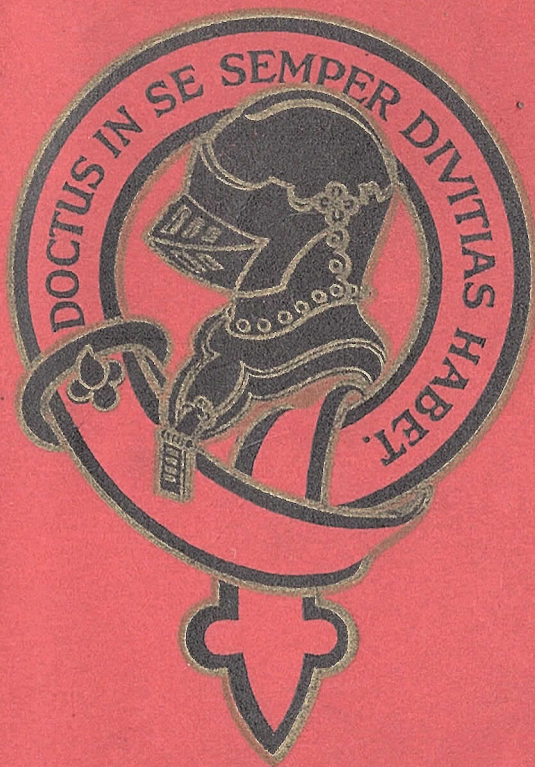


# THE VISOR.

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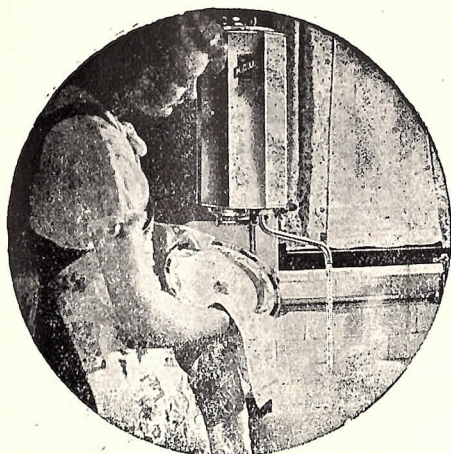


BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE  
SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

---

SUMMER, 1933.

# K. C. U.



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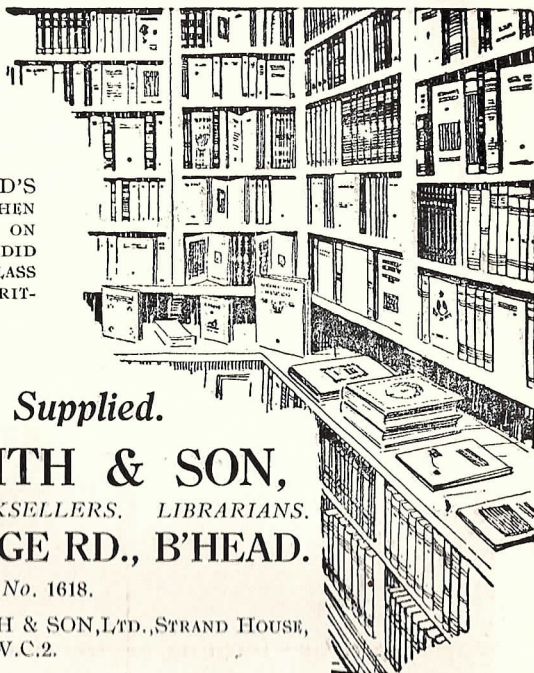
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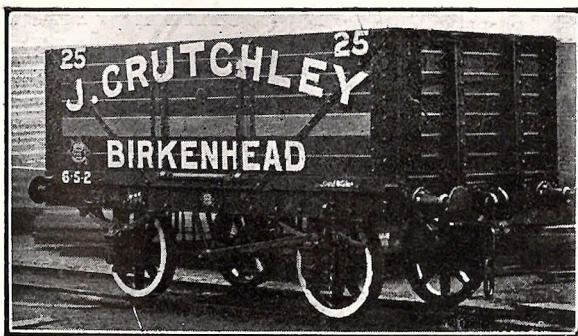
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THE START OF THE JUNIOR CROSS COUNTRY RACE.



### *School Calendar.*

Summer Term ... ..	July 25th.
Autumn Term begins ... ..	September 13th.
Half Term ... ..	October 28th—November 1st.
Term ends ... ..	December 21st.

---

### *Editorial.*

AN editorial is to a magazine what chairman's remarks are to a public meeting. Therefore, the briefer we are the better (and besides H.S.C. looms ominous).

The term has been singularly devoid of any outstanding event. The Athletic Sports excepted, there has been no interruption in the even tenor of our life.

Although the weather was a little unkind, the Sports were the usual unqualified success, the rain failing to damp the spirits of either competitors or spectators. However, we must not be betrayed into writing an account of Sports Day; this has been admirably done elsewhere, and besides, redundancy, in this magazine, is a capital crime.

Mention of the sin of redundancy brings us to remark on certain improvements in the layout of the magazine, which will be apparent even to the most casual of readers. *The Visor* is to be Bigger, Better, and Brighter. The editorial staff have held solemn conclave in the bowels of the earth (known to the initiated as the Dining Room) and the result of their deliberations is seen in the production which is now, gentle reader, in your hands.

The Form Notes have been improved, useless repetitions and tedious reports reduced to a minimum, and the magazine as a whole enlarged, and, we hope, brought into line with the



suggestions of our erstwhile critics. The inclusion of a cross-word puzzle in French will provide harmless and instructive amusement for boys in all forms in the School. Finally (and let it be whispered) there is a hint that ere long the price may be reduced to fall in line with the "depression exchequers" from which many of our readers are suffering.

We have just learned that, at the end of this term, we shall be losing Mr. F. W. Jones, who is leaving us on appointment as Headmaster of the Beaumaris Grammar School. While sorry that we are thus missing a good friend and valued colleague, we rejoice that this promotion, so thoroughly deserved, has come to Mr. Jones, and wish him and Mrs. Jones the best of good fortune at Beaumaris.

---

### *Salvete.*

**Ib.—Westminster:**—Jenks, A. H.

**Lower Prep.—Westminster:**—Houghton, A. P., Neal, G. H.

---

### *Valete.*

**Upper VIa.—Atkin:**—Cullen, J. L. (1926—1933), *Matric.*, 1931, *Member of the Debating Society Committee.*

**Upper VIb.—Tate:**—Clarke, G. H. (1926—1933), *Prefect, Matric.*, 1931, *Letter of Success*, 1932. Hayes, W. J. (1927—1933), *Matric.*, 1932.

**VIIs.—Tate:**—Davies, S., Stelfox, L. F. **Westminster:**—Blair, T. W.

**VIb.—Stitt:**—Lusty, K. C.

**VIj.—Tate:**—Bell, J.

**IVa.—Atkin:**—Kellit, L. **Westminster:**—Poole, J. B.

---

### *The Annual Athletic Sports.*

IT was distinctly unfortunate that a downpour of rain chose to coincide with the date fixed for the Annual Athletic Sports. However, a prompt start was made at 2-30, and very soon the rain ceased. The sun, which remained hidden all the afternoon, came out to smile upon the prizewinners. Judging by the manner in which the events were contested, the weather had failed to damp the ardour and enthusiasm of the competitors, and in spite of the wet ground some excellent performances were recorded. Keates did particularly well in breaking his own record for the High Jump by clearing five feet two inches.

This year was remarkable, if only for the fact that a House other than Westminster succeeded in winning the Championship! Tate were the successful House. A more unique occurrence still is the fact that Keates and G. W. Smith tied for the Victor Ludorum Cup, which was in open competition for the first time, and that neither of these belongs to the champion House.

We were indeed pleased to have as our guest Councillor Baxter, a well known sportsman and Governor of the School, who presented the prizes.

The number of entries this year constitutes a school record, as also does the amount of the prize fund, for which we heartily thank all parents and friends who helped us in this direction. Thanks to the time and labour so willingly given by the Staff and senior boys, the proceedings were gone through without hitch.

## RESULTS.

### Long Jump.

(Under 14). 1, Ruegg, H. T. (A.) ; 2, Evans, H. (S.) ; 3, Stelfox, G. T. (T.) Distance—14 feet 2 inches.  
(Open). 1, Keates, J. G. (W.) ; 2, Wheat, K. (T.) ; 3, Milligan, R. H. (S.) Distance—15 feet 2 inches.

### 100 Yards.

(Under 13). 1, Allen, W. J. (W.) ; 2, Williams, E. G. (T.) ; 3, Bartley, E. L. (T.)  
(Under 14). 1, Ruegg, H. T. (A.) ; 2, Jones, P. O. (A.) ; 3, Williams, E. G. (T.) Time—13 secs.  
(Under 15). 1, Watkins, R. V. (T.) ; 2, Roylance, R. H. (W.) ; 3, Barker, D. R. (W.) Time—12 2/5 secs.  
(Open). 1, Jones, J. O. (A.) ; 2, Wheat, K. (T.) ; 3, Craig, E. S. (T.) Time—11 secs.

### 80 Yards Junior School Handicap.

(Under 11). 1, Des Landes, W. L. (W.) ; 2, Proudman, H. G. (T.) ; 3, Bibby, D. (A.) Time—12 secs.  
(Over 11). 1, Williams, J. S. (A.) ; 2, Aiken, J. A. C. (T.) ; 3, Gullan, J. M. (T.) Time—11 2/5 secs.

### Throwing the Cricket Ball.

(Under 14). 1, Clare, W. (T.) ; 2, Williams, E. G. (T.) ; 3, Stelfox, G. (T.) Distance—56 yards.  
(Open). 1, Smith, G. W. (S.) ; 2, Boyce, A. T. (A.) ; 3, Wheat, K. (T.) Distance—72 yards 2 feet.



**220 Yards.**

(Junior School). 1, Williams, J. S. (A.) ; 2, Haughton, J. D. (W.) ; 3, Tarpey, S. (A.)  
 (Under 13). 1, Williams, E. G. (T.) ; 2, Taylor, A. J. (T.) ; 3, Lowson, A. C. (W.)  
 (Under 15). 1, Roylance, K. H. (W.) ; 2, Matthews, F. G. (S.) ; 3, Allen, W. K. (W.)  
 (Over 15). 1, Harrahill, G. (T.) ; 2, Ramsden, J. G. (A.) ; 3, Parry, T. A. (A.)  
 (Open). 1, Jones, J. O. (A.) ; 2, Wheat, K. (T.) ; 3, Craig, E. S. (T.) Time—25  $\frac{3}{5}$  secs.

**High Jump.**

(Under 14). 1, Tweedle, E. (T.) ; 2, Williams, E. G. (T.) ; 3, Clare, W. E. (T.) Height—4 feet 2 inches.  
 (Open). 1, Keates, J. G. (W.) ; 2, Milligan, R. H. (S.) ; 3, Smith, G. W. (S.) Height—5 feet 2 inches.

**Obstacle Race.**

(Under 14). 1, Quaile, A. Q. (W.) ; 2, Banks, R. D. (T.) ; 3, Stelfox, G. H. (T.)  
 (Over 14). 1, Collinson, G. (W.) ; 2, Simms, L. (S.) ; 3, Evans, H. B. (W.)

**440 Yards.**

1, Milligan, R. H. (S.) ; 2, King, R. A. (S.) ; 3, Taylor, A. J. (T.)  
 (Open). 1, Craig, E. S. (T.) ; 2, Jones, J. O. (A.) ; 3, Wheat, K. (T.) Time—1 minute.

**3 Legged.**

(Juniors). 1, Mackintosh and Hely ; 2, Beckett and Proudman ; 3, Allen and Jones ; Aiken and Smith.  
 (Seniors). 1, Davies and Collinson ; 2, Bartley and Colenso ; 3, Edelsten and Smedley.

**Old Boys' Race, 220 Yards.**

J. Carter. Time—25  $\frac{3}{5}$  secs.

**Sack Race (60 Yards Handicap).**

1, Bibby, P. E. (A.) ; 2, Harris, R. G. (T.) ; 3, Muir, L. M. (A.)

**Mile Open.**

1, Smith, G. W. (S.) ; 2, Collenson, G. (W.) ; 3, Cumming, W. (S.) Time—5 minutes 20 secs.

**Hurdles.**

(Under 13). 1, Williams, E. G. (T.) ; 2, Allen, W. J. (W.) ;  
3, Smith, J. (T.)

(Under 15). 1, Roylance, R. H. (W.) ; 2, Winter, H. E. (S.) ; 3, Rokey, R. D. (A.)

**Relay Races.**

(Open). 1, Smith's team ; 2, Peckham's team.

(Junior House). 1, Tate ; 2, Westminster ; 3, Stitt.

(Intermediate House). 1, Atkin ; 2, Tate ; 3, Westminster.

(Senior House). 1, Tate ; 2, Stitt ; 3, Atkin.

**880 Yards Handicap.**

1, Milligan, R. H. (S.) ; 2, Winter, H.E. (A.) ; 3, Tweedle, E. (T.)

**Tug-of-War Contests.**

(Open). 1, Leigh's team ; 2, Parry's team.

(House). 1, Westminster ; 2, Stitt.

**Consolation Races.**

(Under 11). 1, Beer, G. ; 2, Davies, W. S. ; 3, Kenworthy.

(Under 14). 1, Davies (H.) ; 2, Jones, P. O. ; 3, Hardie.

(Over 14). 1, Hawkes ; 2, Edelsten ; 3, Davies.

**Victor Ludorum.**

Smith, G. W. and Keates, J. G., 9 points.

Runners-up : Jones, J. O. and Wheat, K., 8 points.

**House Championship.**

1, Tate, 68½ points ; Runners-up : Atkin, 43 points.

---

## *The Inter School Sports.*

AT the Annual Athletic Championship Meeting of the Liverpool and District Secondary Schools, held on Saturday, June 10th, at St. Francis Xavier's ground, West Derby, Liverpool, we were particularly successful. For the first time since these meetings were inaugurated, we succeeded in winning the Junior Challenge Shield, with a total of thirty-four points, twenty-four of which were gained by K. Wheat, who put up a fine performance.

In the Senior events, we did much better than usual, with twelve points. J. O. Jones ran splendidly in the hundred yards, to gain first place. His time for the heat, 10 4/5 secs., equalled our school record. After winning his heat comfortably in the two-twenty yards, he was unfortunate in not winning the final, being hampered by the congestion of the com-

petitors on the track. J. G. Keates tied for second place in the High Jump, at the height of five feet two and a half inches, and in his heat in the hurdles, was second, after leading for most of the way. In the mile G. W. Smith ran an excellent race in under five minutes (beating our School record) and taking fourth position. He would have been third, but he slowed up, not realising that the next man was so close to him.

Craig was unsuccessful in the quarter mile, the pace being too much for him, although it was noticeable that he was not in his usual form. G. W. Shaw came in third in the Old Boys' Mile.

Our results in the Junior events were very satisfactory. Wheat won the hundred and two-twenty and was second in the four-forty, long jump, and cricket ball (a remarkable achievement) whilst Roylance was an easy first, and Watkins a good second in the Hurdles.

The School tug-of-war team was beaten in the semi-final of the heats by Rock Ferry High School.

We hope that next year more supporters will be forthcoming from members of the School. J.G.K., VIs.

