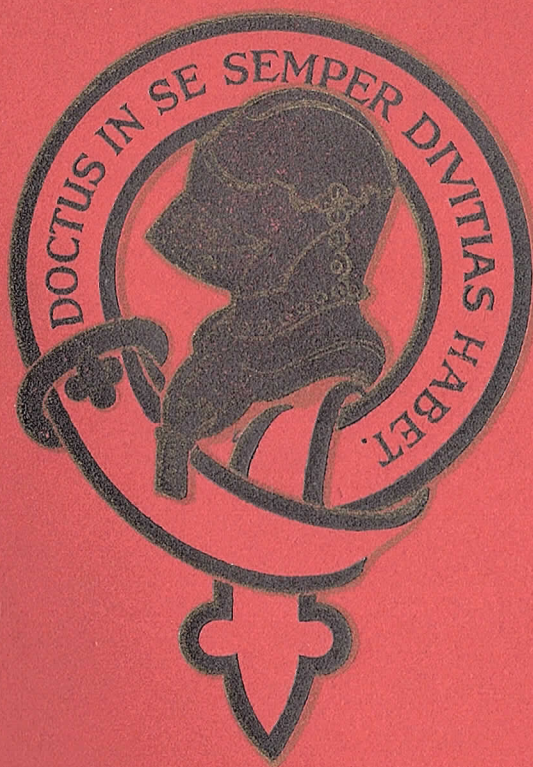


THE VISOR



BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE
SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

CHRISTMAS, 1934.

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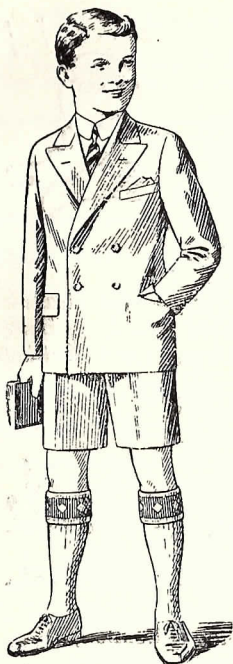
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PREFECTS, 1934-35.



G. A. WETHERELL, H. J. BOZIER, C. A. ALLDIS, J. S. LEIGH, W. KINNEAR, R. E. MAY.
J. N. ROBINSON, W. W. ASLETT, G. H. WESTON. J. N. SLINN, R. H. MILLIGAN, H. N. LAVER.



VOL. VIII., No. 1.

CHRISTMAS, 1934.

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Captain of Games

J. N. SLINN.

Headmaster's Prefect

H. N. LAVER.

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B. HALLIDAY.

G. H. WETHERELL.

M. CEHA.

K. W. SMEDLEY.

E. VICK.

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Sixers

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J. M. LYONS.

P. R. UNDERWOOD.

D. W. BIBBY.

J. SUDWORTH.

B. A. YOUNG.

School Calendar

Autumn Term begins	September 12th.
Swimming Gala	October 10th.
Film Exhibition	October 25th.
Half-term	October 26th.
Term ends	December 21st.
Spring Term begins	January 11th.
Half-term	February 23rd—25th.
Term ends	April 4th.
Summer Term begins	May 1st.
Half-term	June 8th—11th.
Term ends	July 25th.

Editorial

IT is after a term such as the one we have just experienced that the real value of *The Visor*, as a chronicle and record of school life, can be adequately appreciated. The past term has been one of change and experiment, and, we sincerely trust, of improvement.

The forms have been re-organised and periods of forty-five minutes substituted for those of forty minutes. Nevertheless, perhaps the most revolutionary reform is the beginning of the gradual conversion of the School from Association to Rugby Football. If we are to believe those who know, sport is as essential a factor in education as is academic study (although we notice that netball is not yet a subject in H.S.C.) This major alteration in one of the School's principal activities, therefore, bears no small significance, and we hope that Birkenhead Institute will acquit itself traditionally in this new venture.

During the term, the School learnt with sincere regret of the death of Mr. Wood, who was senior master for many years, and who retired three years ago. Many of the senior boys remember Mr. Wood, and join with the rest of the School in expressing their deep sympathy to Mrs. Wood and her son.

Salvete

Vla.—Atkin :—Edwards, G. R.

Rj.—Atkin :—Jones, I. G. R.

IVa.—Atkin :—Williams, E. G.

IIIa.—Atkin :—Woodhouse, W. H. **Tate :—**Sproat, G.
Westminster :—Ball, P., Griffiths, G. R., Harris, I. D., Nor-
ton, T. L., Shipley, B., Tomlinson, G. M., Weir, A. G.

IIIb.—Atkin :—Cartwright, E. R., Evanson, N. J., Grif-
fiths, D. O., Thompson, C. N. **Stitt :—**Alderson, K., Gentle,
G., Hughes, F., Strickland, W. J. **Tate :—**Coates, A. W.,
Williams, E. E., Williams, G. **Westminster :—**Cresswell,
F. L., Docherty, R. M. S., Fallows, L. S., Howell, R. H.,
Vick, A. M.

IIIj.—Atkin :—Beauchamp, E. V., Morris, I., Plath,
L. P., Tarpey, L., Wolstenholme, W. F. **Stitt :—**Bell, J. F.,
Davies, W. H., Kirkland, D., Schofield, C., Taylor, A.
Tate :—Ellis, G. H., Fisher, T. H., Hales, A. J., McCullen,
J. D., Owen, W. J., Townley, W. K. C. **Westminster :—**
Badcock, G. G., Clarke, L. F., Dorrity, D. J. A., Grant,
G. C., Jones, A. F., Lacey, H. J., Orrell, T. A. G., Roberts,
E. J., Sutherland, R. G., Thompson, K. A.

Ila.—Atkin :—Ashworth, T. H., Liversage, W. E.
Stitt :—Thomas, G. A. **Tate :—**Evans, R. D. **Westminster :—**
Hayward, A. B., Morrell, H.

Iib.—Atkin :—Henshaw, F., Moore, A., Probert, P. O.,
Thomas, A. **Stitt :—**Jones, H.

I.—Atkin :—Greatrex, R. W., Malcolm, L. I. **Tate :—**
Davies, F. O.

Preparatory.—Stitt :—Archibald, I., Peters, K. **West-
minster :—**Tresider, G. R. A., Wood, P. N.

Valete

Upper Vla.—Atkin :—Cathcart, A. (1928-1934), *Prefect,
Matric., 1932, H.S.C., 1934, Art Editor of The Visor (1932-
1934), Secretary of the VIth Form Literary and Debating
Society.* Lythgoe, N. F. (1927-1934), *Matric., 1932.* Henry
Tate Schol, 1934. Richards, F. (1926-1934), *Prefect, Matric.,*

1930, H.S.C., 1933, H.S.C., 1934, Tate Scholarship, 1933-34. Walker, K. (1924-1934), Head Prefect and Captain of the School, *Matric.*, 1931, H.S.C., 1933, H.S.C., 1934, Captain of House, Member of VIth Form Literary and Debating Society, Member of Football Selection Committee, 1932-33, Captain of 2nd XI. Football, 1932-33, Chairman of League of Nations Union, House Representative of Visor Committee, University Training Grant, 1934, Westminster Scholarship, 1933-34. **Stitt**:—Christian, W. D. (1926-1934), Prefect, *Matric.*, 1931, H.S.C., 1934, Captain of House, Secretary of Football Committee, 1932-33, Captain of 1st XI. Football, 1933-34, Football Colours, Captain of 2nd XI. Cricket, 1932-33, Member of Committee of VIth Form Literary and Debating Society, Atkin Scholarship, 1931 and 1934. Evans, L. (1927-1934), Prefect, *Matric.*, 1932, H.S.C., 1934, Vice-Captain of House, Free Standing Medal, 1933, Financial Secretary of Visor, Member of Committee of VIth Form Literary and Debating Society, House Representative of Visor Committee, Westminster Scholarship, 1933-34, University Training Grant, 1934. Mackinder, R. (1923-1934), Letter of Success, 1933, H.S.C., 1934, Member of Committee of Scientific Society, Westminster Scholarship, 1933-34. **Tate**:—Broadhurst, J. W., Prefect, *Matric.*, 1932, H.S.C., 1934, Secretary of Scientific Society, Member of Committee of VIth Form Literary and Debating Society. Goodwin, T. W. (1927-1934), Prefect, *Matric.*, 1932, H.S.C., 1934, Captain of House, Captain of 1st XI. Cricket, 1934, Cricket Colours, Member of Committee of Scientific Society, Tate Scholarship, 1933 and 1934, University Training Grant, 1934. **Westminster**:—Coglan, L. (1927-1934), Prefect, *Matric.*, 1932, Captain of House, Editor of Visor, 1933-34, Member of Committee of VIth Form Literary and Debating Society, University Training Grant, 1934.

Upper VIb.—Atkin:—Hughes, G. E., *Matric.*, 1933. **Stitt**:—Boggie, D. (1928-1934), Prefect, *Matric.*, 1933, Letters of Success, 1934, Sub-Editor of Visor, 1933-34, Member of Football Selection Committee, Captain of 2nd XI. Football, Member of Cricket Selection Committee. Hewson,

R. L., *Matric.*, 1933, *Letters of Success*, 1934. **Tate**—Harrahill, G. Lunn, C. A. (1928-1934), *Matric.*, 1933, *Member of Visor Committee*. **Westminster**:—Davies, J., *Matric.*, 1933.

VIs.—**Atkin**:—Bennett, G. G. Davies, R. T., *Matric.*, 1934. Williams, H., *Matric.*, 1934. **Stitt**:—Hughes, S. Iveson, E. Rowson, E. A., *Matric.*, 1934. **Tate**:—Cavanagh, S. R. Pealin, G. A. Shone, R. F. **Westminster**:—Grimmett, J. C., *Matric.*, 1934. Marsh, F. Martin, J. G. Taylor, E. Ward, L., *Matric.*, 1934.

Vla.—**Atkin**:—Dewhirst, E. Entwistle, Y. Rogers, H. E. Snelson, A. S. **Stitt**:—Davies, S. **Westminster**:—Rowlands, H. Shaw, T. E. Young, J. H. P., *Matric.*, 1934.

Vlb.—**Atkin**:—Matthews, E. Thomas, F. H. Yates, A. **Stitt**:—Armstrong, N. Cound, L. F. Phoenix, F. D. Smith, J. C. **Tate**:—Mason, A. S., Rise, E. **Westminster**:—Cook, G. R. Evans, R. H. W. Milburn, J. M. Turnbull, J. Walker, B. S.

VIj.—**Tate**:—Reid, K.

Va.—Anderson, A. P.

Vb.—**Atkin**:—Meneely, R. **Stitt**:—Smith, N. B. **Westminster**:—Leeman, L.

Vj.—**Tate**:—Bank, R. D.

IVa.—**Tate**:—Harland, J. R.

IVb.—**Tate**:—Williams, E. G.

IVj.—**Tate**:—Banks, D. J.

II.—**Atkin**:—Gibson, J. **Tate**:—Humphreys, T. **Westminster**:—Pike, P. A.

I.—**Atkin**.—Kenworthy, W. **Stitt**:—Byrne, K. **Westminster**:—Abbott, R.

Prep.—**Westminster**:—des Landes.

Swimming Gala

THIS year we returned from the magnificence of Byrne Avenue to the more conventional atmosphere of Livingstone Street Baths; but no one can have noticed this sad fall from high estate for cheering the thrills provided and the providers thereof. Certainly, Atkin "fans" cannot have been too critical about the surroundings seeing that their teams won both the Junior and Senior Squadron events. It is also reported on good authority that there was a good deal of heartburning in the gallery when Milligan overcame Wheat in the Mop Fight. A few highlights: Aslett wins the School Championship by four-fifths of a second from Goodwin; Porter improves on the senior distance in the Junior Long Plunge; the obstacle race—to the layman those obstacles seemed prodigious, but Burrell and Lowson proved that nothing is impossible; Taylor proved that Novelty Races were made for him or he for novelties. The organisation was in the hands of Mr. Clague and was therefore excellent. The prizes were distributed by Alderman Fletcher, then, aptly enough, Chairman of the Water Committee.

RESULTS.

Form VI.—Handicap.—R. G. Johnson.
 Form V.—Handicap.—G. R. Colenso.
 Form IV.—Handicap.—H. Austin.
 Form III.—Handicap.—W. G. Rogers.
 Senior Neat Dive.—T. Smart.
 Junior Neat Dive.—J. S. Sarginson.
 Novices' Race.—J. N. Gullan.
 Neat Breast Stroke.—J. Tomlinson.
 Senior Back Stroke.—A. J. Quaile.
 Junior Back Stroke.—F. J. Lewis.
 Life Saving Race.—K. Taylor, T. Smart.
 Object Diving.—H. N. Laver.
 Senior Obstacle Race.—P. Burrell.
 Junior Obstacle Race.—R. C. Lowson.
 Novelty Race.—K. Taylor.
 Senior Breast Stroke.—H. Makepeace.
 Junior Breast Stroke.—L. Black.
 Senior Plunge.—L. Goodwin.
 Junior Plunge.—L. J. Porter.
 Senior Mop Fight.—R. H. Milligan.
 Junior Mop Fight.—K. J. Smedley.
 Senior Championship.—W. W. Aslett.
 Junior Championship.—H. Austin.
 Old Boys' Race.—H. Darlington.
 Senior Squadron Race.—Atkin.
 Junior Squadron Race.—Atkin.

The School Films

FOR most of the year the School goes to the movies, once a year the movies come to School. And a complete cinema programme too, animal crackers, soundless silly symphony, topical budgets, and a real thriller, a local Frankenstein. And "101 per cent. pure" too! I'll say it was!

First we had the aboriginal animal cartoon, only it wasn't cartoon, but animal toys. The Marx Brothers and the Russian ballet couldn't have bettered it. No Sir! Then a cartoon; followed by the news, School sports and scout camp, judiciously combining leg-show and nature in the raw (and dinner in the raw too!)

Last the thrill of the evening; and did we have nightmare that night? You're telling me!

We must apologise for our correspondent's style; Hollywood influence has been too much for him. But if Mr. Hirst brings talkies next year, we won't be responsible for the style of the whole magazine.

Thank you, Mr. Hirst! You're a wow!

Examination Results, July, 1934

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Broadhurst, J. W.; Cathcart, A.; Christian, W.; Evans, L.; Goodwin, T. W.; Laver, H. N.; Mackinder, R.; Richards, F.; Robinson, J. N.; Walker, K. W.; Weston, G. H.

