

THE VISOR



BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE
SCHOOL MAGAZINE

EASTER 1934

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Seated: K. Wheat, K. Roylance, R. H. Milligan, J. N. Slinn, J. Collinson.



VOL. VII., No. 2.

EASTER, 1934.

School Calendar

Speech Day...	March 22nd.
Term ends ...	March 28th.
Summer Term begins ...	April 24th.
Half-term ...	May 19th—22nd.
Term ends ...	July 24th.

Editorial

THE lot of the Editor is becoming more happy yet increasingly difficult, which may sound paradoxical but is, nevertheless, true. The last issue of *The Visor* was, we are told, a greater success than any previous number. So, when we turn our attention to the Easter number, we do so with fear and trembling. However, whether we have attained that same high level or no, although some have failed to see that high level, is for you dear reader to decide. The photograph of the prefects was better, if only as regards the reproduction, than any previous effort, and we are confident that the same may be said of the photograph of the football team in this term's magazine. For the photographs we are deeply indebted to Mr. Cull.

It would be of great assistance to the Committee if the boys in the School would make use of the " Penny a Week " scheme which we have inaugurated. They themselves would benefit, and we should be more certain of the number of copies required.

Two important events this term, which will have to be reported in the summer issue are the Inter House Cross Country Race and Speech Day.

Salvete

IIIa.—Stitt :—Sparling, B.

IIIb.—Westminster :—Wevill, B. E.

II.—Atkin :—Jones, G. A. **Westminster** :—Tressider, W. A.

Lower Prep.—Stitt :—Heath, L. B. **Tate** :—Beckett, H. G., Hughes, H.

Valete

Upper VIb.—Atkin :—Boyce, A. T. (19 -33), *Matric.*, 1933. Darlington, A. C. (1927-33), *Matric.*, 1933. **Westminster** :—Davies, F. W. (1927-33), *Matric.*, 1933.

VIa.—Atkin :—Davies, C. E. **Westminster** :—Peckham, D., Porter, W. F., Sampson, J. D., Medcalf, C. J. G.

VIb.—Atkin :—Gould, B., Sutton, R. W.

VIj.—Atkin :—McKinlay, J.

Va.—Tate :—Goudie, J.

IVa.—Tate.—Sheriff, W. F.

IIIa.—Atkin :—Paterson, R. **Tate** :—Fitzmaurice, A. G. H.

IIIb.—Westminster :—Weighill, B. A. E.

IIIj.—Atkin :—Millar, J.

Prize List

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- W. J. Hayes—French.
 H. N. Laver—Latin.
 F. Kirkland—Accountancy, French, History, Economics, Mathematical Statistics, French.
 R. Mackinder (m.)—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.
 T. A. Parry—Accountancy, History, Geography, Mathematical Statistics.
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	Mathematics—F. Richards.	Physics—L. Evans.	
	Chemistry—F. Richards.	Geography—H. N. Laver.	

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The Birkenhead Market

THERE is a legend that, if you walk slowly through the Birkenhead Market on a Saturday evening, you will find a pound of sausages pressed into your hand, and if you pause to demur at this gift, a skinned rabbit is immediately thrust into the other hand.

Be that as it may. The several butchers' shops certainly run somewhat price mad on a Saturday evening. At one moment steak and kidney pies are two shillings each, and a moment later they are one and six.

The butchery department migrates into the street, brandishing curiously unfamiliar shapes of raw meat and selling them at figures which have left the realm of sordid business and arrived within the bounds of insanity.

But to return to the pies. They are really very good pies—beyond reproach in every way—with no stinting of kidney and no crafty hiatus 'twixt crust and contents. And a specially intriguing charm about these pies is the fact that if you return the empty dish, Mr. Butcher's representative will give you fourpence for it.

One evening—Saturday of course—armed with four empty dishes that had accumulated at home, I set out to buy a pie.

The negotiations were carried through quickly and with charming courtesy. The assistant identified the dishes and smilingly told me I had one-and-fourpence to come. I then asked her how much the two-shilling pies were, and she replied that they were now one-and-six, so I bought one.

"Well then," she said, "If you give me twopence, that will be all right."

You'd be surprised how strange it feels to buy a two shilling pie for twopence.

"And of course," she added, "If you return the dish we refund your fourpence for it." That made it seem stranger still, a two shilling pie for minus twopence so to speak.

I took my pie and caught the bus home, and for the next twenty minutes I enjoyed myself by explaining to the family how easy it was to economise, provided of course . . .

Finally, I was asked to produce the pie from the larder—where it had been supposed that I put it.—As a matter of fact I had not put the pie in the larder, I had left it in the bus.

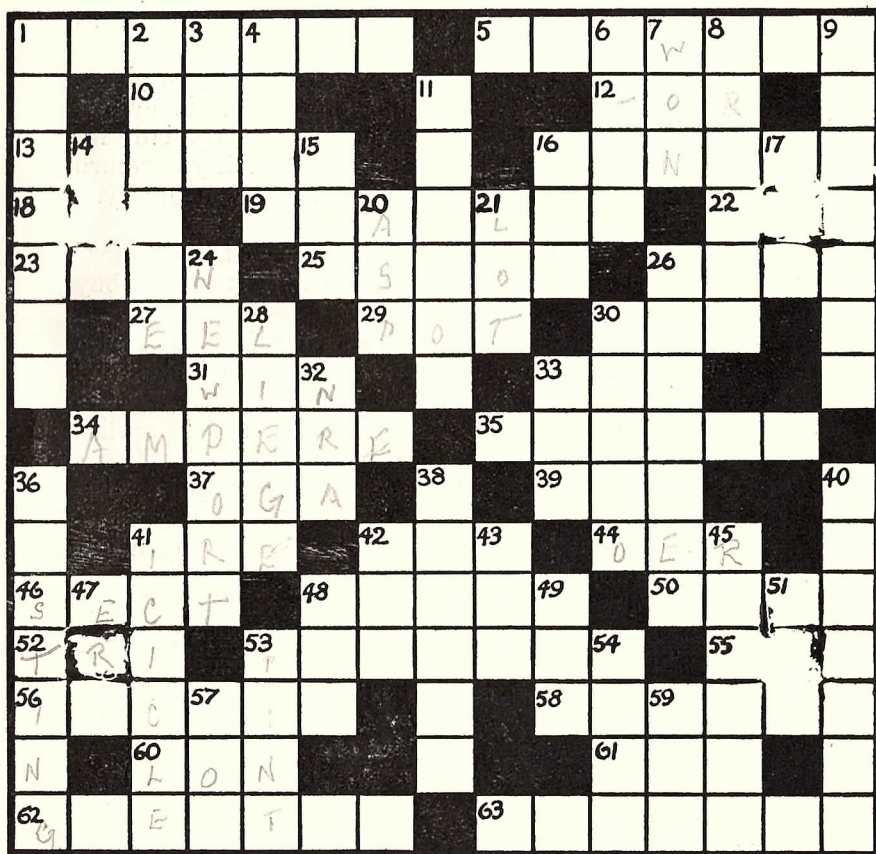
S.H.

Crossword No. 3.

THE prizes for this Crossword were awarded to J. G. Stott and W. Kinnear (Vla.) As the solution has been published on the notice-boards, it is not given here.

Crossword No. 4.

TWO prizes are offered for correct solutions of this puzzle, which has a strong scientific bias. Solutions to be handed to Mr. Hall.



CLUES.

ACROSS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1.—One of our greatest scientists. | 35.—Deep-red garnet. |
| 5.—Established electro-magnetic theory of light. | 37.—Since reversed. |
| 10.—Unity. | 39.—Shortened spark producer. |
| 12.—(rev.) Depression in mountain chain. | 41.—Anger. |
| 13.—Jewish sect. | 42.—English river. |
| 16.—Mixed load. | 44.—Poetically past. |
| 18.—Bag for liquid. | 46.—Faction. |
| 19.—Reverse of truth reversed. | 48.—Inventor of vacuum flask. |
| 22.—Stamp. | 50.—Two-thirds of thirty-eight. |
| 23.—Inert gas. | 52.—Prefix denoting three. |
| 25.—Cambridge physicist. | 53.—Curved tile. |
| 26.—Form of molecular energy. | 55.—Apply force, of necessity; adventure, maybe. |
| 27.—Fish. | 56.—Youngster. |
| 29.—Vessel. | 58.—This sphere lies above the tropic-ditto. |
| 30.—Viscid distillate of coal. | 60.—Half a metropolis. |
| 31.—Conquer. | 61.—Was is not. |
| 33.—Proposed English coin. | 62.—Electrical attachment in front. |
| 34.—Current unit. | 63.—Tribal division. |

DOWN.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| 1.—French engineer and physicist. | 32.—National Rifle Association. |
| 2.—Famous English chemist. | 33.—10,000 metres, and still short. |
| 3.—Scottish 10. | 36.—Grazing. |
| 4.—Refuse. | 38.—“ God said, ‘ Let——be,’ and all was light.” |
| 6.—Tangle of electric wire. | 40.—Available energy (physics). |
| 7.—Gained. | 41.—Frozen water. |
| 8.—(rev.) Deoxidize. | 42.—English river. |
| 9.—(rev.) Chemical symbols are. | 43.—(rev.) Scottish name. |
| 11.—Founder of modern chemistry. | 45.—Collation, if light. |
| 14.—So Scottish. | 47.—Wander. |
| 15.—Inverted playing card. | 48.—Tribe. |
| 16.—Interdict. | 49.—Author of KIDNAPPED (init.) |
| 17.—Prefix meaning across. | 51.—Anti-Volstead. |
| 20.—Viper. | 53.—Measure. |
| 21.—Quantity. | 54.—Tear in tatters. |
| 24.—Town in Monmouth. | 57.—IN —— SIGNO. |
| 26.—Name of group of elements. | 59.—Light breeze veering from N. to S. |
| 28.—Lord. | |
| 30.—Mixed fraction. | |

Some Aspects of Life in the Gareloch

THE Gareloch is famed not so much for its beauty, as for its commercial value to certain shipowners. If a ship is not in commission, and not likely to be for some time, they send it up to this deep-water loch to be laid up until it is wanted again, in this way saving the payment of port dues.

This loch is situated in the Trossachs, and it joins the River Clyde opposite Greenock. It is about five miles long and two miles wide. Hills rise sharply from the narrow, stony beach to a height of more than a thousand feet, and then drop more gently to Loch Lomond, on one side, and Loch Long on the other.

Besides Helensburgh at the entrance to the loch, and Garelochhead (the situation of which can be guessed), there are no other towns worthy of mention.

The L.N.E.R. line to Oban and Mallaig runs along the eastern margin of the Loch, and there is also a narrow road encircling it completely, but the only other means of communication the place has to offer are the small paddle-steamers (the "Lucy Ashton," "Waverley," etc.), which act as ferries between Greenock, Gourock, Helensburgh, Garelochhead and several other intermediate landing-places (where the passengers have to be rowed ashore).

Usually about thirteen or fourteen ships are laid up at one time, but during the depression as many as thirty-three were out of commission. It is rather pitiful to watch these vessels that have been all round the world, through fair weather and foul, swinging idly at anchor in this inland lake.

A few months of laying-up make a tremendous difference to the appearance of a ship. The iron-work rusts, and the wooden structures rot, until the hull is red and the decks black. The underwater part of the hull becomes covered with seaweed, barnacles, and mussels, which form a coating several inches thick. The only people on board are the chief officer, two engineers, a steward, and a few coloured seamen.

The inhabitants of the neighbourhood have by now accustomed themselves to the shock of seeing a band of gesticulating lascars shambling along with their shirts hanging outside their trousers—on their way to Helensburgh to purchase trinkets for their wives, from Messrs. Woolworths.

