remarks.  
**F** is for Freedman, who's good with the pill.  
**H** is for Hubbard, who cannot keep still.  
**J** is for Johnston: in exams. he is mustard.  
**K** is for Kendrick: laps work up like custard.  
**M** is for Melville; at Art he's quite hot;  
     And also for Moore, who's not such a swot.  
**M** is also for Moxley: how fierce is his ire!  
**P** is for Proctor; there's not a lad drier.  
**S** is for Smart, as fat as he's sweet,  
     And also for Snell, who's remarkably neat.  
**S** is also for Stelfox,—gets stars all along.  
**T** is for Taylor. (Who mentioned King Kong?)  
**T**, too, is for Ternen, who has a fine voice,  
     And also for Theobald, better named Joyce.  
**W**'s Whatkins and Weat, or Witkins and Wat,  
     *Alias* Wheeler and Woolsey, or Fletsam and Jot.  
**W**'s also for Wee Willie Wood (What a brain!)  
     And for Woolman; his speeches loud plaudits  
     oft gain.  
**Y** is for Yates, with a crop like a Nazi,  
     And for Young, who's not lazy, or blasé.

Having recovered from that poetic outburst, we shall proceed to give you the news of the term.

At football we have fared only moderately, having, so far, won two matches and lost three. This indifferent form is largely due to necessary absence of a number of our best players, who are members of one or other of our school elevens.

It is with much regret that we record the untimely finish of the career at this school of our captain, McKinlay. He was a great sport, being a member of the First Eleven in both cricket and football. We all wish him every success in his new sphere of life.

Stelfox is still heading the mark sheets, and, in the second one, actually obtained six stars. Some of us—let it be whispered—try to beat him, but unsuccessfully.

In the Swimming Gala, we had a record number of entries. Smart, as usual, entered for practically all the events, and succeeded in carrying off two prizes.

Our "Cycling Club" (Smart and Melville) seems discouraged by the remarks passed in last term's notes. Smart, however, has promised to give us an article on the subject. If it ever appears in print, it should prove good reading.

Woolman gave a lecture to the "League of Nations" organisation this term. If his intelligence remains just where it is, it might be advisable for him to take this up seriously.

We are sorry to say that Evans has been forced to complain that Melville makes too much noise during French lessons. He is kept awake all period!

On the 11th November, Vlj. came in very handy for moving chairs into (and out of) the Gym. It is rumoured that moving the chairs into (and out of) the Gym. came in very handy for Vlj.

In June, and later, August, Sir Alan Cobham's Air Circus came to Birkenhead, and Snell, who visited both displays, gives below his impressions of it.

The first display, which was curtailed owing to adverse weather, began with a demonstration of aerobatics. Then followed a miniature Schneider Trophy race, the course of which encircled the flying ground. During this event, the aeroplanes, which were travelling at a speed of over a hundred miles per hour, when banking, almost touched the ground with their wing-tips.

Then came a surprise item called "Pig-Sticking." A pilot flew an aeroplane round the field and, at every circuit, fired at a number of balloons fastened to a stand, on the ground. However, the item proved to be only a joke, for a man, dressed as a famous film comedian, was behind the stand, bursting the balloons.

Another outstanding event was the formation flight, in which every plane took part.

The second display, being favoured with better weather, was more complete, and contained many additional events.

There was a thrilling parachute descent, and an exhibition of wing-walking. During the latter event a dummy was dropped from the machine taking part, in order to thrill the crowd. In another clever item, a 'plane "danced" in the air, to music.

In a humorous item, "An Opportunity for a War-time Pilot," a pilot did some "crazy flying." Then came a surprise item, called "The Battle of the Flours," in which a



pilot armed with flour bombs attacked from an aeroplane a car which was careering round the field. There was also an exhibition of wireless-controlled flying.

Throughout the display, passenger flights were being made, and in a marquee models and photographs of aeroplanes were being shown.

### Va.

**WHAT'S** in a name? One of us seems to think that there's a great deal in it, and even more in an initial. We do not all agree with him, but here is what he says.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Visor*.

Sir,

I do not think that "Institute" is a suitable name for the best school in Birkenhead. In the borough, the school is well known and it is an honour to be a member of the "Institute." Elsewhere, however, "Institute" sounds as if it is a workhouse, which it is in one sense of course, but certainly not in the common meaning of the word. Some people think we are connected with the Salvation Army or some other religious body. Moreover, the letters "B.I." can easily stand for various uncomplimentary expressions, which most of us have heard. "Birkenhead Grammar School" would in my opinion be more suitable, as it sounds more aristocratic and will stand fewer misrepresentations.

Yours, etc.,

J.R.M.

Perhaps Nikam agrees with him, when he plunders Tennyson so shamelessly.

### THE PREFECT ON DETENTION.

On either side, of books are lots,  
Long fields of History and of tots,  
That clothe the leaves with printed dots  
On the very scratched desk;  
And up and down, the boys who may,  
If not for this, go out and play  
Where juniors shout and where they bray,  
In the playground far below.

Papers darken, quill pens quiver,  
 Little noises like a river,  
 Then the lordly impot-giver  
 Rises from his scratched desk;  
 Four grey walls and four grey corners  
 Overlook this group of mourners,  
 For the prefect has just torn us  
 From the playground far below.

By the benches, inky veiled,  
 Glides the prefect as he trailed  
 To the rascal, who seems nailed  
 At his very scratched desk.  
 One more word and one wrong fraction  
 Bring the prefect into action,  
 Now one sees there is reaction. . . .

Nuff said.

After that we become merely personal and abusive.  
 "When war is declared, truth is the first casualty," so don't  
 believe all you read here.

An "Inny" Va. boy called Cl\*rk  
 Was in some things quite a bright spark.  
 He conjugated French verbs  
 With this motto: (see proverbs)  
 "I just make a leap in the dark."

O.H.

