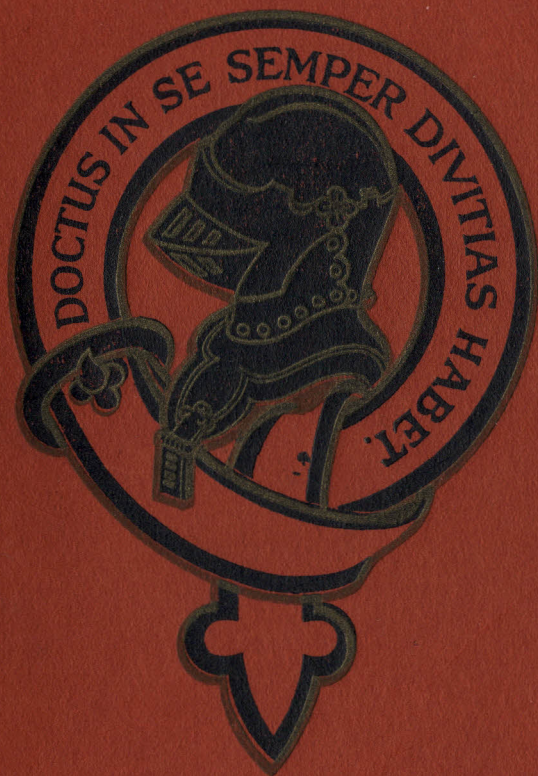


THE VISOR



BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE
SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

SUMMER 1934.

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1ST XI., 1934.



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K. ROYLANCE. (capt.) H. ROGERS.

[Photo by CULL.]



VOL. VII., No. 3

SUMMER, 1934.

School Calendar

Inter-School Sports	June 2nd.
School Sports	June 9th.
End of Term	July 24th.
Autumn Term begins	September 12th.
Half-term	October 27th—31st.

Editorial

AS we pen these lines, our mind is filled with mingled pleasure and regret. For as we think upon time past, and of the high hopes with which we took up the task of producing *The Visor* each term, we feel pleasure. But we think too, that, as time went by, our heart became less light beneath the heavy load, and now the time for laying down the staff of office draws nigh, we feel a regret that we have not achieved all we could have wished, and that our opportunity has passed. Others take up their task with a light heart, and, with great vigour wielding the familiar red or blue pencil, play havoc with the literary efforts of budding authors.

This term we have offered a prize for the best contribution received. It was hoped by this venture to arouse to a greater extent the interest of boys of the school in their magazine. It depends upon the response of the boys whether the practice will be continued, and also whether the standard set for *The Visor* is to be raised still higher.

While writing of one vexed question we are drawn irresistibly to consider another. At the end of this term a large number of boys will be leaving school for that "larger life"

about which we hear so much. We would appeal to them as we have appealed to others in the past not to forget that *The Visor* appears at the end of each term, and to remember that we cannot possibly carry on unless we have a large circulation among Old Boys; neither can we increase the size of the magazine unless our sales increase.

Readers will notice that this term we have given a list of Old Boys' successes in a special section. If only we could have more contributions from Old Boys, a larger part of the magazine would be of interest to those who have left school. We leave the matter in their hands.

Now is the time for parting. To those leaving school we wish happiness and success, to our successors a word of encouragement not to be too deeply smitten at apparent failure. And now farewell.

Salvete

Vij.—**Tate** :—Thomas, K.B. (readmitted after two years' absence).

IVb.—**Westminster** :—Turner, Alex. D.

IIIa.—**Atkin** :—Beck, J.

Lower Prep.—**Westminster** :—Gilliland, D.S.; Williams, C. V.

Valete

Upper VI.—**Atkin** :—Hughes, G.E. (1929-1934). *Matric.*, 1933, *Member of Debating Society*, *Member of Scientific Society*. **Stitt** :—Condon, J. (1928-1934), *Matric.*, 1933, *Member of Debating Society*, *Member of Scientific Society*. **Tate** :—Cocker, T. (1928-1934), *Matric.*, 1933, *Member of Debating Society*, *Member of Scientific Society*. **Westminster** :—Davies, J. (1928-1934), *Matric.*, 1933, *Member of Debating Society*, *Member of Scientific Society*.

VIa.—**Tate** :—Perry, W.

VIb.—**Atkin** :—Moss, G. H.

Va.—**Stitt** :—Pemberton, F.; Phoenix, F. D.

IIIa.—**Atkin** :—Faraday, W.

Speech Day

SPEECH Day was held in the Town Hall on March 22nd. We were pleased to have with us once again the Chairman (Alderman G. A. Solly, J.P.), and many of the Governors, and a large number of parents and friends of the School.

The proceedings began with an interesting address by Alderman Solly, followed by the Headmaster's Report on the work of the year, 1932-33. This year proved a remarkably successful one. The number of examination successes gained was again up to our high average.

The prizes and certificates were distributed by Lt.-Col. J. Sandeman Allen, who afterwards addressed the assembly. He won the attention of the school with a very interesting speech, and concluded with a proposal for a holiday which was highly appreciated. In this connection we reverted this year to the old custom of having the holiday immediately after Speech Day instead of waiting till half-term.

Finally Messrs. Wm. Jackson and R. P. Fletcher proposed a vote of thanks to Lt.-Col. Sandeman Allen, which was followed by cheers for the Headmaster and the Staff, and Alderman Solly.

PROGRAMME.