LETTERS OF SUCCESS.

Boggie, D.; Hewson, R. L.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

FORM VIS.

Bennett, G. G.; Black, L. D.; Cavanagh, S. R. (F.); Cumming, D. A.; *m* Davies, R. T.; *m* Grimmett, J. C.; Hughes, S.; Hulton, J. A.; Iveson, E.; Jones, S.; *m* Leigh, J. S. (E. L. H.); *m* Lowry, D. W.; Martin, J. G.; *m* Milligan, R. H.; Parry, R. W.; Pealin, G. A.; Price, G. E.; *m* Rowson, E. A.; Shone, R. F.; Simms, L.; *m* Turner, J. E. (C.); *m* Ward, H. L. (F.); *m* Williams, H. (F.)

FORM VIA.

Barker, D. R.; Bell, C. V.; *m* Blair, J. A.; *m* Bray, W. C.; Croxton, T. R.; Davies, S.; *m* Davis, A. L.; Entwistle, T.; *m* Evans, H. B.; Evans, K.; *m* Fannon, H.; *m* Gallagher, J. (E.L.H.); Goodwin, L.; Hayward, P. (H.); Jones, H. M.; Jones, T. M.; *m* Kinnear, W. (E.L., GR.C.F.); *m* Mercer, W. J. N. (E.L., P.); Rowlands, H.; *m* Stott, J. G. (F.M.); *m* Titchmarsh, H. S.; *m* Wetherell, G. A. (G.F. M.P.C.); Winter, H. E. (M.); *m* Young, J. H. P.

FORM VIB.

Cound, L. J.; Evans, R. H. W.; Gover, R. E.; Mason, A. S.; Matthews, F. J.; Milburn, J. M.; Rise, E.; *m* Roy-lance, K. H.; Turnbull, J. H.; Williamson, M. A.

Matriculation—*m*.

Distinction—Chemistry, C., English Literature, E. L., French, F., Geography, GR., German, G., History, H., Mathematics, M., Physics, P.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, SEPTEMBER, 1934.

Via.—Dewhurst, E.

Obituary

MR. H. P. WOOD, B.A.

IT was with deep regret that we heard of the sudden death of Mr. Wood, on September 26th, at his residence at Vicar's Cross, near Chester.

Mr. Wood left us as recently as 1931, when he retired after thirty-two years' service at the Institute. He had been senior mathematics master for a long time and second master for over six years.

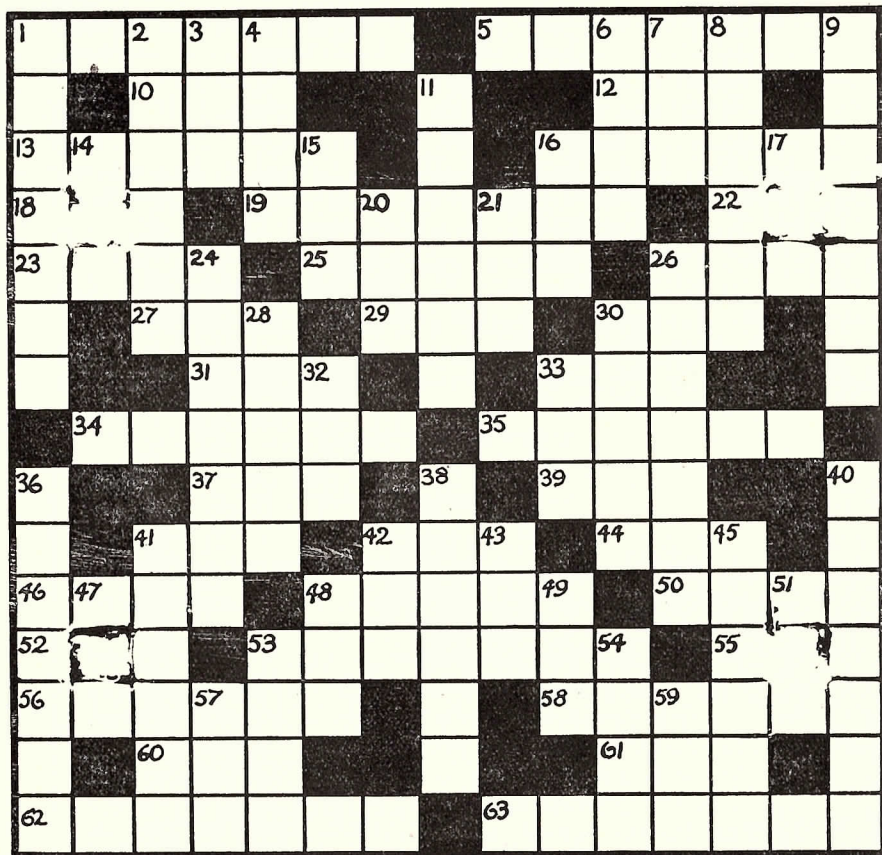
In addition to being a successful teacher, whose vigorous and interesting lessons ensured many scholastic honours for the School, Mr. Wood possessed the rare gift of compelling the affection of his pupils, and this combination of great ability with personal charm won for Mr. Wood a lasting reputation.

At the funeral service, which took place at St. Pauls, Chester, on Saturday, September 29th, the School was represented by the Headmaster and several members of the Staff, as well as by some senior boys.

The Visor extends, on behalf of the School, its deepest sympathy to Mrs. Wood and her son in their bereavement.

Crossword No. 6

TWO prizes will be awarded. Joint entries are prohibited.
Solutions to Mr. Hall.



R.H.

CLUES.

ACROSS.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1.—Influence deeply. | 19.—Amaze. |
| 5.—Towards the inside. | 22.—Local river. |
| 10.—His wife was turned to salt. | 23.—Shall us? |
| 12.—Anger. | 25.—One of five. |
| 13.—Chaperon. | 26.—Pile. |
| 16.—Sheathe. | 27.—Nevertheless. |
| 18.—Vase. | 29.—Having had maiden name of— |

- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| 30.—Distant. | 48.—Doorkeeper. |
| 31.—Enter into rivalry. | 50.—Barks. |
| 33.—Distress signal. | 52.—Donkey. |
| 34.—Boy's voice. | 53.—Coppers. |
| 35.—Father's daughter. | 55.—Short for 34. |
| 37.—Often abused on the field of play. | 56.—Lower. |
| 39.—Anag, 33 down. | 58.—Cultivated. |
| 41.—Christian name of a Tyler. | 60.—Sweep. |
| 42.—Flittermouse. | 61.—rev. Poem. |
| 44.—Tree. | 62.—Yankee confections. |
| 46.—Food for fire. | 63.—Urgent claims. |

DOWN.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1.—Gratify. | 30.—Fortification. |
| 2.—Abundance. | 32.—Dwarf. |
| 3.—rev. And not. | 33.—Numeral. |
| 4.—Volcano. | 36.—Babes. |
| 6.—Breeze. | 38.—Plant and sweetmeat. |
| 7.—Luminous bridge. | 40.—Dwells. |
| 8.—Class book. | 41.—Prefect. |
| 9.—More sloping. | 42.—Leg, perhaps. |
| 11.—Outlaws in famous novel. | 43.—Sand or rubber or wood. |
| 14.—Yorkshire river. | 45.—Married woman. |
| 15.—Same as 52. | 47.—Same as 21. |
| 16.—Direction. | 48.—Another form of 34. |
| 17.—Salt water. | 49.—Three at school. |
| 20.—Numeral. | 51.—What 41 is. |
| 21.—Employment. | 53.—Constantinople. |
| 24.—More than two. | 54.—Appear. |
| 26.—Hurriedly. | 57.—Duped. |
| 28.—Fabric and country it comes from. | 59.—Girl's name. |

Crossword No. 5

THE first prize in this competition was awarded to K. Evans of Vla., and the second prize to F. Merrett and S. Rowland, both of Vj., who sent in a joint entry. In future, joint entries will be prohibited.

SOLUTION.

ACROSS.—1, Chaucer; 5, impaste; 10, mar; 12, amp; 13, Adonis; 16, groats; 18, ter; 19, boarder; 22 cet; 23, tret; 25 tried; 26, mene; 27 & 30, tidied; 29, man; 31 poa; 33, Ida; 34, entity; 35, raider; 37, one; 39, noo; 41, peg; 42, Ate; 44 Two; 46, laid; 48, feoff; 50, span; 52, ell; 53, lunatic; 55, ele; 56, feudal; 58, leaner; 60, loc; 61, sye; 62, clement; 63, deserve.

DOWN.—1, chatter; 2, amoret; 3, uan (anag. Una); 4, crib; 6, parr; 7, amo; 8, spaced; 9, eastern; 11, Marian; 14, der; 15, sot; 16, ged; 17, ten; 20, arm; 21, den; 24, tiptoed; 26, meadows; 28, doing; 30, idiot; 32, ate; 33, lan; 36, malefic; 38, stoats; 40, unnerve; 41, pilule; 42, Aen(eas); 43, eft; 45, opener; 47, ale; 48 & 49, fulfil; 51, ale; 53, lace; 54, cess; 57, Dom; 59, aye.

In Search of Scotland

THREE weeks of Aberdeen had rather tired me of the neighbourhood: I wanted to see more of Scotland. Fortunately I was staying with my cousin whose holidays coincided with mine and who owned a motor-cycle, and he volunteered to show me places in Scotland that even a Sassenach could appreciate.

And so we started, leaving Aberdeen on the Saturday afternoon, with luggage in two rucksacks, tent and bedclothes in one, as much food as we could commandeer in the other. The machine, by the way, was anonymous in name and innocent of date, was advanced in years, had seen better days. We passed out of the city and were soon cutting through the cornfields and pastures of Aberdeenshire. The first stop was to be Inverness, but outside Elgin the clutch gave up the struggle and we were detained and explored the town.

Elgin, a rather small place, is unlike anything in England. Its cobbled main street wavers delightfully in width, and the entire population seemed to be either parading up and down, or else standing outside the local hostelrys. In the park we found a cricket match, played almost under the walls of the Abbey ruins. The local lads were administering a sound beating to a neighbouring side. At the end of the match we went back to the garage where we had left the machine, and found that the repairs had just been completed.

And now we had to travel really fast to reach Inverness before lighting-up time, and were enabled to do so along a straight stretch of road running for eight miles. We soon saw the Moray Firth, and reached Inverness in time. We were now in hillier country and that night we pitched the tent under a massive shoulder of rock, called by the natives a name which, our Gaelic not being up to scratch, we were forced to condemn as unpronounceable. We ended the day with a nightcap of hot coffee and then turned in.

The next day was beautiful. We struck camp, and were soon on the road, where we were surprised to see such a number of people. But we soon understood the reason, for rounding a bend in the road we reached the head of Loch Ness. Unfortunately, the distinguished resident was apparently not at home. Turning from the main road at the picturesquely-named Drumnadrochit, we headed up Glen Affric. Here was Nature

as she was meant to be—even the county council seemed afraid to meddle with the glorious glen. But the road was bad and this again proved the undoing of the motor-cycle. We left it and went on foot walking sometimes on the road, sometimes on the river bank from which we could see the great, purple hills at the head of the glen. After several miles walking, we decided that we had passed the best part of the glen and so returned to the machine which, luckily, was little the worse for wear. Back we rode to Drumnadrochit and then came to that miracle of modern engineering, the road that flanks Loch Ness. At places it is actually hewn out of the solid rock and when we traversed it was not finished, so that we had to pick our way through all kinds of mechanical paraphernalia. After that, the afternoon run was uneventful, and we reached Spean Bridge in the evening, camping once more beneath the hills.

Next morning I was told that we could "lie-in" for a short while as we were going to "take it easy." "Taking it easy" was, I discovered, a very relative term, for after a twelve-mile ride we had to pitch the tent in a howling gale. And then we set off to climb Ben Nevis.

But we were not to do so then. A little more than half-way up we rounded a corner and were met by a ninety-mile-an-hour gale. We scrambled down, vowing to return and conquer, and made our way towards Fort William, where our arrival coincided with that of a cloudburst. We were soaked. After reinforcing our supplies we found a recruit to the camp in the person of a hiker from Wigan. He had not walked all the way, but had come up the Caledonian Canal, and was exploring on foot the districts served by the boats.

The addition of another primus greatly speeded the work of preparing a meal, and soon we were all doing justice to it in our tent, where we remained swapping yarns until about midnight.

Next morning we were "up betimes," and set off for the ascent of the Ben by the opposite side from that which we had previously chosen. There were clouds swirling around the top of the mountain, and we climbed above these after about three and a half hours steady going, finding ourselves at the summit, four thousand four hundred feet above sea-level. At the top there is a derelict observatory, the reason for the abandon-

ment of which seemed quite obvious to me, as even in August it was nearly freezing! We did not linger at the top, but made our way to our camp and dry clothes.

That night we slept like logs, but again next morning we rose early and set off for Glencoe, passing completely round Lake Leven and crossing the moor of Cannock, Scotland's most desolate spot. And then the scenery changed from the gaunt magnificence of the Glencoe hills to the broad expanse of Loch Tay, with the fir trees growing to the water's edge. We had meant to reach Braemar, but instead came only as far as the hills about ten miles away. That night we camped at Devil's Elbow, a treacherous bend at the summit of the road.

We awoke to the cries of ptarmigan and grouse, but found that we dared not use our small supply of petrol to make a fire. Imagine a camp without a fire! We needed something warm, and all the billy-can had to offer was ice. Thus breakfast was very subdued until a passing motor-car gave us some hot tea.

When we arrived at Braemar, the little town was en fête for the Highland Games. After parking the machine we visited the Princess Park, where the wonderful feats of strength that constitute these Scottish games are performed. These games, culminating as they do in the arrival of the Royal party and the grand march past of the clansmen of Invercauld, Fife and Farquaharson, are the most picturesque spectacle that Scotland has to offer the tourist.

Towards the end of the afternoon we again started off, expecting to reach Aberdeen before nightfall. But we were disappointed. About fifteen miles away the back tyre burst, and we resigned ourselves to the prospect of wheeling the machine to the nearest farmhouse and taking the 'bus home. But a passing motorist, realising our plight, offered us a lift home, a kindness which we gratefully accepted. So ended a holiday, which, for varied scenery and doings, would be very hard to beat.