There was a young fellow called Cl\*r\*,  
 Who got in a terrible tear;  
 So great was his rage,  
 That he tore up a page,  
 But, alas, his "impot" was there.

S.A.W.

There was a young fellow called Sago,  
 Who looked very much like a dago.

His mother said, "Jim,  
 If you go and swim,  
 I'm afraid that you'll catch lumbago."

G.H.

#### Vb.

FIRST period, the form is always awake, except for Johnson who sits in a corner having his usual morning nap. Smith, the famous mathematician, who is noted especially for his love of Algebra, groans under the strain of the work which he didn't do the day before.

Meneely, the form humorist, sits in his desk solemnly wondering what work is really like. He usually finds an answer to every question he is asked, but it is very rarely the right one. Dean, who is our star at Chemistry, burns his hands for the love of science.

Evans, noted for always having done his homework, quite innocently leaves his book at home. When asked where his homework is, he pleads with solemn eyes.

Russell, noted for his love of French, could write a book on his extensive knowledge of that language. (Mr. Moat, however, thinks otherwise).

At 4-15 the form gangsters generally retire to their favourite haunt—the detention room.

We shall end these notes with a limerick concerning one of our number.

There was a young fellow called Leeman,  
Who thought he could be a real he-man.  
He bullied the form  
Till they rose in a storm,  
And sent that poor fellow out screamin'.

## Vj.

AT the beginning of this term, seven new members were added to our number.

We started the term badly, by having our games stopped because of the large number of detentions we had received. We do not know whether to blame this state of affairs on our new members, or on the fact that we have now been moved to the detention room.

The large amount of rice, which is to be seen lying about our form-room, does not indicate a wedding, but a Battle Royal, which takes place at intervals (very frequent ones).

Martin, being tired of parting his hair, has adopted a throwback. He is now trying to complete the effect by growing a moustache.

Leighton, who is famed for his doubtful humour, came in late, one day, to Chemistry. With the words, "I apologise for coming in late," he sat down prepared for anything.

We have been very successful at football this year, as most of our new members are good players.

Finally, Bryant will tell you about his visit to H.M.S. "Vega."

H.M.S. "Vega" is a new destroyer of the 'V' class. I visited her at the Portsmouth Review, this year.

She is mainly steel, even to her decks. As I had always thought that destroyers were large boats, I was surprised when I saw that everything about her, except the engines, which are very powerful, is very small.

Her superstructure is very high. Two semaphore posts are placed on her lower bridge, whilst higher up are the telegraphs and wheel.

The stern of the ship is entirely devoted to torpedo-tubes and guns (3.5 ins.) A gun is a magnificent piece of mechanism controlled by innumerable wheels and levers. The "Vega" is primarily designed for speed and torpedo efficiency.

#### IVa.

THE outstanding feature of this term is the fact that Mortimer obtained eight stars in one of the marksheets. This is a record, and we heartily congratulate Mortimer, who, by the way, is equally proficient at scoring goals.

When Male was on holiday this year, he saw some performing fleas. I suppose you are just "itching" to hear about them, so here goes—

Whilst on my holidays I had the pleasure of seeing some performing fleas, fourteen altogether.

Two fenced with each other, the loser being the one whose sword dropped first. Another rode a tricycle. Between the two rear wheels was a treadle on which the flea walked, and thus pedalled itself along.

Another flea juggled with a ball, whilst yet another walked a tight rope. Four had a chariot race, then a different four did a ballet dance.

The last one was a flea called Bonzo, who lived in a kennel. He was fourteen months old, and so was the oldest, the average age being two months.

To stop the fleas from jumping about, a piece of wire was tied round their necks. They were fed every morning, at seven o'clock, on the blood of raw liver.

M\*chr\*d\* enlightened us by telling us that a hill was steepest going up.

Finally, here is a description of Castle Rushen, in Castletown, Isle of Man, as given by P. O. Jones.

As we approached the ancient castle, its old grey walls reminded us of a prison.

Accompanied by a guide, we crossed the drawbridge and entered the courtyard. There we noticed large holes in the walls, used to pour molten lead on invaders. In the middle of the court-yard was a well, which was said to be three miles deep.

The chamber and court rooms were on the lower floor. They were lofty rooms with small cracks for windows. The guard rooms were similar, but they had warriors' shields around the walls.

Our guide next took us to the dungeons, which were supposed to be haunted. In the torture room, we saw heavy balls and chains, amongst many other gruesome instruments.

From the top of the tower, which contained a clock, said to have been given by Queen Elizabeth, we obtained a magnificent view of all Castletown.

A wall round the walls completed our short, but interesting, visit to Castle Rushen.

#### IVb.

QUESTION: What is the lightest element?

ANSWER: A feather, sir.

During the term, we have heard many amusing answers, like the one above, and we shall give a few more of them, throughout these notes.

QUESTION: What do you know about symbols?

ANSWER: Dalton, who brought them into use, died when he was seventy-seven.

Now we will have a poem, written by Hill, who evidently is not very keen on work.

Of all the days, throughout the week,  
 I dearly love but one day;  
 And that's the day that comes between  
 Saturday and Monday.

For I can rest in 'jamas dress'd  
 And read my "blood and thunder;"  
 No masters threat'ning me with "dets.,"  
 If I should make a blunder.

From Monday morn to Saturday noon,  
 My poor brain works, till I almost swoon.  
 It cannot hold all the facts I'm taught,  
 Yet cram I must for a good report.

But hurrah! when the six long days are past,  
 I can do as I like for one day;  
 No masters, no prefects, no Maths, no French.  
 What a life, boys, if each day were Sunday!

QUESTION: Has ether any colour?

ANSWER: I do not know, sir, because it is invisible.

It has been suggested that Fr\*nk\* should bring a bed and an oilstove to the detention room and make it his permanent home. It would save a lot of trouble!

We shall end up as we began, by giving another "brain-wave."