1. SCHOOL " England, Arise! " *Edgar F. Day.*
 ADDRESS BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE GOVERNORS,
 ALDERMAN G. A. SOLLY, J.P.
2. LOWER SCHOOL " The Brooklet " *Schubert.*
 " Song of the Sea King " *Percy Fletcher.*
 REPORT ON THE WORK OF THE YEAR 1932-33
 BY
 THE HEADMASTER.
 E. Wynne Hughes, M.A. (Cantab.), M.Sc. (Wales).
3. CHOIR " Hope the Hermit " (17th Century)
 arranged with descant by H. A. Chambers.
 DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES AND ADDRESS
 BY
 LT.-COL. J. SANDEMAN ALLEN, M.C., T.D., M.A., M.P.
4. SCHOOL " The Sacred Cause " *Carl Alwin.*
 VOTE OF THANKS.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

The Athletic Sports

SPORTS Day brought to the school-field the usual scene of gaiety and rejoicing. Masters were bounding hither and thither like lambs in spring, one cheerful member of the Staff going so far as to leap the ropes of the competitors' pen. The prominence of the school "boater" added to the splendour of the scene, while the Clerk of the Weather supplied the finishing touches by giving us perhaps the most important thing of all, fine weather.

Under these conditions, a large gathering of parents and friends appeared to enjoy thoroughly the afternoon's sport, for the success of which our thanks are due to the organisation and efforts of the Staff who worked hard to ensure that the fifty-one events went through without a hitch. A new feature was the provision of music by Sound and Light Services, a highly successful venture, too successful for certain youths who, investigating the speaker van, were astounded to hear the amplifier demand the cessation of hostilities.

As was anticipated, there was a close struggle for the Victor Ludorum between Milligan and Wheat, the former of whom is to be congratulated on coming out on top. Tate won the House Championship by a large margin, the ultimate positions and points being recorded below. The prizes were distributed by H. Graham White, Esq., M.P., who, in a short speech, said that although all could not run in races, they could at least be athletic in everything they did, and thereby keep fit.

RESULTS.

Long Jump (under 14) :

1, Williams, E. G. ; 2, Bartley, E. L. ; Distance 13-ft. 7-ins.

Long Jump (Open) :

1, Milligan, R. H. ; 2, Wheat, K. ; 3, Harrahill, G. ; Distance 17-ft. 3-ins.

100 Yards (under 14) :

1, Hill, L. ; 2, Taylor, A. J. ; 3, Williams, E. G. ; Time 13 secs.

100 Yards (under 13) :

1, Bawden, H. R. ; 2, Adams, G. K. ; 3, Garry, W. ; Time 14 secs.

100 Yards (under 15) :

1, Jones, P. O. ; 2, Ruegg ; 3, Stelfox, G. H. ; Time 12 2/5 secs.

100 Yards (Open) :

1, Wheat, K. ; 2, Milligan, R. H. ; 3, Harrahill, G. ; Time 11 3/5 secs.

80 Yards [Junior School Handicap] (over 10) :

1, Williams, J. S. ; 2, Mackintosh, W. A. ; 3, Beckett, J. G.

80 Yards [Junior School Handicap] (under 10) :

1, Bartlett, J. T. ; 2, Despres, P. B. ; 3, Haughton, A. P.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (under 14) :

1, Williams, E. G. ; 2, Hayes, N. E. ; 3, Austin, H. A. ; Distance 64 yards.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (Open) :

1, Wheat, K. ; 2, Milligan, R. H. ; 3, Mason, A. S. ; Distance 87 yards.

220 Yards (Open) :

1, Harrahill, G. ; 2, Milligan, R. H. ; 3, Wheat, K. ; Time 26 3/5 secs.

220 Yards Handicap (under 15) :

1, Taylor, A. J. ; 2, King, R. A. G. ; 3, Allen, W. J., and Banks, R. D.—Dead Heat.

220 Yards Handicap (under 13) :

1, Garry, W. N. G. ; 2, Heaney, J. E. H. ; 3, Bawden, H. R.

220 Yards Handicap (over 15) :

1, Makin, M. ; 2, Humphreys, G. L. ; 3, Barker, D. R.

220 Yards Handicap (Junior School) :

1, Mackintosh, W. A. ; 2, Beer, E. A. ; 3, Beckett, J. Y.

High Jump (Open) :

1, Evans, R. H. W., and Collinson, J., Tied ; 3, Colenso, G. R. ; Height 4-ft. 9-ins.

High Jump (under 14) :

1, Williams, E. G. ; 2, Gullen, J. N. ; 3, Taylor, A. J. ;
Height 4-ft.

Obstacle Race (over 14) :

1, Simms, L. ; 2, Evans, H. B. ; 3, Williamson, M. A.

Obstacle Race (under 14) :

1, Bartley, E. L. B. ; 2, Sandland, F. V. S. ; 3, Austin,
H. A.

440 Yards (Open) :

1, Milligan, R. H. ; 2, Wheat, K. ; 3, Harrahill, G. ; Time
61 4/5 secs.

440 Yards Handicap :

1, Taylor, A. J. ; 2, King, R. A. G. ; 3, Humphreys, G.

Three-legged Handicap (Senior School) :

1, King, R. A. G., and Allen, W. J. ; 2, Smedley, K., and
Edelsten, J. ; 3, Humphreys, G. L., and Makin, M.

Three-legged Handicap (Junior School) :

1, Mackintosh, W. A., and Bibby, P. E. ; 2, Aiken, J.A.C.,
and Smith, J. N. ; 3, Beckett, J. G., and Proudman, H. G.

220 Yards (Old Boys) :

1, Rigby, D. ; Time 26 2/5 secs.

60 Yards Sack Race (Junior School Handicap) :

1, Bartlett, J. T. ; 2, Jones, A. G. ; 3, Harris, R. G.

1 Mile (Open).

1, Christian, W. D. ; 2, Milligan, R. H. ; 3, Roylance,
K. H. ; Time 5 min. 30 secs .

120 Yards Hurdles (under 13) :

1, Mackintosh, A. ; 2, Gullen, J. N. ; 3, Beer, E. A.

120 Yards Hurdles (under 15) :

1, Jones, P. O. ; 2, Hill, L. ; 3, Williams, E. G.

Open Relay :

1, Watkins' Team ; 2, Wheat's Team.

880 Yards Handicap :

1, Humphreys, G. L. ; 2, Taylor, A. J. ; 3, King, R. A. G. ;
Time 2 mins. 20 3/5 secs.

Open Tug-of-War :

1, Evans' Team.