---

### *Speech Day.*

THE Annual Distribution of Prizes was held in the Town Hall on March 27th. Professor Patrick Abercrombie, of the Chair of Civic Design in Liverpool University, was to have presided; in his absence owing to bereavement, Mrs. Abercrombie presented the prizes. A prize of a guinea has been generously presented by Professor Abercrombie to the School.

The Mayor, Councillor D. McWilliam, opened the proceedings with an interesting address after which the Headmaster in presenting the Report on the year 1931-1932, stressed the need of increased accommodation; Mrs. Abercrombie then presented the prizes.

Councillor Baxter proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Abercrombie, which was carried with loud applause.

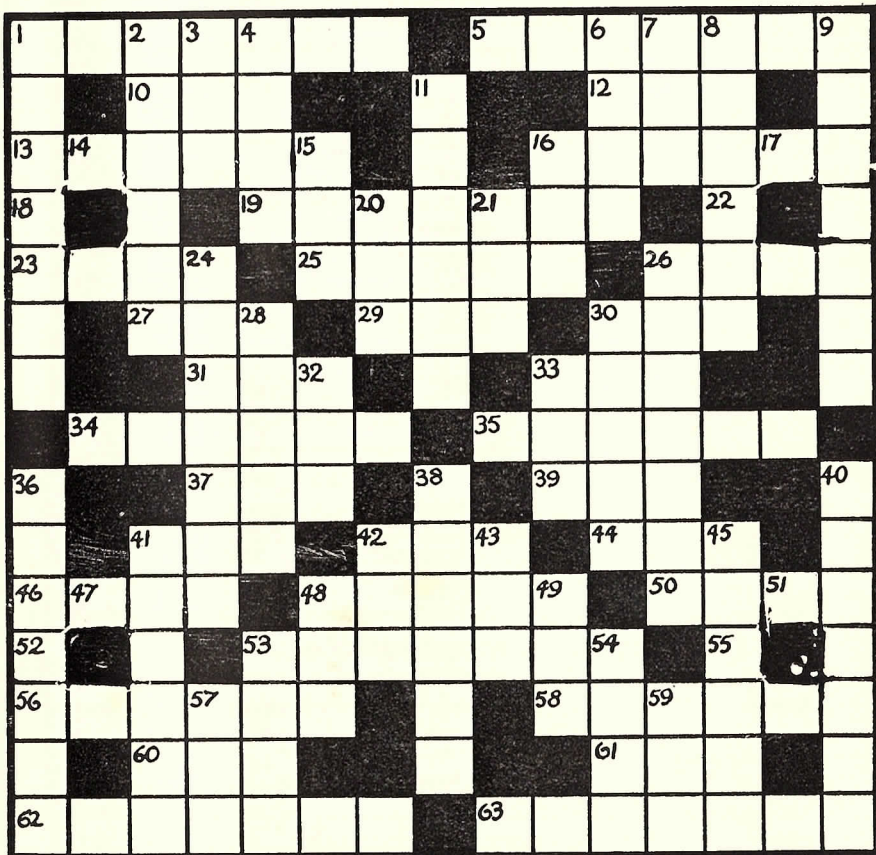


*Crossword.*

No 2.

A PRIZE of half-a-crown is offered for the first correct solution received. Open to present scholars only. Solutions to Mr. Moat.

N.B.—Accents are not given in the clues and must be neglected in the solution.



## HORIZONTALEMENT.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1.—Ce que certains eleves n'aiment pas trop. | 35.—Demi.                              |
| 5.—Mon pere (anag.)                          | 37.—Matiere visqueuse.                 |
| 10.—Arbre.                                   | 39.—Pas separe.                        |
| 12.—Adjectif possessif.                      | 41.—Dubois, Leblanc et—                |
| 13.—Devenir mou.                             | 42.—Partie d'une eglise.               |
| 16.—Separer dans le sens de la longueur.     | 44.—Adjectif possessif.                |
| 19.—Gais nez (anag.)                         | 46.—Rouge et—                          |
| 23.—Arbre.                                   | 48.—Sans melange (fem. pl.)            |
| 25.—Choisir.                                 | 50.—Attention.                         |
| 26.—Saisit.                                  | 53.—Emportees violemment.              |
| 27.—Une des cereales.                        | 56.—Contraire de gras.                 |
| 29.—Animal.                                  | 58.—Espece de voiture.                 |
| 30.—Vaniteux.                                | 60.—Attache.                           |
| 31.—Vieux.                                   | 61.—Passe defini de 60.                |
| 33.—Ocean.                                   | 62.—l'aire circuler.                   |
| 34.—Qui concerne les moeurs (f).             | 63.—Brevage propre a inspirer l'amour. |

## VERTICALEMENT.

- |                           |                                     |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1.—Instrument de musique. | 30.—l'ait semblant.                 |
| 2.—Assurance.             | 32.—Choisi.                         |
| 3.—Abject.                | 33.—Qui cede facilement au toucher. |
| 4.—Plante odorante.       | 36.—l'ameux.                        |
| 6.—Enlevez.               | 38.—Joyaux.                         |
| 7.—Adjectif possessif.    | 40.—Ressentiment.                   |
| 8.—l'ait dormir.          | 41.—Polie.                          |
| 9.—Donner du vent.        | 42.—Aucun.                          |
| 11.—Machines.             | 43.—Etre fantastique.               |
| 15.—Petit animal.         | 45.—Militaire.                      |
| 16.—Metal.                | 48.—Oiseau sauvage.                 |
| 20.—Se rendra.            | 49.—Assaisonnement.                 |
| 21.—Venue au monde.       | 53.—Dispose.                        |
| 24.—Etendre.              | 54.—Rendu malpropre.                |
| 26.—Portions.             | 57.—Est couche.                     |
| 28.—Semblable (f).        | 59.—l'leuve.                        |

---

**Crossword.**

NO 1.

NO correct solution having been received, the prize has been awarded to A.D. Rogers, Upper VI., for the first approximately correct version handed in.

## SOLUTION.

ACROSS:—replace; incline; ean; aid; parcel; repeat; rim; woodman; ale; Odin; bruin; elan; Ted; e'er; pas; met; mus; steers; polity; spy; I'se; 'tis; rep; est; pars; rears; tamp; ode; outgoer; tir; sombre; wattle; o'er; toe; screams; exhorts.

DOWN :—reprove ; permit ; lac ; anew ; Caen ; lip ; ideals ; extends ; indues ; aid ; lob ; ran ; ala ; ore ; (rev.) rim ; Nemesis ; easiest ; deeps ; pulse ; try ; moi ; imposts ; meagre ; repress ; tremor ; ret ; pro ; tatter ; ado ; rue ; sew ; mil ; orra ; rath ; bee ; too.

### *The Rime of the Ancient Lab-Boy or 'The Broken Beaker'*

(With apologies to S. T. Coleridge).

**I**T is the ancient Chemmy Lab,  
With beakers two or three,  
With their dense white fumes and piercing smell.  
What be it that it be ?  
The Chemmy Lab doors are opened wide,  
More clouds, as black as sin,  
Go rolling through the windows too,  
And what an awful din.  
The lab-boy, he with dirty hands,  
Gloats over them with glee :  
' Lay off : don't touch : you soft baboon,'  
Eftsoons his beard strokes he.  
He holds it in his skinny hand ;  
The mixture fizzeth still.  
The breaker breaks in his tight grasp,  
The lab-boy speaks his fill.  
The lab-boy sits upon a stool,  
He cannot choose but swear ;  
And thus I left that ancient man,  
The Bright Eyed Chemistrear.

SILLY BILLY.

### *Two and a Tent or The Simple Life.*

**G**EORGE suggested it. He will say he didn't, I know, but he did. "What about a spot of camp this week-end, old fruit?" he enquired of me. "I've never been to camp" I informed him. He assured me that neither had he. It appears that he had a tent, however ; or rather, his brother had a tent which he had lent to George. "He doesn't know he's lent it me, mind you," he explained, "but he's away for a fortnight, so I borrowed it, see? Simplicity itself." "You are," I agreed.



Well, anyhow, there we were half-way up a Welsh mountain-side with a tent, cooking utensils and at least a month's supply of food. (George is a great believer in "the army marching on its stomach.") The pitching of the tent according to George was easy. It was; until he hit my thumb instead of a peg. But we got it up, and it stayed up.

As it was now dark, a spot of supper was indicated, so I coaxed the Primus alight (I had vetoed camp-fires, which George, with his head full of Buffalo Bill yarns, was desirous of trying). Sending him to the stream to fill the kettle, I, as head serang, set about preparing supper. Having recklessly cracked half a dozen eggs into an omelette, I put on the kettle which George had just brought back, and began to lay the cloth. When there is any work to do George fades out, and now he was down at the stream washing his face. 'Hey!' I yelled, 'Where's the butter?' 'Uge-gg! dunno! splash! eh?—yes I do—I put it in the kettle to save room!——!!? The utensil in question was now boiling and spluttering merrily on the primus, and on investigation was found to contain hot water mingled with a thick substance not unlike fish-oil. The farm was a mile away, so that the menu had to include dry bread. And he tried to blame me.

Shortly afterwards supper was ready, and we fell to. Even if the omelette did taste queer, I thought there was no need to mention it; but when it came to the tea, I did think something ought to be done. George pointed out rather superfluously that there was sugar in the omelette and salt in the tea. On examining the tins, I discovered that the labels were mixed. It eventually transpired that some of these had "come off," and George "had stuck 'em back by guess." He still maintains I should have tasted them. I pointed out that they would sort themselves out again inside, but George insisted on finishing his meal with dry bread and syrup: (so did I). Strangely enough we slept that night, and early next morning I sent George for water. Some minutes later I heard him pounding back at a great rate. "What's matter?" I inquired. "I wouldn't—hang—around!" he panted, without stopping but jerking his thumb over his shoulder. I took his tip. Following him was several hundredweight of very irritated Shorthorn bull. I sprinted for the gate, beating the bull easily, because, being unable to stop, he charged straight into the tent, and

he and it went rolling down the screes, finishing up in a clump of hawthorn two hundred yards away.

\* \* \* \* \*

The tent is a total wreck ; salvage is out of the question ; even the primus is bent beyond repair. The farmer, however, has put us up in the barn for a couple of days, and we have saved enough food to stave off the worst pangs of hunger. George still insists that I should have enticed the bull away from the tent. Perhaps I should ; but as *he* did not think of it in the heat of the moment, why, blame me ? He is a genius at blaming me ; but revenge is sweet. Wait till his brother comes home and asks for his tent !

R.F.B.

### *Confidential.*

*To Parents, Old Boys and Others.*

**T**HIS magazine contains a much larger number of advertisements than usual. Boys and masters have been canvassing actively, and have met with a very generous response from the business people of Birkenhead.

The increased revenue from this source, combined with a slight increase in circulation, has enabled us to produce a much bigger, and, we hope you will agree, a better *Visor*.

We hope to maintain these improvements and add to them in successive issues ; we should like one day to reduce our price from eightpence to sixpence.

But even if we double our circulation, we cannot do these things without the additional income derived from advertisements. It is this which enables us to give you better value for your money.

Now we do not pretend to our advertisers that *The Visor* is going to exercise a big ' pull ' in the direction of increasing their sales. We ask them to show their appreciation of the School, and what it has done and is doing for the town, by supporting the School Magazine. And their support has been cheerfully given.

But most of them are not in business for purely charitable reasons. Without income they cannot pay their income tax. To come, quite bluntly, to the point, they have done us—and you—a good turn. Will you help us to give them a good turnover ?

“ Do you read the School advertisements ? ”

“ Yes, but I deal with “ The Visor ” advertisers.”

## *Royal Society for the Teaching of Untutored Prefects in Darkest Institute.*

CAN you place the following in order of popularity :—

(a) " I forgot to take my book home, sir !"

(b) " Can you postpone it, please, sir ?"

(c) " Make it a half, please, sir !"

(d) " But, sir, it wasn't me !"

(e) " Oh, please, sir !"

(f) " Wha-at ! Me speaking !"

(g) " What do you get for this ?"

(h) " I don't know, sir !"

(i) " Done your homework ?"

(j) " Take a detention, boy !"

(1) 6d. is offered for the best and neatest effort received.

(2) Each effort must be accompanied by a postal-order for 5s.

(3) All monies received will go towards the upkeep of our missionaries in Darkest Libraria.

P.S.—As I happen to value my time, and as there are such weapons for Prefects as detentions, I sign myself

THE MIGHTY ATOM, VIj.

## *After School.*

AFTER having left School, when you are about to start work somewhere, it is probably hardest to decide whether the chosen position is going to be congenial or not. Although you may imagine that you have found out enough about it before taking the plunge, you will be lucky if you really do, because the things that are the most vital, are always, or often, forgotten ! This short article is written for the benefit of those who wish to join the R.A.F. as Apprentices, so that they may know something about it before actually joining.

Whatever trade you decide to adopt, you must go first to Halton (Bucks), where you will be medically examined. After you have been accepted, you are attested and sworn in—a very solemn ceremony, as prospective candidates will soon discover !

If you are sensible enough to have chosen to be a Wireless Operator Mechanic, or an Instrument Maker, you will be



moved to Cranwell (Lincolnshire) within a few days of being equipped. The uniform is very uncomfortable at first, but after about a fortnight you feel as if you had been in the service for years.

The first three weeks of your new life are spent in learning drill and doing P.T. Consequently you soon find out the difference between school and R.A.F. discipline. On an average the terms are fifteen weeks long, so, after about seven weeks, you have a weekend at home. When you return from your short leave, you start doing more specialised work on your definite trade. Morse is perhaps one of the most important subjects, as, when you pass out after three years, you have to transmit and receive twenty-five words a minute—much faster than is heard on the wireless.

The daily routine is quite hard to get used to. You get up (or get thrown out) at 6-30, breakfast 7, working parade 8-30, dinner 1-15, working parade 2-15, tea 4-30, and lights out at 9-30 in winter and 10 in summer. On Monday and Wednesday mornings, before working parade, there is a colour hoisting parade on our own ground. On Saturday morning we change into breeches and puttees, and go up the road to West Camp and have a colour hoisting parade there. When we return, there are about ten minutes to change into working dress for fatigues. These last for only about three hours, but, by the time dinner hour comes, we have done just about enough scrubbing and polishing to last a lifetime.

Pay parade is very welcome on Friday, but nevertheless not as welcome as church parade, because pay parade is followed inevitably by a hard evening's work—dormitory cleaning—whereas after church the rest of the day is free.

The camp itself always offers plenty of amusement, as there is a fiction library, a technical library, a restaurant, the Y.M.C.A., and our own cinema, where we have two shows a week. In winter the chief games are Association and Rugby Football, and hockey, while in summer tennis, cricket, and athletics take their place.

Obviously it is impossible to say everything about Cranwell in such a short description, but I hope that anyone who has entertained thoughts of joining the R.A.F. will see that it really constitutes a fine open-air life with plenty of sport.

A.A.

### *Correspondence.*

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Visor*.

Sir,

For the past few years, the most noticeable feature of the Inter-School Sports has been the total lack of interest shown by the members of this School. At the heats this year, we had not a single supporter apart from the competitors, whilst at the actual sports, we had only two, the rest being old boys. Some schools, smaller than our own, and not from the Liverpool side either, can produce as many as thirty supporters for the heats alone. It is hoped that our Juniors' success this year will encourage the School to remedy this fault by sending a larger contingent of followers next year.