QUESTION: What is the shape of the earth?

ANSWER: Please, sir, round like an egg.

#### IVj.

THE total weight of the boys in our form has dropped considerably after losing one member, and we can now move about freely in the form-room.

We often imagine pigeons to be only half-tamed and timid, but Adams, when he went to London, saw differently, as he shows below:

During a trip through London, the pigeons of Trafalgar Square interested me a great deal.

The pigeons being fed by visitors were flying from hand to hand. I bought a bag of food, some of which I put on my head. Two pigeons, seeing my action, flew on to my head, before I could lower my hand. It was an unusual feeling to have little feet moving about on my head. I thought it was wonderful, until, when I saw a lady with two pigeons on her head, one on her shoulder, one on each hand, and another cheeky fellow with its head in her pocket, quietly helping itself, I realised that these birds are not afraid of human beings.

By way of contrast, let us read how McLeod fared when he went out with the Cornish fishermen.

The small motor fishing-boat chugged out of Porthgwarra Cove, which is about three miles from Land's End, out into the Atlantic. When we had travelled about three miles, we cast the net overboard.

This net was 75 feet deep and about 500 feet long. Lead weights on the bottom of the net sank straight down, whilst corks kept the top of the net floating. It thus formed a vertical barrier, in which the fish we were after, mackerel, caught their fins. We circled slowly round to where we had first dropped the net, and then started to haul it in—harder work than I had expected. It was hauled in at last, the fish were dislodged from the meshes, and the small ones dropped back.

We then picked up the crab and lobster pots, which were marked by small buoys, finally returning to the cove.

All the fish were immediately sent to Newlyn to be cleaned by the fishwives. The crabs, lobsters, and crayfish were first nicked and their claws tied so that they could not fight, and then placed in a seawater well, until there were enough to be sent to Billingsgate fish market.

To go from the sublime to the ridiculous, below is a limerick, sent in labelled as "A Sad Mistake." By whom?

There was a young fellow named Wrack,  
Who forgot to put his clock back.  
At the office, next day,  
Much to his dismay,  
His manager gave him the "sack."

Very sad; but sadder still is the fact that we have not yet won a match at football, having drawn one and lost two.

Finally, having visited Cornwall and London, we shall cross the channel, and go on a "Three-day Trip in the Black Forest" with Crail.

Accompanied by five German and two English friends, we went from Freiburg by train, at a speed rarely exceeding ten miles per hour, in the direction of Munich. Arriving at a small station in the Black Forest mountains, we left the train and walked, for about two hours or more, up the mountains, passing through several picturesque villages. We came across a lot of wild fruit,—strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries to which we helped ourselves.



Darkness having fallen, we stayed the night at a hostel, situated amongst beautiful surroundings. It was rather overcrowded, so next day we breakfasted early, and left before the rest of the visitors had awakened.

Walking in the direction of the Belchen, which is the second highest peak in the Black Forest, we passed a wonderful example of German engineering, a lake, formed by diverting all the streams into one valley. Later in the day, we passed one of the largest electrical power-stations in Germany. We then took the mail-bus and went higher into the mountains. On the journey, I saw a natural geyser, about sixty feet high, emitting clouds of steam.

Leaving the mail bus in a village, we climbed a steep hill to another hostel, where we stayed the night. It was not so large as the previous one, but, inside one of the rooms, I saw a very elaborate set of tools, which were used by the local craftsmen in making the models for which the district is famous.

Next morning we climbed over another mountain and went down into the valley, where there was a town. On entering the town, we noticed a small stream containing shoals of salmon-trout.

Then we caught another mail-bus and travelled for several miles before we began climbing the Belchen. After about an hour we reached the summit, six thousand feet above sea-level. There were a hostel and a hotel on the peak. We rested, built a large fire, and had our afternoon meal, after which we went down the other side of the mountain.

Finally we ascended a smaller mountain to the Shauinsland Cable Railway Station, where we boarded an overhead cable car, and had a slow but thrilling ride to the foot.

We then took a tram-car, which carried us back to Freiburg after a most interesting trip.

### IIIa.

**I**N the detention competition we have beaten all comers; our highest score being obtained by G\*bs\*n who is 15 (not out).

Ashcroft, who climbed Skiddaw, in the holidays, will relate his experiences.

It was a bright summer day when a friend and I set out to climb Skiddaw, in the Lake District.

The strong wind made climbing difficult, but we covered half the distance in one and a half hours, and then had lunch behind a sheltering wall, before we continued our climb.

We made our way to a little peak, about threequarters of the way up, called "Little Man." Here, the wind was so strong that we had to take shelter behind a pile of stones. We reached the peak of Skiddaw about 2-30 p.m., having taken about three hours.

We had a glorious view of the two lakes Bassenthwaite and Derwent Water, whilst in the distance we could see the town of Cockermouth, and, in the opposite direction, Keswick.

After leaving a stone on the cairn, as is the custom, we decided to come down another way. We arrived back at 4-30 p.m., having climbed the third highest mountain (3,053 feet) in England.

Now we shall have a limerick by Gallagher.

Said a housemaid, who carelessly dusted

A valuable vase which she busted

"The usual excuse

Won't be any use,

Now we've lost the poor cat, which I trusted."

### IIIb.

**WE** must have slept badly the night before the beginning of this term, which is, for many of us, the first term at B.I. Excitement and heavy suppers produced a variety of effects during the night.

Twenty-five minutes past eight, and out to a new school, the Birkenhead Institute. Rushing out of the door, I ran with all my might down the road as the bus was coming. The faster I ran forward, the further I seemed to go backwards. At last I reached the corner, only to find the bus out of my reach. However, I caught the next one and arrived safely at school.

Suddenly a voice roared: "Boy, take a detention," and a master loomed up in front of me. Groaning, I looked up at the clock and found that I was eighteen and a half minutes late.

"P-Please, S-Sir, which f-form am I in?"