These men have some peculiar habits ; for instance, they muffle up their faces on the hottest of days, yet they have cold baths all the year round—even in the middle of winter. [MORAL : “ Never judge a sausage by its overcoat.”—ED.]

Most of them are Mohammedans, and they therefore have some religious customs which, to our minds, seem strange. One of these is the holding of a ceremony called the “ Hobson-Jobson.” The lascars fast during all the month of July, living on only a little rice and water. As the new moon approaches they start buying all the chickens from the local farmers, (those that are not bought are stolen) in preparation for the coming feast.

As soon as they see the new moon they break their fast. The next day a service is held on the foredeck, followed by a feast at which all the chickens are eaten. They decorate their mess-room with flags and streamers, and in the centre of the room is placed an altar upon which, lying amidst flowers and streamers, is the Koran.

The service is presided over by a man who has been to Mecca. He wears a green fez and has dyed his beard red. After the feast they have a holiday, and spend the time sailing about the loch in the ship’s life-boats—which are likewise bedecked with bunting. One man stands in the bow, and one in the stern, beating tom-toms in time to the chanting of the rowers.

The next day they have a picnic in some convenient place near by. They dress up in their best clothes and there are some really funny rig-outs among them. The chief officer’s boy from one of the ships once appeared in a tussore suit with a red fez and a pair of rimless eyeglasses on a rolled gold chain. The butler from the same ship was attired in a tweed suit, a butterfly collar with a bow tie, and a massive brass chain on which hung many medals connected with various football teams to which he had belonged—he was proud of himself too!

I.S.M.

Erato

A POEM, my lads, to compound I propose !
In a straightforward style, reminiscent of prose,
Yet with obvious rhyth-um—and rhymes, I suppose . . .
But read it, and then you will see how it goes.

As near as I can to the style which a man,
 Thomas Ingoldsby wrote in his legends of note,
 I will try to deliver this short anecdote,
 (Though that term a narrative may but denote,
 And from narrative this could not be more remote),
 But rhyme it I must or, as they say, bust,
 For you see what is said in the third line I trust.
 This may not smack much of the Ingoldsby touch,
 But it's near it—as near as the Deutsch to the Dutch.

I know three more rhymes to the syllable “utch,”
 And one of them's “butch” and another is “crutch.”
 These lines suggest padding—don't take them as such,
 For what am I padding if all that I'm adding
 Is padding?—these lines, you can see, are all gadding.
 If you want any tale, you are reading in vain,
 As I said in the ninth line: I say it again.
 You mustn't complain or try to raise Cain,
 Or hammer amain my ostensible brain,
 For that brain, I explain, no sense may contain,
 And to hammer it no satisfaction would gain.

To return to the thread of what I had said
 And of what, if you read this, no doubt you had read,
 I should like to remark that it's really a lark,
 But I've found out by now that I cannot embark
 On a good train of thought, as I reasonably ought
 When I try to compose a few lines of this sort,
 So, as a resort, I must cut it short,
 And also endeavour to see that I never
 Begin on a thing like this again—EVER!

MORAL:

Ah! here, you might guess, I would get in a mess,
 And I thought that, too, I must really confess.
 One can't base a moral on nothing or less.
 But there must be some reason for writing this rot,
 And maybe a moral from that could be got.
 Yes! the moral lies here, pray lend it an ear;
 To its guidance adhere, I will now make it clear;
 I now have a gag for whoever may nag,
 Saying “Please write an article for the School Mag.”

NUTTALL THERE

(Noble-Prize for Poetry).

The Lucerne Plan

THE Lucerne Plan was a plan brought into operation on January 15th, 1934, to deal with the increasing mutual interference of wireless broadcasting stations.

On account of new stations' being opened and old stations' increasing their power, conditions became gradually worse for the listener, and there were very few parts of the wave-band on which there was no interference.

A committee met before Christmas at Lucerne to consider the problem, and to see how radio conditions might be improved. They allotted a certain wavelength to each station, and it was arranged that the "changeover" to the new wavelengths should take place on January 15th.

From 11 p.m. on January 14th, to 7 a.m. the next day, most stations were testing their performance under the new system, and during this time some very interesting programmes were heard. At 8 a.m. the changeover was completed.

The checking of the wavelengths was done by the Brussels Checking Station, and thanks to that station, the changeover was carried through without a hitch, causing very little interference with the normal programmes.

By Monday evening, nearly all stations were back at normal, and the wavelengths were again checked by Brussels. Transmitters far away from each other were given the same wave-channels—the distance between them preventing their interfering with each other.

There were no major changes in any of the wave-lengths of the British Broadcasting Company's transmitters, that of the North Regional Station being the greatest. Late on Monday evening, contrary to expectations, there was a great deal of interference on the Daventry National, and the culprit was found to be the Eiffel Tower, which was supposed to have closed down, but was working on its old wavelength.

This station was ordered to cease broadcasting, but has since been allowed to continue after a re-arrangement of stations operating on wavelengths between fourteen-hundred and eighteen-hundred metres. This re-arrangement involved Daventry, Berlin, Radio-Paris, and several minor transmitters, which are now working satisfactorily.

Luxemburg has been the chief source of annoyance on the long wave-band. It was supposed to transfer to the short waves, but instead has adopted a new channel on the long waves, and seems determined to stay there. Fécamp disobeyed orders for some time, but later went into its allotted wavelength.

In only very few cases were receivers spoiled by the new system, although many listeners were rather confused by the new positions of the transmitters. The Lucerne Plan has not been an unqualified success, but it has greatly improved broadcasting reception.

I. YATES.

Enigma

HERE are four words, of three syllables each, differing only in their initial letters. Can you guess them?

1. The hindrances we meet in ways we go.
2. Swift messengers who well their course do know.
3. Without, a horse no traveller could be.
4. A source of health, or canine company.

(Solution on page 78).

Double Acrostic

TWO English poets here we see,
Both of the nineteenth century.

1. If this we bravely bear,
We more than do our share.
2. Add head to tail, and here
Dear reader, you appear.
3. Success if you'd be winning,
Go back to the beginning.
4. 'Uncertain, coy and hard
To please'—so says the bard.
5. Numskull or nincompoop; he
May be described as loopy.
6. The ostrich is a case:
In sand he hides his face.
This nib is even worse—
Concealed within a verse.
7. They say he played the fiddle,
But that's all taradiddle.
8. Teetotallers, beware!
This spirit is a snare.

(Solution on page 112).

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Others as We See Them

LET us all join in addressing hearty expressions of sympathetic joy to a brainy writer in the Holt School Magazine (Dec., 1933), who, in an article entitled 'This Society Racket' suggests the formation in the Holt of a Society for the Suppression of Sundry Societies. He suggests that the fondness of many boys for societies is due to their dislike of their own. Not quite original, but worth recalling, and the whole article makes a bright contrast to those hardy annual letters to the editor of *The Visor* beginning

Sir,

Why should not our school have a——club

* * * * *

The Lion (Rock Ferry, Dec., 1933), has pages and pages of lists—fixture lists (with results), lists of eminent players of games (with their personal peculiarities and bits of good advice: "was sound in all departments," "must learn to use both feet,") lists of runners and jumpers, of overcomers of obstacles and potato racers, of swimmers and divers others; lists of Good Boys (Never Absent, Never Late), of winners of School Certificates (with all the subjects they won them in, and how well they did in each subject, for proud parents to read). There are a few literary contributions, including a good one on famous steamships, by an old boy, and the rest is—Notes.

* * * * *

Some of the best contributions to *The Inkwell* (Chester City and County, Dec., 1933), are by Old Boys. (*B.I. Old Boys, please note.*—ED.)

A visitor to Tutankhamen's tomb tells how he saw the King's sarcophagus 'of thick gold, richly *chaste*'—resting, one hopes, in virgin soil.

* * * * *

Yet another Merseyside school has been placed on the Headmasters' Conference List of Public Schools. Congratulations to *The Wallaseyan* (Dec., 1933), which proudly records this distinction.

* * * * *

Esmeduna (Dec., 1933), awards a prize of half-a-guinea for a short story. The winning entry is printed, and is a neatly executed bit of work, upwards of 1,000 words long. The idea seems good: perhaps *The Visor* committee would consider it,

Liverpool Institute Magazine (Jan., 1934), wears a learned air, as befits a journal whose editor has just won an Open Classical Scholarship at Oxford. He himself has contributed a little hymn in praise of holidays in accentual Latin verse. There appears also a quotation from Euripides in Greek, but the printer seems to have run out of accents and iotas half way through.

Perhaps the most interesting pages in the magazine are those devoted to correspondence. No less than six readers have something urgent to say, and say it very plainly. One makes an outspoken protest against the school's neglect of its branch of the L.N.U. Another suggests a short recital or concert as an occasional alternative to the monotony of school prayers. An old boy attacks the editors violently for the poor style and dullness of the magazine, drawing on himself a snappy and well-deserved rebuke. A Sixth Former complains of the 'borrowing' of books from the school library by old boys. But the prize goes to an anonymous gentleman with a real grievance. It hurts him to know that for years the school has contributed annually the sum of £100 to the Children's Hospital and the Florence Institute. "Is it fair," he asks, "that this money should go . . . to the upkeep of a child in whom we have not the slightest interest?" Would it not be far better to collect it for a school club? Charity, he says brightly, begins at home. He also is suitably dealt with in an editorial note.

But all this shows a lively interest in the affairs of the school, and a realisation that the proper way to air grievances and views is to write to the school magazine about them. Let us have a *real* correspondence column in *The Visor*.

* * * * *

In addition to the above *The Visor* Committee gratefully acknowledges receipt of *The Caldeian*, *The Chronicle* (Edmonton County), *The Cowleian*, *The Log* (Hobart, Tasmania), *Oultonian*, *The Quarry*, St. Edward's College Magazine, T.G.S. (Teignmouth Grammar).

SOLUTION to ENIGMA:

1. Barriers; 2. Carriers; 3. Farriers; 4. Harriers..

University Letter

LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY,

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Visor*.

March, 1934.

Sir,

All around are signs of awakening; in some cases rude, but nevertheless, an awakening. All nature begins to throb and stir with life.

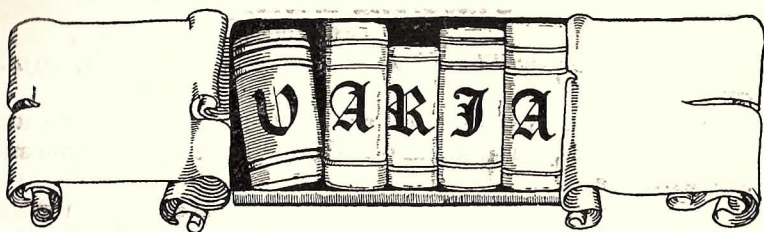
Everywhere may be seen specimens of the common worm (*homo insipiens*), who have just been aroused to a realisation of the fact that exams. are about a fortnight away, and who wriggle feverishly from place to place seeking what they may devour, in the form of crumbs of knowledge, against the fateful day. Here and there, too, one comes across that *rara avis*, the Knowing Bird (*students eruditus*); it roosts in libraries, notably the Tate, its crop distended with facts which it is waiting to disgorge; a disgusting habit to which from time to time it is prone.

Without, the common Copper (*pes magnus*) may be heard softly whistling as it stalks its prey in the shady lanes and fragrant coverts of Brontë Street. In Water Street you may observe the Greater Oof bird (*croesus vulgaris*) sunning itself on one of the many mossy banks, and pensively scratching its scarlet beak with a fleshy claw. Anyone who has had the patience to read this far will by now have reached the conclusion that this is the old hackneyed theme—and you are right—Spring is coming!