Yours, etc.,

J. G. KEATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Visor*.

Sir,

Just a few words of protest. On a Tuesday afternoon when I have just settled down to two hours' solid work (?), and my companion, doing likewise, awakens me for the third time with his snores, there comes floating along the corridor an aroma as of an over-ripe gorgonzola calling to its young in Esperanto. At first the aroma is of negligible proportions, but all those with experience and the merest smattering of common sense immediately snatch their handkerchief, somebody else's handkerchief, or a chemmy lab. rag to stem the flow of slices of vile atmosphere from penetrating to their nasal organs. Alas for those who know not the symptoms and take not these essential precautions! Within a few minutes the sixes begin to stamp and say naughty words, the fives to cough and splutter, and the fours to sit and giggle, while the thirds (bless 'em) merely ask, 'What is it?' Naturally, work for the afternoon ceases, and detentions are thrown ad lib., ad. inf., and ad anyone who cares to catch one. After much creeping and crawling, that species of humanity known as the 'Lits' has discovered the birth and origin of the disturbance.

It all happens in the cause of science. After wrapping one's head in two macs, three school scarves and any other articles of apparel that lie within reach, one is able to knock discreetly at the chemmy lab. door, open it slowly, and haul oneself through an atmosphere of specific gravity 'x' (unknown) and ask timidly: 'What is it?'



Out of the dim and dirty distance come several muffled voices, 'Aitch-too-ess, you fool,' 'Enn-too-oh, you ass,' 'Ess-oh-too,' or 'See-ell, you prize idiot, can't you smell it.' (When I thought carefully over the incident later on, I remembered that I could smell something!!) With the aid of infra-red rays one may see friend Robinson with a beaker in each hand. He tilts one up, again the fog descends—and he is heard to mumble, 'Ah, a pee-pee.' (I at first thought this to be some sort of deity, but have since learned that in his peculiar jargon it means a precipitate). In another corner Mackinder contributes to the general scenery by adding all he lays his hand on to all he lays his other hand on; Goodwin gloats over various concoctions; while Lythgoe, evidently afraid to enter the danger zone, supports the radiator at the rear of the room (it will need it if it has to stand much of this sort of treatment).

In short, the Upper Sixth (Science?) are making whoopee, together with a deuce of a mess, in their attempts to dig deep (I hope they go no deeper—several miles higher in fact) into the mysteries of chemistry.

I have written these two or three words as an appeal to you, Mr. Editor, in the hope that you, in your exalted position, may be able to do something, no matter how little, to alleviate our sufferings.

I am,  
Yours in the fog,  
"For Many Moons A Patient Sufferer."

### *Others as We See Them.*

READING through a number of school magazines, term after term, one is appalled to think of the multiplicity of effort expended on their production. Consider the infant versifier, his tongue gripped firmly between his teeth, painfully copying out his hard-won rhymes; the patient editor, labouring hopefully at the making of bricks without straw; the harrassed master, stealing moments from his work and hours from his leisure, to cajole and bully, to censor and condense, to expand and re-write; the secretary and treasurer, and the army of official and semi-official helpers, dunning for subscriptions, canvassing for advertisements, collecting, accounting, distributing. . . . Is it all justified by the result, or is the toil itself its only justification and reward?

\* \* \* \* \*



Take an example like this. In one magazine, nameless here, but published within 100 miles of the Liver Building, appears the following, by the hand of a Third Former named K——n :—

There once was a boy named Turner,  
Who sat on a bunsen-burner ;  
The burner burnt bright,  
And he got alight—

And that was the end of Turner.

This is entitled " The Accident," and accepting that explanation of it, together with a promise that it should not occur again, one might say no more about it. In any case, whether it amused or edified any of his readers or not, this metrical annihilation of one of his enemies certainly gave great pleasure to the author, especially when he (and Turner) saw it in print. To that extent it is justified. But immediately below it comes another, from an editorial source :

There once was a boy named K——n,  
Whose wit and whose rhymes were so keen,  
He sent us the verse  
So pithy and terse,  
The result in print now you've seen.

Comment? No. The mind rocks unsteadily a moment, then swerves into another channel.

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Inkwell* (Chester City and County, March, 1933), provides seventy-six pages of reading matter and six full-page photographs for sixpence. This is made possible by two facts : twenty-three pages of advertisements, and a circulation nearer 1,500 than 1,000.

\* \* \* \* \*

We feel there is a moral lurking somewhere in this, so hastily pass on to *The Wallaseyan* (April, 1933), from which we learn that the author of *The Public School Murder* is an old boy of Wallasey Grammar. We wonder if the foundation of his literary fame was laid in an earlier *Wallaseyan*. The story is a rattling good ' thriller.' The headmaster is found shot in his study, and the murderer proves to be the second master. Decidedly no book for schoolboys.

The Arts v. Science controversy still drags on, but there is nothing sensational to report.

\* \* \* \* \*

This science business is evidently producing its effect at the Holt School, for in an article in their magazine (April, 1933), on Historic Wirral, we read of the pretty village of Storeton, "at a *nucleus* of many roads."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Esmeduna* (March, 1933) has brought out Crossword No. 2. (The result of No. 1 is, unaccountably, not published). Is 'hostile' well defined as 'an unfavourable attitude'; or 'desperate' as 'hardy remedies'? One might with equal justice give 'a mad dog' as a clue for 'insane.' By 'Reich' the solver is expected to understand the parliament house in Berlin. Is this a reasonable demand? Owing to the fact that the 'famous English Admiral' (Nelson) may be 'confused' in two ways, an alternative solution is again possible. In the absence of an assurance that either alternative will be accepted, the true crossword maniac will continue to rave.

\* \* \* \* \*

In addition to the above *The Visor* Committee gratefully acknowledges receipt of Higher Tranmere High School Magazine, *Oulton*, and the Teignmouth Grammar School Magazine.

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### *University Letters.*

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE,  
CAMBRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Visor*.

Dear Sir,

Cambridge is one of the most awkward places to reach from Birkenhead, for whichever route you choose to take, you have to change trains at least twice. On the first day of term the little slow stopping train in which you cover the last fifty miles has to be doubled in length to seat the great crowd of students who are on their way from all parts of the country. In all, some six thousand students take up residence in Cambridge each term.

The narrow streets of the town are soon thronged with bicycles and pedestrians, the members of the University being distinguished if it is after dusk by their short gowns and squares. There must, indeed, be no small difference from the comparative quietness of the town during vacation.

A slightly mediaeval atmosphere still hovers about the ivy-clad walls and towers of the ancient college buildings, inducing almost a sense of reverence. One feels that great men have trod these grassy courts and dwelt in the massive old buildings.

Lectures are given each morning between 9 and 10 o'clock. Then gowns are put away and the afternoon spent in some form of recreation, whether football, hockey, or rowing. Every college has a playing field, so beautifully kept that one could almost play bowls on the football pitch. Practically every college has also its boat-house on the river. It is very fine to follow down the banks of the Cam and watch the 'eights' set off for their daily practice; the long, thin boats cutting swiftly through the water; the oars, each tipped with the college colours, rising and falling in regular rhythm. Perhaps, if one is fortunate, one may see the light blue blades of the 'Cambridge eight' as they train for the annual 'procession' on the Thames.

Besides these sports one may also indulge in riding, shooting, or flying. There is every kind of society too:—Dramatic, Musical, Photographic, Mountaineering. There are no mountains in Cambridge—not a hill as long or steep as Whetstone Lane; Cambridgeshire is one of the flattest counties possible. But if you wish to practice climbing, join the Roof-Climbing Club, and make the ascent of the highest roofs you can find. Get to the top of the pinnacles of King's College Chapel while no one is looking!

One need have no idle moment in Cambridge. Studies are to be pursued, games played, meetings attended, friendships formed, during the quick-flying terms.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

IAN R. M. LATTO.

EXETER COLLEGE,  
OXFORD.

Oxford is set in a countryside of outstanding beauty. Fields and meadows are at most but half a mile from the centre of the city, which itself is green with foliage. Every college has its grassy quad, its glorious gardens, and at no time are they seen to greater advantage than in the summer. The lake and swans of Worcester, the deer park of Magdalen, and the flowers of St. John's and New attract hundreds of visitors.



But the great centre of life during the summer term is the river. The lower reaches are daily crowded with punts and canoes on their way up stream. Each has its gramophone, and it is a peculiar experience to watch them glide past, with their variety of colour and musical accompaniments.

Higher up stream, the student, moored amidst the reeds or sheltered by overhanging branches, lies outstretched at study. The tea-party, moored alongside meadows, consume the contents of the picnic hamper amidst laughter and music. More energetic spirits, arrayed in bathing costumes, swim and sunbathe in quick succession, as they proceed leisurely up the river. Finally, the still more energetic glide past in canoes to climb the rapids many miles higher up.

At night, when the setting sun has left a golden glow in the west, and the stars begin to glisten, bats swoop overhead, the stars are reflected in the water, and the trees stand silhouetted on the banks. All is still, save for the steady swish of the punt pole. In the distance, a gramophone in some punt among the shadows breaks the silence. It grows louder, and we see the glow of cigarettes and hear the murmur of subdued voices. As we pass by, silence once more descends. Darkness gathers, and now we traverse a pitch black avenue where the trees interlace above, obscuring the stars. The roar of the waterfall becomes louder, as we approach the boat house, made cheery by flickering lanterns. The bargee hurries to meet us, civilisation holds us again.

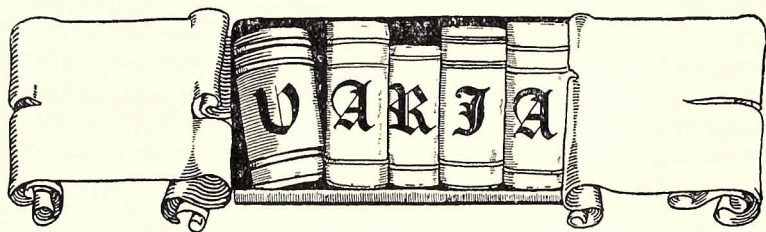
Then, of course, there is the world famous Eights Week. The scene is gay with colour, from the newly painted barges to the bright dresses and blazers of their occupants, and there is a thrill as the eights swing up the river to the rhythmic sweep of the oars.

This is but one, and perhaps the most attractive, side of the life; but a languid day can always be spent in the Parks, watching the Varsity play the various county teams. Hard work still goes on in rooms and libraries. Every political, linguistic, and social club continues its activities. Black Shirted Fascists jostle Red Shirted Communists in every street; the Oxford Grouper approaches the atheist at every corner.

Intellectually Oxford is still a seething pot, for ever on the boil, into which new ideas are being for ever poured.

That is the keynote of Oxford—a judicious balance of work and recreation, a happy combination of intellect and muscle.

G. JELlicoe.



TO all who have entered for the Higher School and School Certificate Stakes we should like to offer the sympathies and best wishes of the School. Their preliminary canter over the course just before Whitsuntide has so familiarised them with its pitfalls and snares that they now hold no terrors for some. Others, we learn, were so disillusioned by the experience that they are entering only as a matter of form, and have postponed any serious attempt on these classic events till next season.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the Inter-School Sports our representatives, Roylance, Smith, Watkins and Wheat acquitted themselves honorably. Owing mainly to the fine effort of Wheat, who gained 24 of the School's 34 points, we easily won the Junior Challenge Shield.

\* \* \* \* \*

Atkin House, after wandering long in the wilderness, have been three times top in the mark sheets. At a secret conclave, held early in the term, it was decided that the then scandalous Tate of affairs could not be allowed to continue.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many thanks to all those boys, and their parents, who have contributed to the third annual collection of clothing for the summer camp for poor boys in Birkenhead, and to the sum of £214s. od. collected for the same purpose.

\* \* \* \* \*

A long and detailed report has been prepared by a distinguished authority on The Progress and Growth of the Trees. This work bristles with thrilling statistics, and only considerations of expense prevented its publication as a special illustrated supplement to this issue.

Talking of poplars reminds one of 'The Road of Poplars,' and of the remarkable achievement of the Old Boys' A.D.S.—not at the Old Vic., but at the Birkenhead Hippodrome during Whit week.

\* \* \* \* \*

During a holiday period of perfect weather, when everyone wanted to be outside, they succeeded in inducing large numbers of people to come and see them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Their little play, by no means "popular" in its appeal, was sandwiched between the pitiless blaring of piano-accordions and the mechanised clangour of a comic talkie. Competing with the nasal sob-stuff (with a lithp) of Jason Junior, and the frantic inanities of Wheeler and Woolsey, it still managed to get across, and hold the very mixed audiences in its grip.

\* \* \* \* \*

In response to the demand for brighter advertisements, our poster artists, to whom be all thanks, have produced startling and original designs in red, blue, green, and magenta backgrounds. If these fail in their purpose, what will succeed?

\* \* \* \* \*

The School Scout Troop will be represented at the Jamboree in Hungary by eight of its members this summer. This has been made possible partly by the generous donations of parents to the Jamboree fund.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are glad to learn that Clark, a former prefect, who left in 1929, has been appointed mathematics master at a London secondary school. He took his science degree (Class I.) at Liverpool, in June last year.

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Visor* Committee wish to thank the members of some forms who have worked hard to obtain new advertisers for this number. IVa. have achieved most in this way, just beating VIb.; both of these forms have done extremely well. Others who have rendered good service are, in order of success in obtaining advertisements: Vb., Va., IVj., IIIa., VIa.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Alexandra rose collection for local hospitals realised £1 1s. 10d. this year.



Full use has been made of the field this term. Passers-by, we are told, become lyrical, like Gray, at the sight of so many of the little victims as, regardless of their doom, they urge the flying ball. The office poet could only run to four lines :

How doth the little cricketer  
Present a pleasing sight ;  
And gather runs from hour to hour  
In garments all of white.

\* \* \* \* \*

The number of entries for the Annual Sports again exceeded that of the previous year. The weather looked as if it had decided to wash out the whole function, but on tossing up for it the School won. The state of the ground prevented any fast times being set up, and great credit is due to Keates for making a record high jump of 5 feet 2 inches. At the Inter-School Sports, the following week, he cleared 5 feet 2½ inches. A number of excellent photographs of the Sports have been on view in the Art Room.

\* \* \* \* \*

The School elevens have so far met with a success which is all the more gratifying in that it has not been due to the spectacular efforts of one or two, but has brought honourable mention to quite a number of names. Congratulations to Sampson and Wadlow on winning their colours.

\* \* \* \* \*

Parcels of cast-off clothing have been received for the Poor Boys' Camp from the following boys and their parents : Cumming, VI. ; Colenso and Bennett, VIb. ; Davies, Vb. ; Campbell and Reid, IVb. ; Edelsten, Ceha and Davies, IVj. ; James and Hill, IIIb. ; Edelsten, Robinson and Ceha IIIj.





\* \* \* \* \*

At Oxford Jellicoe passed his Pass Mods. in all four subjects at Easter, thus completing three terms' work in two terms.

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### *Distinction for the Chairman of the Governors.*

NEWS has just been received that the Chairman of our Governors, Alderman G. A. Solly, has received the signal honour of having conferred upon him the Freedom of the Borough, as a recognition of his outstanding public services rendered over many years. The whole School will join with us in hearty congratulation of Mr. Solly.

ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

## ATKIN.

IT is with some satisfaction that we pen the House Notes this term, for the simple reason that we have got something worth saying. Three times we have headed the mark sheets, an unusual feature, due, no doubt to a little extra exertion on the part of the faithful.

Our cricket has been quite good, and we are well represented in the School Elevens. Todd (our captain), Walker, Mackinlay, and D. C. Halling-Jones play for the First XI.; half the Second team consists of Atkinites, and G. E. Powl and Rowland play in the Third.