“ Seek and Ye Shall Find ”

NEAR Heswall there is a large, old house which is being demolished. Legend has it that the house was once occupied by an old man, who formed a strong attachment for it, and swore to haunt the spot if anyone dared to demolish the building, and it is said that several people have seen his ghost. The

lane is narrow and dark, for there are no lights. It is bounded by a high ivy-covered wall in which there is a doorway, narrow and lost in shadow. A subterranean passage leads from the doorway to the house, in which there is a clock which strikes the quarters, and which can be clearly heard from the lane. When the clock strikes, the ghost is said to walk.

Strangely enough, the momentous decision was made on the spur of the moment. They were four, and, being bored with life, they decided to lay the ghost. One of the party pointed out that being bored with life does not mean being tired of life, but the comment was unfavourably received by the others, who, despite a great deal of inward trepidation, knew a funk when they heard one. Someone else suggested that they should take torches, and immediately felt that his suggestion had fallen flat. It had.

They started. Arriving at the Glegg Arms, they got off the bus and proceeded up the lane, unarmed save for a large stone which one youth had picked up and clung to as though it were precious. The conversation, which had been previously spasmodic and jerky, revealing a state of high nervous tension, took an unfortunate turn when someone remarked pointedly to the stone-bearer that his missile would not harm a ghost. It was also unfortunate that the night should be dark and misty.

Just as they came near to the gate the clock struck. A stone fell to the ground, and one ghost-layer raced up the lane at an astonishing speed. The muttered remarks of the deserted ones were far from being prayers for the safety of his soul.

Some minutes of tense waiting passed. The scream of an owl behind them shattered the silence and three nervous systems. As one man, the three performed a miraculous about-turn-and-jump in one movement, and the question of flight received serious, if hasty, consideration in three minds. But, after a short but terrific mental struggle, they managed to summon up sufficient courage to remain. The owl engaged the full attention of their vocabularies for a while.

Again came an eerie, nerve-racking wait. The wind was rising and had dispelled some of the mist but "visibility was still extremely bad." To make matters worse, the dead leaves rustled and murmured with the wind, and imagination became uncontrollable.

Then a bell jangled, and the tension tightened. A twig cracked, a dim shadow loomed up, growing larger, moving to-

wards them. A choked gulp, and another adventurer decided to change his surroundings. He, too, made quite good time up the lane.

Again there were bitter mutters on the perfidy of certain people, cut short as they recalled the reason of their comrade's departure. They watched, fascinated—or was it petrified? It stopped at the doorway, stopped and looked. One broke the tension by leaping toward the gate, followed by the other. They were stopped short by a light's stabbing the shadow. They discovered that the "ghost" was an outsize member of the Heshwall Police Force, who demanded to know, in rather bad taste they thought, what they were up to. On being told, the cop expressed scepticism and invited them to "beat it."

Slowly and sadly did they journey home, their only consolation being that they had created twelve new epithets concerning the other two.

W.S.W., Upper VI.

A Walk in Autumn

IT is with a mixture of doubt and foreboding in my mind that I set out—as a result of which I am clad in coat and muffler. A cold wind, whistling gustily through the damp streets, pierces to the marrow, yet fails to move the dense mass of grey cloud overhead. On days such as this the town is drear and dull; therefore I have resolved to leave it.

Hands deep in pockets, collar up, head bent before the driving wind, I travel briskly, only vaguely aware of a concrete pavement at my feet and of a succession of suburban villas. Soon I have left the town behind, and now soft turf is beneath my feet.

What leaves there are—everywhere! The grass is filled with them, and every gust of wind sends myriads of them whirling along in aimless frolic. I look up. The trees are almost bare, and many gaunt branches stand in silhouette against a grey sky. The air, I realise suddenly, is different here—it is fresher and has an eager bite. The wind challenges, in a friendly way, and I am forced to swing my arms to keep warm. My stride lengthens, and soon I am swinging along at a fair pace.

My interest awakened, I begin to see trees and fields, dishevelled by Autumn's careless, wanton hand, and to catch

something of the spirit of the season. It is a glorious season. Nature, the master of art, has excelled in its painting, and splashed its colours with a liberal brush. It seems to be indulging in a last riotous fling of life before winter's hand shall chill the earth with frost or by casting over it a white mantle. Autumn is mellow with a richness which speaks of long hours spent in a summer sun. The sheaves of corn are gone from the fields, and already the ploughman is at work, a host of screeching sea-gulls wheeling over his head. In the orchard the bent, black trees are laden with rosy fruit, and in the woods, beneath the silent trees, is a thick carpet of leaves and nuts and acorns. There is an atmosphere of industry here, where secretive rustlings speak of the activity of unseen creatures.

I pause at a stile leading from the woods and from this vantage point look out upon a scene of perfect peace, the serene peace of eventide. From the distance come faintly the raucous cries of rooks. It is their evening chant. From among the trees rises a square tower, purple with the leaves of Virginia creeper. The wind has dropped and a thin spiral of smoke curls lazily into the sky. In the west a pale light denotes the setting sun, and I must return. I turn to retrace my steps—content.

Others as We See Them

MOST of our exchanges are naturally with schools in the district, but links are frequently found to exist with places quite remote. For example, we regularly receive a copy of the Teignmouth Grammar School magazine, and send them a *Visor*; and it has puzzled us to know how this connection arose. Is there on the staff of T.G.S. a former master at the Institute, or a B.I.O.B.? Perhaps someone who knows, either here or in Teignmouth, will write to the editor about it.



The Crossword has found its way into nearly every magazine we receive except those published yearly. Our own series, which began two years ago, was one of the first to appear on Merseyside, and has been very popular. But to fill, as *The Cowleian* (July, 1934) does, six pages out of twenty-six with crosswords, seems a little extravagant. Professor T. B. L. Webster, who will long be remembered by one generation of H.S.C. candidates as having edited the notorious *pro Flacco*, lectured the Cowley Literary Society last April. An account of his lecture appears on p. 18. Here are a few extracts:

"The upper part of the body showed more at rendering the form of the human figure. . . ."

"Each element occupied sufficient portion of the field as to attract. . . ."

". . . selections from the lyric output of the people, and what was particularly good were the brief essential features relating to structure and poetical merit."

" . . . he provided us with an original, illuminative and basic scheme to our future studies."

These give but a faint impression, and the whole report must be read to be believed. For the sake of the school, *The Cowleian*, its editors and the sixth former who wrote it, but most of all for the sake of Professor Webster, one hopes that no fond enthusiast was thoughtful enough to send to the lecturer a copy of the issue exhibiting this superb specimen of the English of Alexander and Mose.



Welcome to *Pharos* (September, 1934), the magazine of the Wirral County School (Girls); this is its third annual number, and is attractively printed and produced. Perhaps the headmistress figures rather prominently in its pages: she has contributed two signed articles, but some of her remarks are well worth quoting:

"There is a danger that we may lose some of the spirit of freedom, and forget our ideal of letting our actions be controlled by common sense . . . rather than the do's and don't's of those in authority . . ."

"The people of this country are among the last in Europe to maintain the value of individual freedom of thought and action . . ."

"It is through our willingness to accept the laws of the community that we are entitled to our individual freedom. . . . We want to preserve it . . . for a world which is in danger of losing it."



The Inkwell (Summer, 1934), is remarkable for a number of beautiful photographs of Snowdonia.



St. Edward's College Magazine (Summer, 1934), has a reference to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*! Can this be an Irish edition of the well-known British work?

On page 166 of *Oultonion* (July, 1934), is a lino-cut which I have tried hard to decipher. Three sets of verses are printed below it, entitled respectively :

The Old Shepherd,
Bliss!
" Summer."

Looked at in the right spirit the picture might represent any one of these. But does it, and which ?



The Mersey Tunnel has been variously described as a White elephant, a modern miracle and a rabbit's dream of heaven. But it has been well worth the money if only for the material it has provided for articles in school magazines. Most of these are bursting with information and unreadably dull. But in *Esmeduna* (July, 1934), the usual information is conveyed more brightly. We read that " 1,000,000 tons of rock have been removed from the bed of the Mersey, which now sleeps much more comfortably." A bridge, it was estimated, would cost more than a tunnel, but the cost of the latter has been very much increased by the ventilation plant. The writer adds, " It has been suggested, with some probability, that the ventilation of a bridge would have been less expensive." " At the time of writing," he remarks, " it is practically certain that the tunnel will be called " Queensway," especially as the letters " M.T." have now been carved on the ornaments at each end."



The Birkenhead Girls' Secondary School Magazine (July, 1934), has a mystery page. If you look at the Contents you read :

In the Corner

L. Armstrong

51

But when you turn to page 51 there is nothing about ' In the Corner,' but instead, a large blackness as of Indian ink—not printer's ink, but real thick stuff laid on by hand with a brush. Something wicked has got in by mistake, and has been blacked out, copy by copy, by an industrious and thoroughgoing censor. From certain internal evidence we have a pretty shrewd idea of what ' In the Corner ' was about; and, as you have already guessed, we are *not* going to tell.



In addition to the above *The Visor* Committee gratefully acknowledges receipt of *The Caldeian*, Liverpool Institute Magazine, *The Wallaseyan*, Birkenhead High School Magazine, *The Chronicle*, Higher Tranmere High School Magazine.

University Letters

PETERHOUSE,

CAMBRIDGE.

November 18th.

Dear Sir,

I have always regarded a University letter as a unique opportunity for disclosing the habits and indiscretions of one's fellow-students, once they have exchanged the fraternal guidance of the Institute for that proverbial freedom, which, as they had been solemnly told from earliest days, is invested with the power of "bringing them out."

Yet, now that I am called upon to contribute an account of life in Cambridge, I find it impossible to follow such a course. For you will find no one else "wearing the old school tie" in this great home of learning and leisure.

Consequently, I fear I must confine my remarks, for this year at least, to more personal matters. But in this, my first epistle, I must tell you of some of the peculiarities of Cambridge. And for most of these definitions I do not claim originality, but acknowledge the ingenuity of the *Gownsmen*.

The members of the University are divided into three distinct strata—Dons,—“a vague term used to describe one who is so charged with learning that he is forced to remain in the University for life;”—Instatpups—“a fashionable name for an undergraduate,”—and a very important legion of Freshers,—“newly joined members of the University who endeavour with feverish haste to emulate the manners, phrases, and habits of all the undergraduates.” In addition, there are several other dignitaries, mostly unsteady in gait, and robed in many colours, who venture out to brave the gaze of the “rascal many” only on particularly auspicious occasions.

Of the Colleges, which number about twenty, probably Newnham is the most renowned—“a closely guarded edifice in which efforts are made to produce a perfect woman, by subjecting the raw material to vigorous mental and physical treatment.” All the rooms in these Colleges are besieged each day by an army of “Bedders” with their pails and brushes—“highly predatory bipeds without sex, found in Colleges during the morning, when they labour to the accompaniment of hymn-tunes and reminiscences.” Yet while this labour continues, “Lekkers” are in full swing—“One of the quaint survivals of bygone Cambridge. They consist of harangues

delivered by inaudible lecturers to an inattentive sprinkling of instatpups, who, if they are not otherwise engaged, occasionally attend."

But with the fall of evening, the centre of activity moves from the playing-fields and river to 'Hall'—"an evening ceremony which includes the ringing of bells, the muttering of Latin incantations, and the consumption of indescribable food. As with all University ceremonies, this is extremely costly." After emerging from the candle gloom of Hall, should any daring or forgetful undergraduate venture through the busy streets without 'square' and gown, he is liable to encounter a Proctor—"a gaunt and terrible figure, which, accompanied by two 'Bullers,' prowls the streets after second Hall. Those who fall into his hands are mercilessly bled, and frequently take weeks to recover their financial position." If the cinema or other attraction delays his return to College after the appointed hour, he is forced to bear the scrutiny of a porter—"a stately and dignified decoration to a College gate during the day, and an automatic gate-opener by night."

But, apart from these unpleasant reminders of University discipline, the essence of Cambridge is freedom. And there lies its greatest value. Whether this freedom is used to advantage depends entirely upon the individual.

KEITH W. WALKER.



UNIVERSITIE OF LYVERPOOLE,
November 6th, 1934.

Good master eddytor,

Ones again cometh ye season of Christemasse, whereat all hearts doe greteley rejoyce, save that of yee eddytor. For to him falleth ye taske of compylyng yt wondrous boke yclept ye *Visor*. But for to shewe that all men have not forgot thee, master edyttor, it seemed good to us to set in order ye doings of yt goodlie fellowshippe of erstwhile students of ye Schole, and to give account of that whych bifel in ye past terme.

Now there lyeth, atte no grete distance from ye annient townshippe of Byrkynhedde, a certain water, that hight ye Weste Flote; whereon it is become ye custom upon holydays, for divers of ye students, notably master Woode, master Loxam, master Coglan, and master Evans, to disport themselves in smal botes, to ye grete delyghte of their fellowes (Men seyn that here do certain damsels eke disport themselves in like mannere, but here fitteth not to treat of this !)

Of master Todd seyne men that he is lyk to become a grete merchant ; and, sooth to say, when one encountreth him, his speche is al of recknyng and purchas, so that a mannes head wolde ache with hearkening thereto. It behoveth al chrysten soulës to take heed how they encounter master Clarkson, for he is one that praktisith alchymie, and thereby trafficketh with ye Evil One : therefore makyth man ye signe of ye crosse, and avoydeth him as ye plague (save divers maydens which practise ye same arts and therefore doe not fear ye powers of darkness).

Ye fresshers are now no longer soe fresshe as heretofore ; for some of them have suffered much chastening ; notably one well-known to us al, who was amerced of half a groate because that he did unwittingly detayne certaine bokes from ye lybrarie ; which made him a sadder and a wiser man. Eke may it rejoyce the hertes of some to learne that we have emongst us agayne one master Magee, ye venerable scribe ; whych smoketh endlesse tobacko from a seemynglie endlesse pype.

But now here, master edyttor, must we mak an ende ; for have we not promysed to take master Goodwinne to ye grotto, where are set forth ye wondrous adventures of Sindbadde, yt dauntlesse marinere, And doth not the faire youthe even now await us with impatience ? As Vergil sayth at one place, whych for ye nones escapyth us : tempus est, ut in grottum eamus.

Wassayle to thee, good master edyttor, and to al our gentill readers, a Merrye Christemasse and a righte gladde New Yeare.

R.I.P.



Dear Sir,

LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY.