The advent of this particular season, more than any other, has been chosen from time immemorial as a theme for moralising and rhapsody. When one considers that Spring has, for some five thousand odd years, been returning with distressing regularity, always about the same time, and in precisely the same manner, it is not surprising to find that the theme is a trifle frayed at the edges. If, therefore, a little of the general balminess of Spring has intruded itself into this effusion, then, gentle reader, we cry you pardon.

Beside the host of more or less innocuous creatures which the Spring has brought forth from their hibernation, there is that wily bird, the *Editor sublimis*. Pouncing eagerly on the unwary specimen who ventures within his reach, he refuses to release his victim until the latter has promised to furnish him, *at one day's notice*, with a University Letter—all of which may serve to explain the above lucubrations *in re* the return of Spring.

R.I.P.



THIS term is notable for the experiment of holding the examinations before half-term. The new system has obvious advantages, and we hope it achieved the good results expected of it.

* * * * *

One of the unexpected results was the following remarkable explanation of "the blushful Hippocrene":—"The blushful Hippocrene is a spring of the Druses in the Mountain of Lexicon." Comment is superfluous.

* * * * *

On delving into the musty pages of the Codex Beitticus, we find that in 1934 A.D. "Ye choosene senioure elevene dide lose by foure goales to nyxe, and ye choosene iunioure elevene, by tenne goales to nyxe!" So you see our defeats in this year's Shield Competition are not the worst on record.

* * * * *

We wish to accord a hearty welcome to Mr. Darlington who took up his duties with us at the beginning of the term.

* * * * *

Speech Day occurs too late in the term to admit of the publication of an account, but it has been possible to include the programme and list of prizewinners in this issue of *The Visor*.

* * * * *

The well known doctrine that the enjoyment we gain from school life is in direct proportion to the services we render to the School, has earned us yet another COGNomen:—"The B.I. slot-machine—what you put in, you get out!"

We are very pleased to be able to record that Mr. Allison has now fully recovered from the effects of the operation which kept him away from School at the beginning of term, and we give him our sincere wishes for his future health.

* * * * *

In spite of the defamatory verse which somehow crept into *Varia* of last term, we have decided to publish this dreary effort once more. If you carry out your threat ("In thousands of pieces we'll taria,") the joke 'll be on you, because we've got your eightpence!

* * * * *

Congratulations to S. B. Wood, an Old Boy of the School, and now at the University of Liverpool. He has obtained his B. Eng. with Honours (Class I.), in the School of Electrical Engineering, and a grant for the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. He is the third Old Boy of B.I. to be awarded the David Rew Memorial Scholarship and has also become a University Graduate Honorary Scholar.

* * * * *

We must congratulate Dr. H. Cohen, also another Old Boy. He graduated at the University of Liverpool and has now been made an Honorary Surgeon of the Liverpool Royal Infirmary.

* * * * *





The inter-House Cross Country Run will take place, as usual, before the end of term, and it is hoped that there will be an even keener competition than there was last year.

* * * * *

FOUND.—At midnight in Whetstone Lane, a bundle of books belonging to a boy of Birkenhead Institute. It is believed that their owner is still at large.

* * * * *

We have received from Jellicoe a withering indictment of something or other, we are not quite sure what. He is very indignant with some people whom he variously describes as 'ill-conditioned curs,' 'immature children' and 'inebriates trying to be funny,' and as far as we understand his drift it is most important that they should not be confused in the public mind with Jelly and other reputable undergraduates. We entirely agree.

ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

ATKIN

ON the back of an untidy scrap of paper on which our Junior House team captain had scribbled his valiant if unsuccessful eleven, I found a well-known verse painting the throbbing life of Spring:—"The fields breathe sweet; The daisies kiss our feet," etc.

If Spring were really here, our pen might glide more freely. But at the close of Winter, the task of satisfying the Editor's insistent demand for "House Notes" becomes an even greater trial and puzzle.

You all know the Shield teams. But in order that the archives of the House may not be deficient, we must faithfully record that Snelson and Parry in the Senior team, and Robey and P. O. Jones in the Junior team, carried and upheld the colours of the House.

We have played three matches, but we're not inclined to dwell upon them unduly. The Junior team won against Tate, and lost to Stitt. Our Inter. team were beaten by Tate.

The day of the Inter-House Run is drawing near. In past years our Senior team has been below those of other Houses. This must not happen again, and everybody who has two legs to carry him is expected to line up at the starting-post, even though he may have to be carried back from the end of Ingleborough Road.

K.W.

STITT

AS usual during the Spring Term Stitt House is suffering from the annual complaint—no, not influenza—but the lack of leews.

In House football matches both our Juniors and Inters have played Westminster—the Juniors winning 4—3, and the Inters losing 9—3, while the former have also played Atkin (won 3—1).

We had three representatives in the Senior Shield team, Christian (captain), Simms, and Milligan, the latter giving us another example of his remarkable goalkeeping ability (and agility).

Our sole representative in the ill-fated Junior Shield XI. was P. H. Jones, who is also to be congratulated on having appeared in Stitt Junior, Intermediate, and Senior House teams. (A School record?)

During the four years of its existence the Senior Cross Country Cup has been held by Stitt each year. Can we make it five? Certainly, if, in the words of our Poster Artist, we “Get into Training” at once. The younger members must also do their share towards winning once again the Junior Trophy, which has been in our hands only once. What about it?

I would like to add that I disclaim all knowledge of last term’s House Notes although my initials were put to them. [Don’t be modest. We have to be polite.—ED.]

W.D.C.

TATE

THE writer of the Easter term House-notes always has recourse to the same excuse when tackled about the brevity of his contribution. Of course, only the shortness of the term can be blamed, and, as this term has been no exception to the rule, I myself offer this excuse in extenuation. Shortly after a half-term holiday, I was accosted by an unfeeling editor, who in “accents dark” demanded “some house-notes.”

Shield matches have been the major events of the term. In both teams we were well represented—in the Seniors, by Collinson, Harrahill, Slinn, and Wheat; and in the Juniors, by Wheat (captain), Burrell, Crowhurst, Hardie, Mayo, and Mortimer.

So far we have played four house matches. In the Intermediate section we beat Westminster (5—3) and Atkin (5—3), whilst a weakened Junior XI lost to Atkin (3—0), and on another occasion beat Westminster (3—0).

In the one mark sheet we have had this term, Tate came out easily first, Mortimer obtaining the phenomenal number of 10 stars. For this unprecedented achievement he was awarded, by the powers that be, a half-holiday—he certainly deserved it.

The detention hounds we spoke of in the last notes have, with a few notable exceptions, considerably “quit the racket” (to use an Americanism). Maybe the thought of examinations acted like a soporific, or perhaps it is merely Spring. Whatever the cause, however, it augurs well for the future scholastic prowess of Tate.

“And so for the present we leave you.” J.N.S.

[Are all these learned words the result of a dictionary, obtained by purchasing the Daily Express for several weeks, or is it merely Spring?—Ed.]

WESTMINSTER

ON account of the Shield Competitions, our activities have been rather restricted and up to the time of going to print only four matches have been played. Of these the Intermediate team have lost one and won one, but the Juniors have lost both their games, chiefly because one or two individuals consider it unnecessary to turn out when they are picked to play. Because of these reverses, our hold on the championship has relaxed somewhat, and it is imperative that the remaining matches should be won.

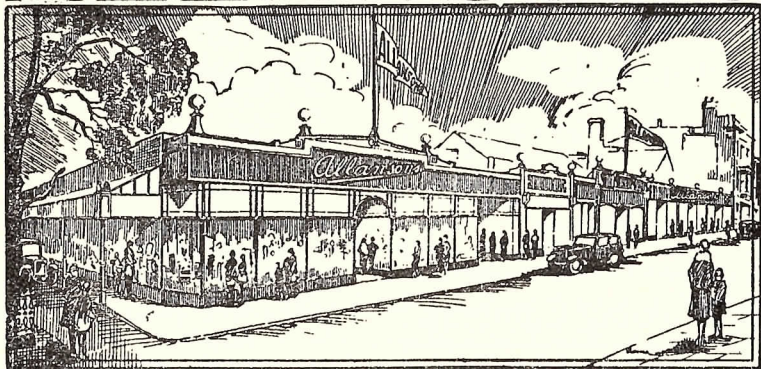
Westminster were represented in the Senior Shield team by Roylance and Martin, and in the Junior eleven by Lowson, R.C., and Martin.

By the time *The Visor* is in your hands the Inter House Cross Country will have taken place. We hope that Westminster will have the honour of winning the Senior trophy for the first time.

We were sorry to have to bid farewell this term to Sampson, our Vice-Captain, who has departed to that larger life of which the poets have so often sung. We wish him all success.

L.C.

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Library Notes

YES, the spirit of Spring has penetrated even to the sacred precincts. Dust that has lain for years upon the various articles of furniture and upon the ancient inhabitants of the Library has been removed from its resting place and wafted through the door or windows, we know not which, to seek another place of refuge. Minute particles of chalk, thousands of them, which once formed part of a copious history note, "God save the mark," can be seen hourly borne away on the pinions of the March gale to glad our eyes no more. No doubt, with your almost proverbial powers of perception (or is it deception) "dear Reader" you have already come to the conclusion that windows, hitherto closed, have been opened.

Our tame "keeper of . . .," sorry, friend Alex, may be seen daily, almost hourly, imbibing copious draughts of air as fresh as Birkenhead can be expected to produce, and then staggering to his seat. A wag has suggested that the "air" is more substantial than he would have us believe.

At various times in the day Scientists and hard-headed Commercial men may be seen struggling against a fierce gale in the doorway, sorry, my mistake, that was Beake seeking to evade his Latin lesson.

We feel that mention must be made of a "hike" that certain prefects are alleged to have undertaken. Some individuals were sceptical, but irreputable evidence in the shape of torn clothes, worn-out shoes, barked shins, and blistered feet was soon forthcoming. Inhabitants of Parkgate were astonished at the spectacle of eight sturdy Librarians marching "chain-gang" fashion along the sea wall, and work was suspended in the school near by when we roared a welcome to a rather belated "hiker" who had cycled instead. The welcome was repeated for the special benefit of the unfortunate people enjoying (?) "lessons as usual."

Further excitement was provided by a debate on the question "Music v. Art." The resultant differences of opinion between our pet lab. assistant and our prominent Nazi Herr Heckler, concerning cave-men and cave-women, caused amusement and not a little pain.

Many people were surprised to see Ko Glan in a fever of excitement grubbing around the floor seizing upon any piece of paper upon which his eyes lighted. He was not, however, pursuing an anti-litter campaign, but rather seeking a piece

of litter-ature which had somehow strayed from the nest of the "editor vulgaris."

No doubt the world will be thrilled by the announcement that Mr. Allison is to compose a symphony in Geography to be performed by the "Commercial Quartet" led by George, who, by the way, is contemplating a monumental work on "The Principles of Geography (if any)."

As regards the Science, we can only say this—to mention the usual stinks would be considered slanderous, and to include no mention of them would be worse, so that our position is dangerous either way.

At a debate recently the statement that H. G. Wells was the only authority on the fair sex of which the Library could boast, was refuted by the Chairman. Indeed we have scarcely recovered from the shock of Mr. Walker's statement.

But I must hasten on, moreover the jingle of keys rises above the ever present babel of voices, and a familiar refrain breaks in upon a presentation of *The Mikado*: "Any diff—sorry, goodbye everybody!"

KO GLAN.