80 Yards Consolation (under 11) :

1, Bibby ; 2, Young ; 3, Kenworthy.

220 Yards Consolation (under 14) :

1, Dearnley, A. ; 2, Jones, P. H. ; 3, Lowson, R. C.

220 Yards Consolation (over 14) :

1, Barker, D. R. ; 2, Freedman ; 3, Ablett.

120 Yards Hurdles (Open) :

1, Milligan, R. H. ; 2, Harrahill, G. ; 3, Wheat, K.

House Relay (Junior) :

1, Tate ; 2, Westminster ; 3, Atkin.

House Relay (Intermediate) :

1, Atkin ; 2, Tate ; 3, Westminster.

House Relay (Senior) :

1, Tate ; 2, Stitt ; 3, Westminster.

House Tug-of-War :

Westminster.

House Championship :

1, Tate, 84-pts. ; 2, Stitt, 38-pts. ; Atkin, 35-pts. ; 4, Westminster, 29-pts.

Victor Ludorum :

Senior—Milligan, 17-pts.

Junior—Williams, E. G., 11-pts.

Crossword No. 4

NO-ONE succeeded in solving the puzzle without a mistake, the prizes being awarded to K. Evans and Y. Entwistle, both of VIa., with two and three errors respectively.

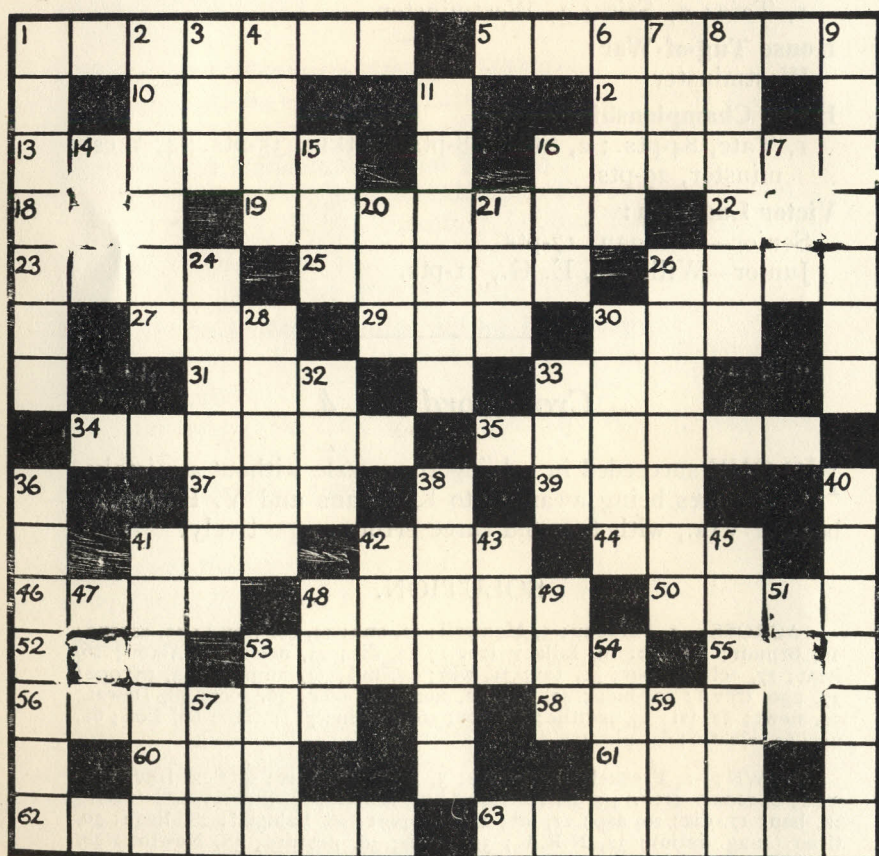
SOLUTION.

ACROSS:—1, Faraday ; 5, Maxwell ; 10, one ; 12, col (rev.) ; 13, essene ; 16, benudr ; 18, sac ; 19, fallacy (rev.) ; 22, die ; 23, neon ; 25, Aston ; 26, heat ; 27, eel ; 29, pot ; 30, tar ; 31, win ; 33, mil ; 34, ampere ; 35, pyrope ; 37, ago (rev.) ; 39, mag ; 41, ire ; 42, nen ; 44, o'er ; 46, sect ; 48, Dewar ; 50, newt ; 52, tri ; 53, pantile ; 55, per ; 56, urchin ; 58, strato ; 60, Lon ; 61, nis ; 62, electro ; 63, phratry.

DOWN:—1, Fresnel ; 2, Roscoe ; 3, Ane ; 4, Deny ; 6, flex (rev.) ; 7, won ; 8, reduce (rev.) ; 9, literal (rev.) ; 11, Dalton ; 14, sae ; 15, ace (rev.) ; 16, ban ; 17, dia ; 20, asp ; 21, lot ; 24, Newport ; 26, halogen ; 28, liege ; 30, tirao (anag. ratio) ; 32, N.R.A. ; 33, mym ; 36, posture ; 38, Newton ; 40, entropy ; 41, icicle ; 42, nen ; 43, lan (rev.) ; 45, repast ; 47, err ; 48, Dan ; 49, R.L.S. ; 51, wet ; 53, pint ; 54, etnr (anag. of rent) ; 57, hoc ; 59, air (rev.)

Crossword No. 5

A SOMEWHAT simpler puzzle has been set this time. As usual, two prizes will be awarded. Solutions to be handed to Mr. Hall.



CLUES.

ACROSS.