Although there is plenty of hard work done at the University, there are times when all work is temporarily put aside and everybody goes crazy, the most notable occasion, of course, being Panto-Day. I was given my first taste of this 'crazy month' feeling, just a fortnight after 'going up.' The occasion was Freshers' Procession, and all men Freshers received instructions to assemble in the quadrangle at 12-30 p.m. The Physics Freshers, about ten of us, were standing talking in the quad. at the appointed hour, when we were asked to go into the basement of the Physics building. We went, knowing, of course, that we were putting our foot into some sort of trouble.

Once down there, we were warned of our fate if we disobeyed orders, and were then politely asked to remove our

collars and ties in order to keep them clean. Our faces were then smeared with lard, and the judicious application of a little grease-paint soon made us so that not even B.I. would have recognised her Old Boys (two of us).

Each was then supplied with a green paper topper, while a paper 'sandwich-board' (the 'Echo' with a hole in) completed the ensemble. Upstairs once again and we were roped to a small home-made cart decorated with a variety of objects, which cannot possibly be described in *The Visor*, the place of honour on the cart being occupied by our smallest member.

On the 'all-clear' signal being given, we pulled out into the quad. where the other Freshers and a crowd of spectators had gathered. (The Arts were even more unfortunate than ourselves—they had to pull a taxi-cab).

The Engineers led the way out of the quad. into Brownlow Hill, followed by our honourable selves with everybody else crowding behind. At the gate we met with our first disaster. Two Engineers, who had fallen behind their companions in crime, jumped on us and reduced our 'chariot' to two wheels and a chassis, but with two people holding the pieces together we were still able to make satisfactory progress.

In this manner we made a tour of several of the main streets of Liverpool, during which the Engineers took possession of the Arts' taxi and were driven with several interruptions up London Road.

Just as we were re-entering the quad. one of the Physics seniors obtained possession of a portion of the drum with which the Engineers had been rousing the neighbourhood. With the treasured trophy we made a dive for the Physics building closely followed by the drum's original owners, but after a struggle in the doorway we managed to push them out and lock the door.

That danger over we made a rush upstairs where the application of much lard, soap, and water, reduced us to our normal colour.

Within half-an-hour we were back at work, the fit over for another month or two.

L. EVANS.



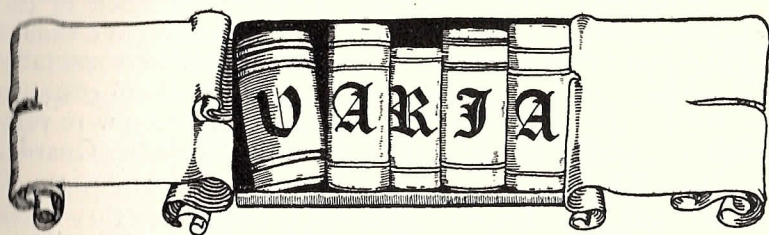
EXETER COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

The third year undoubtedly means a big break with the past. It is only at the end of the second year that one's friends

begin to leave. Now friendships at Oxford may be short, but they make up for that by their intensity. For two whole years, two (perhaps more) of you—thrown together by Chance and a hundred other factors—have become inseparable—living together, working together, having good times together. And now—for the first time one comes back to Oxford and finds that this friend is no longer here. The same thing has happened to one's College "set." For a year it has been usual for this "set" to congregate in each others' rooms for work, discussion and horseplay. Now, many have gone and those who remain are scattered in "digs." But what a party there is when one of them reappears—and they still do.

Life in "digs" has two sides. It is the first step towards the outer world. The College has ceased to be the main centre of our activities. It is no longer compulsory to attend College Chapel or to dine in the College Hall; we no longer sleep or eat or work there. But the library and the tutors are there still. Now we have a separate existence in the "digs" and a bicycle is the connecting link. Life becomes easier, more refined. No more do we cross two bitterly cold quads to reach the bathroom. And a landlady is an immeasurably better room duster and bed maker than the male "scout" of the College.

In his third year, an undergraduate changes not only his mode of existence but also his attitude towards life in general. Finals are but a few months away and this means a great deal to those who have seen the grim procession of careworn figures mount the steps to the Schools—to return three hours later even more haggard than before. Now work seems preferable to the multitude of interests which have helped him to while away his second year. Combined with this is a noticeably blasé attitude: a superior feeling that he has mastered all those things which intrigued him as a "fresher"—from the garb to the accent. Hence it is frequent for a third year man to say that "nothing unusual" has happened this term. But the Princess Royal opened the new Science buildings and there have been dicta from three famous persons: Sir Michael Sadler has attacked the effeminate youth of Oxford; Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has declared that Oxford can only turn out great men literally; and Mr. Philip Guedalla (whom I had the privilege of meeting) has had some cutting things to say about our repressive educational system. But what are these weighty utterances when tutors are urging one to spot questions, to keep one's syllabus at hand and to start revising? G.J.



AS predicted, Cathcart and the Library keys proved almost inseparable, but in the absence of both, it was found that the cupboards yielded to treatment with a hairpin.

Once again Mr. Hirst gave us a film show in the Gym. The proceeds of this term's effort are to help purchase a cinè-projector for the School.

Recently the Gym has been a centre of interest at the break, when, every day, the flower of the manhood of the School may be seen imbibing through a straw one third of a pint of milk, to the accompaniment of appreciative noises.

Time was when in a cellar foul and gloomy
 We ate and drank things that we scarcely saw ;
 Now in surroundings brighter and more roomy
 We suck pure lactic juices through a straw.
 But some drink now who never drank before,
 And spend on milk their hoarded wealth (if any) ;
 And as they fatter grow, they still wax poor,
 And cheat *The Visor* of its weekly penny.

The Swimming Gala, reinstated at Livingstone Street, was carried through with the usual snap and precision thanks to the organisation of Mr. Clague and the Staff.

We hope in a few years' time, when some of the shallower places have worn a little deeper, to be independent of the Corporation baths altogether, and hold the gala in the playground.

Once again we have distinguished ourselves in scholarship. In last summer's examinations the School obtained 58 School Certificates and 11 Higher School Certificates, while several boys gained Letters of Success in commercial subjects.

Our heartiest congratulations to Cogan, Evans, and Goodwin on obtaining Training Grants to the University of Liverpool.

It is not long since Merseyside was very much in the public eye owing to the opening of the new tunnel. We should like to place it on record that a dozen of our boys were specially invited to seats on the grandstand at the Birkenhead entrance for the opening ceremony, and that the Scout Troop were very much in evidence alongside the band of the Grenadier Guards.

Boys who take the commercial course in the Upper Sixth seem to find little difficulty in obtaining posts when they leave school; of last year's set Boggie went straight from school to a bank, and Hewson has gone to Bibby's. From the science side Broadhurst has a good position with British Insulated Cables, while Lythgoe is in the laboratory of a Liverpool firm of seedsmen.

The Scouts spent a very enjoyable time in camp at Ross-on-Wye, the weather once again being kind.

As Armistice Day fell on a Sunday this year, we held a slightly shorter commemorative service on the preceding Saturday. The march past the memorial tablet was more impressive than usual.

From the sale of Haig poppies in the School the sum of £3 3s. 6d. was realised. This is slightly higher than last year's total.

At the request of several boys another collection was made for the Gresford Colliery Fund. To this were added the proceeds of the Swimming Gala, and the useful sum of ten guineas was despatched to the Fund.





At the recent mock election the pacific intentions (and armed bodyguard) of the fascist candidate were insufficient to sway the electorate, who voted Red.

This term has been notable for the introduction of Rugger into the School on an official footing, and for a new type of excuse for not doing homework.

Mr. Paterson, a Governor and an international rugger player of many years' standing, was a welcome lecturer to the rugger enthusiasts one evening this term.

Congratulations to Milligan, the School goal-keeper, who, this term, has completed his 50th game for the School.

We would like again to thank our art editor, Bozier, who has again excelled himself in brightening our usually dull corridors.

ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

ATKIN.

SOME terms ago, it was recorded in this journal that strange signs of a new awakening vitality were to be observed in the neighbourhood of the Atkin camp. These rumours were not without foundation. In fact they were almost "official." Atkin has steadily recaptured lost ground.

At the Swimming Gala, both Senior and Junior School Championships were gained by members of Atkin House—Aslett (House Capt.), becoming Champion, and Austin becoming Junior Champion. The other House events, the Senior and Junior Squadron Races were won by Atkin teams. [Senior Squadron: Aslett, Buckley, Johnson, Williams; Junior Squadron: Austin, Black, John, Rowlands.]

The House has, this term, been endowed with four new "arms of the law," Alldis, Aslett, Kinnear and May.

The Senior Soccer XI. can record a win against Stitt, and the Intermediate team has won two games and lost one. There are seven Atkinites in the School teams—Parry (1st XI.), Kinnear, Austin, Humphreys, Hulton, Robey and Jones, P. O.

This term Rugby Football was introduced, and the enthusiasm which the House displayed for the new game augurs well for success when House fixtures are arranged. Besides representatives in the Bantam XV., we have Alldis, Aslett, Jones, I., Ruegg and Winter in the 1st XV. Moreover, our athletic performance has not been maintained at the cost of poor results in what is vulgarly known as "work." Atkin has kept a correspondingly high position in the mark-sheets throughout the term. Thus, if this term's results provide any grounds for prophecy, Atkin may look forward to an extremely successful year.

STITT.

“**H**EAVEN has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate.”

Once again, the pious hope floats. There is nothing outstanding to record on the part of Stitt, so that we can only look forward to future triumphs. In Association, we have extracted two points from three matches, so we, at any rate, welcome the advent of rugger. The traditional Stitt position of third in the mark-sheets has been maintained—it is years since we went out early. It is, of course, unthinkable that this is due to stupidity on the part of our members, and it must be put down to the activities of several of the livelier spirits. We implore them to stop their goings-on.

Several of us did well in the Swimming Gala, but the Senior and Junior Squadrons were third and fourth respectively. The prospects of our boys making good in the future are thus rather dim.

Nevertheless, I mustn't make you too sad; there is a great deal of undeveloped mental and physical wealth. Besides, what house could be ever quite despondent with beings like Laver and Milligan for its prefects? Such men, *ami lecteur*, are rare.

TATE.

NO longer do we sigh for the good old days, but once again we come to boast of epic deeds and of doughty prowess.

For the second year in succession we have won the House Cricket Championship, nor is that all; in accomplishing this we set up a new School record, obtaining 16 points out of a possible 18.

Just to show that we are equally at home in the water, our Squadron teams acquitted themselves nobly at the Swimming Gala. Our Senior team (Burrell, Wheat, Jones, T.M., and Collinson), was second, while our Juniors (Mayo, Clare, Tweedle and Lea), occupied the corresponding position in their race.

Our football, however, fails to maintain the high standard which it reached last year. This is in some measure due to members who are “conveniently ill” on the day of a match. In the three games we have played, we have won one point. The Senior team, aided by Slinn, Collinson, and Wheat of the 1st. XI., drew with Westminster 5 goals each. We are well represented in the 2nd XI., for which Crowhurst, Robinson, Evans, Mortimer, Hardie, Watkins and Ternent have all

played, while in the 1st XV. Coughtrie, Burrell, Mayo, and A. J. Taylor uphold our reputation.

A glance at the Chess Club results shows that the games in which we excel are not all of a boisterous nature. In the final of the House Chess Championship, our team, which contained A. L. Davis, Mayo, and Robinson, all of whom play for the School, was narrowly beaten by that of Westminster.

As can be seen from the above, our sporting activities are all in a flourishing condition, but our claim to all-round excellence also includes the attainment of a high standard of work. In the first three-weekly mark-sheet we cantered home an easy first, but for some inexplicable reason we lost by a short head to Atkin in the second and third.

We congratulate Robinson, the only new Tate prefect, on his distinction.

With the fervent hope that the editor will curb his virtriotic vituperations when he reads this effusion, we must regretfully leave you.

Au Revoir !

WESTMINSTER.

AFTER two unsuccessful attempts, Westminster has been able to produce some House Notes. Stereotyped notes with erratic grammar and original spelling beset the Editor who, in despair, handed the task to one who has already been the butt of much alleged humour in the Library notes.

Weston has become Sheik of the House with Barker as his Vizier (may their tribes increase). Leigh was created Executioner to the tribe, otherwise captain of Rugger. (His tribe is big enough).

As regards Soccer, we have evinced a generous desire to give the Tate coolies a chance to win the Championship (Serang Slinn please note). The Senior team has drawn with Tate, and the Intermediate team has beaten Tate and Atkin, but has lost to Stitt. In the 1st XI., we have Barker, Roylance and Wilson; and in the 2nd XI., we have Bozier, Freedman, Evans and Carr.

Westminster are prominently represented, albeit almost unrecognisable for mud, on the Rugger field. Leigh, Heys, Makin, Lowson, and Quaile are in the First Fifteen; while in the Bantams we have Lowson, Hayes, Edge and Vick.

Bozier, Wetherell and Leigh have been awarded the Order of the Badge, and we offer them our sympathies and allegiance.

The Swimming Gala is best not mentioned, except to congratulate Atkin on their excellent performance.

And now for the almost inevitable comment. Certain misguided and deluded youths have been spending too much time in "clink." Westminster has not been higher than third in the mark-sheets this term, but if the whole House pulls its weight and avoids detentions, we may once more head the lists.

Library

"**T**IME was, my son," croaked the ancient third-year, "when the Library was not as it is now. In years gone by, strange happenings took place within these gloomy walls." "Yeah?" enquired Beak sceptically, "quit kluckin, Noel, this joint ain't never bin altered since when they put a roof on it." ["Beak," for the benefit of the uninitiated, is a trans-Atlantic type, uncommon in these islands.]

"But you are wrong, my son," replied the A.T.Y. "Once since then it has been painted—that was in—ah, yes, that was just before they gave us oil lamps instead of candles—I remember the opposition. . . ."

Such is the tale that every autumn term for countless generations has been recounted to the batch of innocent, rosy-cheeked youths who, annually, mouths open, listen with wonder to the deeds of the hardened, battle-scared Librarians of days gone by.

What of these boyish newcomers? Bears the 1934 contingent the promise of other years? In some respects, alas, no, but in others there lives a ray of hope. Librarians went their ways sorrowfully, and heads were shaken in a bewildered fashion, when it became known that one of the first-year had got five distinctions in matric. Yet more distressed were their ranks when the rest of the Science were reviewed. When the Commercial made their appearance Noel, shrieking deliriously his formula—"Sammee, Sammee, leighve mea lone," was borne away upon a bier. Or was it a couch?