The seniors lost their only game to Stitt, but the intermediate team managed a win and a draw. The juniors have at last shown reasonable results, winning one match out of two played.

On Sports Day, we gave a much better display than we have given for some years. With forty-three points, we were second to Tate, whom we must congratulate on obtaining the splendid total of sixty-seven. Our relay teams were pleasing, the intermediates gaining an easy first. The seniors, however, were unfortunate. J. O. Jones, the four hundred and forty yards man, who did so well for the House, injured himself and was confined to the hundred yards stretch, leaving the quarter-mile section to one who was not trained for it and therefore finished second to Craig, of Tate.

Thus, it will be seen that Atkins has made considerable progress, which we hope will be maintained in the future.

**STITT.**

**F**IRSTLY, we should like to express our satisfaction at seeing Mr. Watts, our House-Master, back at school after his long illness, and we trust that his recovery is complete.

Stitt was disappointing in the Sports, being bottom with thirty-six and a half points. There would seem to be small hope for Stitt for some years to come, unless the junior boys develop a little more enthusiasm, and that quickly.

Smith, our house captain, is to be congratulated on sharing the Victor Ludorum cup with Keates of Westminster, in an unusually keen tussle. His total of nine points included two firsts, in the Mile and Throwing the Cricket Ball, second in the Hurdles, and third in the High Jump. We reached the Tug-of-War final, but the hefty Westminster team soon pulled victory from our grasp.

We have played only three Cricket matches, each against Atkin. The seniors, almost certain of victory, were foiled by the rain, after dispatching Atkin for twenty-eight, Smith taking seven wickets for eleven runs. The juniors won with three wickets in hand, but the Intermediate team was dismissed for eleven runs, a total which Atkin quickly passed.

Smith (captain), Milligan and Cumming, play for the First XI., and Christian (captain) and Simms for the Second XI., while King and P. H. Jones represent us in the Colts.

As we expected, we won the Senior Cross Country run for the fourth successive year.

Hunt and Leighton are doing good work in the Chess Club, details being given under club notes.

We have zealously guarded the lower positions in the mark sheets, so that there is scope for improvement. Now Stitt, what about it!

Finally, a word of encouragement and sympathy (they need both) to all our members who are sitting H.S.C. or Matric. this summer. May they all pass with flying colours!

**TATE.**

**S**INCE the most important event of the term has been the Annual Athletic Sports, it is appropriate to open these notes by recording the fact that we won the Championship. An early lead was ably maintained up to the close of the proceedings, when our total stood at sixty-seven points. This very



good result contrasts favourably with our consistent occupation of third and fourth place, since we last gained the Championship in 1927. Since most of our points were gained in junior events, we have much to hope for.

Whilst we should like to congratulate all Tate entrants, special mention must be made of E. G. Williams, Wheat, and Craig, who, besides gaining thirteen, seven and six points respectively, ran very well in the relay races, enabling us to win the senior and junior events, and run close second in the intermediate. We might have won the intermediate also, had Stelfox handed Watkins the baton in the orthodox fashion instead of throwing it at him. [Note :—Watkins's version ; not mine.]

Our cricket has not yet justified our expectations, but we must congratulate Wadlow on gaining his colours. Of the four house matches played, we have won two, against Westminster seniors, and Westminster juniors. Our intermediate team, aided by the clock, drew with Atkin, who made forty-one runs in ten minutes, but our juniors lost to Atkin.

We are represented in the school teams by Goodwin, Wadlow and Collinson in the First XI., and by Clarkson, Burrell, Slinn and J. F. R. Evans in the Second XI., whilst seven of our number play in the Colts team.

Perhaps our strenuous athletic training can account for our fall from first to second place in the mark sheets.

In conclusion, we bid adieu to our captain, Clarkson, and those others of the House who are to leave us this term. May the best of luck attend them in their new roles !

### WESTMINSTER.

AT last I have managed to produce some notes, after a vigorous anti-House Representative pogrom by a Nazi Editor, and a wrathful House Captain, who demands humorous notes (forgetting that he is the only funny thing about the House).

Since *The Visor* last appeared, we have secured the Football Championship with a lead of seven points. Our cricket is mediocre, although few matches have yet been played. Another House has at last wrested from our grasp the Athletic Sports Championship Shield, we missed the third position by one point, but upheld our Victor Ludorum reputation when Keates shared the cup with G. W. Smith of Stitt. Keates took a long-sighted view of things in the Long Jump and finished first in

the High Jump as well. It is rumoured that he took lessons from "the cow that jumped over the moon."

Westminster has repeated her success, reported elsewhere, in Chess.

In conclusion, we thank our captain, Loxam, for his able management of House affairs and wish him a successful University career.

W.H.M.

## Form Notes.

### LIBRARY.

*"If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now!"*

WHEN last we met you in these pages, dear reader, we chanted with gay abandon of the approach of spring, and then, the sobering thought hovering like some evil spirit before our haunted imagination, we hinted vaguely at the imminence of—H.S.C. Alas, what was then a vague, uneasy foreboding is now a grisly fact; the Philistines be upon us in deadly earnest and we are killed all the day long. Already our confrères on the science side have descended into 'black Avernus hole,' and we, poor mortals, stand trembling on the brink of 'that red realm from whence are no returnings.' Yet two days and the holocaust commences—*ora pro nobis!*

Then, when 'the tumult and the shouting dies, the captains and the 'pre's depart,' what of the Library? The place which has housed Upper Six A. for the past two years will know them no more. What will the Library be without Todd, our geographer, weather expert, and poultry-farmer; or Christian, our cat-burglar, 'tame' footballer, and—ornithologist; or 'R.H.' with his social problems, his League of Nations, his views on war, and his theory of the International Date-Line? What will they do without Wood with his 'Müller,' his 'bugs in bogs,' his grace and dignity? Walker, we fear, has fallen, irrevocably; he who, with a light heart and a clear conscience could chuckle about 7 a.m. cycling; has gone all hygienic; rumour hath it that he now *loves* to wash—(in French!) One shudders to contemplate the Library devoid of all these characters. And what of the scientists? Loxam's inveterate punning will be an irremediable loss; the feud between Harry of the dulcet smile and Ham the brawny will be closed for ever; Fritz will no longer vituperate the 'Lit.' rising almost to lyric heights of invective; Leo's 'affaires' will



no longer engage the gossip-mongers of the Advanced, and H.W.'s versatile, if daring, wit will no longer cause spasms of mirth on the back row of the Lab. Smith, too; our dear old Wilf of the punning and (let me whisper) the saxophone, is to depart. Thus passes the last of the 'Old Commercials.'

No; never again will four walls of the abode of learning contain such a crew of assorted yet companionable reprobates as the present Upper Six A. The first year are not to be mentioned in these notes; they are to stay on; 'time is on their side;' Cogan or Cathcart will doubtless give them full prominence in terms to come, but this is the hour for parting from Upper Six A. This is an occasion. Therefore, from the assembled synod—Valete, amici!

R.F.B.

### VI.

**E**VEN the proximity of the "Matric" has failed to damp our spirits. Indeed, the nearer we get to that dreaded occasion, the less ominous it seems. The preliminary examination has largely helped to settle our nerves.

In these exams, Lunn showed how steady he was, by translating "Le malheureux lion peut à reine rugir," by "The unfortunate lion can hardly blush."

Our enthusiasts for brighter dress have been busy this term. First, Francis arrived in a loud check jacket, only to be outdone, a little later, by "Oscar" (Wilde), who wore a pair of "plus fours," which even an historical map of Europe could not hide.

During the holidays, Alldis and Collinson will be amongst those Scouts taking part in the World Jamboree at Budapest. We wish them the best of luck, and sincerely hope that they will have better weather than that which was experienced at Arrowe Park during the last memorable Jamboree.

At the Sports, Keates, Craig, Cumming and L. M. Davies figured in the prize-list. We must especially congratulate Keates on his sharing the Victor Ludorum, and also on his breaking his own high-jump record, by clearing five feet, two inches.

In form cricket we have beaten VIa. and Vj. and lost twice, each time by a narrow margin, to the Advanced. We are represented by Collinson and Cumming in the First XI. and by Craig and Slinn, in the Second XI.

And so we leave you, and here's hoping that, by the time the next *Visor* comes out, we shall all be on the right side of the "Matric!"

D.B.



## VIa.

**H**ERE we are, preparing to leave the old homestead in a few weeks. How time flies! Not long ago we were starting life anew on top of the world, or rather, Birkenhead. And now, the matric—well, we don't talk about that now. Moffat, by virtue of the weather, has been changed from an infamous fellow, who had us all shivering, to a blessing in disguise, who lets in the welcome breezes. We've all been taking advantage of the weather, for everyone seems to have a raw back. A gentle tap on the shoulder calls forth a stream of invective. People often triumphantly flaunt a piece of skin before you!

Before we finally quit the old place, we hereby pass on to our successors a few of the old, glorious traditions of VIa.: that the fireplace (if they ever find it) is *not* used for fires; that, by standing on one's toes by the first window sill, reading from right to left, one can see a large, black gasometer, that one has never seen before; that people *can*, and *do*, write upon the blackboard on the right hand wall.

These things must be observed.

And now we pass on, and become one of those famous "Last year's VIa's."

## VIb.

**M**ORE form notes! What a load on my mind, as the man said when the weight fell on his cranium. (Five minutes pause to enable reader to see joke). But let us get down to brass, tin, iron or any other sort of tacks. VIb. is still buzzing along. (Pause of ten minutes to see joke). And now two minutes silence for 'Joe' Jones who, travelling rather hurriedly, upheld the honour of VIb. at the Inter-School Sports. Write to 'Joe,' c/o. VIb. Form-room, for free book, "How to Sprint," and you might get it, but probably you won't.

And now to our other activities. Bolton, our pet angler, let one get away, and it was so long—well, if you call round some time, I'll show you. Many games of noughts-and-crosses have been played amid scenes of wild enthusiasm, and we issue a challenge to IIIj.—Marquis of Queensbury rules. We also have our pugilists. 'Joe' threatens to 'smack you down,' and Don W. plaintively asks people how they would like a smack on the jaw. The answer to this question, in the real 'Bennett style,' is 'D'ya think so?'

'Tis just a day in the life of Vib.,  
 From hard work none of us shrink-o,  
 One half of the form says "I'll smack you down,"  
 And t'other half says: "D'ya think so?"

'Tis a wonderful form, Vib., you know,  
 With fellows like me in the ranks,  
 For Lord messes round with wireless sets,  
 And Bolton with motor-bike tanks.

Peckham and Company wear plus-fours,  
 And Mason's going crazy,  
 And I have to write these notes myself  
 'Cause everyone else is too lazy.

L.W.

## ODE.

'Twas only a little B.I. boy,  
 So blithe and gay was he,  
 'Twas only a little green apple,  
 Growing on a tree.

'Twas only a little tree and so,  
 He soon the pippin captured,  
 And then his jaws were working,  
 His guileless heart enraptured.

'Twas only the doctor's Morris,  
 Standing before the door,  
 But why tell all the details—  
 The service starts at four.

L.W.

## SPRING.

In spring the cuckoo starts to crow,  
 And loudly chirps the carrion-crow,  
 One also hears the ostrich sing,  
 But the bird that heralds the coming of spring  
 Is the bird next door who calls at dawn,  
 And borrows our lawn-mower to mow his lawn.

L.W.

## CONCERNING THE THIRD FORMER.

(With humble apology to H. W. Longfellow).

By the side of dear old Whetstone,  
 By the steep and sloping Whetstone,  
 Stands the big gun of the B.I.  
 Dark behind it towers the B.I.  
 Towers the dark and gloomy B.I.,  
 House of Wisdom, House of Terror.

In the background is the playground,  
 Is the vast and rolling playground,  
 With its waving trees o'er-looking  
 All that goes on in the playground  
 In the school there stalk the Masters,  
 Men with solemn bearing, Masters,  
 Stalking from the abode of learning  
 On the first floor next to Six A.  
 Thus the old and wrinkled Prefects,  
 Nursed the little Form three New Boy,  
 Boxed him on his wagging ears,  
 Kicked him on his shiny trousers,  
 Stilled his fretful wail by saying  
 "Hush, the monster called the Master  
 Comes to clap thee in detention."  
 Many things the Prefects taught him,  
 Of old Janny in the Tuck Shop,  
 Of the slackers in detention,  
 Showed the War-cry of the Masters,  
 Warriors in their gowns and head-dress,  
 Taught him all the ways to dodge them,  
 Taught him why to do his homework.  
 Then, when winter passed, then summer,  
 When the holidays were over,  
 He came back to school again, then  
 Not a new boy any longer  
 But a big boy in the Fourth Form,  
 Knowing all the arts and secrets  
 Of the school life in the B.I.

G.G.B.

### Vij.

**EXCITEMENT** ebbs low in VIj. nowadays. Yesterday we were happy, to-day we are glum—Bell has gone and left poor Sidney pining away in sorrow! However, we have done our best to keep lively and are even thinking of asking the R.S.P.C.A. for medals. Didn't we keep two mousers in the form one whole morning, thus giving the mice a few hours of safety?

The T.T. races have aroused such frenzied interest among a few of the mechanically-minded members of the form, that stunting became a common sight. Were there any casualties? We hope "Pining" enjoyed his side-car ride at Wallasey races, perhaps he was so oppressed with grief as to be weary of life and welcome this exploit as a possible "way out."



For once in a way we have actually scored more runs than detentions this term. Some record! Perhaps that accounts for the continued absence of dear old Dennis! And, while we are talking of cricket, let us heartily congratulate Parry upon his promotion to the First XI. Well done, Parry!

Are the Bolshies few in number? We have at least one red shirt in our company (Flannelette?—Ed.) and a jazzband to urge him on. The band is quite as good as the Troubadours; at least a bigger din is always forthcoming.

Have you ever heard of the Mighty Atom? We've got it! However, mighty as he is, or may be, the baths still hold terrors for him. He thinks water is only for fish!

We have worked (?) together for four years, and for two of them we have hiked all over the show and know every nook and corner from the attics to the cellars, and now we hear vague rumours that this, the first of all the Junior forms, is to be broken up, so, for the last time VIj. salutes you, "Hail and farewell."  
L.S.

### Va.

**A** QUEER world my masters! And a queer mixture in Va. At the back of the form the "big brains" pore studiously over their books and a monotony prevails which is broken occasionally only by some feverish enquiry relating to the subject in hand, or an infrequent witticism from our "Sage." Near the front work is less steady, and laughter (and impots!) more frequent. Here sit the "detention hogs" and other miscreants. An area of calm in these troubled waters, however, surrounds Wadlow, who works steadily and silently all the time. He it is a propos of whose prowess the poet sings:

Dicky Wadlow, Dicky Wadlow,  
Down at the 1st XI. nets,  
(And they've all got holes in!)  
Dicky Wadlow, Dicky Wadlow,  
He hits at every ball he gets.

Who's the guy who scores the runs?

Dicky Wadlow!

Who then scoffs pavilion buns?

Dicky Wadlow!

When he goes to bat they say

He's sure to stop in all the day!

Dicky Wadlow!

Well, if you like that and want more of it, let us tell you where to go:

Now there's a young fellow named Merc,  
On others his rhymes he will work;  
He thinks he's a poet,  
But we'll make him stow it,  
Or else bump him off with a jerk.

Queer how we come out in limericks at this time of year  
ain't it?