"Name?" thundered the master.

"Me—."

"Well, there it is down the corridor."

"Th-Thank you, sir."

Walking along the corridor, I found my form-room right at the end. However, I got no nearer, for I turned to find a prefect, with a hideous grin on his face, stalking up to me. Still grinning, he shook me; then a voice came to my ears, "Eight o'clock, time to get up," and, opening my eyes, I saw my father entering the room.

Horrors; what a dream!

On the 10th September, three days previous to my starting at my new school, I had a most peculiar dream. Instead of the Birkenhead Institute's being a boys' school, it appeared like a big Roman castle, full of most unsightly monsters, which frightened me immediately. Roman chariots passed, now and again, full of school books and detention sheets (my name was on every one). [How strange!—Ed.]

At the entrance was a draw-bridge over a moat, and, seeing it down, I took my chance of getting inside. I succeeded without anyone's having seen me. I next went along the corridor, on either side of which were cells. Coming to the end one, I looked through a chink to see a pack of small animals crushed together, with an angry beast keeping guard over them.

I did not like the look of it, so I turned round, and went into the opposite room, which was very large. It had ropes hanging from the beams, and ladders up the walls. I climbed a ladder to find, when I reached the top, that a rung was missing. I fell, and woke up sitting on the floor of my bedroom, rubbing my eyes.

I dreamt that I ascended the stairs leading to the "lab" and, somehow, entered, without opening the door.

On the shelves stood bottles of various sizes. I tried to grasp one of them, but it faded away in my hand. I snatched at another, but without success.

Then I noticed some apparatus on a window sill; from what I knew, it was a retort, a filter funnel, and a tripod stand. I put out my hand to examine them, but they became red-hot, so I let them fall, which they did, but vanished before they reached the floor.

There was a particularly unpleasant smell coming from an adjoining room, so I was just about to leave, when I knocked over a bottle which burst, with a loud explosion, at my feet. I woke up, in bed, feeling very dazed.

## IIIj.

WHO is it who spreads much sorrow,  
 With his "impots" for to-morrow?  
 And detentions, which he gives free.  
 (I wonder if it's done with glee).

'Tis Walker! he is our head boy,  
 His face soon dampens all our joy,  
 His frown makes us to tremble, shake,  
 Disaster follows in its wake.

Like slaves, we Thirds before him bend,  
 For if we don't we know the end.  
 On Wednesday, when we get half-day,  
 Then in, for him, we'd have to stay.

This poetical effort is entirely unnecessary, as IIIj. gained distinction, in the first three weeks of this term, for having only five detentions to our credit.

We have played two football matches, both against the Juniors. The first we won 7—1, and the second we drew 3—3. An amusing incident occurred during one of the matches. While a corner-kick was being taken, a dog ran on to the field and held up the game while it chased our captain.

By the way, if you ever see IIIj. door open and nobody come out—that's Miller, the smallest boy in B.I. (but by no means the one with least brains).

We shall finish with a limerick, which refers to nobody in this form.

There was a young fellow named Pat,  
 Who was inclined to be lazy and fat.  
 He went off to school,  
 With a face, as a rule,  
 Which was nearly as black as my hat.

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*Limerick.*

THERE was a young fellow named Nobby,  
 Who made gunpowder h's hobby,  
 One day he blew up  
 Two hens and a pup,  
 And a bobby took charge of our Nobby.

R.H.M.

### *Yachting a la Mersey.*

DURING the summer holidays I was given an invitation to go cruising on a friend's yacht in the Mersey. With inward trepidation, I accepted, and made my early appearance one morning at the sea-side resort of Rock Ferry-under-Slime.

My friend was in readiness armed with oars and rowlocks and also something which resembled an earthenware beer jar, but which turned out to be the water supply. We proceeded down the mile or so of pier on to the back of the stage, where lay the dinghy. It was resting on the stage, and even to my untutored eyes it was obvious that it had to be got into the water. But how?

The mystery was unravelled almost immediately. My friend seized the old tub, lifted one end, and, staggering to the edge, heaved it unceremoniously into the water. Behold, it floateth and bobbeth up and down on the waves—a fact which perturbed me considerably.

We got into the dinghy, and rowed out to the yacht, which was a small racer, about eighteen feet long, painted blue above and red below the water line. Our gear was put on board by the "skipper," who gave me a hand on to the deck. I jumped down into the cock-pit and took a seat, while the "skipper," with thunderous flappings, hoisted the sails and cast off the moorings. He raced to the back (known to the initiated as the stern) and forthwith took the helm.

We sailed down the river, towards New Brighton, being harrassed the while by ferry-boats, tugs, and the "Voltaire." Nevertheless, we succeeded in giving them all the slip (by a series of cunning ruses—such as turning to the right instead of to the left). I had a magnificent view of the Voltaire's bow, it looked most impressive.

At last we reached the Rock Lighthouse, and turning round it we sailed straight across towards the Burbo Bank. (If you want to know exactly where we went, get the end of New Brighton pier in line with the Tower of London, and stand by to go about). Our destination was a small creek in the bank, and with our lee-deck awash and leaving a broad wake behind us, we reached a narrow opening, which connected with a small bay. We lowered the sails and anchored.

After coaxing the "Princess" into life, the "skipper" produced—a tin of sardines and some sandwiches. He passed me the tin and told me to hook a few out. I hooked a few out and looked at them doubtfully.

The "skipper," however, proceeded to do them justice, and so I inserted mine into my mouth. I could bear it no longer, however, so I retired to the side and became a mere landlubber.

After "tea," we rowed ashore and explored the Great Burbo Desert. We found no camel's bones there, only the ribs of an old boat, and a bucket without a bottom.

Returning to the yacht, we embarked and set sail again. We ran before the wind, and near New Brighton the I.O.M. steamer passed us. I was admiring her as she steamed down river when I had "a sinking feeling." New Brighton disappeared behind a wall of water and then came into sight again.