In a daze was sought out the Lits.—we came upon them outside. At first glimpse we recoiled terrified and slunk away to our dens. "Strange flesh, which some did die to look upon." But, the sudden shock over, we considered. After all, had there not been, long ago, a giraffe-like creature known as the Ma-Gee. Not so long ago, had there not been a hairy and untamed aboriginal called a Kriss-Tian. Even now, the Library "greaves" to recall strange and eccentric theorists. Probably, therefore, these novel creations were but variations of the old

theme—"nearly akin" to their ancient prototypes. With that we consoled ourselves.

Now, gentle reader, rare is it that tense excitement pervades the ultra-Birkonian-cum-Chemmy Lab.-atmosphere of the Olympian abode (Lunn not being here to lack an essential French prose) yet such was the case one grey and foggy morning in November. A daily dose of a new elixir was to be had free—on payment of a weekly 3d. Grim and earnest was the speculation as to who from among the weakest of the gods would give in and partake of the unhallowed liquor.

At last the eagerly-awaited question was asked. Derisive shouts rent the air. Owod declaimed the effeminate generation, exhorting them to stick to the old "botte d'ail." (bottle of ale). But the omen was unfavourable. That very morning Lewis and Short had been observed to quiver nervously. Soon enough we knew the worst. "I want my milk," said the A.T.Y. Groans arose from all the assembly.

Thus did the A.T.Y. lose forever the awful reverence with which he was once beheld. Thus did he incur wrath and become an outcast.

Wishes

I WISH I were a pirate,
To sail the seven seas,
I'd soon have all the Excise men
A' begging on their knees.

I wish I were a policeman,
With hat and tunic bright,
I'd stroll along with solemn tread
And give the thieves a fright.

I wish I were a millionaire,
My cupboards full of hats,
I'd ride inside a motor-car,
And walk about in spats.

I wish I were a redskin,
With tomahawk and bow,
I'd fight against the pale-face,
And lay the bison low.

But I am just a schoolboy,
With lessons vile to learn,
So back to dull reality,
I fear I must return.

G. THOMAS, IIA.

Form Notes

VI.s.

THAT VI.s. this year is an enthusiastic and versatile form was proved by the avalanche of *Visor* articles which descended on the harassed Form Representative. This unhappy youth, after masticating pamphlets on the manufacture of torpedoes, pins, and chocolate, and various attempts at (very) free verse, retired, like Achilles, to sulk in his tent, and was dragged from thence only by the *Visor* Press Gang.

Here, then, is an article by Hubbard, extracted from a veritable encyclopaedia of facts about wireless.

BROADCASTING DANCE MUSIC.

The music of dance orchestras, whether from a studio or from restaurants, night clubs, and dance halls, is probably the most popular feature of the radio programme.

Many listeners, of course, do not care for the unbroken rhythm and the often stereotyped melody of contemporary dance music; a small proportion of letters from these critics disagrees with the almost universal acclamation contained in the "fan-mail" of the dance-band conductor, but it is generally agreed that dance music is a light and pleasant form of entertainment.

The popularity of dance music (which, by the way, is not necessarily intended for dancing), lies in its infectious rhythm, and in its revival of tunes made popular in theatres, cinemas, and elsewhere. No better proof of this popularity could be given than the fact that it occupies one-fifth of the entire programme in some stations.

This type of music was first broadcast from an external source, the Carlton Hotel, over eleven years ago, not long after the birth of the B.B.C. Its popularity has steadily grown, and at present has probably reached its zenith. What posterity will say about it, however, cannot be prophesied.

The next effort, by an unknown author, requires no introduction after the last article.

After Detention ... "Little man, you've had a busy day."
 Tests "Whispering."
 A Raid "My hat's on the side of my head."
 My French "It don't mean a thing."
 Matric. "My design for living."
 The End of Term "The Last Round-up."

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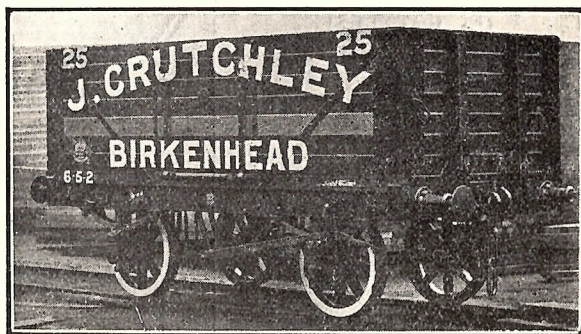
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Parry, a dabbler in psychology, has written the following treatise on

BOOKS THEY READ.

I once heard someone say that it was possible to judge a person by the book he was reading. I was rather dubious as to the truth of this statement, but I thought that this pastime admitted of some amusement, which might while away tedious journeys.

My first attempt took place when I was travelling home one night by train, and from the appearance of each traveller I tried to guess the type of book that he or she was reading.

To the prim-looking lady in the corner, with the wispy locks, tightly pressed lips, and severe pince-nez, I allotted a novel of a religious character.

The fair-haired, intellectual youth, who fumbled nervously with his tie, was easy prey, and I dismissed him with anything technical.

The aggressive man on my left, however, was more difficult: his bristling moustache and barking cough seemed to suggest an army novel.

As the next station was my destination, I prepared to go out, and in doing so had an excellent opportunity of discovering the correct titles.

Here shocks were in store for me. The prim lady was reading "Passionate Hearts," and the intellectual youth "Murder on the Underground."

My last hope lay in the title of the fierce man's book. One glance was sufficient. I staggered from the train, for he was reading the "Water Babies!"

So much for Parry's intellectual pursuits. Now for one of his amours.

A crooning young tenor, called Parry,
Sought out a sweet damsel to marry,
But the girl of his choice
Didn't care for his voice,
And refused to become Mrs. Parry.

Finally, let me whisper a secret, published exclusively by the *Visor*. Watkins left school, and started work, but only a very few mornings of early rising were needed to convince him of his folly, so he came back.

Moral: There's no place like School!

VIa.

HELLO, all. But it's not the familiar fifth-form squeak you hear. For now we are youths, large youths and must talk soberly. Gone is the old abandon. Why, you've probably noted with amazement the absence of an exclamation mark at the beginning. Well, you see, we're in the sixes. We must be grave, we must not fool, we must not even pun.

Mayo has been keeping cool. Rather bad taste, you say, hacking the ice from the bed clothes? Never mind, it was during the drought. You may remember that we had one. Anyway, silence for Mayo.

KEEPING COOL AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Last year our holidays were at Sandown. Strolling along the cliffs in the cool of evening from Sandown to Shanklin, someone asked: "What about a swim between those two piers? Could you manage it?"

"It looks a long way, but I can try," was my rather indefinite reply.

So enquiries were made as to when the tide would be suitable, and we found ready help available from the boatowner, who himself seemed doubtful regarding the proposal. My father, however, was keen for the swim, and the following afternoon we were pushing out to sea in a rowing boat with a friend at the oars.

Our first goal is the end of Sandown Pier. The sea looks calm and inviting. The sun is shining and the sands are full of holiday makers. As we remove our bathing wraps, a few stragglers on the pier seem quite interested, but their interest wanes.

"Are you ready?"

"Right!"

For one moment we stand insecurely at the stern of the rocking boat.

Two splashes.

"Mind those fishing lines or you'll get hooked!" someone calls. Our boat leads the way, and we strike out with the side-stroke, quickly falling into a steady rhythm. Fifteen minutes later, we roll over to look at the distance covered and are encouraged. But still that pier ahead is scarcely visible—two miles to go.

Following the curve of the bay we press onwards, about a quarter of a mile from the shore. We estimate our distance by watching the huts and tents sprinkled along the beach.

A pleasure steamer passes, and there are many curious eyes.

"Are you tired?" my father asks.

"No," I reply, "But oh! these mouthfuls of water!"

Now the sea is choppy, the water dashes into our faces, the spray blows into our eyes. The fishermen say that this part of the bay is always rough, owing to the currents and submerged rocks.

"Oh! the cold." My fingers are quite stiff, so a change of stroke is acceptable, and the crawl restores some circulation.

Then another change to the breast which brings my head well out of the water, and Shanklin Pier comes into view.

And now we can see the bungalows and bathing huts of Shanklin; now we make out that familiar word Bovril on the pier. Back to the crawl, and with a final spurt our goal is reached, and we pass beneath the pier, blue with cold.

With great difficulty we climb back into the boat and eagerly drink hot Bovril. Never was it more welcome. Then to the oars for a good, hard pull to get warm again. The two miles row back takes about the same time as the swim. Our friends welcome us, and then—a well-earned meal.

It is as well to remember in these days of excitement in which the Rovers of Prenton top the league and schoolboys are turning into milk-maids, that there are people who can and do swim two miles.

Now what do you know about sea-mines? Cover your ignorance with material kindly supplied for the occasion by Fallon:

MINES UNDER THE SEA.

In digging for minerals it is necessary to follow the beds and veins in which they lie, and the search sometimes takes the miners below the sea. It may seem strange, but there is no more difficulty in cutting galleries under the sea than there is under land, except that the pressure of the sea prevents digging too far upwards.

Some of the collieries at Whitehaven have long been famous for their workings under the sea, for there have been coal pits at this place for about three hundred years. Even sixty or seventy years ago, when coal-mining was much more primitive than it is to-day, the mines had been carried more than a thousand yards from the land. About one hundred and twenty years ago there was a tin mine on the coast of Cornwall near Penzance, which was not only under the sea, but which had its shaft on a rock which was covered by the sea at high tide. It was a very small mine, and when the miner first began to work the ore, he had to bale out the mine after every tide, before he could resume work. But, after a time, a shaft of wood and iron was erected around the mouth of the working, and this kept out the tides, so that the work could go on at all times.

Three hundred years ago there were coal-pits at Culross, on the shores of the Firth of Forth, which were worked under the sea, and one of them had a shaft on a bank which was surrounded by water at high tides. Coal was placed on this bank to be picked up by vessels at this moment.

Whilst King James was hunting in this district, he dined at the Abbey of Culross with Sir George Bruce. He asked to go into the mines and was conducted unknowingly beneath the sea. Then he was brought up on to the bank and, on seeing himself surrounded by water, was so surprised and alarmed that he roared: "Treason! treason!" But he was shown a pinnace waiting to take him to the shore and was glad enough to avail himself of it.

Vib.

LET'S begin by quoting from R. Clark:

"Gym shoes and inkpots flew about,
Many a wight got a mighty clout,
Everywhere was one big roar
When cries of "nix" came from the door.
Came the master with savage look,
But each boy had eyes on his book."

From which you will gather the Vib. is dreadfully tough.

Next we have O. Henry (believe it or not this is a real name). Now he is a Tory but a humorist (though someone did say: "Henri the Vib. Don Juan.") But he must have missed his context or mixed his metaphors. Anyway, here is Mr. Henry's contribution to a louder and funnier world.

TOPICAL REFRAINS.

" All I do is Dream of You"—Holiday thoughts of school.

" I Bought Myself a Bottle of Ink"—Preparation for exams.

" Little Man You've had a Busy Day"—End of the Saturday morning tests.

" Stormy Weather"—French lessons.

" Rhapsody in Blue"—Practical chemistry.

" Blossom Time"—4-30—5-30 p.m.

Now here's Humphreys, a future captain of industry, or, if you like, king of commerce.

A CHRISTMAS RAFFLE.

" With the financial state of the country and me in such a deplorable condition, I have decided to economise this Christmas.

I have therefore resolved to inaugurate a Christmas Raffle. In order to ensure a large sale of tickets, I will give a short summary of the main prizes. The first is a beautiful, brown-paper bound pocket diary for the year 1931. The diary is untouched except for the legend: "To Cousin John from Donald, George, Mary, Peggy, Betty, Maggie, and Auntie Liz." It would be very useful for 1971, as the dates coincide with those of that year, and contains useful information such as football forecasts for 1932 and the time taken for 1d. to amount to £1,096 10s. 3½d. at 5½ per cent. Compound Interest.

The second prize is three pairs of white flannel bags. Fully shrunk, could be used as football shorts, bathing slips, or Boy Scout shorts. They will come in (sorry, have come in) very handy as pen wipers.

Then comes a colossal Christmas hamper, containing: one toffee apple, half a mars bar (Library, where art thou?) one mixed biscuit, a few figs, and a tooth pick.

The tickets cost 7s. 6d. apiece. They may be obtained from me or any respectable bookseller's after respectable hours.

Now the ubiquitous limerick, subscribed by Forsythe:

There was a young feller named Norter
Who tired of his life as a porter

He would own a big house . . .

But adoring his spouse,

To support her spent money like water.

Remove j.

THIS term the form has seen some queer things—but then it is a queer form and a queer world. For instance, Jones, a new boy, was at first rather subdued but has now reformed. We are glad to report that he is getting into his stride and doing as Rome does. A more unnatural happening was Leighton's avoidance of detention for one whole week. It is said that life members of the local detention club took a serious view of the matter and drew up a round robin expressing their utter repugnance and abhorrence of this deed. But we are glad to be able to say that no further action on their part has been necessary. We deeply regret to announce that the detention sheet was put under a leaking pipe (accidents will happen), but that the names were not obliterated. And now here's a poem by Powl on football, but we can't quite make out whether it's soccer or rugger, for, although the player is covered with mud, there's no mention of any wounds:

THE FOOTBALLER.

The boy stood on the playing field,
 In cotton shorts and jersey;
 The cold wind whistled in his ears,
 And filled his youthful eyes with tears,
 As it blew across the Mersey.

The game began in falling snow
 Our hero kicked and galloped,
 And through the slush and muck he went,
 His brain was filled with one intent,
 His side should not be walloped.

And when the final whistle blew
 And homewards went the players
 By mud behaubed in every space,
 Before he could his parents face,
 He peeled it off in layers.

Stout fellow! But here's a counterblast by Williams:

The school took up rugby this term,
 And it's spreading as fast as a germ,
 The spectators all beam,
 As our wonderful team.
 In their first match are gentle but firm.

Talking of poetry, it was, you must know, Hamilton, our Hamilton, who said: "My heart leaps like a cataract." But that is, perhaps, carrying imagery too far and making verbal magic too magical altogether.

Next we have an article written by Williams under special coercion for *The Visor* and entitled oddly enough:

VISOR ARTICLE.