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1.—English poet. | 35.—Military excursionist. |
| 5.—Lay on paint thickly. | 37.—Single and integral. |
| 10.—Spoil. | 39.—Scots now. |
| 12.—Electrical term. | 41.—Pin. |
| 13.—Handsome young man. | 42.—Goddess of discord. |
| 16.—Hulled and crushed oats. | 44.—Next after 37. |
| 18.—See 22. | 46.—What the hen did to the egg. |
| 19.—Paying guest. | 48.—Feud or fee. |
| 22.—After 18, group of three rhym-
ing lines. | 50.—Distance or time. |
| 23.—Allowance of four pounds. | 52.—Forty-five inches. |
| 25.—Tested. | 53.—Insane. |
| 26.—Written on the wall. | 55.—Tangled fish. |
| 27.—With 30, arranged methodically. | 56.—Of 48. |
| 29.—Home sapiens. | 58.—Thinner. |
| 30.—See 27. | 60.— —cit. |
| 31.—Meadow grass. | 61.—Cockney verb. |
| 33.—Mountain near Troy. | 62.—Merciful. |
| 34.—Thing that has real existence. | 63.—Merit. |

DOWN.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1.—Talk indiscreetly. | 30.—Fool. |
| 2.—Love-poem. | 32.—Devoured. |
| 3.—Purity confused. | 33.—Scotch John. |
| 4.—Confine in small space. | 36.—Noxious. |
| 6.—Young salmon. | 38.—Ermines. |
| 7.—Latin model verb. | 40.—Deprive of vigour. |
| 8.—Set at intervals. | 41.—Small ball of medicine. |
| 9.—Oriental. | 42.—Half a pious gentleman. |
| 11.—“And——’s nose is red and
raw.” | 43.—Newt. |
| 14.—German article. | 45.—Useful with tins. |
| 15.—Drunken fool. | 47.—See 51. |
| 16.—Pike or luce. | 48.— } Complete. |
| 17.—Before 14, delicate. | 49.— } |
| 20.—Provide with weapons. | 51.—See 47. |
| 21.—Lair. | 53.—Cord. |
| 24.—Went quietly. | 54.—Bad——to ye! |
| 26.—Leas. | 57.—Gentleman from Portugal. |
| 28.—Act. | 59.—Sailor’s “yes.” |

PRIZE-WINNING ARTICLE BY J. H. P. YOUNG, VIA.

Radio To-day

IN 1921 some two or three hundred amateurs asked the Post-office to form a broadcasting station, with the result that 2MT was allowed to broadcast for one hour daily, from Writtle, near Chelmsford. In 1922, 2LO came into being and in late '22, stations were opened at Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle, Cardiff and Glasgow, while in 1923 two new stations were inaugurated at Aberdeen and Bournemouth. The London studio was then moved to Marconi House, then to Savoy Hill and finally, three or four years ago to Broadcasting House, Portland Place, London, W.1, which is even now proving to be too small.

During the ten years between the days of Savoy Hill and to-day, broadcasting has made immense strides, especially in America where a totally different system has been adopted from that in use in the British Isles. In the U.S.A. there are about twice as many stations as in Europe, and the majority of these are owned and run by, either the Columbia Attwater Kent, National Broadcasting Company of America, Bamberger, or Westinghouse system. These stations are hired out by "sponsors," who are usually wealthy manufacturers wishing to advertise their goods. The "sponsored" programmes are paid for by the "sponsors" who are at liberty to engage any radio, film, or stage star to take part in their programme which may last anytime up to one hour. The result is that the programmes are interspersed with slogans "boosting" certain articles, after the fashion of the programmes from Radio Luxemburg on Sunday afternoons and evenings.

Fortunately this system has not been attempted by the British Broadcasting Corporation, which, contrary to many people's notions, is in no way connected with the Government. The B.B.C. provides its programmes more cheaply than any other broadcasting company in the world. The cost of a wireless licence works out at about $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per day, which is a very cheap price for the entertainment which the B.B.C. provides.

This price is paid by over 6,000,000 people in different parts of the country. From every 10s. thus paid, the B.B.C. receives only 4s. 7d. of which only 2s. 6½d. is spent on programmes, the remainder going to the Post Office, in rates, electricity, etc. The B.B.C. spends £4,500 daily on programmes.

Many people think that broadcasting is a "cushy" job, that it is not necessary to work hard, and that money comes rolling in. Such people are extremely mistaken, it is hard work and money does anything but roll in. As an example of the former, take the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra directed by Henry Hall. Their day starts with a perusal of their fan-mail (if any) and possibly replying (one prominent member devotes one hour to this). Rehearsal follows from 10-30 a.m. until 12-30 p.m., then lunch, more rehearsal from 2-5-30, broadcasting till 6, and then home. If, however, there is a Variety show, late Dance music, or an Empire broadcast to be transmitted, rehearsal goes on until these extra broadcasts begin.

Few listeners know how much work is needed to produce a good programme. The majority think that it is merely a case of thinking out the items, engaging the artist, and rehearsing. Actually it is a very complex and difficult business. Assume, for the purpose of illustrating the point, that a concert has been arranged for, say, September 1st, to be given by the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra, Section C. The conductor is notified about six weeks previous to that date, that is about July 16th. The conductor's choice of music is limited as Section C does not contain enough instruments for certain pieces. However, he at length chooses several pieces and then goes to Mr. Hook, the librarian at the "Big House," who immediately finds fault with his choice of music. This was played a week ago, that is too dull as there is a duller talk on the Regionals, we might not be able to obtain the music of the other, etc., etc. Thus the programme gradually takes shape. When all has been arranged the conductor plays the whole lot right through, timing it with a stop-watch, and, if he is lucky, and it works out to the correct length, he can sit back until he either has to rehearse it, or prepare another for a further six weeks ahead.

With regard to the financial side of the question, broadcasting is definitely not a lucrative profession. Although not poorly paid, the "stars" do not earn enough to run a Rolls-Royce, or to own a steam yacht. Henry Hall earns about £8 a week, an equal amount also being earned by an Announcer. A trumpet or saxophone player receives between £4 and £7 a week. The actors who play small parts may earn only £5, for three rehearsals and perhaps two broadcasts, but the bigger actors may earn as much as £25. The lowest paid player in the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra gets £11. The majority of artists get about £8—£11 weekly. Of course, people like Gracie Fields who is paid £500 for a stage appearance, can demand £50 for a broadcast, Sir Harry Lauder and Chaliapin claim the highest wage for one broadcast with £1,000.