I thought this was the after effects of mal-de-mer, but apparently it was caused by that gentle vessel. The skipper's opinion of tugs and I.O.M. boats is worth hearing (so is mine).

At last we reached port and picked up a small white buoy. We dropped it again, however, rowed ashore, and retraced our steps along the pier which was rolling about in a most disconcerting fashion. [The water supply, no doubt.—Ed.] "Jolly good sail," said the skipper. "Marvellous!" said I.

LANDLUBBER.

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### ***Impressions of Hamburg.***

**H**AMBURG is the second greatest city of Germany, and also one of the largest ports in Europe.

Its harbour consists mainly of broad, deep inlets, which, at this point, run off the main stream. In it are to be seen ships of all sizes, types and nationalities, and many brightly coloured launches and ferry-boats travel between the landing stages in the different parts of the harbour. Huge thousand-ton barges, of a type never seen in Britain, aboard which a whole family lives in comfort, move briskly about driven by their petrol engines. In the quieter parts of the harbour there are narrow and practically stagnant canals bordered by quaint old, many-storied houses, the foundations of which are covered with slime, mould, and moss. In this quarter, many of the old wineshops, which have an indescribably mixed odour of wine, garlic, and Dutch cheese, are still standing.

Naturally, there is a more modern part of this great city where there are wide streets, futuristic buildings, stores, schools, and (typically Continental), large blocks of tenement flats. Most of the streets are provided with automatic traffic controls, and all their police are heavily armed.

Hamburg and the surrounding district is very pretty. The densely wooded hills on one bank of the river, with the tiny hamlets dotted here and there along the water's edge, contrast vividly with the flat, far less wooded country, with gaudily coloured villas, on the opposite side. The three places of particular interest in the town itself, however, are the peaceful, tree-bordered Alster Lake, the Botanical Gardens, and the wonderful Zoo.

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### *Ode to the Camp Slacker.*

SHOW a leg, show a leg, show a leg,

It's half-past-six, get up!

You flabby fat cake, there's the breakfast to make,  
So get out of those blankets, get up!

One match, two matches, darn,

That's the third blinking match that's been struck,

The fire's not alight, we'll be waiting to-night,

So step on the gas with that ———. [Word can be inserted according to personal taste or experience.—Ed.]

Keep stirring, keep stirring, keep stirring,

Or you'll have all the porridge burnt up,

You blithering hound, keep the spoon going round,

Or you'll eat it yourself, you young pup!

Get to work there, to work there, to work!

I shall have to oblige with a clout,

There's the plates to be cleaned, you useless young fiend,

And don't throw the Glitto about!

Orderly! Orderly!! Orderly!!!

What a deuce of a time you have been,

Fill the Primus with oil, put some water to boil,

And see that the dixies are clean.

"Very well, milord." (?)

G.E.B., VIs.



## *Water, Water, Everywhere.*

—SO, not to be outdone, I decided to write about water.

Candidly I have not thought much about water before, but have hitherto accepted it as an inevitable fact of life, like income tax and rain in August, and boiled cabbage. To me it has always seemed a vague and insipid fluid, useful for washing golf-balls, dogs, and the back of the neck, but notably lacking in kick and powerless to promote hilarity.

Yachts float on it, dogs swallow it, motor-cars are washed with it, divers practically live in it. Children, middle-aged females, and gentlemen in bowler hats paddle freely in it. Swooning persons are revived by it, so also are swooning geraniums. The rich alluvial deposits found on the faces and necks of ten-year-olds can be removed by it, as can egg-stains on the lowest chins of aldermen.

It is the second thing for which the deserter from the Foreign Legion clamours; the first thing, of course, being an efficient shorthand typist to take down his gripping story.

The methods by which this obliging liquid is collected and distributed throughout Great Britain are both complex and ingenious. Unlike cheese, soap, and the linings of silk hats, water is obtained from colliding clouds, when it is called "rain," or from subterranean springs, when it is known as "water." It is conducted to the nearest reservoir, which is a large hole in the landscape surrounded by camp-stools, on each of which is balanced an apparently moribund angler.

Once safely in the sink or bath, it can be applied to the horses, terrier, or teacups, allowed to depart via the waste-pipe or collected in silver tankards and poured from an upper window upon rent collectors.

British cookery, which has the admiration of all who have not to subsist upon it, consists of plunging things into sauce-pans, getting them thoroughly water-logged, and serving them luke-warm, lightly garnished with parsley. Hence Britain's supremacy at sea, irritability at football matches, and nasty gnawing pains below the diaphragm.

As a beverage, water is warmly commended by temperance lecturers, chiefly because it neither unsettles the feet (as do absinthe and methylated spirit), nor induces visions of crimson guinea-pigs in yellow riding breeches (as do vodka and neat glue).

My own view, however, is that unbridled indulgence in water tends to soften the brain, rust the uvula, and produce mildew on the inside of the gullet. But the chances are that I am wrong, as usual.

The artist, executing a snappy sketch in water colours of an onion, two dead grouse, and a hard-worn gun-boot, must have water in which to plunge his skilful brush from time to time; beer-colour sketches being merely a drug on the market.

There are, of course, occasions when a pint of water is to be desired more than a ton of rubies or a packet of sunflower seed. To those who frequent deserts, either in search of butterflies, or to ascertain the truth about the sheik menace, water is as essential as publicity to a politician, inasmuch as it is an infallible antidote to death from thirst, a particularly sticky finish.

The punting champion, anxious to impress the goggling crowds upon the river-bank, would look very silly, if there were no water available for the purpose,—or so I think.

When impregnated with salt, as it is apt to be in oceans, water is an ideal drink for those who wish to lose their reason, develop homicidal tendencies, and run amok with marlin-spikes.

Oddly enough, though water on the luncheon table is universally accepted as a sign of a righteous and sober life, water on the knee is regarded as a symptom of ill-health, and registered as such in Harley Street. One feels that there is a moral here somewhere, but I cannot be bothered to hunt for it now.