E.g.:

We've got a wise merchant called Gally,  
At Latin he will dilly-dally,  
And when underlined,  
He says, "I don't mind,  
For with all other masters I'm pally."

There is a smart chappie called Blair,  
Of work he does more than his share,  
At maths he's quite swatty,  
On physics he's dotty,  
But say more than this I won't dare!

A man from the market at Gloucester  
Was driving a cow when he loucester,  
So he cut a large bough  
And followed the cow,  
And jolly well put it acroucester!!

If this eruption can't be accounted for, surely English must be blamed for the next two.

#### THE CHIEF'S DECREE.

Then the mighty "Insty" chieftain  
Called a meeting of his brethren,  
And he said unto them gravely:  
"Capless go our younger brothers,  
And they wear no eagles' feathers,  
But display their uncombed war-locks  
To the gaze of all the people."  
Then went forth the dreaded edict:  
"Wear ye caps of seemly pattern  
As ye come and go—and always  
Must be shown your tribal motto  
And your badge of black and orange.

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As ye issue from out your wigwams,  
 Full in sight of all the tribesmen,  
 Place the symbols on your tresses,  
 On your neat and shining tresses,  
 Or incur my dire displeasure.  
 Be ye gone, for I have spoken !"

## ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.

SCENE : Bicycle Shed.

TIME : Present.

*Dramatis Personae.*

TWO CONSPIRATORS.

CHIEF PREFECT.

LESSER PREFECTS.

Enter Two Conspirators.

1st Cons. : Which is it ? Which must we dissect ?

2nd Cons. : Be quiet, fool ! Would'st get us caught ?

Know ye that this thrice cursed hole

Is the lurking place of prefects.

Such villains have sharp ears.

1st Cons. : Let us proceed with the business

(Some time elapses. They finish their task).

Enter many Prefects armed.

Chief Pre. : What havoc wreak ye ? Oh, ye wicked ones,

Your naughtiness shall not unpunished go !

Know ye not it is forbidden strictly

That man should see—and much less touch—

The sacred bicycles ?

Oh, ye shall smart for this !

Both Cons. : Mercy, Mercy !

Chief Pre. : None to such as ye, But, tell me :

Why did ye do it ? Why commit such sin ?

2nd Cons. : Sir, We did but mend a puncture,

(Howls of dismay. Chief prefect falls on his sword,

Thunder and lightning).

CURTAIN.

Also we are adventurous lads ! Aye, ba goom ! One of us has been to the Birkenhead docks and another to Bath. Yes I know we all go on Thursday morning and Saturday night (by special request of our mothers, this latter) but this isn't that one, if you follow me, it's the other one ! This one, in fact :—

The Roman Baths—Bath (should be I bath, thou bathest, etc.—Ed.)

During the last holiday we passed through the old city of Bath, and stopped to inspect the remains of the Roman baths, which were built nearly two thousand years ago, and, all things considered, are in an excellent state of preservation.

There are in all about six baths containing water, which curiously enough, is hot, being led from a hot spring by means of lead pipes, still perfectly sound, which seems strange, since they too date from Roman times.

A visit to these Baths is well worth while if one is in the vicinity, if only as an excellent illustration of the truth of Marten and Carter and company!

### BIRKENHEAD DOCKS.

Although inferior in acreage to those of Liverpool, Birkenhead Docks possess the advantage that they could be quite easily expanded into the open country behind, while Liverpool's docks are restricted by the city behind them.

Ships enter by way of the Alfred Dock to the East Float, where vessels from all parts of the world may be found discharging or loading cargo. From the East Float access may be gained to the Vittoria Dock and the West Float. The East and West Floats can hold ships up to about 20,000 tons deadweight. Beyond the West Float is the Bidston Graving Dock, where drydocking or repairing can be effected. A fine new dock, the Bidston dock, has just been opened, as an addition to Birkenhead's already large area of dockland.

The goods to be seen on the quayside demonstrate the world-wide importance of Birkenhead docks, which deal with all kinds of imports as well as exports, and which have special arrangements for dealing with the cattle which form one of the principal imports.

### THE FIRST SMACK.

Some time ago I went with a friend for my first game of golf. My friend was older than I, and, moreover, he could play golf. Having reached the golf course safely (notwithstanding the fact that I had broken a 'bus window and several noses with my clubs) we bought tickets, and went to the first tee. Several urchins and other people were clustered round the tee, but, setting down the bag of clubs, which, incidentally, were my father's, I picked out the driver and began to swipe at the grass, in preparation for the first smack. Unfortunately, my



friend, who was fixing in his tee, received the first smack. He chided me with mild words and turned his attention to his drive. He gave a mighty clout, and the ball sailed away in the direction of the green. As he moved away, I saw the wrath of one moment become joy of success in the next. Now came my turn. With sagging knees and sinking heart, I placed my ball on the tee and took aim. The crowd which had now gathered to watch my efforts held their breath in expectation. They were disappointed; my shaking hands knocked the ball off the tee. Colouring furiously, I bent down and took fully a minute to replace the ball on its perch, then stood up, closed my eyes, and swung the stick up and down without looking at the ball. Wonder of wonders! I hit it! Yes, I had hit it on to the eighteenth green! That was the first smack I ever had on a golf course, but, like so many other first tries, it was not the last. I took 200 strokes over that game!

#### Vb.

WE all came back this term with a lively anticipation of the exams, and with the knowledge that we had the longest term before us. Most of us, however, had made up our minds to work hard, and we now find that the session passed quite quickly.

In cricket our team turned out rather better than most of us expected, as it has done quite well so far. We are represented in the second eleven by Roylance, who also won the cross-country run (junior) at the end of last season. Several of us won prizes at the Sports.

After the Whit holidays, everybody came back as brown as niggers, notably "Bert" Sutton, who had been for a long ride on either his bicycle or his motor-bike.

Ellis has been of outstanding assistance this term in getting advertisements, of which he has secured no less than five.

The term is now rapidly drawing to a close, but the worst part of it is coming more rapidly still. We are all sadly awaiting the forthcoming examinations.

#### Vj.

THE attendance monitor will first call the "mustard" roll.

A is for Allen our budding Goliath.

B is for Burrell: the willow he plieth.

C is for Coughtrie, who daily grows fatter

And also for Crowhurst, much thinner this latter.

D's for Dalziel, a red-headed Scot.



E is for Evans, a Welshman, ye wot.  
 F is for Freedman; he looks a dark horse.  
 H is for Hubbard, well seasoned with sauce.  
 J is for Johnson, who laughs at exams.  
 M is for Melville—his voice like a lamb's;  
 McKinlay, who tries of their wickets to rob 'em;  
 And Moore, the form airman, whose big pal is Cobham,  
 And also for Moxley, Fate's innocent victim.  
 P is for Procter: not many have tricked him.  
 S is for Smart, who bites less than he barks;  
 And for Snell too, an ardent collector of marks;  
 And Stelfox as bright as a row of new pins.  
 T is for Taylor. Beware when he grins!  
 For Ternent, whose tongue is too long by one half.  
 And for Theobald. 'Baldy' enjoys a good laugh.  
 W's for Watkins. Bright, bright is his hair.  
 While Wheat's is quite black. Otherwise they're a pair.  
 W's also for Woolman, who finds life so funny,  
 And Wood who gets wisdom as bees gather honey.  
 Y is for Yates—stays away with a 'chill.'  
 And lastly for Young, who never is ill.

Thank you. We are very pleased with ourselves this term. (We wish we could say the same of the staff). To begin with, we have all had a hand in these Form Notes; that is we have put our heads together and pooled our ideas (water, water everywhere.—Ed.) and this is the result.

Then we did wonders at the Sports, and by being younger than we look deprived many a fourth-former of his well deserved prize. According to Hubbard, Wheat established a record in this respect by winning "8 prizes and Stelfox and Watkins and Allen." A good bag. They say that Allen went quietly, but there was some trouble with Stelfox.

Does the rest of the School recognise that it owes the Junior Inter-School Sports Championship to Vj. ? This again was mainly due to Wheat, who won 24 points of the 34 gained by the School.

#### PRESS NOTICES:

"A marvellous performance."

K. COUGHTRIE in Form Notes.

The Latin and German sections of the form have held contests in swimming, water polo, and cricket. The results show clearly the superiority of one section, but are disputed by the pig-headed and obstinate members of the other.

Smart and Melville have formed a Cycling Club, consisting of Smart and Melville. This club appears to be very popular with its members, who have already made a trip to Gretna Green—and back.

We are getting a bit fed up with the flattering attentions of a few members of Vb., who never seem to be happy unless they are hanging round our door between periods. Thank you so much. Good afternoon!

Woolman continues to be amused in his own little way and radiates a humour all his own. Chuckling heartily, he told me the other day that he enjoyed life to the full, even during his playful little scraps with Theobald.

Ternent, our gas expert, does not read the Shell advertisements, but is busy perfecting a self-generated petrol substitute.

Our melting soprano, Coughtrie, beguiles us from time to time with haunting melody, and reminds us that "nature in the raw is seldom mild." He is going this summer to the Jamboree at Budapest, and will come back with a repertoire in seven languages.

#### IVa.

Sold Out! (A. ROBERTS).

UP the stairs, up the stairs,  
Up the stairs, onward,  
Down the long corridor  
Rushed the six hundred.  
"Forward the lads who've paid!  
Give them their mags," he said  
Into the *Visor* room  
Poured the six hundred.

"Forward the lads who've paid!"  
Was there a man dismayed?  
(Only the printer knew  
Someone had blundered)  
Theirs not to reason why  
Theirs not to argufy,  
Theirs but to go and buy:  
Into the *Visor* room  
Poured the six hundred.

Prefects to right of them  
 Prefects to left of them  
 Prefects in front of them  
 Shouted and thundered  
 Loudly each called his name,  
 Proudly he made his claim,  
 Form after form they came,  
 All of six hundred.  
**Then** from the jaws of Death,  
 Battered and short of breath  
 Backward they stumbled.  
 Nobly they fought and bled,  
 Nobly they bought and read,  
 "Sold out!" they told the Ed.  
 Not one was left of them,  
 Left of six hundred.  
 When can their glory fade?  
 O the wild rush they made!  
 All the staff wondered.  
 Nobly they bought and paid,  
 (Eightpence the charge they made)  
 Noble six hundred.

Which is only our tame poet's way of saying that we in IVa. have done our share in helping *The Visor* to an increase of circulation and of adverts. Every shopkeeper in Wirral (more or less) has been canvassed by one or more members of IVa., and no bones broken.

We have been having lessons on metre and scansion and are at any time liable to break out like this:

There was an old person of Perth,  
 The stingiest fellow on earth,  
 He fed—Oh, 'twas cruel!—  
 On seaweed and gruel,  
 In order to lessen his girth.

E. H. JONES.

Our great men are still much in evidence, and we have been further cheered by a flying visit from Sheriff. Poole and Kellit are no more, but their places are more than filled by him of whom 'tis written:

There was a young fellow called Martin  
 Who had an immaculate partin',  
 But one day a rough pair  
 Came and ruffled his hair  
 And partings now Martin's no heart in.

W.



And of course, we still get a lot of fun out of Dean, but he's a good-natured sort and takes it all in good part.

There is a young fellow called Dean,

Who's really a bit of a scream,

He decided one day

At cricket to play,

But he couldn't get into the team:

A.J.

Which is a dirty libel, because he wasn't trying anyway!

However, just to prove that we can be serious, when we like, we will let you read the efforts of the form highbrow.

#### BLASTING IN A SLATE QUARRY.

During the holidays I had the pleasure of visiting a great slate quarry, near Bethesda, in North Wales. The quarry presents an extraordinary appearance for its sides are cut into very large terraces. It is of enormous extent, and the 1,000 odd men at work there, at the time of my visit, looked very small as they moved about at the bottom of the great pit.

When we arrived, some experienced men were completing the insertion of dynamite into holes drilled in the face of the hillside. Soon all was ready, and when a bugle was blown, the men immediately ran for shelter in the little stone huts which had been erected in various sheltered positions. Another bugle note sounded a second warning, and a few moments later the entire hillside appeared to be in a state of great upheaval, for the dynamite had exploded with a terrific roar. For five minutes no one was allowed to move, so that any charges which had failed to explode could do so. Then the men gradually resumed their work of moving the masses of slate that had been blown to the bottom of the pit by the explosion.

The slate, having been conveyed from the quarry, is cut into slabs about 2 inches thick, about 3 feet long, and 2 feet wide, which are again split up into thinner slabs by very highly skilled workmen who use only a hammer and chisel. The slabs are cut up into the required size by machines which have a cutter like a scythe on a large scale.

D. ROBEX.

#### IVb.

WE will start these notes with a little rhyme about our famous formfellow Duff (but we won't tell you who wrote it).

There was a young fellow named Duff,

Who thought he was terribly tough,

He started to fight

And brought out his right,

But now he has ended his bluff.

After leaving Duff with a K.O., we must hunt for another victim, and here he is :

There was a young fellow called Dean,  
On Chemy he used to be keen,  
He made some gunpowder ;  
The bang was much louder,  
Than poor Dean had ever foreseen.

We only hope that Dean gets back in time to buy his *Visor*, and now for a little limerick about that rare person the one and only Nava :

There was a young fellow called Nava,  
Who went for a short hike to Java,  
The volcanoes did stare  
At a being so rare,  
Then they covered him over with lava.

But this has gone far enough (though not as far as Nava) so we'll just tell you how we came to write these notes.

There once was a measly old miser,  
Who wouldn't stump up for the *Visor*,  
So we've written a note  
That should sure get his goat,  
And now, if he buys his, he's wiser.

#### IVj.

WE of IVj. have had so many diversions this term, that it is a matter of no little difficulty to know where to commence. Let us begin, for instance, with our encounters with those members of the Staff who appear interested in (or at least have to bother with) the distinguished community.

Mr. Haime provides us with a great abundance of intellectual and logical conversation, but nevertheless he must be rather perturbed by the answers which frequently greet him. Ceha, when asked what the stem of genus might be, mumbled forth some unintelligible sounds. "What?" inquired Mr. H., "Spell it!" "I—T!" came the bright reply! Weir, *we're* forced to say, has his own share of the Latin language—he must know *one* word at least. For reasons which appear immediately, the noble preceptor of the same language has christened him "*Vir stultissimus*." This enthusiastic student does not know whether we have learnt the Imperative or not. He included it, however, in a sentence copied from Williams, copied from Bryant, copied from . . . . . (ad infinitum).



Mr. Thacker is our long-suffering and heroic form-master. On inquiring as to the whereabouts of a *General Notebook* of one Kay, he was informed that the same was all used up making paper boats for the Navy! This is where we meet some of the crazes of the form.

Mention may here be made of one Jeffreys, who helped to swell our number after the beginning of the Easter term—whether intended to be one of those almost spherical, or ovoid Easter gifts we do not know. This worthy astonishes us with some original pronunciation of words: “foreigners” rendered as “four-fingers,” for instance! He is again departing at the end of the term. (Going to the “fourfingers”?)

As crazes have already been mentioned, no introduction is necessary to this little effort at consecutive thought.

### CRAZES.

There are things in the lives of human beings which are catching. They spread and spread, just like colds, the only difference is that these crazes, as they are called, are received happily. There is one thing common among all crazes, and that is that they die out suddenly.

The first craze that we think of is a craze that seizes the mind of very small children, namely the craze of cigarette card collecting. “Gorr any cigarette cards mister?” was heard everywhere. Now it is heard only in places of ignorance.