Being appointed to the staff of the B.B.C. is a difficult matter. The first thing is to apply for an audition, which takes place at St. George's Hall where the Variety programmes are held. The would-be "star" does his item before a microphone connected to a speaker in an adjoining room, in which sit the "judges," who judge the quality of the voice and of the item. If he is successful, he receives a letter a few days later telling him to appear at Broadcasting House.

Incidentally, in this connection, instrumentalists and crooners need not apply, but the B.B.C. is in dire need of humorists who can "put over" some really funny items.

A word about modern receivers. As everybody is familiar with the usual medium and long-wave receiver, nothing need be said on this subject except that with a good set America may easily be heard, the programmes being best after midnight. America's late dance music, however, can be heard in England between 6-30 a.m. and 8 a.m. so that one can have "hot jazz" at breakfast-time.

There is one type of set, however, which is not very popular in this country. This is the short-wave receiver, capable of receiving programmes radiated on a wave-length below 100 metres. America may easily be received on a one-valve which can be constructed quite cheaply, while with two, three or four valves, programmes are received from Australia, China, Japan and New Zealand, on headphones, while America may be quite easily heard on the loudspeaker.

This type of set is well worth having, and amply repays the trouble and small expense necessary for its construction and upkeep.

J.H.P.Y.

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Interviews with Famous Men Series

ALWAYS on the look out for something startling for the "Wheezer," I determined to interview my old friend Lord Dyshwater of Dyshwater Hall. I had a very shaky journey down (I did not know how uncomfortable it can be swinging on a coupling chain) but on reaching Tiddlemarsh, my spirits had risen so much that I even gave my bad sixpence to the ancient porter. I was well known amongst the inhabitants, both of whom I found partaking of liquid refreshment at the "Blue Cow" (licensed for the sale of ales and porter).

Old Jarge has about eighty-six years, and is at present living with his grandfather Old 'Enery, who is a little older. They were very glad to see me (as you can imagine) as they had not yet heard the result of the 1932 cup-final, and the fate of an ounce of tobacco was hanging on the result.

Leaving Jarge and 'Enery playing a quiet game of marbles in the bar-parlour, I went up to the Hall. Disguised as a fresh loaf, I skilfully evaded the spring guns and man-traps Lord D. has placed as a protection against the return of former wives, income-tax collectors, etc., and, slipping through the tradesmen's entrance, I found Lord D. potting at snails in the ancestral potting-shed, with the ancestral pea-shooter, eating toffees the while.

Hastily secreting the toffees, he welcomed me with "Well, that was a rotten tip you gave me for the three-thirty. I thought it was straight from the horse's mouth." I convinced him that the horse must have been telling lies, and began to question him about the old family.

"Oh, yes," said his lordship aristocratically, "I come of ancient and honourable lineage. As a matter of fact my great-great-great-great grandfather was the first man to fit kangaroos with ticket punches and use them as 'bus conductors."

Much impressed I asked him if he still used the old family motto. "Oh, bless my soul, no!" he replied, as with a well-aimed shot he succeeded in braining a snail which was darting about amongst the blooms, "I signed the pledge years ago."

Lord D. looked at his watch ancestrally and said, "I suppose they'll be pouring out my dinner now,"—"soup you know," he added hastily. Seeing that the hint was meant to speed my departure, I said that I would come up and see him again sometime, at which remark Dyshwater said something about getting a dog, and some new locks for the gates. And so I returned home, conscious (just about) of having done my duty.

L.W.

From Pine Forest to Fob-Pocket

THE famous Bryant and May factory produces nearly a hundred million matches a year, which represents the cutting down of a small forest. The rough timber after being chopped down is stored in a special timber yard. From this yard it is taken to a building where the logs are sawn up into lengths. Powerful circular saws are used for this purpose, and a whole trunk is cut into convenient lengths of about thirty inches in a few seconds.

Next, each piece of log is placed in a machine called the veneering machine, which peels it round and round, until the solid log is changed into an enormous length of very thin wood. For the matches the veneer is peeled much thicker than it is for boxes.

The veneers of wood are then folded and placed in a pile ready to be cut downward by a machine called the guillotine, and, by the same operation, split into match lengths. At the end of this machine, a boy collects the matches falling out, in a truck. At every stroke of the guillotine, the pile of veneers is moved forward the exact thickness of a single match in readiness for the next cut.

The match sticks are then boiled in a solution to make them burn well, are dried and then blown up large pipes into ventilating screens where they all fall one way. The matches are next fed into huge machines, where they are forced into holes on a flexible iron band. The matches, having been forced into the holes on the flexible iron band, pass through a bath of paraffin-wax, and then over a roller covered with the composition which forms the striking heads.

After being dipped, the matches travel up and down in the endless band until their heads are dry, so that they can be packed into the boxes. It takes about fifty minutes to dry after dipping.

For wax vestas, reels of cotton are placed opposite an empty drum; the ends of the cotton are fastened to the drum, which revolves slowly, and the threads pass through a bath of stearine and gum. The movement is then reversed, and the threads pass through the wax once more. This is repeated several times, and then the wax threads are cut into match lengths and headed like wooden matches.

The finished matches are packed in boxes, and the making of the boxes is a remarkable operation. Even the printing of the labels requires very elaborate machinery.

The roll of veneer for the boxes is scored, and cut into short lengths called skillets, which are taken by a machine, folded and stuck together by gummed paper. The outer cases are made in a similar way, and a continuous line of outers passed on to an endless conveyor which carries them to the drying rooms.

Yet another machine packs the matches into boxes. Before the boxes are pressed into the cases, they pass before vigilant watchers who pull out any that are imperfect. The boxes are then pushed home into the outer cases and pass down out of the machine, when they are ready for packing into dozens for the shops.

E. HUBBOLD.

The Psychologist

THE psychologist occupied the corner seat of the omnibus.