S.H., VIs.

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### *The Valleys of the Usk and the Wye.*

**D**URING the summer holidays on my way to Newport, I had to pass through the Usk and Wye Valleys. The valley of the Wye was reached soon after the train left Hereford. As we sped along I could occasionally catch glimpses of the distant river which flows on, to reach the Severn estuary near Chepstow. Very soon we were in the midst of a vast expanse of grasslands and woods, dotted here and there with a few horses and cattle, which make the Wye Valley one of the most beautiful in England or Wales. But as rapidly as we had approached the valley, so we were leaving it as we passed on towards the valley of the Usk.

A great deal of the Usk Valley cannot be seen from the train, but since my destination lies in the valley itself about four miles from the river mouth, I hoped to see more of it later. My hopes were fulfilled. From the window of my room I could see the range of hills which helps to form the valley.

The difference between the two valleys of the Usk and the Wye was now apparent. The former seemed more open on account of the scarcity of trees, and the hills on one side of the valley seemed higher than those of the latter. While the Wye valley is famous for its beauty alone, the Usk valley is famed for Roman ruins at Caerleon, which date back to 75 A.D. The Usk, unlike the Wye, is of commercial value since its mouth is further south in the Bristol Channel, and the Usk valley is more thickly populated than that of the Wye.

Together, these two valleys make a region of beauty unequalled by any part of England or Wales. O. HENRY.

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### *Junior School Notes.*

AT this time of the Christmas term, "dramatics" are the order of the day and every available moment is used for rehearsals. The Junior School Prize Distribution is to be held in Beechcroft on December 14th, when the prizes will be given by Mr. Smallpage. We are presenting scenes from "The Blue Bird" and hope that the performance will be successful, though we are feeling the loss of our former "stars" who have left us for the Senior School.

The Cub Pack has little of importance to report. It is difficult in these dreary November days to recall the events of the summer term, but mention should be made of the Cub "tea-party" in aid of camp funds, when a display of handiwork was on view, and the visitors were entertained by a scene from "Where the Rainbow Ends."

The Juniors always respond enthusiastically to any request for "properties," and a demand for weapons for St. George's fight with the Dragon resulted in a choice selection of bayonets, daggers and swords; these nearly caused a disastrous—if realistic—end to the famous fight!

Examinations this term are postponed till after the Prize Distribution; most of us feel that the holidays, when they arrive, will be very welcome. H.M.D.

### *Library Notes.*

OF those stalwarts of yester-year, but three remain to gladden our eyes and to be a memorial of the past. Walker, who, it is rumoured, still loves to wash, Christian, living proof of Darwin's theory, and Richards, who appears from and disappears into the very walls of the school, form the select third and even fourth year. A demonstration of "the pursuit of knowledge" was given by our "ape-man" when rescuing a dictionary which had strayed out upon the arch above the doorway.

Our one "efficient institution," to quote an authority, has proved fallible at last. When we asked the now notorious "keeper of the keys" for the key to the history section, we were met with the well-known school-boy reply: "I've left them at home."

Prefects who will persist in depositing the laboriously written lines they have extorted from trembling schoolboys into *The Visor* box are, in the opinion of our harassed editor the lowest type of practical joker. After extracting several hundred school mottoes, I must nots, and French verbs, the editor was abserved to wave aloft what appeared to be an article. An element of bathos was introduced, however, when this "find" proved to be a letter dealing with the vexed question "Rugger v. Soccer."

A "Literary Beating-up Society" was hastily broken up when it was discovered that the numbers of the opposition were too strong. Evidently its members believe with Falstaff that "the better part of valour is discretion" and so patched up a truce with the Scientists.

We really think that the Scientists ought to curb their enthusiasm for producing as vile an odour (or worse) as they can.  $H_2S$ ,  $N_2O_2$ , and others we can endure, but ammonium valerate is too much. The Science ought to advertise this product of their devilish cunning as "able to clear a room in half a minute."

"Private study" on the blackboard provides many amusing and interesting interludes. Self-portraits by the first year are generally accepted as the marks of real genius. Unfortunately the authorities do not consider them in the same light. Speaking of the first year we are reminded of a variety of strange features both physical and mental which would take an age to relate and laugh over. We will mention, however,

our Nazi leader whose enthusiasm has been the cause of the loss of a tooth and the disfiguring of his features.

One final note we add, and with this we turn to our Cicero (already I hear the refrain: "Have you any difficulties?") Members of the Fourth form desiring to pay a visit to Vj. room, should knock at the Library door and ask to see the "fossils." And now, till Easter, Adieu mes amis. L.C.

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### *Badminton Notes.*

THE club has been enlarged this term and at present is stronger than it has ever been before. Perhaps this is due to the fact that meetings are being held on a Monday, whenever possible, as well as on the usual Friday. These extra meetings will probably prove useful, as the club hopes to have one or two external fixtures with other clubs in the town. The membership has been extended to the lower sixes, and in spite of the increased size of the club, there is still room for a limited number of keen boys from these forms. Anyone who wishes to become a member should apply to Mr. D. J. Williams for particulars. J.N.R.

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### *Chess Club Notes.*

THIS old school club is numerically as strong as ever but its prowess does not seem to improve, as the school team has not, as yet, won a match in the Wright Challenge Shield competition and has managed to draw only one. The school team at present consists of Weston, Hunt, Davis, Robinson, Leighton, Young and Sarginson; Marsh and Goodwin have also played. The only bright spot is that Davis, A. L., has won three of his four matches, and Leighton, a young player introduced at fifth board in the last match, shows great promise, so that there is more hope for the club in the future. There is one way in which the playing of the club can be improved and that is by the members playing their tourney games as soon as possible. J.N.R.