Form Notes

VIIs

WITH the "matric" Cumming, things look quite Black for us poor students, but really the outlook is not quite what it Simms to be. We Ward off the blues, and generally we are quite Perry, I mean merry. Removing the ink pellet from the lobe of my left ear, and transferring it to the proboscis or nasal organ of another member of our community, I proceed to look around me. Over on the left, amidst the swirling clouds of fōg which have entered through the window, and the fumes of H₂S sweeping in through the door, a hoarse voice whispers, "Wodjer get for number three?" An equally hoarse voice answers, "Dunno, but I can tell you what's at the Plaza."

In the corner, you might see a weedy youth, who, as usual, is challenging all around him to a bout of fisticuffs. That is the one and only Sammy, our representative on the Rugby field. It was Sammy who informed us that Pitt was the "Pilate who weathered the storm." I suppose he was un-Pontius, I mean unconscious, of his mistake,

And now a thought strikes me, simultaneously with the board duster. When we re-entered VI's. room after the Christmas holidays we were immediately dazzled by the bright light streaming in. We were at a loss to explain this phenomenon, until one of our members, obviously of an inquiring, scientific turn of mind, informed us that the windows had been cleaned. On behalf of the form I would like to thank everyone concerned with the good work.

And now I will break into verse, written in Marks-and-Spenserian stanzas. Believe me, it's Wool-worth reading. (Forgive these outbursts, dear readers).

We're not all swots in Form VI's.

If you see some of us, that fact you can guess,
With Yank, and Sammy, and Gee-gee, and Joe,
When we start we make things really go.

Yank plays football sometimes,
Sammy's well known to all,
Gee-gee's the lout who always shouts out,
And Joe is getting quite tall.

L.W.

Via

I'VE often wept,
I've often wailed,
Because my *Visor* entry failed,
But still I go out of my way
To keep the honour of VIa.
So please, sir, do not let me down,
Or glare at me and, with a frown,
Cross this out with pencil red,
And print another boy's instead.

No editor could resist such a plaintive appeal from Rogers, so his literary effort, with those of several other budding journalists, is included in these notes.

Near the beginning of this term a party of sixth form boys went to see a production of Shakespeare's tragedy "Macbeth." All were agreed that it was excellently played, and we can only hope that it will have a good effect on the results in July.

H. M. Jones visited the new Mersey Tunnel, which is to be opened by the King in July.

On Sunday, December 17th, 1933, the new Mersey Tunnel was opened to pedestrians for the first time.

The tunnel is about two and a half miles long, and when completed will have cost over £8,000,000. There are two entrances in Birkenhead, one at Chester Street and another at Randal Street; and two again in Liverpool, at the Old Haymarket, and at the New Quay.

We went down the incline which leads to the entrance at Chester Street, and received our first impression of the new tunnel. We seemed to be going into a vast cavern, lit up with a mellow glow, which seemed to come from nowhere in particular. To the height of about six feet on each side the tunnel is lined with rectangular slabs of black polished asphalt. The remainder is cemented and painted a pale yellow. Lamps are let into the wall at about every five yards, on both sides, and, every fifty yards, alternately, on each side, is a fire alarm with a red light about it. An emergency exit opens from the wall of the tunnel at Hamilton Square and also from the New Quay Wall. Half way under the Mersey is a county boundary marking Cheshire on the one side and Lancashire on the other. A little further on, a huge pressure gauge is let into the wall, registering the outside and inside pressures.

Although there was a dense fog above the Mersey, the air in the tunnel was quite clean, and very little discomfort was felt by anyone.

So, after walking for about three-quarters of an hour, we came out at the other end of the largest subaqueous tunnel in the world.

Bell has stopped "ringing," these days, and all that we can get out of him are a few bovine noises. This comparative silence may be due to the proximity of the matric or to the fact that he is in constant conflict with a certain prefect, who will remain anonymous. [I'll see to that.—ED.] The prefect's hair suffers considerably during these conflicts, but I think Bell comes out worse.

Now a drama, written by Barker, published by McVitie and Price, and entitled "The Only Way," I'm sorry, "The Wrong Way."

He hadn't really deserved the heavy punishment in the first place, but, of course, there is still some injustice even in this present age of ours, and now, when the fatal hour had arrived, his agony increased.

His friends accompanied him for a short way, but then they became terrified and fled, lest they should be questioned and seized. He continued alone down the dusky passage, his heart pounding feverishly against his ribs, and his arms and legs trembling like jelly.

Suddenly a minor passage appeared on his left. Here, he thought, was an excellent way of escaping, as the main way must surely lead to his dreaded goal. So he crept furtively along it, when suddenly a massive figure loomed up before him and roared: "If you are in detention, hurry up, it started five minutes ago."

We are sorry to have to state that "Alf" is getting mixed up in his Chemistry. He stated that the vapour density of a gas was twice the molecular weight. When asked to correct this statement, he thought for a minute, then said, "The molecular weight is half the vapour density."

We have just heard about the largest tunnel, and now Blair will tell us about the second largest bridge, that is, the Forth Bridge.

This bridge is the second largest bridge in the British Isles and in the world. Over the Firth of Forth, 51,000 tons of steel have been woven into a giant bridge holding aloft two railway tracks so firmly that express trains may safely pass at a speed of sixty to seventy miles an hour. Even in violent storms that blow men off their feet this bridge stands firm.

To rivet the steel plates and beams together, more than 6,000,000 rivets were required. From 4,000 to 5,000 men worked on this bridge, which took seven years to build. It has 145 acres of steelwork surface to be painted yearly.

The bridge is one of the most famous of cantilever bridges. There are two single cantilever spans of $689\frac{3}{4}$ feet, and then there are the two great cantilevers of 1,710 feet each, under which the largest battleships may safely go. The bridge was designed by William Robertson.

From Edinburgh Castle, at the highest point, the spans can just be seen, while, below at Waverley station, the trains have to cross the bridge to Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen. To cross over the Tay to reach Aberdeen, another bridge is met, which is even longer than the Forth Bridge, and is the largest in the world, the Tay Bridge.

The mid-term exams have not been entirely without "howlers." One mis-directed youth translated a certain passage of French as: "the great pine-trees leaned under the force of the wind, playing and romping with a noise like a swing-door being swung round."

Finally, we wish to contradict the rumour that a Via. boy was heard asking: "And what is this 'Matric'?"

Vib

FEW, if any, of us can have ever had the experience of "crossing the line," so here we shall read what it is like.

When a ship crosses the equator a very jolly ceremony is held; the captain or one of the officers dresses up as King Neptune and holds his court.

When my watch ended, I was very tired and gladly turned in. I slept for some time undisturbed until I unfortunately got in the way of a bucketful of water, which had left its bucket and which was travelling in my direction. That was the first indication I got that we were "crossing the line."

My mates did not stop there, however. They dragged me, shivering, on deck before His Worthy Majesty King Neptune, looking ferocious as he sat on his improvised throne (a decorated capstan).

My hands were tied behind my back, and I was made to try and catch in my mouth a treacle bun swinging on a line. I succeeded only in covering my face with treacle.

I, and my fellow unfortunates, then received the "Order of the Bath." Our faces were first smeared with fat and another horrible substance, then King Neptune applied a huge razor with considerable force. We were held down firmly and, although we squealed and yelled, the old Sea King had no mercy. Then we were thrown into a huge iron tank containing sea water.

This ceremony was repeated until King Neptune tired of his sport and left us to put ourselves right. That is how I "crossed the line."

Now Roylance will tell you of a more common experience, that is, a visit to London.

When I went to London last Summer, I saw most of the chief sights.

The first place I visited was St. Paul's Cathedral, where many of England's greatest soldiers, sailors, and statesmen

are buried. I went down in the Crypt where Nelson and Wellington are buried, and where stands Wellington's funeral car.

I next visited Hampton Court, which was built by Cardinal Wolsey. Hampton Court is famous for its maze and also for the great vine which is now a hundred and forty years old. The gardens alone are well worth a visit, but even so, they do not compare with the Kew Gardens, which are extremely beautiful in the early summer.

On another day I visited the Tower of London, which was built partly by William the Conqueror and partly by William Rufus. It is one of the oldest buildings in London, and has been used as a fortress, a palace, and a prison. The Crown Jewels are now kept there.

Leaving the Tower, we turned our attention to Westminster Abbey, which is noted for its splendid architecture. As at St. Paul's Cathedral, many of England's greatest men are buried there, but the one grave that is visited most is that of the Unknown Warrior.

Opposite the Abbey are the Houses of Parliament, commonly known as the "Gasworks." On walking up Whitehall we passed St. James's Palace and the Cenotaph, and at last reached Trafalgar Square, where stands the Nelson Column.

One Sunday morning we walked through Hyde Park, and then proceeded through the Green Park, until we finally came to Buckingham Palace, where we witnessed the Changing of the Guard, a really magnificent sight.

Now to return to the unusual, Mason will tell you of his experiences "on horseback."

Horse-riding is a sport which is seldom taken up seriously by the average man, though it is a most enjoyable and beneficial exercise. Most people have experienced and enjoyed the sensation of riding on a donkey or on a farm-horse. This is a good way of starting, but, unfortunately, very few people keep it up.

My first experience was on a farm in Devonshire. It certainly was not much experience, for I had difficulty in making the beast move, and my boots were almost worn out with constantly digging its stomach. When I dismounted, another man, who had been waiting for the horse, mounted and immediately galloped across the fields. I felt very small but was not discouraged, and I tried again several times and actually succeeded in galloping before I left.

A few months later I took riding lessons in Birkenhead. They were finer horses than those I had ridden in Devonshire, many of them being ex-racers; therefore I felt rather nervous when I first mounted. We hired these horses for the whole morning and I was very sore by the time we finished, therefore next time I padded myself well. The groom has several favourite rides, one of which is along the old Roman Road, across the Prenton Golf Links, and finally a gallop up Lever's Road. This is a glorious ride, but the groom allows us to gallop up the road only and not down, because it is too dangerous.

Later on, when my friend and I had had more experience, we took two horses out without the company of the groom. We found it much more exciting for we could gallop whenever and wherever we liked. We went straight to Lever's Road and, ignoring the advice of the groom, galloped at full speed down the avenue. Now the horses were accustomed to branching off half-way down the avenue and going along another road. We intended to go straight on but the horses evidently did not. My friend's horse swerved from the grass and went down the hard road and mine tried to follow. I pulled in hard on the opposite rein, but it was no use, for the horse swerved and stumbled. Fortunately I was able to keep on and the horse did not hurt its legs, therefore the groom heard nothing about it.

I am now a very keen rider and I try to get in several rides every holiday.

Au revoir!

VIj

LIFE can't go on without that certain form;
The School would just collapse amidst a storm,
If it were without that certain form.

VIj is the form I'm talking about,

VIj is the form over all,

VIj is the form, School can't be without,
Masters, prefects, boys, all call:—

School can't go on without that certain form;

The place would just collapse amidst a storm,

If it were without that VIj form.

Hello everybody! You are now listening to the VIj. Rhythm Boys playing our signature tune.

I'm sorry, something has gone wrong. You are now listening to the VIj. Rhythm Boys receiving detentions from the enraged form prefect.

The form greatly resents having to go on lines and resents still more being the last to come into School. This new arrangement has had one good effect, however—it has actually made Coughtrie and Burrell come early in the afternoon.

Coughtrie, by the way, since he came back from the Continent, has shown his appreciation of Herr Hitler. Let us see what he says.