The bus was half empty, he was rather pleased. He did not want to stand, he was too tall. He stared about him and looked steadily at the few passengers. "I wonder what these people are thinking?" he asks himself. He settles himself down more comfortably, and in turn analyses the thoughts of his fellow-travellers.

The young typist, sitting opposite him, was a typical city girl coming home from the office. She was thinking how she had forgotten to polish her nails. It was rather strange. She did not often forget to polish her nails. "Huh," thought the psychologist, "it's the old tale you can find in any cheap novel. It must happen every day in the big cities." Her boy friend had let her down. He had gone to the pictures with the girl from down the street. Heavens! the way she had raged about it. Seemed silly now. Well, let it go at that. She didn't care.

The mind-reader's glance then rests on the little parson, sitting next to him, reading a church magazine. Perhaps he was going to a meeting. He had a small parcel with him, his lunch most likely. He was dressed in his best suit, his hat had been scrupulously brushed. Oh yes, he must be going to a church meeting. He had evidently been out visiting people that morning, and had arrived home too late to have a meal. How he longed for a glass of beer, and a good dinner.

The small school boy was also scrupulously dressed. His face had been well scrubbed, and he had on a clean collar. There was no doubt that he was going to Grandmother's house for tea. He was thinking of all the things his mother had told him not to do. He must be polite. He must not be greedy, and above all things he must keep himself tidy. Poor Peter, he cannot resist jumping into puddles, and he loves dirt. How he hates his suit, his collar, and his clean face and hands !

The bus stopped. The little parson got out.

" All fares, all fares please," the conductor shouts. The psychologist realised he had not paid his fare. He looked in his pocket, his purse had gone. He was sure he brought it out with him. It was strange that he could not find it. Oh, well ! lucky he had some coppers with him to pay for his fare. He looks at the conductor as he walks down the gangway. The conductor hoped " Spotty Dog " would win the 2-30 race for him. The conductor was a chatty fellow. If it wins, he would put all his winnings on " Tired Tim." Yes, he hoped he would be lucky.

The psychologist looked in his pocket for his watch, it had also gone. Rather a coincidence that he should have left his money and his watch at home, he had never done it before. Then he remembered that he had sat next to the " little parson," whose thoughts may not have been entirely on the church meeting.

Even mind-readers are not always right in their deductions !

L.D.B.

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Harold Hirst,

PHOTOGRAPHIC
-- CHEMIST, --

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A Glimpse into the Engine-Room of S.S. "City of Cambridge"

TO reach the engine-room, it is necessary to traverse a long alleyway, then to go down some steps leading to the 'tween-decks, and then, met with a waft of hot oil fumes and a sudden rush of sound, one enters the engine room.

It is a huge place, everything is spotlessly clean, the sides are all white-painted. From here, the main objects that can be seen are the gigantic cylinder heads down below, the high pressure cylinder being the smallest, the medium pressure one, larger, and the low pressure one the largest, being roughly a dozen feet across. The iron-plated deck has given way to steel gratings (most uncomfortable to walk on).

The level of the cylinder tops is reached by descending a narrow steel ladder, the handrails of which are highly polished and covered with a thin film of oil to prevent rust.

From this height, the cranks can be seen down below, plunging up and down in and out of the oil sump. The engineers and native greasers are walking about keeping a watchful eye on everything.

A weird sensation of vast power held in check is felt, the relentless force which drives the enormous crankshaft round making its presence quietly but nevertheless very strongly felt.

On climbing down another ladder, the level of the engine's bed-plates is reached. When one is standing near, the cranks are for a moment almost overhead, and seem as though they are going to crash down on one but, continuing their circle round the crankshaft, they sweep in front and, in a few seconds, are again overhead. The heat is always terrific, even in mid-winter. Aft of the reciprocating engine is a Bauer-Wach auxiliary turbine, often known as the "monkey gland," because it gives additional speed and power to the ship. Compared with the other engine, it is a mere midget. The motor of the turbine, although it does not appear to be moving, is revolving at 3,000 revolutions per minute. The drive is transmitted through a reduction gearbox nearly as big as the turbine itself, on to the propeller shaft which is a continuation of the crankshaft of the reciprocating engine.

The ship is single screw and so has only one propeller shaft. The shaft tunnel is a long alleyway right in the heart of the vessel and far below the water-line. The dim light from small electric lamps, the feeling of being under water, and the continuous, snakelike movement of the revolving shaft which glistens dully, all make the place seem eerie.

Right at the stern, where the shaft projects into the water, there are small, dark leaks which look somehow sinister. The steady churning of the propeller is clearly heard through the hull, as the ship ploughs its way through the sea.

Back in the engine room, there are found many small yet important machines which have to be watched.

Mounted on one of the engine supports, is a large panel which has many small vertical glass tubes let into it. Every now and then, little blobs of oil drop down the tubes. This wonderful gauge shows exactly how every bearing in the engine room is being lubricated at any particular time.

A large, silent and motionless contrivance is working near at hand, although it may not appear to be doing anything—it is the condenser. It turns the steam back into water after it has passed through the engines, etc., and has used up practically all of its heat and power. This water must be returned to the boilers as it is precious on board a ship.

Close to this instrument are the electricity generators for the lighting, wireless, etc., on the ship.

Oil-pumps, feed-water pumps and also bilge pumps are all acting continuously. In amongst these are all kinds of valves, gauges, control wheels and levers, from the midst of which the engine room telegraph to the bridge stands out plainly.

Through a water-tight bulkhead is the stokehold where native firemen shovel coal into the roaring furnaces. There are three huge, squat boilers to produce the necessary amount of steam, which is collected in large steam drums before being passed to the engine. The heat is incredible, and the white-hot glare of the fire is trying to the eyes.

After the stokehold, the engine-room seems cool in comparison.

When at last the open deck is reached again, one is thankful for some fresh air.

J.M.

Topical Refrains

"I HAD to change the words,"—Sub-editor apologising to *Visor* contributor.

"One Morning in May,"—The tragedy of a Cap-Raid.

"We're in the Money,"—Reading the *Visor* balance sheet. [?—ED.]