### *Harriers Notes.*

OUR membership has declined so badly this term that we experience difficulty in finding enough senior runners to form a team for Inter-school races, and Practice matches rarely attract more than half a dozen enthusiasts.

The consequence is that there is no competition for places in the school eight. We had two fixtures for this term, but one of them had to be cancelled owing to the difficulty of raising a pack.

However, we beat the University of Liverpool III team after a close tussle, probably owing to the fact that the match was held over our own five and three quarter mile course.

These conditions are not at all satisfactory, but we hope to improve matters in the near future.

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### *League of Nations Union.*

MEETINGS of the Union have been held regularly each Thursday, when short papers have been read by members of the society. On November 9th, J. Woolman spoke of the varied and successful Humanitarian activities of the League, such as the prevention of all forms of slavery, and the control of the drug traffic. Mr. Watts then instanced the gradual growth of human relationships, beginning with the family and evolving into the League of Nations.

On November 23rd, H. Smart gave further examples of the positive activity of the League, by reference to the number of international disputes which it has settled by peaceful arbitration. In the discussion, which followed, the Headmaster stressed the necessity for the united moral support of the peoples of the world, in order that the League may have practical power and influence for the continuation of its task.

We still require new members in order to obtain official recognition of the Branch. The subscription is 9d. a year, which includes membership badge and card. The Committee would be glad to receive the name of anybody interested in the League.

K.W.

## *The Sixth Form Literary and Debating Society.*

IT was decided at the beginning of this term to re-organise the Debating Society, since attendances had dwindled, and there was a general desire to preserve the oldest of the school societies. Mr. W. E. Williams very kindly offered his assistance, and in a meeting held on October 10th, it was decided to hold four meetings—two papers and two debates—each term for the Upper and Lower Sixth Forms.

The first meeting was held in the Art room on October 24th, when Mr. G. W. Harris read a paper dealing with "The Last Crusade" an account of the Palestine Campaign of 1916-17. The paper was the more interesting for its many personal reminiscences, and was much appreciated by a large audience.

"That the programmes provided by the B.B.C. are unsatisfactory" was the subject of a debate held on November 7th. Mr. Laver, seconded by Mr. Boggie, supported the motion, while Mr. Walker and Mr. Broadhurst opposed. The opening speeches proved interesting and gave rise to a good deal of discussion. The motion was finally carried by 15 votes to 13.

Three papers, giving an account of the Scout Jamboree held near Budapest this last summer, were given at the third meeting on November 21st, by Scouts Alldis, Collinson and Wetherell, and proved interesting and enjoyable. In addition the scouts brought souvenirs and photographs of the Jamboree.

A new offshoot from the parent society, is the Debating and Dramatic Society for the Fourth and Fifth Forms, under the guidance of Mr. Towers.

The first meeting took the form of a World Peace Conference at which the discussion on proposals for World Peace was particularly keen.

At present our members are concentrating their efforts on the production of a one-act play, which we hope to present at the end of the term.

A.C., G.L.E.



### ***Table Tennis Club.***

**T**HE Table Tennis Club have played only two matches this term, but have still two or three more fixtures. On October 4th, we defeated the Y.M.C.A. Juniors by 19 games to 6, when McKinlay won all five games. On October 11th, we won against Christ Church Juniors by 17 games to 8, McKinlay, Milligan and May winning four games each.

Finally, we extend our thanks to Mr. Morris, under whose guidance we are continuing excellently. R.E.M.

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### ***Rifle Club.***

**T**HURSDAY evenings still hear the Rifle Club busy in the gym. Vacant places, as usual, have been speedily filled up, and some good practices have been held, although, unfortunately, their number has been restricted owing to an excess of levity on the part of one or two members. Next term we hope to complete our Grouping practice and to pass on to Application.

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### ***National Savings Association.***

**T**HE boom in prosperity for which we are all so eagerly waiting is long overdue, and its absence is reflected in the continued depression in Savings! Our membership is almost as high as ever, but saving is sadly spasmodic on the part of many members, and the average weekly investment is generally lower than in pre-crisis days. However, we trust for a speedy revival of trade prosperity, and wish all our present and future members "A Happy and Thrifty New Year."

R. HALL, Hon. Sec.

J. W. HAIME, Hon. Treas.

### *Scientific Society Notes.*

THE winter session was started very successfully on October 3rd, when Mr. W. E. Williams, a newcomer to the Society, gave a lecture on "The Development of the Liverpool Tramways." This was followed, on November 14th, by Mr. Piggott's lecture on "The Physics of Sound." Mr. Piggott, who is an old boy of the school, accompanied his talk by some interesting experiments. These lectures are to be followed later in the term with lectures by Mr. D. J. Williams, Cathcart and four short talks by junior members. The last meeting will be held on December 19th, and will, we hope, be preceded by the annual tea. In conclusion, the society would welcome the attendance of more of the "Senior" boys. J.W.B.

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### *Scout Notes.*

OWING to the fact that eight of our senior Scouts took part in the Jamboree (reported elsewhere) at Gödöllö, the number at the summer camp, which was again held at Stainforth, Yorkshire, was rather smaller than usual. Nevertheless, a very enjoyable fortnight was passed "under canvas," the weather being all that could be desired.

On November 2nd, the Scouts and Rovers held a social evening, during which, films, photographs, and souvenirs of the Jamboree were shown. Later in the evening, everybody joined in a Hungarian camp-fire. It was pleasing to see present so many parents, some of whom were not beyond trying their skill at various camp-fire items we had learnt at Gödöllö. One of our patrons, Alderman Solly, accompanied by Mrs. Solly, our District Commissioner, Mr. Odam, and the Rover Commissioner, Mr. Pearson, also kindly favoured us with their company.

We congratulate Mr. Davies on his being appointed District Scout Master. Unfortunately this appointment will necessitate his giving up part of his work as our scoutmaster. We can only hope that every scout will pull his weight more than ever when Mr. Davies is otherwise engaged, whilst we can always depend on the valuable assistance of the Rovers.