The whole British race is, without doubt, biassed against Hitler and his Nazi movement. One very good reason for this is the anti-Nazi propaganda in the British press, for it must be remembered that the majority of the more important English newspapers are under the control of Jews. [Query?—ED.] That the Nazis were harsh in their treatment of the Jews no one can deny, but the Germans thought their national liberty was being undermined. Because of their genius regarding money the Jews held practically every important post in German finance. The Jews obtained this high status after the War when Germany, defeated, and threatened with Communism, had no leader like Hitler to draw them together into a united nation.

Hitler was quick to realise the incompetence of the League of Nations. [Read the challenge of the League of Nations Union.—ED.] and as he was dissatisfied with the treatment Germany was receiving, he left the League and is now demanding equality of arms and, seeing that France, Italy, Belgium and Britain are all arming, this is only to be expected.

I have seen very little of the Nazis, but what I have seen impressed me considerably. I found the Nazi jungen eager to be friendly, and their enthusiastic welcome at Cologne will never be forgotten by me. All public buildings and most houses were bedecked with flags, and a man who can create such enthusiasm and unity is a man to be admired.

“Heil Hitler!”

We welcome back this term Thomas, who has been absent owing to a long illness. Here he is to let us into some of the secrets of the insect world. (I'm not suggesting that he belongs to it).

Let us study the Ichneumon flies, the well known parasites. They are small, delicate, little fellows with netted wings, which glisten in the sunlight.

I am looking at one particular insect, who is continually moving over the leaves and branches. He is looking for a good, healthy caterpillar, and when he finds one he makes sure that

no other of his kind has been there before, for two flies will never attack the same caterpillar. He then flies on to the back of his unfortunate victim and plunges his ovipositor, or hollow spear, into the body, at the same time pumping a number of eggs into it. In a short time the young larvae hatch out and begin to eat their host.

The caterpillar generally allows the injection with an astonishing degree of quietude, though I have seen him turn his head round and strike at his enemy. The grubs soon kill their host, though they avoid eating the important parts of his body till last. They then turn to pupae and are soon seen flying around as full grown flies, a new generation to carry on the important, but deadly, work of their race.

Although the "Matric" is still a long way off, we are prepared, as Woolman shows here, in his lyrical outburst entitled:—

THE CHARGE OF THE "BRIGHT BRIGADE."

Half a term, half a term,
Half a term onward,
Into the shade of "Matric"
Strode six and twenty
"Forward the 'Bright Brigade'
Charge for the honour" they said.
Into the shade of "Matric"
Strode six and twenty.

Forward the 'Bright Brigade'
Was there a boy dismayed?
Not though the candidate knew
Many would blunder.
Theirs to make wise reply,
Theirs to give reason why,
Theirs to pass or die,
Brave six and twenty.

Masters to right of them,
Masters to left of them,
Masters before them
Questioned and wondered;
Stormed at with "how?" and "when?"
Subjects beyond their ken.

Back from the jaws of "Matric,"
Back through the door of the gym,
Not much life left in them,
Tired six and twenty.

To return to a brighter subject, Allen will relate his experiences during a day's hunting in Wales.

We met the hounds in the courtyard of Gyrn Castle, Llanasa, Flintshire. At eleven o'clock the Hunt started and we entered a field adjoining the castle grounds. The hounds got on the trail of a fox and away they went. Suddenly the fox broke away to the right, through a hedge, and over a road into the next field. We could not make our horses jump the hedge because of the road on the other side, so we had to find the nearest gate. When we reached the other field, the fox was well away, and the hounds lost the scent. The master and his whips then took the hounds into Glenavon Wood. After a short while there was a tremendous amount of barking and yelping, the hounds having scented the trail of another fox. It ran out of the wood, with the hounds close on its tail, right in front of the horses of the followers who were waiting outside. We followed and a few minutes afterwards the hounds caught the fox. The master took it from them, cut off the mask and brush, and then threw the remaining portion back.

When they had finished tearing it to pieces, they were taken back into the wood. They found another fox, which they hunted as far as Newmarket, where they caught it. After a quarter of an hour's stop we went out again to a patch of gorse just outside Newmarket. Here the hounds found again another fox, which led them a wild chase for about half an hour, but which was eventually caught at the top of Treloya Hill.

We then finished for the day, and returned to the Hotel, where I was very glad to see a hot meal ready, for I had had only a small sandwich all day.

Finally, we must congratulate Wheat on his playing for both Shield Elevens. Although the results were not all they might have been, he himself played excellently in both games.

Va

A is for Anderson, comes in when he likes.

B is for Bennett, who looks like Bill Sykes.

C's for Colenso, who fancies his chance,

And also for Clare who thinks he can dance.

C, too, is for Campbell—he of the red crown,

And for Clarke, who's a scholar of renown.

D is for Davies, he is a great swank,

And also for Duff—a mad little crank.

D's also De Croos, a proud Belgian is he.

E is for Evans, as thin as a ski.

[Or as thin as your rhyme!—ED.]

F is for Fallon whose boots are size eight.

H is for Humphreys—detention's his fate.

H, too, is for Henry, a subtle young fellow.

L is for Lowson, like a bull he can bellow.

M is for Mayo (alas, what a swot),

And also for Makin who talks lots of rot.

M, too, is for Manley, a dark horse they say,

Also for Makepeace who'll be "Queen of the May."

N is for Nava, a choir boy so sweet.

P is for Pemberton whose voice is a treat.

R is for Renner, a piano he strums,

And also for Reid—work? he does all that comes!

R, too, is for Robey who'd make a fine girl,

Also for Ruegg whose brain's in a whirl.

S is for Sarginson, cute little chap.

T is for Tweedle who's fond of a nap.

W's for Warr (there's a lad with a brain!)

And also for Winter who drives us insane.

That is how we find ourselves in the brilliant light of our new form-room. We are now a perfectly well-behaved form, as "evil deeds are done in the dark" and so have no place in our sunlit haven. "Sweet William" (Clare) has been affected by the "Ultra-violet" rays and skips about like a Spring lamb.

We shall now give you "An Ode to the Tuckshop," written by Warr. He makes no apologies to Masfield—he considers his version is better!

I must go down to the tuckshop,
To the shop by the dining room door.
To the small shop, to the sweet shop,
To the shop with the open door.

I must go down to the tuckshop,
To the shop that is stocked so full,
To the Janny's shop, to the school shop,
To the shop where trade's never dull.

I must go down for a Caramilk,
For an Oxo, steaming hot (?),
For a penny bar, for a tupp'ny cream,
Or even for all the lot.

Vb

THIS brief summary of the history of Association football will probably interest those interested in the "King of Winter sports."

No one really knows who introduced football into England, but as evidence shows that the Romans played a very similar game, it was probably they who did so. At one time it was unlawful, being banned by the Authorities in the 12th century, as it interfered with archery practice.

Charles II. was the first King to arrange a game of football in England. On the other hand, James I. was football's bitterest enemy, for he said that the game was too rough and violent, as it doubtless was in those days, compared with the modern game. Football to-day is completely controlled by the Football Association formed in 1863; all clubs, players, and officials come under its legislation.

King was the contributor of that article, and now Russell will explain the procedure during a flying course at Sealand.

No. 5 Flying Training School of the Royal Air Force is stationed at Queensferry, and is commonly known as Sealand Aerodrome. The flying course lasts twenty-two weeks, and is divided into two terms, junior and senior.

The junior term is spent on light types such as the Avro 504N (Armstrong-Siddeley Lynx engine), but more recently the Avro Tutor, which is replacing the 504N. The senior term is the harder of the two, heavier and more serviceable machines, such as the Armstrong-Whitworth Atlas (Armstrong-Siddeley Jaguar engine), being used. This type was originally used in the Army Co-operation squadrons, but has now been replaced by the Hawker Audax. Another machine used is the Armstrong-Whitworth Siskin (Armstrong-Siddeley Jaguar engine), while recently four dual-controlled Bristol Bulldogs (Bristol Jupiter engines) arrived for training purposes.

At the end of the term the pupils must make four successful flights of not less than sixty miles, and must have a thorough technical knowledge of the aeroplanes.

Although the gloom of our new form-room has many disadvantages, it does allow the members on the back row to have their "forty winks" in peace, while many others hope that it will prevent the Authorities from seeing their underlinings in the marksheets.

Vj

THIS term has been notable mainly for the number of "howlers" which have been perpetrated. First, we learned that the heroine of our French novel had two black eyes and an appetising look. Then Williams informed us that cupidity meant love. Yet another person surprised us by asking what was a gaseous gas.

We welcome back Leighton who has just returned after a long illness, or what was really a series of illnesses, for he had three on the run. At first we feared that this breakdown had seriously affected him, for he solemnly informed us that he had come back to work! However, he recovered, and has since amused us considerably. When a certain master was trying to locate a person who insisted upon whistling, he offered the explanation: "It may have been a mouse." On another occasion, he asserted that a plumb-line was a line of plums.

We suspect that Astley is trying to surpass Jim Mollison, as he carries on the lapel of his coat two badges showing him to be a member of the "Frog Flying Corps." Edelsten, on the other hand, will probably join the Army, for he can train us in the Gymnasium with the efficiency of a Sergeant-Major.

We were very much surprised when Owen obtained 98 per cent. in Chemistry, in the Christmas Exams. He failed to keep up this standard this term, but he is still quite a "Star."

We have done quite well in football this season, and we are sorry that the football period has ended, but we are now looking forward to a successful cricket season. Hardy represented us in the ill-fated Junior Shield Eleven.

So, we, the Junior (but by no means the least important) Fifth, leave you.

IVa

AGAIN we have the pleasure of reporting a notable achievement by Mortimer, in the mark sheets. This time he gained the enormous number of ten stars (out of a possible eleven), for which he obtained a well-deserved half-holiday. I think that he should have a whole term off; then some others of us might have a chance!

Carr has paid a visit to Birmingham.

The first time I went to Birmingham I greatly enjoyed my stay there. I spent most of my time visiting the chief points

of interest in the town and suburbs. It is notable for its brass and iron foundries and also for its motorcar and cycle works. The Austin motorcar works, among the finest and largest in the country, are situated on the outskirts of the town.

There are many large and beautiful parks, most of which have large lakes. The well known chocolate and cocoa factory belonging to Cadburys is at Bournville, a few miles from the city. Birmingham Town Hall is ranked as one of the biggest in the country and is in the very centre of the city. There are many nail and screw factories, which export large quantities of their products.

Birmingham is well equipped with places of amusement in the shape of theatres and cinemas.

Last term Jones gave a description of Castle Rushen, and now Wood will give his impressions of Rushen Abbey.

Rushen Abbey is situated about three miles from Castletown, in the Isle of Man. To get to the Abbey, one has to pass through numerous gardens, where peacocks can be seen with their multi-coloured tails.

After the gardens, one comes to a huge glass house, with tropical plants growing, and, hanging from the roof, clusters of black, juicy grapes which make your mouth water.

Past that is the Abbey, with its grey and damp, old, moss-covered walls, which seem to shut out the sun and to try to stop the gaiety of the surrounding places. The building is a ruin about fifty feet high.

The story goes that offending monks were sent to solitary confinement in a small chapel near Derbyhaven, which is about four miles away. It is also said that there is a tunnel running from Castle Rushen to the Abbey, but this has not yet been found.

Altogether, Rushen Abbey is a very interesting place both from its historical point of view and from the beauty of its surroundings.

Finally, Hughes will describe a racing car he has seen.

The racing car is standing at the side of the track, giving an impression of power and speed.

The ground clearance is twelve inches. At each side of the radiator project three exhausts which join to form one on each side of the tail. On the front, where the metal covers the springs and shock-absorbers are two carburettors, the third being inside the engine.