Another craze is the craze of stamp collecting. It starts when a person is given a stamp album, continues for two or three weeks, stops and starts every year round about the same date when he has a 1s. stamp packet given to him, by the same kind person. Foreign coin collecting is carried out in a similar way.

The next craze is the yo-yo. Everybody knows with what rapidity it came out. Competitions were held over all England. Large stores employed boys to give demonstrations. It was a common sight to see children playing yo-yo in ’buses and trains. Now you are laughed at if you produce one.

Diabolo was another craze which was in fashion about the time of the yo-yo. It was not practised as much as yo-yo because it needed space.

The last craze to die out was a craze that comes in and out every now and then, that is the Jew’s harp. It came into fashion because IVj. enjoyed an imitation given by Merret during a Chemistry lesson. Next day one was shown in class. This resulted in the craze starting.



Did I say it was the last to die out? There was another one which would have lasted, but for a certain prefect. This craze is the water pistol craze. It comes very often but dies out.

There is one craze that is still going strong. It is the Football team cards given away with those "good" books the *Wizard*, *Rover*, *Adventure*, and *Skipper*. It started to die out, but recently it started again, because the "hard four" were given away. The "hard four" are Millwall, Wolverhampton, Manchester United, and Bradford. This craze will end in about four weeks from the date of writing, because the cards will not be given away.

A.H.C.

In IVj. this term the flute, cornet, sackbut, psaltery, Jew's harp, etc., have found many followers, particularly the last mentioned. The chief musicians are Evans (1st Jew's harp), Merret (2nd Jew's harp), Ceha (we *think* it's the bagpipes), ably assisted by Kay, the soloist, Weir, on the effects, dogs especially, and Williams (make-up, coiffure, etc.) Other members of the form, who cannot appreciate the efforts of the above, pass the time by dart-throwing, a very satisfactory sport. The inactive section of the form carry on the great old trade of collecting sets of "football cards." Speed, whom we congratulate, has already collected one set and is *speedily* collecting another.

S. Davies (lucky fellow!) has had the great fortune to be able to visit the Rodney, and relates what he remembers.

"While staying at Churston near Brixham we obtained permission to inspect H.M.S. Rodney, which was lying in Torbay. We went by train to Torquay where one of the Rodney's pinnacles met us, and, passing through long lines of submarines, destroyers, and cruisers, conveyed us to the vessel itself. As we arrived on board, we were greeted by an officer, and divided into two parties, each of which was accompanied by two sailors.

"We first examined one of the ship's biggest guns; the intricate firing machinery, shell carriers, and various other mechanisms greatly interested us. One room, which we were not allowed to enter, contained dynamos for generating the electricity for the whole ship. While we were examining the signal lockers, a gun was fired unexpectedly. It was the start of a cutter race.

"On going below, the bake-house first claimed our attention, and very surprised we were to see the modern appliances which were there. Everywhere, of course, the true Navy cleanliness was apparent.

“ In one passage were located racks of rifles, bayonets, and cutlasses. We were most interested, however, by the magazine, and the search-light towers, but were forced to leave soon as the Admiral was expected on board. After saying goodbye, and thanking the Captain for a very enjoyable visit, we left the ship.” S.D.

There was a young fellow named Ski  
 Who tried to swim in the sea ;  
 He met a large shark  
 And went down in the dark  
 And never returned for his tea. T.W.

A boy in our form known as Speed  
 While swimming was caught on a weed  
 In trying to get free,  
 He was stung by a bee,  
 But it didn't get much of a feed. L.H.

### IIIa.

THE first item is a song in praise of Mortimer, our champion cricketer, whose fame has already passed beyond the form-room walls.

Loud cheers for a fellow called Mortie,  
 Who has brought us much honour in sport. He  
 Looks this way and that,  
 And waggles his bat,  
 And knocks up a total of forty.

Next comes a lament for a comrade in trouble.

Let us sing of the folly of Wally,  
 Who volleyed down hill on a trolley.  
 When he got to the end,  
 He could not take the bend,  
 And was plunged into deep melancholy.

We seem to have very little news. McBride is getting quite a Big Boy. He now parts his hair down the middle. Faraday, the absent minded genius, or the sleeping beauty, has lately been re-christened Faraway.

Clarke, the eminent physicist, thinking, no doubt, of the description of a net as “ a lot of little holes tied round with string,” has defined a vacuum as “ something with nothing in it.”

## IIIb.

A RUMOUR now in circulation says that the Mersey Dock and Harbour Board has offered Pierce a job as a foghorn, because of the marvellous noises he can produce at will. They will call him "The Pierce Buoy." (He really does emit "Pierce-ing" noises). Another of our sirens (foghorns, not Flossies) is Porter; in fact he and Percy constitute the Berengaria and Mauretania of the form.

Another worthy (but not very!) is Franka. A "bruiser" by reputation, but from his appearance one afternoon not so very long ago, he should be styled "bruised" rather than "bruiser." (That'll make him Wild!) The nationality of this Franka is supposed (by himself) to be German, but, after hearing his pronunciation of "Aux yeux" as "Oh Yeah," we thing he is more probably Anglo-American.

Then, of course, there is Austin (better known as Aussy, Auss, Hoss, Bones, Pram, etc.), who is one of the greatest boosters of Detention Sheet Stock. Mr. Hall, on hearing that he had won a ticket for a ride in an aeroplane, advised him to have no tea before ascending, for reasons which would appear later! This same Austin, seeing an aeroplane sky-writing at night recently, told Franka that he thought it was a wireless message on fire! Altham has also some strange opinions—that a worm was a caterpillar which had been shaved, for instance!

We have another silly ass in our form who imagines that when he grows up he will have a job at five pounds a week, with hours from 12 to 1, with an hour off for lunch.

We are now going over to the swimming baths . . . Gurgle! Ooch! Splooch! *I will* learn to swim, even if I have to swallow all the water and walk across. "You there!" shouts the attendant, "Can you swim?" I meekly reply "No," and put my arms through the dangling rubber rings. After I have churned the water to foam with my efforts, the at-t-t-endant, being a kind-hearted man, says "You may learn to swim WITH PRACTICE." Personally, I think a game of "tick" is much to be preferred. Look! Blackburn has let go of the bar! With dog-like strokes he gains the other side (square 4). Indeed a fine exhibition of canine navigation ("Mongrel Stroke" or "Doggie's Walk.")

To return to our form room. You must know that we have two doors. Through one we hear the bells (beautiful sounds—so *well-timed* too!) while through the other proceed sounds of entertainment (Nuff said). The school ghost frequently hon-



ours and amuses us by its presence. It opens the door into the gym, and also the form-room door, in the middle of a lesson. The form-room door can, we grant, be shut sometimes to the exclusion of this spirit, but the gym door is absolutely under his power! If, however, I said that the ghost was invisible, some unimaginative beast would say it was the wind, not the unquiet spirit of (say) Bridge, or some other famous O.B.!

At times we produce quite noble stuff.

#### A DUCK.

The wicket had fallen, the next man rose,  
 He passed through the crowd, and out to the pitch,  
 He pulled on his gloves, took his stance, or his pose,  
 And then gave his trousers one last vicious hitch.  
 He was ready, a glorious hundred to make,  
 And was thinking of sixes he'd hit o'er the field,  
 With his "eye" in no bowler his wicket could take  
 For a good cause his beautiful willow he'd wield.  
 But alas for his castles built up in the air,  
 And the cheers of the crowd which he hoped would  
     resound,  
 He found that for centuries he now had no flair,—  
 When his score was put up, 'twas a nice cipher round!  
L.H.

#### THE HEAT WAVE.

Mid term, and a heat wave.  
 I said, "This is great.  
 What more can we ask for?  
 The kindness of Fate!"  
 But oh! ere the noon sun  
 Was high in the sky,  
 I was frizzled and frazzled,  
 And wanted to die.  
 Too hot to play cricket,  
 Too hot for a hike,  
 Too hot to enjoy  
 A long ride on my bike.  
 The "Stop Me and Buy One"  
 Had tempted me sore.  
 He had all my money;  
 I couldn't buy more.

How happy I'd be  
 Just to change to a fish,  
 Or an Eskimo lad  
 Or a frog; but oh! this!  
 What good are heat waves?  
 They just make us yell—  
 "For goodness sake send us  
 A Buchan's cold spell!"

L.H.

## IIIj.

**L**IFE is real, life is earnest in IIIj., and we all work hard, especially our mark sheet expert, who is still feeling very clever and has topped the list every time so far. However, we get our weekly thrill fourth period on Tuesday morning. First comes the Derby, won as usual by Banks. You can't keep that boy from the water. (Very fishy.—Ed.) Then soon we hear the warning "The Campbells are coming, look out!" and we know the execution squad are on the war-path. Immediately a hasty retreat is executed by one individual! He doesn't like to get damp, although it is said that on June 20th, he actually wetted his hair. Well, well!

A query has been raised as to the real causes of the tidal wave the other Tuesday morning, which drove several smaller members of the form to the steps in great panic. Was it, or wasn't it? And is it true that those sitting in the rear of the form must twist all ways in order to see the blackboard? We should like to know.

Seriously, though, we are in great form. This is the result of reading "Birds in a Village."

## BURTON MARSHES.

Burton Marshes, which are near my home, are part of the old bed of the Dee, and cover hundreds of acres, extending from Parkgate to Sealand. As, at certain times of the year, they abound in wild bird life, they are an interesting place to walk over.

I remember, a year or two ago, seeing large flocks of wild geese flying over the River Dee and settling on the marshes to feed, and a well known local wild-fowler informed me that during one night over five thousand of these birds rested there.

To those interested in wild bird life, I can recommend a walk over the marshes, where I have seen mallard, widgeon, teal, snipe, plover, herons, geese, and even spoonbill, the latter, a very rare bird, with a spoon-shaped bill about nine inches long.

R.P.

After which all enthusiastic budding Hudsons will be migrating to the Dee! Some of us, however, can find our fun nearer Birkenhead; at least, A.M. can.

### THE DOCK DIVER.

One dull day, having nowhere in particular to go, with a friend I took a walk to Morpeth Dock. The water was so low that we inquired the reason and were told that the diver was going down, so we waited to see him.

At last the diver appeared, and we watched him dress, and what a job! First of all, on top of his ordinary clothes, he put on woollen pants and jumper, then came a rubber suit, leather boots, with metal soles and straps instead of laces, and then a copper helmet!

He lowered himself into the water, and his air tube followed him as he descended. Bubbles of air showed where he had got to. Evidently he was busy, as he had two hammers sent down to him.

He stayed down a considerable time altogether, although coming up for short periods at intervals. When he finally emerged, we watched him get out of his diving suit. We each tried to lift a boot with one hand, but failed, and also failed when we tried to lift the huge copper helmet, using both hands.

A.M.

### A PAVEMENT ARTIST.

In the main street, an old pavement artist exhibits his pictures. They are by his side, sketched with a rough skill, but his art receives scanty acknowledgment. Only rarely does a copper fall into his hat, but on these occasions he gazes at the giver with a mute thankfulness, and in return receives a sympathetic smile.

—S.

And now you are all feeling soulful, try this for an antidote:

The clock chimed midnight. In the dark house all was silent. Suddenly, a heart-rending yell was heard. There followed the sound of a furious struggle in the dining-room, with vases and other fragile objects crashing to the floor. The quaking householder conjured up what was happening behind that closed door: blood, corpses! Gripping his revolver more firmly, he flung open the door, snapped on the light. After a hasty glance round, he lowered the revolver. "Who in all the world left the door of the parrot's cage open and let the cat in!"

A.M.



### *Junior School Notes.*

**D**URING the pleasant sunny days of the summer term, we appreciate the possession of a garden. Some zealous gardeners have made efforts to improve it by planting and weeding, and boys have been seen earnestly cutting the edges of the lawn with small scissors. When it is very stuffy indoors, classes are held under the trees, though some of us find our attention becomes absorbed in learning from the thrushes how to extract worms from the lawn at record speed! The birds are quite tame and flock to the bird table each day; they seem, surprisingly enough, to relish the pieces of slightly decayed fat that Form I. puts out for them. These are evidently more nourishing than they are decorative! We should mention that Form I. have constructed bird tables of their own design, the best of which has been bought by the Headmaster for his garden.

The torrential downpour of Sports Day did not damp the enthusiasm of the juniors, and, as usual there were many entries for the various events. Form II. took their training seriously, and held a paper-chase one Wednesday afternoon. This does not seem to have been a great success, perhaps because there was some doubt as to who were "hares" and who were "hounds," and the supply of paper seems to have been limited to one torn newspaper!

We have in Dearnley a keen and reliable games captain. In a match again IIIb. the latter were successful, but we hope for a better result in the game arranged with IIIj.

The Cub Pack has established a record by winning the Sports Shield five times in succession. The Rovers were good enough to invite some of the cubs to a week-end camp with them. The weather was unfortunately very bad, and a fierce gale almost blew away their tents during the night. In spite—or perhaps because—of this, they thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Nineteen cubs are camping this year with the scouts at Stainforth. They are still collecting for camp funds, and we hope to add to these by presenting a little play in the garden, provided that our very adaptable holly-bushes can be transformed into the ramparts of a castle!

We have a store of original information in the Junior School. Somebody says that sheep in Spain are called Canterbury lambs, and one boy defined a republic as "a land for the public, where anyone can go, so you don't find nice people there as you do in England."

In conclusion we must congratulate Gullan and Bibby on winning scholarships to the Senior School. H.M.D.

### *Thoughts in a Heat Wave.*

**I**T is a Monday afternoon, and the atmosphere is almost unbearable. The window is open, but no air reaches me in my stuffy corner. It is a French lesson, and I am being taught that the adjective agrees with the noun in number and gender. *L'arbre vert ! Les nuages blancs !* I am lying in the shade of a green tree, with soft grass below me and fleecy clouds above me. A short distance away, a stream bubbles over the pebbles, and the soft whispering of the leaves lulls me to sleep.

I awake with a shock, to find the lesson has ended. Now it is Geography, and, to make things worse, we are studying the Sahara Desert. Mile upon mile of dazzling sand stretches before me, coppery sky, no shade, and not an oasis in sight. Unhappy thoughts in a heat wave.

The lesson changes again and we settle down to Arithmetic. But I am not interested in the cost of carpeting floors and papering walls. "A swimming bath measures fifty yards by a hundred yards by ten feet. Find the number of cubic feet of water it contains." I stand on the edge, looking down into the green depths. I raise my hands and plunge in, shut off from the outside by cool, glistening water. My wandering thoughts are recalled. As usual my sums are wrong,—and I am hotter than ever !

J. B. GIBSON, Form II.

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### *Yesterday and To-day.*

#### TO-DAY.

**L**ONDON is in a fever of excitement, for the great Cup Final is to be played at Wembley Stadium between two teams high up in the football world. Crowds throng the gates at 11 o'clock, though the match is not due to start till 3 p.m. Bands of enthusiastic 'Fans' are gathered in the great stadium. Jests and taunts are exchanged between excited supporters. At last the great moment arrives when the ball is kicked off. A flash of colour, and the players run up the field. The ball is tossed backwards and forwards till the interval. During the second half, a thrill is given when the first goal is scored. This is equalised a few minutes later. The winning goal is scored amid thunderous cheers. The whistle is blown, and the great game has been lost and won. Enthusiasm among the crowd runs high, especially when the winners are presented with the Cup. Tired but satisfied spectators pass through the gates and leave the field deserted save for stewards and officials.