The title looks as if I mean business, but my mind is a complete blank. Not unusual? Well, maybe not, but it's worse than usual. When a master says: "Homework—Visor Article," it sounds easy, but it's dreadful. You are, at least, given a subject for an essay but none for this. "More choice," you say. Just try it. I got this paper, borrowed a nib, took the penholder and chewed half an inch off it, dipped it into the ink, and this rot is the result. But if it were printed I should certainly be pleased!

Remove b.

THIS year it's a case of little and good, for we're a very small form. But, nevertheless, we do our part in School life. For instance, we still cling to soccer and, on the whole, justify our selection. Like every other form we have our characters; ours are Batho and Dean. But as so many limericks have been written about Dean, and you can't write one on Batho, we intend to disappoint the two and their numerous admirers. Instead we have secured a little effort by John, intended to be sung by full male chorus with percussion to the tune of "The Isle of Capri" which you may know:

'Twas on the Isle of Capri that I fought him,
'Neath the shade of an old walnut tree,
You can still see the flowers blooming round it,
Where he fell on the Isle of Capri.
He was a famous and fearless young robber
And a skilful young swordsman was he,
But he paid the full price of his folly,
When he fell on the Isle of Capri.
Summer time was nearly over,
Calm blue sea was all around,
We clashed our bright swords together
And the air was rent with sound.

And then at last I got a savage thrust in.
And it had ended the fight I could see ;
Then he sank slow in a heap in the flowers,
'Twas a death on the Isle of Capri."

Which was, you must agree, melodrama at its mellowest. And after melodrama come thrills, kindly lent for the occasion by Martin, whose impressions of the 1934 Ulster Grand Prix follow.

"A comfortable passage to Belfast, sound asleep all the way, a good breakfast on the Ulster Monarch, and a fine morning were a fitting start to my first Ulster Grand Prix.

Detraining at a little halt about fifteen miles from Belfast, I hastily made my way towards the road, where the wail of exhausts denoted the safe negotiation of a hill by two rivals. I secured a perch on a handy branch of a roadside tree but soon regretted it ; Hall came round in his Rolls-Bentley, the biggest and fastest car in the race : no thunder, sparks or whine, just a swish ! but what a draught afterwards ! His terrific speed seemed incredible when one compared the impression given by some of the smaller cars. M.G.'s, Rileys and Singers would come snarling and howling up to the corner, tyres squealing, tails sliding, then a stutter followed by a roar, as the drivers 'revved up' for the change down and were away like lighting.

The big Bentley seemed to slide round as though it were on rails, and the silence of its exhaust made the cars seem slow. Later in the race a big Lagonda challenged its supremacy, and for a few laps it was a glorious sight to see these two monsters, one with a deep-throated rumble, the other merely sizzling, flashing by the smaller stuff, their tails wagging madly on certain bad patches. However a burst tyre put the Lagonda out of the duel.

Much to my surprise and chagrin an M.G. was flagged as the winner, the Bentley obtaining second place. This was, of course, the result of the mathematical working out of the handicap times and averages. Seeing that the Bentley was good for 100 m.p.h., I'm sure that the handicappers made an error in the problem—I do that sometimes."

Whew ! after that let's seek relief in ships—but hardly the ships familiar to you. Let Moss explain :

"On a recent visit to Douglas I had the good fortune to see three ships of the French Navy. Our boat came sufficiently near to the three strange ships to distinguish what kind of

craft they were,—a cruiser and two training ships. The latter reminded one of two tramp steamers. They had very small guns, but the cruiser was better armed and more efficient. She was gracefully built and looked speedy.

On land we saw the officers and crew. The officers wore cloaks and carried swords. All these men were swarthy. The crew seemed queerly dressed to our eyes. They wore wide blue trousers, and blue coats, and their hats were white, topped with red bobs. At night, we saw signals to the officers and crew recalling them.

We afterwards found that they had paid a visit of respect to the Manx Government."

V. Lower.

YOU are listening to V. Lower. Oh! by the way, we're very anxious about ——— —he was last seen at the beginning of the term going into the detention room and has been seen hardly anywhere else since. But listen! believe it or not, Franka's been fifth in the marks-sheet. Fifth! Franka!! Still it is people like that who make life worth living for the form, and add variety. But what a form! What men! What creatures! Somebody has been writing abusive and anonymous verse about Pierce.

Once Pierce did have a bicycle,
He didn't have it long:
He tried to pedal much too fast,
And pedalled into wrong.
For Pierce was coming down a hill
(His brakes were none too good).
He hit a bobby from the rear,
Who rolled in mud and blood.
The bobby he at once got up
Recovered from the shock
And with his utmost might and main
Gave Archie such a sock.

"Name and address, you scamp," he cried,
"Oh, it's two years for you."
So from our sight poor Percy went
And vanished in the blue.
And so he found himself inside
That horrid place called gaol,
And there he had to stay locked-up
Until we found him bail.

But still poor Archie went to quod,
 And drank his drinks from tea cans.
 And hopes Belisha'll make a law
 For bobbies to wear beacons.

Pierce, by the way, is growing a forest to keep him in timber. Four unfinished pieces of same were found under his woodwork bench. Insinuations about preparations for a bon-fire were unfavourably received.

But that's all very sordid and we must fly with James to Edinburgh.

A VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

I visited Edinburgh during the summer holidays. The first places visited were the Castle and Shrine. One enters the castle by a gateway protected by a dry moat, across which there was originally a drawbridge. Immediately inside the buildings is the Half-Moon Battery, so called because of its shape. Then one comes to the Argyll Tower, once used as a state prison. Near to it is a tablet to the memory of Randolph, Earl of Moray, who, with only thirty followers stormed the rock at this point and captured the castle in 1312. There is an excellent view of the city and of the Firth of Forth.

Inside the Shrine stands a steel casket, the gift of the King and Queen, which contains the rolls of honour. Around the walls there is a massive bronze frieze, depicting in their uniforms the various units, soldiers, sailors, airmen, medical and women's services, even animals. On one side of Princes Street is the famous Scott Memorial, and near by is a beautiful Flower Clock.

One afternoon I climbed Arthur's Seat, which is 820 feet high, and from which I could see the great Forth Bridge in the distance. One of the most interesting of all the places in this historic city is St. Giles's Cathedral, inside which many memorable events have taken place. Tradition says that when the Dean of Edinburgh began to read from the obnoxious Service Book, a certain Jenny Geddes threw a stool at him. I must confess that I did not see all that I should have liked to see, but what I did I enjoyed immensely.

Vj.

HELLO. This is Vj. There are twenty-three of us, and we're really awfully clever. But we're rather bad, too: detention stock booms, and there has been fierce competition for

the title of Form Jester. It was finally given to Williams. The ceremony of handing him the cap and bells was performed on November 5th, and it was decided to make Booth his assistant. They coaxed us into rugby and now we're unbeatable—honest we are. By the way, d'you know what "cupidity" means? It's "something to do with love." At least so said Hutchinson and Roberts:

"Two minds with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

But enough of this fooling. Here's Simpson with another milk joke:

TO MILK.

Drink to me only through a straw,
And I will sip through mine;
Leave not a dreg within the keg,
Or you'll insult the kine.
The thirst that from the throat doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of cream soda sup,
On thee I'd never dine.
I paid for thee some coppers three,
Not so much honouring thee;
But hoping that fresh milk I'd get,
And sour thou'dst never be.
And now each morn, at ten-forty-five,
To thee I always dash,
And take good care to lose no drop,
By spill or e'en through splash.

But then you expect something good from people with five stars.

And now Macadam will tell you about a novel sports day.

"Whilst on my holidays I visited the sports of John Croom's Home for Orphans and Cripples. There were many events, and the spectators themselves entered. Before the interval were the adult sports, which included punting, tricycle and chariot races, tugs-of-war, football on skates, and shackled football. In this last the teams played with their legs tied together. Then for the children there were egg and spoon and relay races, and jumping. When it was dark, the most exciting item of all was performed. The Orphanage was set on fire! Fireworks coloured red made the show seem real. There were screams from children, and the escapes from the "blaze" by means of the 'chute finished the proceedings."

IVa.

AFTER interviewing several of the most famous members of the form we have been struck by their insistence on two facts :

1. IVa. is immeasurably the finest form in the school ;
2. These individuals are immeasurably the finest men in the form.

Which is rather curious, don't you think ? One of these fine fellows, Crail, has been flying. Hearken :

MY FIRST FLIGHT.

During my summer holidays, when in London, I went to Croydon with a friend and, after having tea at the aerodrome café, we decided to go for a short flight. We walked over to those 'planes which take people for flights and bought tickets, but had to wait half-an-hour before the pilot arrived. Meanwhile we amused ourselves by looking at the various 'planes. We went up in a De Havilland " Fox Moth " which had won the King's Cup some years ago. We stepped in, the door was shut, and the engine warmed up. Then the machine taxied across the field, and we took off. The 'plane climbed steeply, and started to circle the aerodrome. There was no " queer feeling," the only part which thrilled me being when the 'plane banked steeply—but my friend was not so keen on that. It was amusing to see people who appeared to be crawling along the streets but were in reality walking briskly along. After banking several times the machine came down—there was a slight bump as it hit the ground. After we had got out, the pilot told me that we had touched 80 m.p.h. and reached 3,000 feet.

So you see that it is plane sailing. Now listen to the saga of the IVa. Germans—how they worked at the Genitive case ; how the ceiling was thrown at them by angry angels or chemistry hooligans ; how grievous bodily harm was caused the Teutons. We rushed two correspondents, Messrs. Wright and Tomlinson, to the seat of war :

" The German set were writing sentences on the Genitive case. Nevertheless they were at peace. But IVa. is immediately beneath the chemistry laboratory, where we believe their motto is :

' Work——work——work !
 Till the brain begins to swim ;
 Work——work——work !
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim.'

Then a foot fell and also plaster and laths. There was chaos, carnage ; nay, even more, the German set lost some minutes of valuable time. It appears that Jim Thornton and M. Jones received the benefit of the laths ; their delighted audience had to be content with plaster. The proceedings ended with a spirited search for souvenirs."

When we interviewed Mr. Thornton he said : " It was so sudden. I don't think it was quite the thing to do, for I was asleep at the time. I was badly hurt, but it isn't that. You see it was so sudden." Mr. Jones associated himself with these sentiments, and urged a closer supervision of those—boys in that lab.

Another Scotch joke. It's a limerick, and Williams' fault :

There was an old man of Braemar,
 Who went for a ride in a car.
 He hit a big lump,
 And fell out with a bump,
 And said : " Flying is safer by far."

Hotcha ! But one limerick is sufficient don't you think ?

Next, we have more evidence that IVa. is, as usual, abreast of the time, as the first performance of Mr. Sparling's brand new opus will show.

The man crouched as if about to spring. He held it tightly. They crept slowly towards him. His thoughts were confused. When would his comrades come ? Ah ! at last. Only six, but enough, nevertheless, if fortune would but smile. Here were his men. They all charged. So did the enemy. It was horrible. But he was through ! Some one else rushed, but he passed this last man. Half a yard ! half a yard ! He was there !! A Try !!!

Remove A.

WE were awfully cut up at the beginning of the term—they divided us into sheep and goats, Removes A and B. Do we rugger ? No, we go all proletariat and soccer. We've still got Mortimer and Taylor who are the most brilliant—or is it the least imbecile ?—of us. Like soccer, they have been retained, as their form positions are as much a fixture as the former.

Here is Eyton-Jones on ships :

A VISIT TO A SHIP'S ENGINE-ROOM AT NIGHT.

To board the ship, which was supposed to sail at dawn, we climbed up a narrow gangway which seemed to threaten turning over at any moment. We found that the electric lighting on board had failed, and a few oil lamps were being used. The deck was in complete darkness, and we felt our way to the bridge. From there we went to the engine room, on the bottom of which was a mass of machinery. There were giant pistons among it, but everything tailed off in darkness. The sole lights were from a few feeble oil lamps hung on the machinery. Now and again a lascar would pad in and then out.

Moving towards the stokehole, we crept between two great boilers, about two feet apart. The boilers had doors at the bottom and were built very strongly to withstand the heat. Opening one door I could see the coal smouldering and stretching away a great distance. I was told that all required to start it burning would be a raking with a long iron rod.

Talking of ships and sailors, there follows an anonymous limerick :

There was a poor sailor called Male,
Who went in a boat for a sail.
Poor Male's gone to-day
Rather to his dismay,
For he's down in the dark in a whale.

And now Wood will entertain and dilate on the family tree of the motor car. A blessing ? possibly. Homicidal ? probably. Mr. Wood does not mention Mme. La Guillotine as a relation, but she must have smiled at the christening :

THE BEGINNING OF THE MOTOR CAR.

It was said in the days of Queen Victoria that when that day should come in which vehicles moved without the help of the horse, then would come the end of the world. Most vehicles of to-day move by their own power, but people can argue that the age of the horse is not yet past, pointing to the old grey mare hauling the forty horse-power sports model to the garage.

In the mid-eighteenth century a steam car burning coal as fuel and carrying five passengers ran between Birmingham and London every other day and, as the advertisement said :

"The journey does not exceed six and a half hours, God willing."

The last two words were underlined, and one can see that remaining on a cold moor was no uncommon occurrence. A great step was taken when, about 1870, the use of petrol as a fuel was discovered. The result was that in the 'nineties a weird contraption called the motor-car took the road. The war greatly stimulated the motor-car, and now a great many of us have our two-seaters, and miles become yards.

Finally, S. Shaw has been to Radiolympia and wants to tell you about it :

All roads seemed to lead to Radiolympia. The lights outside were dazzling, but inside they were even more powerful. At the far end of the main hall was a gigantic clock with figures on its side, which beat out the time with huge hammers. On the principal staircase at the other end of the hall was a fountain of neon light. All possible floor space was filled by the stands of the radio companies. In the National Hall the Post Office held an exhibition, and in this was the Broadcasting Theatre.

IVj.

THIS year we consist of members of last year's IIIb. and IIIj., combining, of course, the best elements of each. We've been converted to rugby and fear nothing on any number of legs under seven stone. Also, most remarkable of all, we possess a goalkicker who is on view at special hours. We're also in the other scrum—the milk affair—and nearly all of us imbibe the precious liquid with decent intervals for breath. But, to business !

Here's a limerick. It's libellous (this is by definition), and it concerns Frowe, who with D. Smith, forms our stock of humorists, and therefore of detention fiends. They say that Smith has reached the zenith of his powers in his sob-stuff : " Is it a half, sir ? " But they also say that the powers that be are usually deaf to that throbbing throat's long, long melodious moan. Anyway, here's the limerick. It's Bryan's :

In our form a chappie named Frowe
Had oft in detention to go ;
But now all that's ended,
For one day he mended ;
So our number of " dets." is now low.