The height of the sleek, red body is three feet in all, and there is a small cockpit, with just enough room for two people, and countless dials on the dash-board, and, of course, the large steering wheel.

Behind the cockpit is a tail about four feet long to steady the car when travelling at a high speed.

It looks wonderful, and, from a distance, one splash of colour.

IVb

HERE we are again !

IVb. never changes ; Franka still sits mumbling incoherently, Peachy answers questions fluently and writes libellous poetry for *The Visor*, Altham has reached perfection with his plaintive " Me, Sir," whilst E. G. Williams still thinks a good deal more about games than about work.

The mid-term exams have been the most important event this term and below we give you accounts of the nightmares which two of our members experienced—one before the exams and one after them. First, Altham will give his experience, in verse :

You sing about dreams that are walking,
 You talk of King Kong and Loch Ness,
 But I'll tell you the tale of a happ'ning,
 Which was worse than all monsters, I guess.
 'Twas the eve of the half-term exams,
 I lay in my bed 'tween the sheets ;
 I saw a huge ogre of questions,
 Which, to-morrow, might mean many detts.
 His coat was of Algebra problems,
 Which stretched from his belt to his chin ;
 His trousers were Latin declensions,
 And boots soled with Art made a great din.
 His hat was of German tongue-twisters,
 From his lips came maths theorems,
 His necktie was " moments of forces,"
 And his collar was Chemistry " mems."
 But as he reached out for my tresses
 I answered one question quite right,
 His figure grew thin at my guesses,
 And dwindled away into night.

The next is an account of a game of chess which Macklin played with fate, to decide the result of his exams.

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The term exams over, I retired to bed that night ill at ease, fearing the results. After sleep had settled on me. I travelled rapidly through space, coming to rest finally by a large chess-board, one of many. Fate sat on the other side, playing the black pieces—surely an ill omen. "You must decide your exam results with me, before morning," he said, and so the game began.

After a slow opening, I lost my Bishop Scripture, but I replied by cleverly removing a threatening Knight Geometry. Then, with supreme cunning I took Queen French, the most formidable of all the attackers, but this was followed by some reverses.

Truly fate was being weighed in the balance, first for and then against. Just before dawn Fate claimed a Check Mate, then began the "final reckoning." Bishop History and Rook English alone remained—Fate rose to give his decision, when down fell the pieces, and I awoke.

IVj

IF you want all the School information,
About sport and examination,
There's a book called *The Visor*,
Which will make you much wiser,
So buy it without hesitation.

Above, you see some sound advice from Robinson, and I hope you will all follow it.

In football this term we have beaten IIIb. and IIIj. whilst in our encounters with IVb. we have each won a game. These results are very satisfactory, and we hope that we shall do as well at Cricket.

McDonald visited the M.V. *Britannic* some time ago.

The ship was in Gladstone Dock, having arrived from New York a few days previously. On our boarding the boat, a steward showed us the different lounges, which were being dusted and polished. The walls were panelled with elaborately carved wood. As we passed the kitchens, we saw the baker arranging loaves of bread, about two feet in length.

On the deck, a tennis court was marked out, but the nets had been taken down. We saw the swimming bath and the gymnasium, with its fixed cycles, mechanical horse, and punchball. We saw also the playroom for children, but the most beautiful room was the smoking room, with its big electric fire, designed like a log fire.

Altogether the *Britannic* is a beautiful ship.

Next we shall read about a trip, taken by Hurst, to Windermere.

During my summer holidays, I stayed at Morecambe, whence, one day, we took an excursion train to Windermere. On coming out of the station, we took a small 'bus ride down to Bowness, on the banks of Lake Windermere, where we boarded a small steamer, about half the size of a ferry-boat, and went for a sail on the lake.

On the way, we saw, sticking out of the water, a post, denoting the spot where the late Sir Henry Seagrave met his death in the speedboat *Miss England*. We passed lovely scenery on the way; there are very few houses by the lake, and these have boathouses.

At last, the steamer blew its siren, and we disembarked at Ambleside. After having tea at a small country house, we returned to Bowness. Finally we took the 'bus back to the station, where we turned to take one more look at this lovely place.

Finally McLeod will describe a visit to Warwick Castle.

We were first taken by our guide, through the Banqueting Hall. Seeing the suits of armour and long marble-topped tables, one could almost see the hog's head and the roast beef being brought in to the Barons and Lords.

We were then taken to the armoury and dungeons. There were suits of armour, knives, battle-axes, and clubs, as well as a medley of bows and arrows. In the dungeons were chains fastened to the walls, while, in racks along the wall, were all the gruesome mediaeval torture instruments.

After this thrill, we were taken into the castle grounds, where there was a beautiful lawn, surrounded by a moat overgrown with rhododendrons. A walk round the moat ended our exciting visit to Warwick Castle.

IIIa

HELLO! Hello!! Hello!!!

This is IIIa. calling. Alas for us! They say seeing is believing—see our detention sheet, and you will believe. Mind you, we have *some* brainy youths in the form. For instance, Wright obtained 98 per cent. for French and quite disappointed the other thirty-one members of the form, who were also hoping to be top; but then, this world is full of disappointments.

Heritage is still collecting badges, and is doing a "swopping" trade. It is rumoured that he is trying to obtain enough to cover him. If that is so, I advise him to give up the attempt—there are not enough badges in existence.

Our football is still "going strong," and we have won many matches, although, of late, we have taken up the role of admirers rather than players.

Adios!

IIIb

A is for Adams, with knees always cut.

B is for Bryan, a tall, lanky mutt.

C is for Carver, so handsome of face.

D is for Dent, in Maths sets the pace.

E is for Evans, soccer has his heart.

F's for Forshaw or Frowe, who are poles apart.

G is for Griffiths, with absents galore,

And also for Gullan—at gym he's not poor.

G, too, is for Gurney who thinks he's a wit.

H is for Hallam, Hirst, Hudson, a trio so fit.

M is for May, at detentions he's hot.

R is for Ryan, at History a swot,

And also for Rowlands, a comical lad.

S is for Smith, some think he's gone mad.

W's for Waller, with hair always posh,

And also for Wevill—his Physics? My gosh!

Form alphabets seem to be very popular this term, and we must be in the fashion, so above you see our effort.

May and Gurney are still up to their tricks. They regularly occupy the detention room, amuse the form, and annoy the master and form prefect. [I heartily endorse that.—ED.] Gurney recently informed us that the Israelites wandered about the Sahara Desert.

Since several of our top boys have left us to go to IIIj., Forshaw has been top of the form. By the way, here is a limerick about Bell, one of those who has gone. It will probably cause a feud between IIIj. and ourselves, but we'll risk that.

A boy, from our form, called Bell
 Does his work exceedingly well.
 He is now in IIIj.
 Where we hope he won't stay,
 For that is a miserable cell.

[I heartily endorse that, too, when I think of the trouble I had to get some form notes from IIIj.—ED.]

IIIj

OUR football this term has been only moderate. We have defeated the Juniors twice, but lost to IIIb.

Millar, our champion at obtaining stars, being top of the form, unfortunately left us at the end of last term, much to our loss. To make up for his departure, three of the top boys from IIIb. have joined the form, and we give them a hearty welcome.

Miller ("Samson") has found a new excuse for dodging work. During an arithmetic period, he suddenly realised that he could not see, and went outside ten minutes to recuperate. Tarpey and Kavanagh, the bold, bad boys of the form, are still having trouble with masters and prefects. On the other hand, Bradshaw, an individual who grows peaches in his back-garden (and bats in his belfry), is still as shy and timid as ever.

We are now eagerly awaiting the Cross Country Run, and hope to establish ourselves as the best Third Form.

Finally, here is a typical scene in IIIj. class-room, put to verse by Mackay:

"Who moved those desks, I'd like to know?
 Please move them back and don't be slow,
 I hope this room is not for pigs,
 Or a place where elephants do jigs.
 If you feel lively, please take my tip,
 Pushing desks round the gym, would be a fine trip.
 Silence, boys, silence! All talking must cease,
 I never have one little bit of real peace.
 Oh, my poor head, I'm sure I shall faint,
 With a row like that you would madden a Saint.
 I want you to read through this chapter alone,
 For the piano behind makes an awful drone.
 No scribbling on paper, for such is the art
 Of lunatic boys who aren't very smart,
 Now there goes the bell, I'm afraid we must stop."
 And we put down our books with, as usual, a flop.

London and the Schoolboys' Exhibition

I ACCOMPLISHED the journey to London on a lorry, as the railway fare is rather expensive and I did not relish the idea of cycling over two hundred miles. We arrived at Ealing after having taken over twelve hours on the journey, but our speed had been greatly diminished by fog.

After a wash and change, I set out for the Exhibition. Opposite the entrance, there was a large model of the Sydney Harbour Bridge. The Bridge was illuminated and small models of cars were using it, while tiny ships sailed underneath. By means of a clever lighting arrangement, the effect of night coming on was produced.

Near this model, there were nine modern racing cars and several dirt-track racing motor-cycles.

Then there was an "air-section," which had several models of aeroplanes and two real planes, a Hawker "Fury," the crack plane of the R.A.F., and a Bentley "Camel" which was used during the Great War. There were also a Pets Stand, a B.B.C. stand, a Meccano stand and a restaurant.

The next morning, I made for the "Tatler" Cinema in Charing Cross Road, where a constant stream of Walt Disney cartoons and news films is shown. Coming out of the Cinema, I caught a bus to Bertram Mills' circus, but the only seats left were eight-shilling seats which I refused. [Just the very thing we should have done!—Ed.] However, about eleven o'clock, I had to leave London as the lorry was not making another trip which would get me back to Birkenhead in time for the beginning of the term.

J.H.P.Y.

A Few Explosions with T.N.T.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF THREE INSTITUTE CHAPS.

THREE fellows played ball near a big oak tree,

But the ball was made of T.N.T.!!

One kicked so hard;

The ball did soar

And struck the oak tree with a roar!!!?***—

. And when the smoke had cleared away
Along came Prefect Mr. A.

And as he viewed the scholars dead,

Three somethings fell upon his head,

He looked . . . they were three Insti. caps—

They had once belonged to those three chaps!

A.T.C.

Glimpses of the Interior of a Film Studio

MOST film studios are very private affairs, and not even friends of the actors and actresses are admitted into them, for producers have long since come to realise that players never do their best when they are being watched by too many inquisitive people.

A visit to a film studio is, however, a very interesting adventure, so let us take a trip to one. In the first place, we shall probably find that it is divided into two distinct parts, one part devoted entirely to the taking of silent films, and the other to the taking of talking films. One of the first things you may notice about the studio is the peculiar slang which is being used. A producer over there is telling a "juicer" to "kill a baby, and slap on an earmuff."

This command may seem rather brutal to those who do not understand the language, but he is merely telling an electrician to extinguish one of the smaller spotlights, and put a shade on another. In a talkie studio you may hear someone speaking of a "sizzler," or a "growler" or a "bloop." These names are really the type of the voice being recorded. A "sizzler" is a voice which makes the "S" sound through the teeth, whilst a "bloop" is a voice which blasts. A "growler" is merely a guttural voice.

It will soon be noticed that the producer does not "shoot" too much of his picture at a single time—in a little while he will shout "cut," the signal for ceasing to act. A whistle is blown before and after each scene, so that everyone in the studio may know when they can make a noise and when they are to be quiet.

Generally there is a great deal of noise going on, for studios are big places, and, whilst filming is taking place in one part of the building, carpenters and scene painters are busy working in a dozen other parts. They are preparing new scenes for "shooting" later on.