## YESTERDAY.

The scene of the Tournament was wrapped in colour. On the edge of a wood were the lists, where the green sward sloped gently downwards. Gates were fixed at regular intervals in the palisaded enclosure, and heralds were stationed to announce the arrival of the knights. Excitement and enthusiasm prevailed everywhere, and loud applause greeted the arrival of each combatant. Near a splendid throne emblazoned with the royal arms, stood gaily attired pages, squires, and nobles awaiting the king, whose arrival caused an excited stir.

At last the tournament began. After many bouts, the great event of the day began. Into the lists pranced a magnificent stallion, upon which sat a knight clad in steel armour. Soon after, his opponent, the Black Knight, rode into the lists. They were indeed a well-matched pair. Three times they charged, but the third time the Black Knight fell to the dust and lay at the other's mercy. Great applause greeted the champion and he was unanimously declared winner of that day's tournament. The cheers of the crowd rent the air, as the champion knelt before the king. Soon after, the crowd began to disperse in chattering groups, and the vast arena was silent till the morrow.

S. TARPEY, Form II.

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*The T.T. Race.*

YESTERDAY was the most thrilling day of my life, especially at the start of the race when I had a funny feeling in the pit of my stomach. At last it was my turn. I brought my motor-bike up and waited for the flag to drop. Then. . . . One. . . . Two. . . . Three! a mighty heave, the engine leapt into life, and I jumped into the saddle.

The roar mounted into a long, high pitched drone,—broke—and rose again, as I slipped into top, then began to ease for Quarter Bridge. Round I went, and then on for Bradda Bridge and Union Mills. Through the small village of Crosky, and away for Ballig Bridge. . . . I ease for the jump. . . . over! Now on to Glen Helen, through there quite easily, and then at last I come to a straight road. But not for long, because soon I could see Sulby Bridge. Over that and then for the treacherous hairpin bend. Brake hard on! . . . I seem to see the wall come towards me. . . . straighten up for a second . . . and on for Snaefell. At the bottom, I had, of course, the feeling that my engine would not get to the top,



but that was soon banished. Now, coming to the bottom on the other side, I had to slip into top for Windy Corner and Keppel Gate. Past these I got ready for Craig-Ny-Baa, one of the most dangerous points. I managed this and watched the needle creep up to 110 as I nearly flew through Hillberry and Cronk-Ny-Mona. Then I eased for Sign Post Corner and Governor's Bridge, which I took at about 70 m.p.h. Once round there I had finished a lap.

Six more similar laps brought me to the end, which I won triumphantly.  
H. LUTON, Ib.

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### *Recollections.*

**M**Y mother and father live in China, and I was born in Hankow, where I lived until last year.

In the summer when the heat is hardly bearable, most English people go to enjoy the soft mountain air of Kuling. They travel along a dusty road, in a "bone rattler" or motor-car, across the plains of Kupiang; then they have to endure the continual sway of the mountain chair, carried by coolies. It is an interesting and pretty sight at night, when the sides of each mountain are dotted with lights from the bungalows and hotels. In the valley, there is a little street of two-storied shops, called the Gap. Here too are thousands of beautiful moths and dragon flies, snakes, and insects of such beauty that many artists and naturalists come to Kuling.

Shanghai is almost as well-known as Liverpool, for its big clocks and ship-building yards. The everlasting cries and shouts of the coolies, the rumbling sound of the trams, the shrill sirens from the boats in the river, and the great lorries rushing along, all make one feel quite excited.

In 1931 the Hankow dykes burst and the waters poured through, drowning thousands of people. We were at Kuling at the time, but we heard how in some parts the water was forty feet deep; it even flowed to Kiukiang, sixty miles east.

In winter the snow is about nine inches deep. The Chinese are very clever at snow-sculpture, and are glad of a chance to show their skill. I have seen a party of soldiers working at an immense dragon of snow, so big that they had to put their rice basins for its eyes. This work was done in less than half-an-hour.

T. G. HUMPHRIES, Ib.

MY parents are now in Burma, where I was born. Although I have been in England for six years, I can still remember some interesting things about my life there.

My "ayah" was a very kind nurse, who called me "Joey Babba," but I did not mind, as that was my nickname out there. Nearly every day a Hindu came to entertain us with his monkeys, which would dance to the tune of a tin whistle. A "Box-wallah" was a man who carried on his head a box containing things for sale, such as pins and buttons. Many a night I could hear the shrill whine of the hungry jackal looking for its prey.

The national dress of the Burmese is very pretty, consisting of a "loongi" or long skirt, an "engie" or short coat, and a "gom-bom" or head dress, these garments being made in gaily coloured silk. The people are proud, but in manner polite and respectful. They live in fear of "nats" or spirits, and, in the country places, the cart-wheels are made to squeak to keep the "nats" away.

J. GIBSON, Ib.

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### *Fame.*

PLACES as far north as Birkenhead are rarely mentioned in the great London (as distinguished from the merely "national") newspapers. Nothing that happens here of less importance than the founding of cathedrals, the opening (from time to time) of the Mersey tunnel, or the outbreak of riot and civil commotion is allowed to intrude in the haughty columns of the *Times* or *Telegraph*.

The story is told that in the early days of August, 1914, among a number of candidates from the public schools, a member of a Liverpool Officers' Training Corps applied at the War Office for a commission. The officer interviewing the candidates asked what school he came from. "Liverpool Institute, sir." "Never heard of it!" barked Col. Marlborough-Sandhurst. "No, sir, but you soon will," was the modest reply.

And now the *Times* has heard of Birkenhead Institute. On another page you may read how it came about that out of hundreds of entries from the United Kingdom, the Old Boys of B.I. carried off the Howard de Walden trophy at the Old Vic.

Under the heading "A Brilliant Show," the *Observer* remarks:

'The Birkenhead performance was brilliant in every way. Any professional repertory company might have been proud of it. I imagine that Mr. Armstrong, of the Liverpool Playhouse, will be asking some of these young people to cross the Mersey and forfeit amateur status.' (Whether he has taken the tip from the *Observer* or not, Mr. Armstrong has already approached one of the cast).

True, the *Observer* critic thinks Birkenhead is in West Lancashire, but he generously supports the judges in awarding the palm to the Old Boys' A.D.S. over the heads of Swansea and Dundee and even the barnstormers of Beckenham.

### *Nine Men's Morris.*

THIS old game, mentioned by Shakespeare in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and played on every village green in mediæval England, is worthy of a better fate than the oblivion into which it has fallen.

The game is for two players, Black and White, each of whom has nine counters or pieces. The players make alternate moves.

To play the game you should prepare a large board with 24 "points," as shown in the accompanying diagram:



The object of the game is to take your opponent's pieces until he has only *two* left. You can take a piece only when you have made a "set." Making a "set" means getting *three* of your pieces in a horizontal or vertical (but not in a diagonal) line.

The game divides itself into three stages. A set can be made, and a piece therefore made forfeit, at any stage.

In the first stage, Black and White in turn play each of their nine pieces on to *any* vacant point on the board. A piece cannot be placed on a "point" already occupied.

In the second stage (when both Black and White have played each piece once), to play a piece you must move it to any unoccupied *adjoining* "point." This stage continues until one of the players has only *three* pieces left.



In the third stage the player who has only three pieces is given a considerable advantage. He is allowed to move any one of his pieces at a time to *any* unoccupied "point" on the board.

Try the game yourself. You will derive a good deal of amusement and excitement from it. It is not so easy as it looks.

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## *Daily Star.*

‘STAR’ SPECIAL.

MALICIOUS LIBEL ON CABINET.

REPORTER ON TRIAL.

“SLICK” Coglan of the *Daily Liar* was to-day prosecuted by the Crown, acting on behalf of the entire British Cabinet. The plaintiffs stated that it was only by dint of extremely hard work that they had attained their present high position, as they had been severely handicapped by malicious and provoking statements which the accused had made public in 1933, when he was attached to the staff of a magazine known as *The Visor*. The Cabinet-to-be were then members of the best form (VIj.) in the best school (B.I.) in Britain. Coglan is alleged to have published a defamatory statement to the effect that these intelligent, hardworking, and disciplined young gentlemen contemplated the formation of a bird-nesting club.

Mr. Syd. Hughes, one-time pugilist, now a reformed barrister, while conducting a spirited and we hope successful, case for the prosecution, told how, in his young and palmy days, he had led a saintly and industrious life, but was lured from the straight and narrow path by the reporter’s unscrupulous behaviour. The Right Reverend John Bell, Archbishop of Canterbury, V.C., M.A., B.D., revealed that accused had also laid bare the history of Micky I.\*

The case was adjourned pending the collection of further evidence.

\*For story of Micky I.:—

Apply to VIj.,

Application by ticket only,

Tickets from Coglan price 1 guinea (standing room).

Don’t all shout at once.

THE MIGHTY ATOM, VIj.

### *Chess Club.*

THE only point of importance not already reported is the result of the House Matches. In the final, Westminster won six games to Stitt's one, a victory more overwhelming than that of the same House last year. The session has been decidedly successful from a club point of view, being notable for high membership, keen competition, and the revival of the one-time annual Club Social.

This last function rounded off the season very well, giving a feeling that we are a club and not merely a collection of individuals interested in chess, a point which the Headmaster emphasised in his remarks after tea. Leighton won the "lightning-chess" tournament that followed, and Burrell won the table tennis tournament, while some thirty boys had a wild time in the gym. The proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. Moat and Mr. Lord for their continued work for the club.

W.T.M.

### *The Inter-House Cross-Country Run.*

ON March 28th, at the end of the Easter Term, our annual Inter-House Cross-Country Run took place over a slightly lengthened course and in rather warm weather. Both the Senior and Junior Courses were dry and firm for the most part, so that despite the heat and the extra quarter of a mile entailed by the run around the School field, good times were recorded for each run.

Of the thirty-four seniors who started, twenty-six finished the race, which was won by Collinson in the excellent time of thirty-five minutes thirty-five and a half seconds, with Milligan and Hayes as second and third. The championship went, for the fourth time in succession, to Stitt House with sixty-eight points, while Westminster, with ninety, and Atkin, with one hundred and fifteen, were second and third.

In the Junior event, which was over a course of four miles, as compared with the six miles of the Seniors, ninety-eight finished out of one hundred and ten who started. It is to be hoped that this remarkably good result indicates a new keenness for cross-country running among the Junior boys. Roylance overcame the heat and the length of the course sufficiently well to lower the record by one second, the new record standing at twenty-seven minutes one second. Westminster, with two hundred and twenty-four points, won this event for the third year in succession.

### *Rifle Club.*

**T**HERE will be several vacancies in this Club at the commencement of next term. Membership is confined to the Upper and Lower Sixes, and any from these forms who wish to enter should apply to Mr. Hall on the first day of the Christmas term. Meetings will be held every Thursday after school, and regularity of attendance is essential. Membership of any other Society which holds its meetings on Thursday evenings will in future be a disqualification.

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### *National Savings Association.*

**T**HE new series of Certificates appeared during the term. Members will, of course, realise that the new certificates will reach the same value as the old, but in a slightly longer period. Meanwhile, the value of the certificates bought before the change over is unaffected, and the rate of interest obtainable is still much higher than that paid by the Post Office Savings Bank, or any of the big banks. Contributions showed a slight falling off at the beginning of the term, but have recovered latterly.

R. HALL (Hon. Sec.), J. W. HAIME (Hon. Treas.)

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### *Scout Notes.*

**T**HIS term has proved a very busy one indeed. We had hoped that, before the end of it, the majority of the Scouts would have obtained their 1st class badges. For the recently invested members of the troop this has been no easy task, but they are all to be congratulated on the keenness and energy with which they have set about it.

The most outstanding event of the term was the Concert given early in May. This was very well attended and our funds benefited considerably as a result. Without the Rovers it would have been impossible to have given this concert, for, in addition to providing several items on the programme, they made all the arrangements, and we are very much indebted to our Crew for their efforts. We have also to thank Mr. Harris, whose singing once again proved a very popular item, and also Mrs. Smart, who made and presented a cake which was raffled in aid of the funds.



Throughout the term many boys have taken advantage of the fine weather to spend week-ends in camp at Five Lanes' End. The Whitsuntide camp was very well attended, for the weather was ideal, and the week-end a "long" one. The holiday camp will again be held at Stainforth, Yorkshire, and although the numbers will be slightly smaller than usual, we are all looking forward to having a really enjoyable time. Our more experienced campers are going to the Jamboree at Gödöllő. We wish them a very happy time and hope that they will return with many ideas that will make next year's Scouting even more successful.

H.T.D.

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### *Cricket Notes.*

ALTOGETHER, the School cricket teams have done very well this term. With only two of last year's Colours left, it seemed as though the First XI. would have a poor season, but the surviving members of last year's Second XI. have fulfilled expectations, and the present First XI. can truly be said to rank equally with any of its predecessors.

Although taking some time to find his true form, the School captain has at last come into his own, and at the moment is playing as well as ever. He has even discovered himself as a bowler on one or two occasions. He has kept his team well together, and shown an example to the rest. The Vice-Captain continues to specialise in bowling, and has met with considerable success, the most notable being his six wickets for eleven runs against St. Edwards. He has shown himself, too, to be a sound batsman, as is proved by his score of thirty-five not out against Bootle. He has been of considerable assistance to his captain, both on and off the field.

It was realised at the beginning of the season that T. A. Jones's place as a fast bowler would be difficult to fill, but Sampson has taken on this difficult task with a fair measure of success, his four wickets for two runs against Holt being his best feat. As a batsman he has on several occasions shown much promise, and was very unlucky not to reach his fifty against Conway. Wadlow, too, has scored quite freely, and nearly got his fifty against Park High School. With a little restraint, and when he learns to keep the ball down, he should develop into a good bat. As a bowler he has scarcely come up to expectations.

Of the rest of the team, Collinson has batted steadily, and Milligan has kept wicket quite well, while McKinlay and Parry, two of the younger members of the team, have both justified their inclusion. The fielding has been of a good standard, and D. C. Jones has excelled himself on occasions in this respect.

The Second XI. so far have had a fair amount of success, their chief shortcoming being a lack of steadiness. The Captain and Vice-Captain have both shown commendable keenness, although their task has not been an enviable one, owing to the rather mixed nature of the team. The younger members are showing considerable promise, notably Rogers, who has done very well as a bowler, taking six wickets for twenty runs on two occasions, and Roylance, who, for two or three overs, has proved deadly. With more experience these two should do well. The batting of the side has not been particularly brilliant, Parry's forty-eight against Park High School being outstanding. The less said about the fielding the better—most of the XI. seem to forget that a ball can be stopped with the feet as well as the hands. There is a little story, too, about Mahomet and the mountain, which can usefully be applied in this connection.

The best thanks of the School are due to Loxam and his staff of helpers who have so ably attended to the catering.

### FIRST XI. RESULTS.

Versus.	Gd.	For.	Agst.	Rslt.	Remarks.
Park High School..	A	115-5	84-4	Draw	Wadlow 46, Sampson 34*
Waterloo Sec. Sch.	H	59	24-2	Draw	Todd 11, Sampson 10. Smith 1 for 0.
St. Edward's Coll...	A	82-7	38	Won	Wadlow 39, Todd 15. Todd 6 for 11, Jones, D. C. 1 for 0.
Bootle Sec. Sch.....	H	77-2	71	Won	Todd 35*, Collinson 16. Sampson 13*. Todd 3, for 16, Smith 2 for 8, Goodwin 2 for 9.
Sch. Ship 'Conway'	A	119-9†	169-7	Lost	Sampson 49, Todd 12, Wad- low 11, McKinlay 11*.
L'pool Collegiate....	A	56	57-5	Lost	Wadlow 14, Smith 28. Wadlow 2 for 9.
Park High School..	H	90	61	Won	Parry 22, Smith 16, Milli- gan 16. Todd 5 for 24, Wadlow 2 for 7.