At the annual inter-troop Gala, we failed to maintain our usual high standard, Smart winning our only event.

We have been working hard for badges during the last few months, and we now have seven King's Scouts, namely, Alldis, Barker, Grimmett, Sutton, Wetherell, Wilson and Young.

It was probably owing to this fact that we obtained first place in the Inter-troop Competitions, for Central Division, which were held in the Gymnasium, on November 24th. Our troop, represented by Barker, Coughtrie, Grimmett, Sutton, Wetherell, and Young, are therefore the first holders of a new cup presented for these competitions.

Any boys wishing to become members of the troop should come down to school any Friday, at 6-30 p.m. The troop will give them a hearty welcome to our "inner circle." D.B.

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### *School Football.*

HAVING returned to the first football term, we found our prospects for the elevens none too promising, although we were fortunate to have 6 of last year's 1st eleven with us. Of Christian and Milligan we cannot speak too highly, as they have both saved their side on many occasions. After trying three centre-forwards without success, the fourth one, Collinson, shows more promise in that position. A big fault with the 1st eleven forwards is their inability to make the most of their chances. They are well fed by the half-backs but their inability is very evident. Out of 11 matches played, up to the time of going to Press, we have won 3, lost 6, and drawn 2. On this form our prospects of going far in the Senior Shield do not look at all promising. As captain, Christian, the only remaining colour, has helped his team considerably. Slinn is vice-captain. We extend our best wishes to McKinlay, our right winger, who has left to take up a post in Liverpool.

The 2nd XI. captained by Boggie, assisted by Entwistle, has not shown much promise either. Having played 8, they have won 1 and lost 7. However, most of their matches have been away, so there is some excuse for them.

The 3rd XI. captained by Crowhurst, has won two of its three matches, and lost the other. R.E.M.

## RESULTS.

B. I. versus—	1st XI.	2nd XI.	3rd XI.
Sept. 20—Alsop High School..(H.) L. 1—2.	(A.) L. 0—3.		
27—L'pool Coll. School..(H.) L. 0—2.	(A.) L. 5—9.		
30—L'pool Institute .....(H.) W. 4—1.	(H.) L. 0—4.		
Oct. 4—Bootle Sec. School..(A.) W. 2—0.	(H.) W. 7—3.		
11—St. Edward's Coll....(A.) L. 0—4.	(H.) L. 3—7.		
18—Quarry Bank School.(H.) L. 0—4.	(A.) L. 2—5.	(H.) W. 2—1	
25—Holt Sec. School ....(H.) D. 1—1.		(H.) W. 8—2	
28—L'pool University ....(A.) L. 1—3.			
Nov. 18—King's Sch'l, Ches.(H.) W. 4—0.			
22—St. Edward's Coll.....(A.) L. 2—3.	(A.) L. 0—2.	(A.) L. 1—6	
29—St. Francis X's Coll.(A.) D. 2—2.	(H.) L. 1—5.		

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### Old Boys' Football Club Notes.

IN beginning this, my first contribution to *The Visor*, I feel like the schoolboy, who, condemned to solitary detention, is set to write an essay as a step towards retribution, that he may learn the kindness of those whose authority he sought to flout, and finds his brain as barren as the room around him. To improve matters, the atmosphere is not in harmony. Missing are the shouts and laughter of liberated schoolboys, and the rows of empty desks. Gone are the pale green, lifeless walls; absent the hunger, that ever increasing, gnawing genie that proves the inspiration of a soul in dire distress.

The Football club has again undertaken a very ambitious programme, and the number of games on the fixture list is likely to constitute a record. While the results of the Senior teams are somewhat disappointing, the Junior teams are making steady progress. It is encouraging to see that many Old Boys who have recently left school have joined our ranks. Several of them show great promise, and it is to them that we owe the strengthening of our Junior teams.

Once more the club has found new fields to conquer. Great was our regret that, owing to increased school activities on the field of play, we were obliged to find accommodation for our Junior teams on outside grounds. We are therefore greatly indebted to Alderman Solly and to Alderman Naylor for their efforts on our behalf in obtaining grounds at Arrowe Park.

It is, however, an ill-wind that blows nobody any good; for fortune smiled on us, when we found our groundsman for Arrowe Park. We were fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. Anger in this capacity, whose enthusiasm was apparent from the beginning. But other virtues lay hidden, for he is an ex-Army Training Sergeant and thanks to him our members are now enthusiastic over physical training under his direction. Thus we can live up to the laurels bestowed upon us by the "Birkenhead News" some years ago that "The members of the Old Boys' Football Club keep fit to play the game and do not play the game to keep fit." In addition, we are pleased to note the growth of a team-spirit in our Junior teams under his tuition.

Our centre-forward, J. D. B. Thornton, has again shouldered new honours, not this time in prolific goal-scoring feats, but in being chosen to represent the I Zingari League representative team in an Inter-League match. This is the first time in the history of the present club that one of our members has been chosen to represent the League, and we congratulate J. D. B. Thornton on having achieved this distinction.

These notes provide me with the opportunity of stressing the valuable work of my predecessor, Mr. B. V. Wood, and of congratulating him on his previous literary endeavours, which transform me once again into a typical schoolboy, fit only to sit and gape in astonishment and wonder at such elaborate effusions.

It is a source of great pleasure that our old masters are interested in our activities. We were very glad to see Mr. Galloway (not remembered I am afraid by the oldest schoolboy) at Ingleborough Road shortly after the commencement of the season, as also to see Mr. Watts at Arrowe Park a short while back, and I am sure neither of them were disappointed with the standard of play.

It is with regret that I must record the passing of the human touch, for with the disappearance of Mr. Wood from office our oldest player has ceased to exist. All members are now vying with each to achieve this distinction. There is therefore further glory to be won by all schoolboys who join our ranks on leaving school.

G.F.L.



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