And now Hughes will describe the West Scar Caverns, Yorkshire :

These caves are worth seeing ; I, for one, was amazed when I went inside. The guide took us along a narrow path which the feet of workmen had flattened. He showed us the natural hole which the explorer of these caves had previously climbed through. He had swum most of the way on his back with a lighted candle strapped to his head. There was a boulder of whitish coloured stone which dripping water had shaped into a resemblance to an elephant's ear. Some stalagmites, rising from the floor, were in the form of false teeth. Another boulder took the shape of a parrot. Further inside the caves is a lake, across which one is transported by a raft.

IIIa.

HAIL to all and sundry ! We of IIIa. like to say a few words. Our first spokesman will be Mr. Hirst, and his subject is dear to all your hearts :

THE LOCH NESS MONSTER.

Where's the Loch Ness monster gone,
Whose name we hear no more ;
With a great long neck and tiny head,
And a body like the 534 ?

Has it migrated to foreign lands,
Or gone to an institution ?
Perhaps it's gone on a winter cruise :
Can't someone find a solution ?

And here I come to the end of my verse,
For I haven't any more time.
But when the monster turns up again
I'll write another rhyme.

Now, what price limericks ? Another effort from the pen of the same distinguished author :

There was a young chap of the Nile
Who tried to jump over a stile ;
He possessed not the knack,
And he came a great crack,
So I warn you it isn't worth while.



23RD BIRKENHEAD (BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE) SCOUT GROUP.

NOVEMBER, 1934.

Silly thinks, limericks, ain't they? Here's one by Malley:

There was a young fellow named Peck
Who signed the wrong name to a cheque.
Now he looks very cute,
In his broad-arrowed suit,
And his coat buttoned up to the neck.

And here's Mr. Ball's latest biography. This time his victim (for Mr. Ball is essentially a modern writer) is a rocket.

A ROCKET'S CAREER.

There were only a few fireworks left in the shop, and one of these was a rocket. It was becoming rather tired of life and longed for adventure. A few days before the Fifth a small boy came into the shop and bought the rocket. Then he tucked it under his arm and put it in a drawer. When the great day came, he could not get home fast enough. At six o'clock his father brought out an empty bottle and stood the rocket in it. He then lit the blue paper fuse, and up went the rocket with an angry fiz-z-z! Suddenly there was a terrific bang which tore the rocket apart. It was lost in a haze of stars.

IIIb.

WE'RE in the Cubby Hole this year, and there are twenty of us, but even that hasn't cramped our style. We have just started at the School, and think it's good, and that your policemen—sorry, prefects—are marvellous. If you don't believe us, listen to Griffith:

Ours is a school of great renown;
It turns out the sage, it turns out the clown.
The masters have patience, none will dispute,
For training the boy and taming the brute.

But I'm not sure about Cartwright, because you see seven members of the form have written gross libels about him. He is the hero of whom the following tale is told:

MASTER: "How many shoulders have you got?"

BOY: "One, sir."

MASTER: "What are these two?" (tapping them).

BOY: "Oh! that's my shoulder, sir."

But, turning to more promising subjects, here's a piece of advice from Thompson:

You should see IIIb. at football;
 You should see us get the goals;
 You should see our forwards dashing,
 Just like slippery river soles.
 And when the game is started,
 And the ball begins to roll,
 Our centre-forward rushes down
 And bangs it through the goal.

As a matter of sober fact we've lost both the games we've played, but let it pass.

Several of us find it difficult to write articles for *The Visor* and have chosen to record their difficulties in deathless verse. E. Williams is such a one:

MY EFFORT.

I'm not very brainy, and haven't much time,
 But I'm doing my best to make the lines rhyme;
 So please just be patient and listen to me:
 For this is my effort for my form IIIb.

Or again take Thompson:

I bought myself a bottle of ink,
 I bought myself a pen
 To write a *Visor* article
 For boys as well as men.
 The inspiration would not come;
 I bought myself a bottle of gum,
 And after hours of sucking my thumb,
 I'm stuck; so to the end I've come.

And not too soon!

IIIj.

THIS is IIIj., the youngest form in the School. Proof that some of us, at least, are still in the age of innocence was provided by one who shall hide his face in anonymity:

QUESTION: "What is pasteurised milk?"

ANSWER: "Milk from the cows bred on the pastures."

But the next effort is still louder and funnier:

During a singing lesson the master asked for the names of some famous female singers. Among the answers received were Gracie Fields, Anona Winn, and Cicely Courtneidge.

Football results are usually boring, but ours aren't. You see when we're good, we're good, but when we're bad——. For instance we went down to the Juniors 11-1. But we surpassed this and ourselves against IIIb., when it is on record that they popped 18 in.

By the way, we've got a ghost. He's probably not unknown to you, and we certainly know him well under his nom-de-IIIj. plume. This mysterious haunter is I.

In conclusion, we would like to offer our infinite imagination for, and utter envy of, Vincent who was actually top of the mark sheets twice.

Junior School Notes

OUR chief interest this term is, as usual, the forthcoming Prize Distribution, which entails much hard work in connection with play rehearsals and preparation of songs. We are presenting two dramatised stories, one from Hans Andersen and another from the "Arabian Nights." This year we shall not introduce dancing into the plays, as we feel that not even the most optimistic producer could visualise an eastern slave dance performed by our young actors! We are feeling the loss of some of our dramatic "stars" who are now in the Senior School, but we hope that the audience will find the Junior School "effort" entertaining.

Fog and rain usually deprive Form II. of their games, but they have played a number of matches with those third forms that have not been promoted to playing Rugby. A team from the Junior School invited the Birkenhead School Juniors to a match on our ground. The visitors won, but our team seems to have found consolation in the excellent tea provided!

The Cub Pack at the moment is busy preparing for an inter-pack competition that is to be held in our Gym. They seem to have had an enjoyable camp in the summer holidays; the fact that their water supply was some distance away does not seem to have worried the cubs—and some suggested that to help matters they should make a noble self-sacrifice and dispense with washing!

We are eagerly looking forward to the Christmas holidays and trying to forget the exams. which precede them.

H.M.D.

The Shetland Islands

HERE one is far from all noise and bustle, and although motor-cars have found their way into the Islands, the brooding silence is still oppressive.

The long summer days are delightful, for during June and July there is no actual night, but only a short twilight. The glories of the sunset are almost immediately followed by a still more beautiful sunrise.

To the one who loves boating and fishing, the Shetlands should prove irresistible. The group is composed of over ninety islands, of which twenty-seven are inhabited, and in any of the numerous harbours, or "voes," it is possible to obtain a boat for fishing purposes. The positions of the best fishing grounds are, of course, known to the Islanders.

I am fortunate in having relations who live in the Islands, and with them I spent a very pleasant holiday. The inhabitants are a kindly and hospitable people, who are mainly engaged in farming, fishing, spinning, and knitting. Shetland wool is, of course, famous throughout the British Isles.

Probably trips to the Shetlands will never be popular, because the long sea journey and the general inaccessibility of the Islands make expenses high. If, however, one is looking for a quiet holiday, "something different," a summer visit to these isles has much to recommend it.

G. ANDERSON, IIA.

From Our Special Correspondent

SESYU, YESTERDAY.

FEW, if not less, have ever heard of the small but very independent State of Sesyu, which lies (like the natives), to the south of the Khanate of Uvsedit.

The Sultanate of Sesyu is at present conducting its customary Yule-tide war with Uvsedit, and, in the event of the Sultanate's army being overtaken in its rapid march southwards, it will probably apply for British protection, or at least will refuse to speak to the natives of Uvsedit.

The Sultan (to omit his first nine and thirty names), is Ali ben Hoyez, a most delightful and enlightened man whom I visited yesterday. He informed me that he had been educated at Borstal, at the Ghyta Elevated School for Intending Sultans, in Albania, and that eventually he had graduated from the Des Maines Correspondence College, Inc., U.S.A., in 1920. Since 1929, when his illustrious and never-to-be-forgotten father, Imaum Avanother, got at the wrong end of an alleged friend's gun, ben Hoyez has led his country in its unsteady uphill struggle from bad to worse.

I found him in his gorgeous palace, which he caused to be built in an elegant combination of the Moorish and Victorian Gothic Restoration styles, neatly executed, like many of his subjects, in red-brick and pebble-dash.

When I was admitted to the Presence (with a capital), he was wearing his Admiral's uniform with his old college blazer and old school tie, a brilliant combination, but as he himself said: "We really must show these cads of niggers how to dress, what?" This is the dress he normally adopts when about to interview the Mercantile Marine during one of its frequent strikes, which occur about once a week, whenever the Chief Engineer gets drunk. He is a great admirer of American methods, as can be seen by the neat way in which the police bump off anyone in reach, or even by the way in which the Lord High Ejector of the Unrequired ejected me on my first five attempts to gain admission to the palace. But then we reporters are never discouraged.

Eventually, when the Lord High Ejector had gone to have a bitter, I was able to obtain some interesting facts from this advanced monarch, whose views are nearly as bad as those of many people in the Advanced. Ali ben Hoyez is the first sultan to have ruled for more than two years, and he attributes this fact to his popularity: as a Mohammedan he is only allowed four wives at one time, but by divorcing them every month he has succeeded in relating himself at different times to all the population, and moreover, the common people just love Royal weddings. However, he thinks that unless the supply of bullet-proof waistcoats which he ordered last year reaches him before Christmas, Sesyu is liable to be in for a Royal funeral and a coronation.

He pointed out that his political enemies are secretly subverting the navy, and learning how to row it, and that they have also discovered the flaw in his army—to avoid unfortunate incidents which happen even in the best-regulated fights, he has them supplied with blank ammunition. "My enemies," he said, "have already acquired a machine-gun, tested and guaranteed in Chicago, and as soon as they have saved up enough to buy some ammunition, it is not unlikely that I shall not only be bumped off, but that I may even be forced to relinquish my proud position as head of a state so powerful and efficient as is our own."

To-day: Telegram from Sesyu: "The best has happened. Would you like to be Sultan of Sesyu? If so, write to the Sesyu Employment Exchange for a copy of the rules."

[All rights reserved.]

H.N.L.

Mistaken Identity

RE-INTRODUCING 'GEORGE.'

"OH, it's my delight of a shining night!" carolled George from the topmost boughs of the great elm that looks over the spinney toward the hay-fields and the railway beyond. "Peace, fool," quoth I, elegantly, "I see a son of Belial approaching us." "Dunno about Belial," said George, slithering rapidly down from his perch, "I thought his name was Hodge: anyhow, he's got a gun, and that means *excunt omnes*." "Not 'arf," I said, not so elegantly, and prepared to make a graceful getaway. Then it happened.

George, always a trifle hammer-footed, had stepped back, and failed to notice Hector, the faithful fox-terrier who accompanies us on all these border affrays. A good dog, let it be said, and usually discreetly silent, but George's size elevens were too much of a good thing, and poor Hector gave tongue. "Crikey!" said George, "That's torn it!" It certainly had, for we were 'spotted' with a vengeance, and in a few seconds the keeper was in hot pursuit. Urged on by the blood-lust, he was bearing down on us at a smart trot, his ancient piece of double-barrelled ordnance at the ready. "'Ook it," gasped George, and snatching up Hector he was off at a really astonishing rate into the woods. Nothing loth, I hooked it, expecting at any moment to receive the contents of the enemy artillery in the seat of my semi-oxfords. We had a good lead, however, and now we headed for our home base: streaking through some bushes, and nearly tripping over someone as we did so, we made for our hiding place—an old ivy-covered oak with a broad, comfortable fork. Once aloft, we were quite invisible, and proceeded to spy out the land.

Now we realised who had almost tripped us as we came out of the brier-patch. A young couple were seated on a log in the shade of the rather thick bushes, very deep in converse, presumably of an amatory nature—'sweet nuthin's,' George called them. Suddenly George grabbed me by the arm. "Coo!" he ejaculated. "Here's Belial junior again." Sure

enough, just beyond the brier-patch was comrade Hodge, behaving very strangely indeed. Creeping stealthily along in the manner of the professional deer-stalker, he was approaching the unsuspecting couple below. Then, bursting out in the true melodramatic tradition, he said: "I've got ye, ye couple o' young——!!?***!!" (or words to that effect).

Following on this dramatic entry, events moved with phenomenal rapidity. The next clear impression we had was that of Hodge disentangling himself from the bushes, his free hand, for the blunderbuss had disappeared, clutching his nasal organ, which was bleeding profusely. The young man, in a delightfully correct attitude, was enquiring whether he had had enough, or whether he would repeat his words, and he'd blinkin' well knock them down his throat, and did he think that was how to talk before a lady.

"Well," gasped George, drying his eyes, and preparing to fade out, "I bet old Belial doesn't recognise his offspring, when he gets home to-night."

[All the characters in this story are entirely fictitious.]

R.F.B.

With No Apologies to the Western Brothers

AT the start of the term sight of prefects was rare
 There were only the three to shout, "Have a care!"
 And three can't keep order and peace everywhere—
 So now they're all over the place.

Some chemical students in the lab. chanced to stray.
 And started to work so blithely and gay.
 The smell they made started in quite a small way
 But now it's all over the place.

Each day a few men in gowns made of silk
 Used to drink up each day their quota of milk;
 The idea caught on with chaps of that ilk,
 And now it's all over the place.

Some of the cads, out of school and within it,
 Thought that Soccer was simply not in it,
 They began to play Rugby on a whim of the minute.
 And now it's all over the place!

J.N.S.

Scout Notes

OUR summer camp was held at Weston-under-Penyard, Herefordshire, from July 26th to August 9th, when twenty-five members of the troop availed themselves of the opportunity to spend a fortnight in one of the most delightful parts of the country. We were accompanied by about twenty cubs, in the charge of 'Akela' (assisted by Miss Cooper), who shared the camp site with us.

Although at times stormy, the weather was mainly fair, and we were able to enjoy fully the many amenities afforded by the district. We visited several places of interest in the locality, and excursions were made to Hereford and Gloucester.

The Scout camp was run entirely on the Patrol system, and keen rivalry existed between the three patrols, especially with regard to cooking and kitchen arrangements. Our enjoyment of the life in camp was considerably increased by the kindness of Mr. Jones (on whose farm we stayed) and his son Charlie. Nothing that would add to our comfort and happiness was too much trouble for them, and we were very sorry indeed when the time came to say 'goodbye' to such good friends.