"If,"—Reviewing an exam paper.

"Don't Blame Me,"—Plea from VIa. when detention sheet is lost.

"It's the talk of the town,"—The "Boater Fashion."

"Trouble in Paradise,"—When board-cleaner is thrown through Library window.

"A little street where old friends meet,"—Ingleborough Road.

"Blame it on two brown eyes,"—Sixth-former's excuse when late.

"Butter Fingers,"—Cricket captain's term of endearment.

"When the Sergeant Major's on Parade,"—Mass-discipline.

"Rain on the Roof,"—Scramble for the Gym.

K.W.

Others as We See Them

THE noisome pestilence of the school certificate examination, which rages annually throughout the country in the earlier (and hotter) weeks of July, already has us in its grip. At this season, with monotonous regularity it attacks its victims, boys (and girls) of about 16 and over, and runs through the upper forms of secondary schools like an epidemic. The symptoms are all too well known.

During the period of incubation, fits of feverish excitement alternate with periods of listlessness; temporary loss of memory occurs, and the patient, with a temperature at or below normal, exhibits at intervals the incoherence and frenzy of delirium. The actual outbreak has come to be looked upon as a more necessary evil than the common cold. Apart from an occasional protest in the daily press and more frequent complaint in our school magazines, no voice is raised against it.

Which brings us to the real subject of this outburst—the demoralising effect of this annual scourge on the summer numbers of school magazines, and on this column in particular. Contributions and subscriptions are harder to collect, quality and circulation go down. Editorial and circulating staffs are afflicted, with the result that the number of exchanges received this term is always meagre.

Further, the writer of these notes cannot escape the common complaint, and so is unable to find anything interesting to say about the even few specimens that have arrived.

Correspondence

THE LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Visor*.

Dear Sir,

It has been to me a cause of surprise, and indeed of regret, that this School has done nothing to commemorate the name of an Old Boy who is ranked amongst the greatest of Britain's War-poets. The manuscripts of many of the poems of Wilfred Owen have been recently purchased for the Nation by the British Museum, yet his former School cannot even boast a portrait or tablet in his memory.

I am loth to conclude, Sir, that a mere poet does not merit recognition; rather do I trust that these few words will arouse sufficient desire to remedy this deficiency in the School.

Yours truly,

K. W. WALKER.

* * * *

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Visor*.

5 SOUTH HILL ROAD,
OXTON,
BIRKENHEAD.

1st May, 1934.

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for *The Visor* for last term, which was delivered safely to me. Very sorry that I have not paid before, but do hereby make good the deficiency. It has taken many weeks of hard saving, and of denying oneself of the luxuries of life—chewing gum and the like.

I thought the last issue was, generally speaking, good, and I enjoyed reading most of it. BUT, once a chap has left school, and a couple of new generations have arrived, it is

rather much to expect him to extract enjoyment from trying to discover who S*^th or J*ⁿ*s of Form III. are. In other words, form notes are rather boring and should be cut down.

I suppose you will now turn round and suggest that if I have these comments to make, then it is up to me to help remedy the defects. Granted. But the brain refuses. Literary composition is on a plane above me, and after several attempts to mash up something or other I have to admit defeat.

Yours sincerely,

ALAN C. HORNE.

* * * * *

DEar Mis terEdditer ?

Praps Id better ecsplainbefor !! IISart that IM ritin this on a typriter becos yore other corrispondints dont &&it makes it luke posher dusnt it, but ihave to keep waching the keys anget a bit muckedup soonow you no & Dont minddoyou. This tng makes me spell werse than yusul 7my put-punctera-shun 2 soIIRK have to spel things like there soundid& not like wott their speltEnglish is a daft langwigde anywayand this is geting me all h.&c. woa sumthings gon rong i ment all h.& botherd.

PEOPLE keepss ayin the 3rds dont rite anythin for the VISor soSmith% bettmea set of film STars hes nely¹/₄got that you woodnt axept a conterbrushun from me but i now yure asport &will so pleso do &dont let those rotten sub editors go muckin it about. II thinkkour form perfect is II of them so keep yure eye on him hes a stiff & well make him I 2 if he goes on beeng a newsinse to us I thinkIdbeter stop cos I havnt done my fiench homework.

For feer this shud get into unorthereysd handss Ill sine myself wot MR. Haime called me cos I waggled my ears (hes only jelouse reely but I donttlet on)

Yours hopefully,

VALERIUS FLACCUS.

[Lusus Naturae.—ED.]

University Letter

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL,

May 11th, 1934.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Visor*.

Dear Sir,

One evening last week, there was a knock at the door, and our sister announced 'a gentleman!' Imagine our con-

fusion. Who could it be? Not anyone we know, for mark you, it was a gentleman. Judge then of my sudden revulsion of feeling in perceiving that there had been a mistake; the intruder proved to be, not a gentleman, but a member of *The Visor* staff, who shall be nameless (as he is shameless), demanding with menaces the money due for our last copy. The sordid fellow had called on us, and was harassing us for the sake of a mere eightpence; really, we wonder, sir, where this vulgar materialism will end. [Probably in the loss of your eightpence.—ED.]

But the incident has served to jog our memory, and reminds us that a University Letter is due from us in the near future. Having spent some two years grumbling over the non-appearance of such effusions in the past, we feel it our duty to produce somewhat wherewith to assist a perspiring and persevering editor to fill up sixty odd pages (mostly odd!)

The University at the moment is a hive of industry. Gone is the joyous Spirit of Spring, fled the Joy of Living; and in their place reigns a grim shade—the Shadow of exams. Daily are offered human sacrifices to this dread monster, more terrible than Baal and grimmer than fiery Moloch. You sir, and you, gentle reader, would no longer recognise your former comrades in crime. We could show you men whose hair has whitened in a single night; men who have become drug-fiends and chain-smokers: men who have gone mad, and been carried away gibbering and moaning in unknown tongues, broken and shattered wrecks of their former selves. In place of the bloom of youth, and the bright eye of happiness, we would show you the ghastly pallor, the palsied limb, the icy perspiration and the lack-lustrous eye, shot through from time to time with the wild light of delirium;—all this and much more we could show, but time presses, there is work to be done, and the call of duty is insistent—we go forward *inter* the battle—Ora pro nobis!