Close to the man with the whistle is the person known to film-land as the "memory-girl." It will be noticed that she has a large bundle of papers in her hand, and on these she enters very carefully the exact details of every scene. She makes a detailed note of the type of furniture and type of decoration; where each piece of furniture stands; what the various players were wearing; and the positions they were

occupying, throughout the scene. Without these notes it would be impossible to retake the same scene exactly as it was played before,—some glaring mistake would almost certainly be made.

There are a great number of lamps scattered round the studio. Some hang from the ceiling, some perch up on the top of the scenery, and others are fixed in all sorts of places round the set. Notice the purplish-blue light which some of them throw out. This is done so that the actors and actresses will be photographed better. All these lamps have names, and whilst those hanging from the ceiling are known as "coops" after the name of the inventor, Cooper Hewitt, the big lamps on stands are known as "ashcans."

There may be as many as eight or nine sets in a studio, as well as laboratories, carpenters' shops, the Projecting room (which is used for showing the film to the producers after it has been completed), and the restaurant for the employees. Sometimes as many as thirty or forty carpenters are employed at once in the carpenters' shop, either breaking up old scenes, or putting together new ones. A carpenter's job in a modern studio, however, is an exceptionally interesting one, for he is always being called upon to make something novel.

T.K.C.

Evidence of Character

My aim :
To claim
Fame.
Tame !

My hobby :
Playin' bobby.
Oxford jobby !
Nobby !

My hope :
To cope,
Not grope.
(Trope).

My joy :
To decoy
Maidens coy.
Oh boy !

My motto
(Say it sotto) :
To be blotto.
Wotto !

D. LIRIUS.

?

A DECORATOR, having painted a new inn sign for the landlord of the Pig and Whistle, was at his wits end when he received a note to the effect that the landlord wanted "more space between Pig and and and and and Whistle." Do you know what he meant ?

I Write an Article for The Visor

HAVING borrowed Joe's rough-note book, Jim's fountain pen, and Mr. Paice's bottle of ink, I started. At least I started to start, if you see what I mean. Finding that Joe's pen was immune to the attacks made upon it by my glittering ivories I exchanged same for a Penny Graphite which I proceeded to ornament with the pattern of my dental fixtures . . .

I was awakened from my reverie by a bunch of keys closely followed by a black person in black. 'Ha,' I thought, 'a vision to aid me in my task.' But vision or illusion I made it the subject of these outpourings of my heart.

'WHO.'

Who went to school before the days
Of dets. and all such things?
Who, every morn,
At break of dawn,
With joy the School Bell rings?
The Janitor!

Who sells us 'tuck' when play-time comes?
And fills us all so full?
Who says: 'Oh, hang!'
When doors we bang?
Who makes our life less dull?
The Janitor!

Who brings the mail down every day
At ten-to-nine o'clock?
Who makes the School
So warm or cool?
Who cares for every lock?
The Janitor!

Who tells you tales of years ago?
(And long before then too)
Who won the war
'Gainst Hun and Boer?
Oh, My! what can't he do?
The Janitor!

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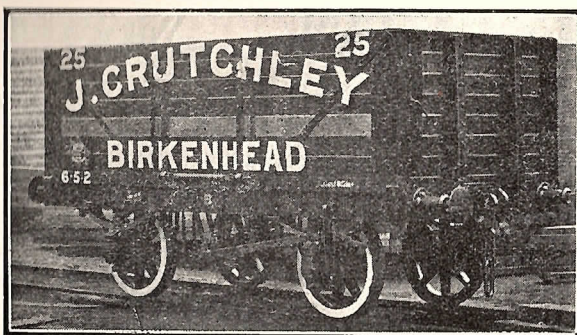
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To call us down to dine ?
Who works so fast
From first to last,
His shadow's but a line ?

The Janitor !

(And so on to the end of time).

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could do no better than apply to Scotland Yard. DOCTUS.

Junior School Notes

THE influence of Spring is plainly to be seen in the Junior School. In addition to our usual " host of golden daffodils " and array of hyacinths and tulips, we have incipient oaks in glass bottles, mustard and cress on damp flannel, and even an attempt at indoor potato growing ! Gorgeous posters and dazzling flower friezes decorate our walls—in fact " Bright Classrooms for Bright Boys " might be said to be our Spring Term slogan.

The production of the annual play and the fact that some of the staff were absent through illness made last term rather a strenuous one. However, the play was as successful as usual. Behind the scenes we were a little troubled by the responsibilities of producing appropriate " noises off " in the way of bird's songs and clock chimes and by the difficulty of pushing the somewhat heavy-booted hours through the clock without mishap. But these were minor troubles ! The costumes were particularly effective this year and thanks are due to the parents for their ready co-operation in this respect.

The prizes were distributed by Mr. Smallpage ; we were sorry that ill-health prevented Mrs. Smallpage from attending.

There are four recruits to the Cub Pack and all cubs are working hard to gain proficiency badges, of which one boy is the proud possessor of five. We understand that the cubs are contributing some items to the forthcoming Scout Concert, dancing and singing being their particular line of entertainment. Cubs are at present our only out of school activity. There are rumours that Form I. has been inspired by history to the extent of writing a play about the Feudal System, but this term we give dramatics a rest, reserving our energies for an open air performance in the garden at the end of next term.

Last term we regretfully said goodbye to Miss Ashcroft who has taught for a long period in the Junior School.

H.M.D.

The South Wind

I AM the South Wind ; so lazy am I,
Gently I move the clouds over the sky,
Fanning hot cattle I pass on my way,
Over the fields that are brown with the hay ;
Passing the fields where the buttercups grow,
And starry-faced daisies make a fine show,
Round by the church-yard and over the spire,
Humming a song in the telegraph wire.
Over the sandhills and over the sea,
Quicker I travel, for now I am free.
Then twilight comes falling, the earth is at rest,
And I with the sun fall asleep in the west.

M.M., IIa.

Saturday Mornings

UP at eight ;
Always late ;
Have a meal ;
Eat a good deal ;
Late for school ;
As a rule ;
At nine who dares
Be late for prayers ?
Lessons fly
After prayers go by ;
French comes first,
By bad boys cursed ;
Then arithmetic,
Which I can't stick ;
English comes next,
I look perplexed ;
Games come last,
Alas ! soon past ;
Lessons at an end,
Hurrah ! the weekend !

J. H., IIa.

A Modern Writer

ARNOLD BENNETT.

IN the eighteen-sixties there was born one who was destined to achieve much in the world of letters. He was born in the Five Towns then in the throes of Mid-Victorian pride and prejudice. He received a sound education and went to London, where he lived for some years. He became a journalist and progressed inevitably to a writer. George Meredith was still alive, Hardy was universally acclaimed. Kipling was at his zenith, Wells and Conrad were coming to the fore. In this period, Bennett made himself known by his tales of the Five Towns. He worked himself hard and, until the time of his death, had written about eighty books.

He will best be remembered for his descriptions of his birth-place, such as occur in his trilogy of the Clayhangers. The first book concerns Edwin, and is a very keen character-study of the clash of personalities between father and son and their struggle for power. It tells the story as far as Edwin's marriage to Hilda Lessways. The next book "*Hilda Lessways*" tells much the same story. Now the telling of the incidents, first from his point of view and then from hers, is a particularly good idea for sketching the character of each. The third book concerns Hilda's son George Cannon. A task such as that demanded a good judge of character and personality to define clearly the characteristics of the actors. As the trilogy is well done, Bennett must possess those qualities. Another of his more famous works is "*The Old Wives' Tale*." It appears that Bennett, sitting in a restaurant, saw two middle-aged dumpy women come in, and it struck him that once they must have been young and fresh. Thus he moulded history on the lives of two women from life to death. Among his works of non-fiction he published some volumes which he called "*Things that have interested me*." The things in question are extensive and peculiar, ranging from a dissertation on Grand Opera to a description of a Prize Fight—as he puts it Joe Beckett and Georges Carpentier "*disputing the mastery of two continents*." During the War years he kept a diary which was recently published.

Bennett's chief characteristics are : his very keen observation, his dry humour, and his knowledge of nature. His observation shows itself frequently. For instance, when talking of a football match, he says that a man is injured. The crowd roars—but not because of their immense moral indignation at seeing a man knocked out. It is because they demand a free-kick against the other side. His humour is not boisterous and is not obtrusive. It merely lies in wait in the middle of the page, not being spread all over it as with other writers. He talks of two young men, both Liberal in sentiment, united in denouncing the other side. But in time they do not go to the Liberal Club. They have been converted, but not by the great truths of Conservatism or the magic of some silver tongued orator—but because the other side have the better billiard table. His knowledge of psychology is shown by the character study of Darius Clayhanger. To learn that he, the persecutor of his son, the great bear of the printing office, the scoffer at his son's attempts to read the best authors, should keep locked away the childish drawings of his son and should cherish them alone, is a great shock to the reader. It is a trait of character which in its way is pathetic.

Bennett has, of course, a high place in English literature. This is assured to him. He is not in the absolutely top flight but he is in the class of the really great. J.G.

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 W o m a N
 N i n n Y
 I b i S
 N e r O
 G i N

Badminton Club Notes

AT present the Club is stronger than ever it has been. A team from the School played a match against the Sphinx Club on Saturday, February 17th, when we lost by six sets to two. We are hoping to avenge this defeat on Monday, March 12th, when we play a return match on our court, and shall be able to field a stronger team. As the season finishes with this term, we hope to play one or two other matches, and make this season a complete success. J.N.R.

Chess Club Notes

THE Chess Club has not been at all successful this term, the School team not having won a match, but the results have been more pleasing, two matches having been lost by only four games to three. A Junior team played a match against a team from Claughton Higher Grade School, and this was also lost, by five games to three. However, the outlook for next year is more promising, as the majority of this year's team will be at school next year, and thus the Club can hope for a much improved season. J.N.R.

Harriers Notes

THE only fixture run before half-term was our return match against the Liverpool University 3rd team which we beat by a small margin on their own course. Half our team is rather young, and this course, rather longer than our own and much more winding, was almost too tiring for them, though they all completed the course safely. The Liverpool Institute team ran against the University at the same time, and though this fixture was not counted against us, our Liverpool namesake carried off a clear victory over both its opponents.

None of our other fixtures has been run, because either we or the other teams were unable to turn out on the date fixed. Training for the annual Cross Country Races, both Senior and Junior, has started, but while some runners train steadily and carefully, others are inclined to trust to luck that they can complete the course. One run a week from half-term to the date of the race would easily get people into training for this popular event. H.N.L.

League of Nations Union

ONE meeting at the end of the Autumn term was too late to be reported in the last issue of *The Visor*. On December 7th M. Makin read a paper on "The British Mandate in Palestine." He related some of his observations during a recent visit to Palestine. Agriculture was thriving and the country was rapidly developing her industrial interests.

On January 25th H. Winter read a paper on "The procedure and organisation of the Peace Conference, 1919." He told us of the progress of peace making from the armistice, November 1918, to the conclusion of the Peace Treaty 1919.

On February 22nd we discussed certain items of topical interest and distributed a number of Periodicals.

It is a deplorable fact that the membership of this branch remains at an abnormally low level. There are less than three per cent. of the School who are members. We do not suppose that there are any boys in the School who wish another war, yet they refuse to take an active part in preventing it. Conferences have failed, statesmen have refused to agree, Japan has attacked China; all these are laid at the door of the League by those who are least competent to judge. "The League has failed." Has the League failed? We will challenge to a debate on the subject any group or society in the School who believes it has failed.

H.E.W.