We were very glad to have with us Hans Diamant, a member of the Austrian 'Pfadfinderbund.' His efficiency as a Scout set a standard at which we should do well to aim. We hope that he has carried back to Vienna very pleasant memories of the camp and B.I. boys. Mr. D. J. Williams was another very welcome visitor to the camp, and his 'shopping-bus' proved extremely useful on many occasions!

At the beginning of this term nine Cubs 'came up' to the Troop. All of them have been invested as Scouts, and some of them are by now well on the way to being Second-class Scouts. The formation of a Senior Patrol has increased the value of patrol work and competitions. During this term a large number of proficiency badges have been gained, and, judging by the number of Artist's badges awarded, there seems to have been a 'Renaissance' of graphic Art.

In conclusion, we should like to congratulate the Pack on becoming holders of the 'Odom' Challenge Cup, presented to the winners of the Central Division Inter-Pack Competitions.

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Badminton Club

THERE are fifteen members in the club, one less than last year, but the playing strength is not so great as that of last season, and I am afraid that we could not produce a team sufficiently strong to play matches. We hope, however, that with practice we may become strong enough to play other teams next term. In fact, we have already arranged one game with the Sphinx Club, whom we played twice last season. Another fact which I am sorry to have to report is that subscriptions are coming in very slowly. In consequence, the financial condition of the club may lead to a temporary disbanding, so members are urged to respond to this appeal. J.N.R.

National Savings Association

OF late there has been a slight improvement, as weekly totals are now higher than they were, but much more interest must be displayed by some forms before we can approach the amounts saved a few years ago. More members are needed, especially in the 3rd and 4th forms; thus, IIIb. has two members, and IVj. only one! Now is the time to make good resolutions: let this be yours for 1925, "To join the School branch of the National Savings Society and to save regularly at least 6d. a week."

R.H., *Hon. Sec.*

J.W.H., *Hon. Treas.*

Rifle Club

THIS year sees a larger number than usual remaining from the previous season. On this account the new members elected were chosen from those who had some experience in shooting. By this means, the rather monotonous "grouping" practice was finished satisfactorily by half term, when we turned with relief to "application." Some very good cards have been handed in, and the first of the monthly shoots was won by Wilson, who beat Mercer by only 2 points in 2,000 possible. Wilson's handicap score averaged 73.6, but we are confident that this figure will be exceeded in the next competition.

Chess Club

A SHORT time ago, the School was greatly surprised when it was announced that the Chess Team had won a match by $5\frac{1}{2}$ pts. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pts. Besides this success, the team has also drawn another match, and has thus obtained $1\frac{1}{2}$ pts. out of a possible 3, which is as many as we gained throughout the whole of last season. This surprising result is due to the fact that none of the last year's team has left, and thus we are as strong as we were last season. The School team has been: Leighton, Weston (Capt.), Hunt, Robinson, Davis, Sarginson and Mayo. Of these the first five have obtained 2 pts. out of 3, while Weston remains the only unbeaten member of the team having won 1 and drawn 2 games. These results go to show the strength of the team, and there is still a possibility that we may regain the Wright Challenge Shield.

The School has entered still another sphere of school-boy chess, in competing in the Cheshire Junior Championship. We expect to play Altrincham High School in the near future, when we shall have to travel to Warrington, which is half way between the two towns. I may add that we are quite hopeful of adding this trophy to the School collection.

Harriers

THIS term has not been very successful for us, as most of our regular runners have succumbed to the attractions of Rugby. The practices we have had attracted several harriers, whose Soccer and Rugby have spoilt their running but little, and there is yet a chance that our fixtures for next term need not be cancelled through lack of a team. We would point out to the School that the Annual Cross Country Run will take place next term, and that some practice is essential if a boy is to do well: also, we consider that any team players who need improvement in their wind will find Cross Country running the ideal corrective.

H.N.L.

Literary and Debating Society

THE three meetings of the Society this term have proved very interesting, and have been well attended.

The first meeting took the form of a debate on the rather hackneyed question of "Sunday Cinemas." After a heated

discussion, the vote, rather surprisingly, went in favour of Sunday opening. At the second meeting, Cathcart, an Old Boy of the School, and a former secretary of this Society, delivered an interesting lecture on the Wirral Countryside. His talk was illustrated by a selection of slides, most of which had been taken in Birkenhead itself many years ago. These slides, the property of Mr. J. Smith, constitute a valuable record of the town's history. Our third meeting was devoted to a debate, when Mercer proposed the abolition of the House of Lords, a motion opposed by Alldis. In the voting which followed, it was found that the House was exactly divided, whereupon the Chairman fulfilled the delicate duty of casting his vote, which won the day for the House of Lords.

We also heard a very interesting and instructive paper on Bernard Shaw given by Mr. D. J. Williams.

Thus the interest with which the Society was received on its revival last term has grown to even greater proportions. We thank all those who have contributed to its success.

Table Tennis Club

ALTHOUGH our meetings are now restricted to one a week, the club still flourishes, and our Friday afternoon games are all the more enjoyable. We have still to play our first match, but we have fixtures with Christ Church and Birkenhead Y.M.C.A. Juniors in the near future. Finally, we express our thanks to Mr. Morris for the services which he has rendered to the club.

R.E.M.

Scientific Society

THE Society held its first meeting on Monday, October 1st, when our President, Mr. E. Wynne Hughes, gave a lecture on "Sound and War." He told us about the early methods of locating the firing position of a gun, and also about improvements which were made. He concluded by describing in some detail the perfected piece of apparatus.

For our second meeting, on Monday, October 15th, Robinson gave a lecture on "Theories of the Universe." He mentioned the various theories put forward, and gave reasons for their support or rejection.

On Tuesday, November 13th, Cathcart gave an interesting talk on "The Organ," with particular reference to that of the "Plaza," which is no stranger to him.

On December 10th, we are to have a tea, when Greaves will have as his subject, "A Biologist looks at Music."

R.M.

Association Football

UP to date the 1st XI. is experiencing a better season than has been the case for several years. It has won six matches and lost four, with one drawn. The 2nd XI. winning four games and losing four.

At the beginning of the season J. N. Slinn was elected captain of the 1st XI., with J. Collinson as vice-captain. W. Kinnear is captain of the 2nd XI.

Our first match was with Alsop and played in Liverpool. As we had not won this match for four or five years, we had no false hopes, but this year we had most of the play and finished winners by four clear goals.

The next week we made our home debut against Waterloo. Stimulated by the previous week's success, we overwhelmed them by ten goals to none.

Our next fixture saw our first defeat. Liverpool Institute gained the verdict over us on their ground by three goals to one. The match in the following week again saw us defeated but by no means disgraced, scoring two goals to Liverpool Collegiate's four. Up to three-quarter time Collegiate led by only one goal.

We soon recovered from this temporary lapse, beating St. Edward's by six goals to two. Up to date, St. Edward's are the only team to score against us on our own ground. The following Saturday, again on our ground, we defeated an Old Boys' XI. by 5 goals to none.

On October 24th, we visited St. Francis Xavier's, and for some reason the game degenerated into the roughest of the season. Several members of our team must learn to control themselves and not let their feelings get the better of them. This match we lost 5—3, having two penalties scored against us.

After half-term we visited Wyncote to play a University XI. After an unenterprising first-half when we were on level

terms, the University came out winners by the odd goal of three.

For our next game we were once again at home, this time to Quarry Bank, who began in lively fashion. We were not long in starting, however, and ultimately won by three goals to one.

Milligan is again playing excellently in goal, and is to be congratulated on making his fiftieth appearance for the 1st XI.

To date our most prolific scorer is Barker with 18 goals. Parry and Collinson are also playing well.

The 2nd XI. is doing fairly well considering the handicap of lack of players. It has won four matches and lost four.

Results.

	B.I. versus :	1st XI.	2nd XI.
Sept. 19—	Alsop High School	(a) 4—0 ...	(h) 3—1
26—	Waterloo Secy. School.....	(h) 10—0 ...	(a) 7 3
29—	Liverpool Institute	(a) 1—3 ...	
Oct. 3—	Liverpool Collegiate	(a) 2—4 ...	(h) 2—4
10—	St. Edward's College	(h) 6—2 ...	(a) 2—5
20—	Old Boys	(h) 5—0 ...	
24—	St. Francis Xavier's Coll.(a)	3—5 ...	(h) 0—1
Nov. 3—	Liverpool University	(a) 1—2 ...	
7—	Quarry Bank School	(h) 3—0 ...	(a) 4 3
21—	Alsop High School	(h) 5—0 ...	(a) 1—3
28—	Waterloo Secy. School	(a) 4—4 ...	(h) 8—2
			J.N.S.

Rugby Football.

AN important event this term was the introduction of Rugby Football. The change was complete only in six of the lower forms, but so many volunteers came forward from the senior forms that it was found possible to field a School XV.

Practices have been held every Wednesday and Saturday, and the progress made is very gratifying. The seniors, under the leadership of Leigh, Alldis, and I. Jones, who had already played Rugger, have rapidly acquired a working knowledge of the game. The team met Park High School 2nd XV. on October 24th and just managed to win by 16 points to 15. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the game was no longer. Even

so, considering that it was our first match, the result was satisfactory, and it is to be hoped that many valuable ideas were assimilated.

The School Governors are watching the new development with great interest. On the occasion of our first match, Mr. Baxter, a member of the English Selection Committee, sent a telegram conveying his good wishes, and Mr. Paterson, the Scottish International, was an interested spectator. Since then, Mr. Paterson has been to the School and has given a talk to the players on the fundamentals of the game. He emphasised the fact that more practice at passing, scrumming, kicking, and dribbling, is essential. "Players of first rank do it regularly," he said. The inference is obvious.

Amongst the Juniors, progress is naturally not so rapid. Great enthusiasm is shown, but much of this is wasted through ignorance of the rules and lack of attention to elementary principles. It would help very much if all players, senior and junior, would make it their business to understand the rules. Constant infringements waste much valuable time and tend to give a false impression of the game. Much could be learnt, incidentally, if boys were to take advantage of the numerous opportunities which occur for seeing first-class Rugby played locally.

Meanwhile any other boys who wish to try the game should not hesitate to report for practices. At the moment, School fixtures are being limited, but there is a possibility that House matches may be arranged next term.

This week the Bantams made their first appearance. They met Park High School on the latter's ground, and lost by seventy-nine points to none. The forwards played very well, and the ball came out frequently on our side, but the three-quarters failed to make use of this, generally because they were out of position. It is to be hoped they noticed the tactics of the opposing backs, and particularly the methods of the Park right wing, who scored all the tries. The result should not discourage the team, for they fought hard throughout the game against players of experience, and they should remember that at this stage learning is more important than winning.

Since these notes were written, another fixture has been played, with the Wirral County School, Bebington, our 1st XV. at home, losing by 25 points to none, and the Bantams playing away, by 68 points to none.

News of Old Boys

EXAMINATION Successes.

Associationship of the Institute of Chemistry :—

G. Whalley.

Fellowship of the Institute of Chemistry :—

W. H. Sheep, G. F. Longman.

Marriage :— Sept., 1934 : E. Reid (1915-19).

Business Movements.

E. Lewis (1918-1922) :—Office Manager, Messrs. Lever Bros. Factory, Bangkok.

E. Nichols :—Messrs. Lever Bros. Factory, Shanghai.

We also hear a rumour that R. L. Swan has left A. and F. Pears, Ltd., for the position of Assistant Analyst to Sir Bernard Spilsbury.

Old Boys' A.F.C.

I CAN find no reason to explain it, but no sooner is one article completed than it seems time to prepare for the next. The only conclusion is that like the " Mad Hatter " I have in some manner or other given unpardonable offence to Father Time. Let us, therefore, lay the blame on Father Time. He has meted out strict and righteous justice, for I am harried and harassed from all sides with a demand for material for the *Visor*.

The present season, now well under way, has not been a very fortunate one. The number of fixtures arranged is somewhat less than that of last season, but we hope this will prove a temporary lapse only. To a great extent this is due to a falling-off in the numerical strength of the Old Boys' League, all three divisions of which have suffered from a common desire amongst Division I. clubs to enter the I Zingari League, with the result that all clubs do not now compete in the three divisions. Strong measures are under way to counteract this tendency, and it is hoped that next season will see a revival of interest in the Old Boys' League, so that we look forward to next season to a more comprehensive list of league fixtures for all teams.

After a lapse of some ten or eleven years, it was a great pleasure to resume activities on the field of play with the School. Apparently the Old Boys have suffered during this period, for from the result we had a poor idea of the School's

capabilities, and the side we fielded was not worthy of their metal. The School well deserved their victory, their team being a good one. We are glad to see it so, and wish them every success, particularly in the Shield Competitions.

The opening weeks of the season proved very disastrous for all teams, not a single victory being recorded in the first fifteen matches. Distinct improvement has been shown since then by all teams, with the possible exception of the 5th.

The 1st XI., after losing their first five matches, have shown a decided improvement, as four games have been won and one drawn out of eleven played. They have now found their feet, and we hope this improvement will continue. Particular mention should be made of R. H. Milligan who, though still at School, has filled the position of goal-keeper admirably. He is gifted with a keen anticipation and has more than justified his inclusion in our 1st XI.

The 2nd XI. have also produced an all-round improvement in their last few matches. Their great desire at the moment seems to be to draw all matches, but they are giving a much better display of team work. The side consists largely of young players, and as they gain experience there is every reason to expect better results.

A marked change for the better is shown by the 3rd team this year. The results are not as yet all they might be, but they have confirmed the hopes of improvement which we expected as a result of the progress of last year's 4th and 5th teams. At the moment they seem very loth to settle the issue with Marlborough College O.B. in the first round of the Old Boys' League Challenge Trophy. Three times already they have drawn, and are now to meet for the fourth time in an effort to decide the tie.

The 4th team are maintaining the standard of last season, and after a bad start are doing fairly well.

The 5th team are at present having a very lean time, as out of eight matches played one has been won and one drawn. They are, however, in the position of having to suffer most heavily of all teams through last minute changes, and never have the chance of fielding the same team for two consecutive weeks.

To those who are interested, our social activities include very enjoyable Whist Drives and Dances, and we welcome all Old Boys and their friends to these gatherings, particulars of which may be had from any member of the Club. G.F.L.