Versus.	Gd. For.	Agst.	Rslt.	Remarks.
Oulton Sec. Sch....	A	92-9	41-9	Draw Todd 29*, Collinson 13, Jones, D. C., 12*. Todd 5 for 14, McKinlay 1 for 2.
Holt Sec. Sch.....	H	107	42	Won McKinlay 29, Sampson 21, Smith 13. Sampson 4 for 2, Todd 3 for 5.
Bootle Sec. Sch.....	A	74	77	Lost Wadlow 24, Todd 17, Sampson 15. Smith 2 for 0, Todd 3 for 17, Wadlow 3 for 18.
L'pool Collegiate...	H	32	37-4	Lost Wadlow 10, Todd 3 for 16.
Quarry Bank Sch....	H	56	86-6	Lost Sampson 20, Todd 3 for 18.

## SECOND XI. RESULTS.

Versus.	Gd. For.	Agst.	Rslt.	Remarks.
Park High School..	H	84	104-9	Lost Parry 48, Ames. Rogers 4 for 29.
Waterloo Sec. Sch..	A	—	50	Draw Roylance 3 for 8, Clarkson 2 for 8.
St. Edward's Col....	H	55	42	Won Slinn 15, Ames 12, Clarkson 11. Rogers 6 for 20.
Sch. Ship 'Conway'	H	51-3	46	Won Burrell 16*, Torbett 14, Parry 11. Rogers 3 for 9, Clarkson 3 for 11, Roylance 2 for 5.
L'pool Collegiate....	H	55	41	Won Ames 14, Davies 12*, Martin 10. Roylance 3 for 7, Rogers 6 for 20.
Oulton Sec. Sch.....	H	52	98	Lost Clarkson 20. Davies 4 for 17.
Holt Sec. Sch.....	A	35	75	Lost Clarkson 2 for 5, Rogers 4 for 20.
Bootle Sec. Sch.....	H	43-6	42	Won Torbett 12. Rogers 6 for 21, Clarkson 2 for 1.
L'pool Collegiate....	A	48	62-6	Lost Davies 12*. Clarkson 5 for 11.
Quarry Bank Sch....	A	—	—	Martin 12, Davies 11. Torbett 1 for 1.

## " COLTS " XI.

" Colts " versus Oulton Secondary School :

" Colts ".....	91	Evans, J. F. R., 37, Powl 10.
Oulton Sec. Sch.	32	Wheat 5 for 15, Ternent 4 for 16.

\* Not Out.

† Innings Declared.



### ***Old Boys' Amateur Dramatic Society.***

OVER 450 dramatic societies from England, Scotland and Wales competed in the 1932-33 National Festival of Community Drama for the Lord Howard de Walden Trophy. The Old Boys entered two plays, 'Allison's Lad' by Beulah Maria Dix, and 'The Road of Poplars' by Vernon Sylvaïne. The Birkenhead Festival was held at Beechcroft Little Theatre on March 3rd and 4th, and 'The Road of Poplars' was one of the plays selected by Dr. L. du Garde Peach, the adjudicator, to proceed to contest the Liverpool Area Final.

Here again the Old Boys carried all before them, and on April 8th, journeyed to Halifax as the Liverpool Divisional Representatives in the Northern Area Final. Some eighty or ninety enthusiasts made the trip with the team, and duly celebrated the Old Boys' further success in accordance with the best traditions of the School.

On Monday, May 22nd, the finalists of Scotland, Wales, Northern, Southern and Central England reported at the Old Vic. Theatre, London, for the last hurdle. About fifty supporters travelled up to see the Old Boys' team win the cup, and they were not disappointed. The adjudicators' decision was unanimously approved, and the said supporters brought down the house. Lord Howard de Walden presided, and Lord Irwin presented the trophy to the winners.

After the final curtain upwards of 250 people made merry at the Royal Arts Club. One and all sang the praises of the embarrassed victors, who eventually arrived at Euston, tired but happy, in time to catch the midnight train home. A large number of well-wishers who had been unable to make the journey to Town had gathered at Lime Street at 4-30 on the Tuesday morning, and for twenty minutes after our arrival pandemonium reigned.

Mr. D. J. Clarke immediately arranged for the successful team to give fourteen performances at the Birkenhead Hippodrome during Whit week. In spite of the fine weather the Old Boys received a magnificent reception. The Mayor and Mayoress of Birkenhead, and the Mayor and Mayoress of Wallasey honoured the show with an official visit on the Saturday, and the Mayor of Birkenhead made a presentation to Mr. F. W. Corlett, and paid a warm tribute to the success of the Old Boys.

This is the first time the Howard de Walden Trophy has come to Birkenhead, and the Old Boys are determined it shall not be the last.

C.D.G.

## Old Boys' Football Club Notes.

THE Old Boys Football Club encountered as many ups and downs last season as an American anti-prohibitionist on a stormy Atlantic cruise. Like the weather, the teams' results were meteorologically vagarious, and whichever happened to be our St. Swithin's Day must have been wet. With an abnormally large end-of-season programme following some very strenuous games earlier on, the Club was hard pressed to return a presentable record, for the Senior Shield was lost, and the many hopes for the Junior were sadly misplaced. Nevertheless, the second, fourth and fifth teams had encouraging results, and the total record satisfies if it does not inspire. Three Schoolboys who served the Club particularly well were R. H. Milligan, Collinson and S. E. Ames, while the rosy reports of other talented Schoolboys who will shortly become Old Boys occasion the belief that anything from the Shields to the F.A. Cup will be decorating the School ere long.

When J. D. B. Thornton was tapped on the shoulder and told to stop, as the season was over, he had notched sixty-three goals! Beyond the fact that football manufacturers are rejoicing over the World Depression of goal-keepers, no more can be said, as the matter is practically *sub judice*, the Amalgamated Union of Persecuted Goal-keepers still fighting over the exact phraseology of the Goal Standard resolution at the Institute of Mnemonics, Battersea South.

All well-conducted organisations become imperial-minded and fling themselves about a bit as they grow. So it is with the Old Boys who, while the School Ground is still kindly placed at their disposal for Zingari matches, have been accommodated on two first class pitches at Arrowe Park for Old Boys' League games. The Old Boys are greatly indebted to Alderman G. A. Solly and Alderman F. Naylor for their exceedingly kind offices in connection with playing area. With such excellent provision, the Club should achieve great things in years to come.

Mr. George F. Longman, who was a loyal, hardworking member when the oldest schoolboy was in the Lower Prep., has shouldered the Hon. Secretaryship, and the Club is extremely fortunate to have his services in that capacity. His great enthusiasm and industry should keep the Club very much to the fore in future.



And now it behoves me to record pathos undiluted, as poignant, heartrending, eye-wringing drama as ever flowed from a film publicity agent's soul. "Very tragical mirth," indeed, for here transcribed for the eyes to read, for only the most riotous imagination to picture, are the last pearls that an embittered and disillusioned Oldest Player ever let fall.

A large crowd of members were fighting for floor space in the dressing room one Saturday evening, when some unfortunate individual, whose subconscious mind was no doubt agitated by the sight of scrimmaging and Percy Evans's ponderous anatomy, started chatting about anthropology in general, and a being labouring under the cognominal encumbrance of Carnera in particular.

"Carnera!" The expression of unmitigated scorn, of ineffable contempt concentrated in that one interjection by the Oldest Player made P.E. think for a moment that wasps had got at his all too vulnerable flesh. Among the others so great was the astonishment, you could have heard half-a-dozen football boots drop as they became thus aware of the O.P.'s. ever voluble presence.

With a snort he got under way.

"You talk of Carnera! Why, I remember long before you fellows' ancestors had evolved from orang-utans. . . ."

It was then that congested room cleared like magic. The multitude disappeared as suddenly as if the Chairman had announced free refreshments in the canteen. Fellows seemed to melt into thin air. One melancholy player who had given up a dropped stud for lost gave a whoop of joy as he pounced on its crushed remains. Encouraged by this display of enthusiasm, the Oldest Player smiled serenely upon those remaining stalwarts whose various stages of deshabelle compelled them to stay, and proceeded.

Yes, it was many years ago (he said) when I first played for the Old Boys. Great strapping fellows we all were—not one of us like the puny, jelly-backed apologies for men you meet nowadays. Why, in my time, this Carnera would have hidden himself for a weakling.

Of course, we needed our blacksmith muscles when we encountered the monsters who were our opponents. Jove, what battles of the giants we used to have when men were men, when summer was summer, and the income tax was 1d. in the £!



I particularly remember the fuss they made over Hugo Oxo. A tremendous brute he was, gigantic even in those days. We were lucky to have him play for us, not against. As it was, opponents took exception to his appearing. They didn't mind playing giants, they said, but not mountains. Nevertheless, we took advantage of what the gods sent us, and Hugo Oxo soon made his mark. He occupied a full-back position, and against a gale of wind he could kick the ball the length of the field without its touching the ground. We won game after game. Nobody could touch him. He was so solid it was impossible to knock him over. In fact, that was the only fear we had. If he did drop headlong to the ground, heaven knows what damage might have been caused, especially if somebody was underneath him. Anyway, everything went all right until we met the Toxteth Tigers, nicknamed "the man-eating footballers," who were running us neck and neck for the league championship.

For this match they managed to secure a player who was only a head shorter than Oxo, and with his aid they hoped to cause both Hugo's and our downfall. That match was a carnival of the Furies. Quarter was neither asked for nor given. To this day I bear honourable scars of the encounter.

Their big game, though, was Hugo Oxo, and whatever happened, they intended to humiliate him, by fair means or foul—and there weren't many foul ways in those days, either. So, with only a minute to go, when we were leading four—nil and they had everything to gain, nothing to lose, they decided to risk life and limb in a mass concentration—Oxo as the objective. Up the field they rushed, their big and hitherto-shineless star at the head, and charged full tilt upon Hugo. Lightning spread to heaven in sheets with the enormity of the impact. Everybody seemed to pile up against him. He wavered, staggered, stumbled back. His vast bulk hovered midway, like the Leaning Tower at Pisa. And then he crashed to the ground like a thunderbolt, the Toxteth Tigers on top of him. The goal posts were shattered, the pavilion wrecked. People for miles around were hurled to the ground. Hugo was so embedded that they had to dig him out. The pit he left at Prenton may be seen to this day.

The Oldest Player, his eyes shining, his cheeks glowing red, stopped for breath. Yet even he could sense the—well—rather faint atmosphere of doubt pervading his small audience. The expression of ardent enthusiasm relaxed into lines of strained desperation.

“It’s true!” he shouted, “every word of it—Oxo, Hugo Oxo . . . !” His voice trailed away in a throat choked by pathetic despair.

“Yes, yes, old chap,” said he of the stud, “not bad. But I know some funnier ones than that, and not so long-winded. Brevity, you know, the soul of wit and all that.”

“But it’s true!” gurgled the Oldest Player, nearly in the throes of apoplexy, “it’s true, it’s true! He was two—three—four times as big as Carnera. Look, I can’t reach his height with my fingers if I stand on my toes. I—.”

“Oh, give yourself a wipe with that and you’ll feel tons better,” said one of the less tolerantly-minded tossing a sponge to him; and the greatly dwindled group deserted him altogether.

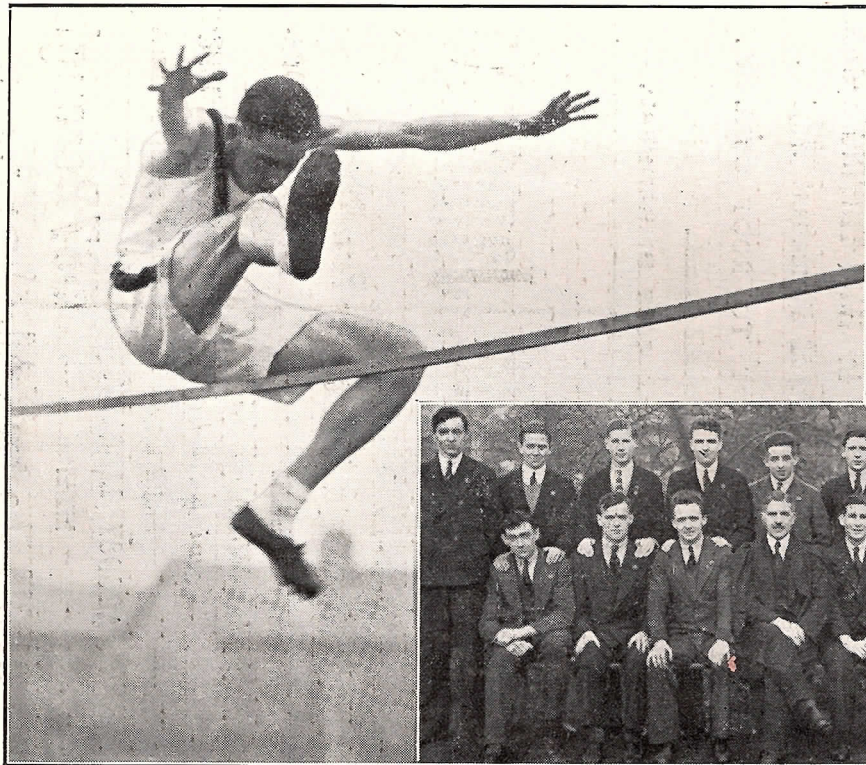
Blind Ossian, mourning for his Gaelic heroes and scoffed at for his memories, never lamented as did the Oldest Player just then. In his mind he built him an image of Hugo Oxo. In his mind he draped the figure with laurel wreaths. And then and there he swore never more to beguile an ungrateful world with the outpourings of a faithful memory. Then and there he raised his arm aloft and swore.

And he went out from that place, for his heart was sick.

He went out, put on a dirty brown shirt, and became a Nazi.

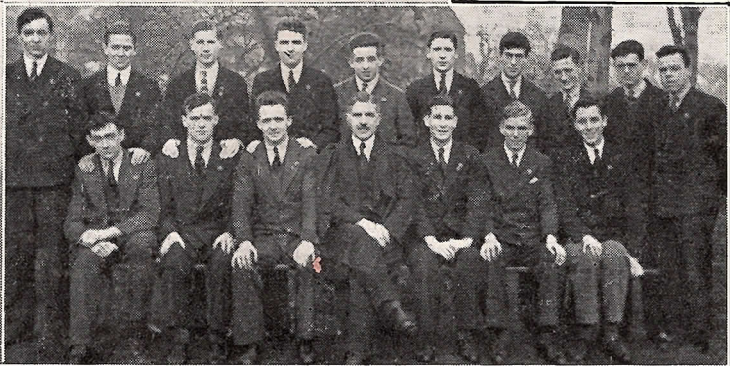
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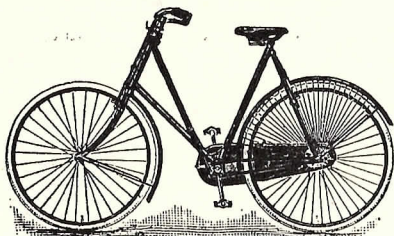
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