The Sixth Form Literary and Debating Society

THE present report—which, we are glad to say, will have about it an atmosphere of satisfaction—should begin with a note on a meeting last term (Dec. 5th), which was too late to be recorded in the Christmas issue. On that date, the motion "That a University training is the best preparation for a career" was well supported by Tweedie and Slinn. The convincing arguments of Matthews and Woolman, however, were instrumental in defeating the motion by sixteen votes to thirteen.

The first meeting of this term (Jan. 23rd) was in the form of a debate—"That the emancipation and employment of women is to be deplored." A lively discussion resulted in the carrying of the motion, Walker and Boggie defeating Heys and the Secretary, by thirteen votes to five.

On February 6th, Mr. W. E. Williams gave us a talk on "Great events on Merseyside during the last sixty years," a subject which proved extremely interesting. Some of our

members might give papers next session on places in Wirral, now that we have had this excellent lead by Mr. Williams.

The "half-term" having rendered impracticable a meeting on February 20th, we had the next meeting (a debate) on March 6th, nearly fifty members being present. The motion "That this house refuses to fight for King and Country" was defeated (despite the strong arguments of Mr. Rodgers and Walker), by twenty-seven votes to thirteen;—a marked victory for the opposers—Mr. Hastings and Lunn.

We are contemplating a Mock Trial at the end of the term, by way of finishing off the session 1933-34.

As a last remark, we extend our thanks to Mr. Williams for his interest in the society both as chairman and lecturer, and express our obligation to those members of the staff who have attended the meetings and given us their assistance.

A.C. (Sec.)

Middle School Literary and Dramatic Society

ALTHOUGH this term has been a short one, we have been rather more active than we were during last term. On January 26th, we held a very novel competition in the form of Story-telling. Eight members contributed and the meeting was very successful. The prize, presented by Mr. Towers, was a Tuckshop Voucher, which the winner, Makin, graciously accepted. We have had also a debate on the subject "That this house prefers Mae West to Mussolini and Adolphe Menjou to Adolf Hitler." This meeting was attended by a fair number, and the Dictators won the field.

We are now concentrating our attention on a play for the end of the term. This play was not produced last term owing to lack of time. We wish to correct the statement, appearing in last term's notes, that this is a one-act play. Actually, it has no less than four acts.

G.L.E.

Table Tennis Club

THE Table Tennis Club still continues to flourish under the able guidance of Mr. Morris. On February 9th, the School played an Old Boys' Team when the School won by 16 games to 7, gaining 457 points to the Old Boys' 375. We hope to have one or two more fixtures before the end of term. Finally, we extend our best wishes for the future to Sampson, who has left.

R.E.M.

Scientific Society Notes

ONLY two meetings of the Society have been held this term. This has been partly due to the examinations coming in the middle of the term, but more to the lack of support on the part of Senior Boys. A meeting which should have been held on February 27th, was cancelled owing to the small attendance. The first meeting of the season was held in the form of a composite lecture on the lives of 'Famous Scientists,' the speakers being Dewhirst, Goodwin, and G. Evans. The lectures were preceded by a tea which was provided by the Janitor and which greatly added to the success of the evening.

Cathcart also provided us with a lecture on Sea Serpents, a very unusual topic, which was treated in a most interesting manner and elicited some interesting comments from members of the audience. We are looking forward to a lecture by Mr. Watts before the term is over, on "The Earth as a spinning top," with experiments.

J.W.B.

Scout Notes

ALL the Scouts extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Darlington, who has kindly consented to help the troop while Mr. Davies is occupied with his other duties.

Last term we recored the appointment of Mr. Davies as District Scout Master of Central Division, and now we have much pleasure in announcing that he has been further honoured by his appointment as District Commissioner for that Division. It is with much regret, however, that we say goodbye to the previous Commissioner, the Rev. S. Odom, who has been a good friend to the troop. We therefore wish him happiness in his new posit'ion at Margate.

The most important event this term was the Group Social, when about sixty Rovers, Scouts and Cubs spent a very enjoyable evening. Our President, Alderman Solly, our Vice-President, the Headmaster, and Mr. Odom were present. During the evening, presentations were made by the Scouts and Cubs to Miss Ashcroft, as a token of our gratitude for the many services that she has rendered to the Group while she was Cubmaster. The evening was notable also for the presentation of Assistant-Scoutmaster Warrants to six Rovers, namely: Coughtrie, Magee, Matthews, Seed, Tomlinson, and Wetherell.

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As the membership has increased during the term—a very pleasing feature—the troop has had to be re-organised. Now, helped by our new Assistant-Scoutmasters, we are working harder than ever for proficiency badges.

On March 1st, the Birkenhead Cubs held a concert in the Gymnasium. With the valuable aid of Mr. Darlington, we managed to erect, and afterwards take down, a presentable stage, without, we imagine, many of the School realising that one had been put up.

We intend to hold our own Group Concert on the evenings of March 26th and 27th, and hope for a good deal of support from the members of the School. D.B.

School Football

OWING, mainly, to the fact that they had experience of playing together during the first term, the teams have played better this term. Following his excellent and consistent games of last term, Milligan was awarded his School Colours, an honour which he fully deserved. Unfortunately, we are now out of both Shields, reports of which matches appear below. The forwards have remedied the defects of last term in that their shooting has improved, some excellent goals having resulted. In the first XI. out of 10 matches played we have won 4, lost 6 and drawn 0. The second eleven has had fewer matches, having played 7, out of which we have won 4, lost 2, and drawn 1.

The third XI. has played only two games having won one and drawn the other. R.E.M.

RESULTS.

	B.I. versus:	1st XI.	2nd XI.	3rd XI.
Jan.	10—Alsop High Sch..... (A.)	1—2	(H.) 3—1	
	17—Holt Sec. School .(A.)	4—1	(H.) 6—1	(A.) 4—3
	24—Waterloo Se. Sch.(A.)	1—3	(H.) 4—1	
	31—Bootle Se. Sch.... (H.)	5—2	(A.) 1—1	
Feb.	3—L'pool University (H.)	5—2		
	7—Oulton Se. Sch.... (H.)	1—3		
	28—Oulton Se. Sch.... (A.)	1—9	(H.) 5—1	
Mar.	7—St. Francis			
	Xaviers ... (H.)	4—2	(A.) 0—3	

SENIOR SHIELD.

1ST ROUND v. ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE.

(At Home). B.I.: R. H. Milligan; A. Snelson, W. D. Christian (capt.); G. Harrahill, J. Martin, R. Parry; K. Wheat, L. Simms, J. Slinn, J. Collinson, R. H. Roylance.

St. Edward's College: W. Smerdon; J. Hurst, J. Doyle; J. Mulroy, B. McCourt, V. Atkinson; S. O'Keefe, L. Mulheirn, E. Woods, M. Fitzsimmons, V. Norbury.

St. Edward's won the toss and elected to play towards Ingleborough Road. Play was even for the first half, Slinn being unlucky in not scoring with his head after a fine solo effort. The interval arrived with no score having been registered. Shortly after the resumption Norbury scored two for St. Edward's in as many minutes. B.I. were still attacking, one or two unsuccessful shots being made. At this point Milligan made a few excellent saves. Norbury then increased St. Edward's lead, and although B.I. still continued to press, the game finished with St. Edward's winners by 3 goals to nil.

Score: B.I. 0; St. Edward's 3.

R.E.M.

JUNIOR SHIELD.

2ND ROUND v. ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE.

(At Home). B.I. had a bye in the 1st Round and were drawn at home to St. Edward's in the 2nd Round. St. Edward's were a heavier side than our Juniors, and this was one of the deciding factors of the game. The visitors swooped down the field repeatedly in the first half, aided by the strong wind, against which our backs' return kicks were feeble. Half-time arrived with B.I. 7 goals down. After the resumption, Wheat played a magnificent game and supported his team considerably. However, St. Edward's increased their lead by two further goals.

Score: B.I. 0; St. Edward's College 9.

R.E.M.

Old Boys' Football Club Notes

IN writing this contribution for *The Visor* I find it difficult to make it of interest both to the Old Boys and the School. That it should be of interest to the Old Boys is natural but while the bare results will be of interest to the School, the mention of players of outstanding merit would convey no meaning at all. That the interest of the School in the Old Boys should be aroused is necessary. This cannot be done too soon, for the Schoolboy of to-day is the Old Boy of to-morrow, and

the future of the Old Boys' Club lies in the enthusiasm of the present-day Schoolboy, both for playing strength and in filling the executive posts. It is on these latter positions that a successful future is most dependent, and the path to them is through the playing fields, on which the seeds of the deep-rooted desire for the success of the Club are sown, and who knows, perhaps even the youngest boy in the Junior School will be the leader of our ranks in the future.

I hope by the time this appears in print that closer contact will be made between our forces through a match between the School and the Old Boys. It is only right that this fixture should be an annual event, but it has been allowed to lapse for several years. If my recollections are correct it is some ten years since this match was played. In those days the present Club was in its infancy but was even then a strong fighting force, and proved too much for the School. Of those who met the School on that occasion, three still remain with us as playing members and have rendered long and faithful service. From this match I hope we both will benefit, the Old Boys in gaining future members and the School through meeting older and more experienced players.

Before touching on the actual progress on the playing fields mention might be made of the Social activities of the Club, which have by no means been neglected. Two Dances and a series of Whist Drives have been held during the winter months, and have proved both successful and enjoyable, and we, as a Club, are deeply indebted to our Chairman, and particularly to his wife, for their enthusiasm and unstinted efforts to make these functions a success.

Our Annual Dinner was held in the School on February 3rd, when "Janny" once more donned cap and apron and provided us with his usual fare. It was a pleasure to have the Headmaster and several of the Masters with us and we are gratified that our efforts are of such interest to them and so greatly appreciated.

We have suffered greatly this season through injuries to our players, a fact which is reflected in the results. Many of our most prominent players are now forced to find their interest and enjoyment on the touch-line as spectators, but we hope that most of them will recover in time to help us in our Senior and Junior Shield matches.

The first eleven is by no means the successful team we had hoped. Their results, while being satisfactory, are no just

measure of their true ability. It is true that their ranks have been upset greatly by a series of accidents, but we look to them to give us a run of successes, for with the Senior Shield to be played for at the end of the season we must find our best form. In the absence of our older and more experienced players through injuries, we are gratified to see the splendid work of some of our younger members. To date their record reads as follows: Won 10, Lost 9, Drawn 3.

The second team results are easily the best they have achieved since they entered their present league some three or four years ago. Although they have lost their last three matches, they have met strong teams with a much weakened side. Their football promises that they will in the near future add to their list of successes. Their results at present are as follows: Won 9, Lost 7, Drawn 5.

The third team, while they have shown some little improvement have still far to go, but they are to be congratulated on their splendid draw with Ormskirk Grammar School Old Boys. They also have been fielding a depleted side through injuries to their own and members of the senior teams, but with a more settled side they should be capable of producing more satisfactory results. Of the games played they have won four, lost twelve and drawn four.

The fourth and fifth elevens have shown distinct improvement and their records are equal to any of their senior teams, which augurs well for the future. The respective results are: Fourth team: Won 9, Drawn 3, Lost 8; Fifth team: Won 10, Lost 8.

Although there is nothing outstanding in the results of any of the teams, two of our players have had their individual merit recognised in being chosen to represent the Old Boys' League in their recent Inter-League Match. Our congratulations are due to R. K. Currie and to T. H. Richards on having been singled out for this honour.

Many boys will be leaving School in the Summer, and I should like to inform them that they will find great enjoyment in playing for the Old Boys' Club. They will most likely meet their present Schoolboy opponents in their respective Old Boys' teams, and the games provided will be such as they have played in School matches. To all of them we extend a hearty welcome to join us; it is upon them that we depend for the future success of the Club.

G.F.L.



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