R.I.P.

THE COLLEGE,
CHESTER.

May 30th, 1934.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Visor*.

Dear Sir,

Much water has passed under the Old Dee Bridge since our arrival in this fair city, and a summons from our pre-

collegiate days rather takes us by surprise. B.I. is represented in College by the same number of students as last year, that is to say a grand total of two. Despite the welter of dialects and accents from a variety of places ranging from Cumberland to East Anglia, we still manage to preserve the pure Birkonian English, and around the Common Room Fire (when we ever get near it, the writer has succeeded but once) we can still the tongues of rival raconteurs with tales of how we used—but perhaps a respectable interval should elapse before such deeds appear in print.

The most noticeable recent event in our lives was, of course, Rag Day. With the help of the Rag Mag most of us by April 21st had been goaded into a money-grabbing ecstasy which boded well for the inside of our cans, but ill for Cestrian pockets. Given the necessary disguises and “apparatus belli” to shield our real modesty we gave Chester the goods. Freddy Miller made such a good monk that the Cathedral authorities wanted to preserve him intact as local colour for American tourists. As he pointed out, in declining the invitation, the rules would probably interfere with his table-tennis form. Another event was the dipping (with others) of yours truly beneath the cold, cold waters of the Dee. This, however, was hardly with the writer’s consent, being effected ‘vis a tergo’ so to speak, and consequently is too recent and painful for discussion. We finished up with what we believe to be the first Dance in College since 1839. Mr. Gladstone (our revered founder) is said to have completed two complete somersaults in his tomb on hearing the first unacademic notes of the saxophone.

By the way, more of Freddy! By design or accident he actually produced a play that won this year’s Dramatic Festival. He may be seen at the end of term carrying the cup down Everest Road (admirers, please note). Last year’s Dramatic Festival Cup was won by an Old Boy of the School too, in the person of W. S. Jones.

Chester, we learn, has been broadcasting its fame by American Radio. Should any of our friends require a conducted tour round our beloved city (Ancient and Modern), we shall be only too pleased to act as guides. (Cathedral, amphitheatre, walls, five churches and Bishop’s Palace free, Gaumont Palace 1s. extra).

Yours truly,
R. H. JONES.



DR. Henry Cohen, who was once a Tate scholar at the Institute, and is now lecturer in Medicine at Liverpool University, has been appointed to the Chair of the same Faculty as from October next, in succession to Prof. John Hay, who retires at the end of this session.

* * * * *

Many of us remember Dr. Cohen addressing the School on Speech Day a few years ago. His present appointment—he is the youngest professor who has ever held the post—is another step in an already brilliant career.

* * * * *

Leaders of fashion in Birkenhead were quite taken aback by the outbreak of straw hats at the School on or about the day of the sports.

* * * * *

Said a cad: "What's that school that you go ter?"

I replied: "It's the Beta Iota.

You needn't look surly;

I'm going home early

For sporting my spotless new boater."

* * * * *

Congratulations to K. W. Walker (Head Prefect and Captain of the School) who has been awarded a training grant tenable at Peterhouse, Cambridge. He goes up in October, and will take with him the best wishes of everyone for a successful future.

CHESS TEAM AND PRESENTATION TROPHY.



J. N. ROBINSON, T. W. HUNT. L. GOODWIN, G. H. WESTON,
J. SARGINSON, J. R. MAYO, C. MOAT. Esq., A. A. D. LEIGHTON, A. L. DAVIS,

[Photo by CULL.]

Uncle Jona says the speaking likeness of him which appeared in a local paper some weeks ago must have been taken when he was not looking. His large public (including the inseparable Auntie Léon) will regret to learn that signed proofs of the photograph are not available.

* * * * *

The Chess Club have been presented with a shield for annual competition among their members by the British Chess Federation. Only three clubs in the North of England have been thus honoured. The Chess Club owes its successes largely to the efforts of Mr. Moat; it is to be hoped that he will be further encouraged by increased keenness among its members.

* * * * *

The Merseyside Inter-School Sports took place on the School Ground on June 2nd. Conditions were almost ideal, and our visitors expressed their entire satisfaction with the hospitality extended to them.

* * * * *

There are rumours that structural alterations to the school may be made this summer. More than this we dare not say.

* * * * *

Congratulations to Goodwin who is so far the only member of the eleven to win his cricket colours this season.

* * * * *

A fine display of scouting activities was given on the School Field during Birkenhead Scout Week by the Central Division of the Local Scout Association. The whole of the arrangements were in the hands of Mr. Davies, Assistant District Commissioner.

Dr. Weekes, whom we had not seen for months, entertained us the other day for an hour on newspaper advertisements and why we should not believe them.

* * * * *

Water is good for you. Why not try it?
We are twice the school on Weekes's diet.

* * * * *

The School would like to express its appreciation of the generosity of the Old Boys who have presented us with a silver challenge cup to be won annually by the Junior Victor Ludorum at the school sports.

* * * * *

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Towers, whose wedding was announced at half-term. We wish them a long and happy married life.

* * * * *

We were very pleased to welcome Mr. Graham White who distributed the prizes at the sports. He expressed his delight at the efficiency and smartness with which the programme was carried out.

* * * * *

Another rumour says that we are soon to have our own cinema projector. The provision of sound apparatus was vetoed by Vj. as being superfluous.

* * * * *

That venerable institution the "Cathcart Library," which has been described as the brain centre of the Institute, is losing its Founder and First Curator this term. It is hoped to film, if not to broadcast, the Ceremony of the Keys, at which he will hand over the sacred trust to his successor.

* * * * *

The British Museum has, we learn, definitely declined the offer of the old workshop benches, which are being replaced by new ones next term.

From the "Times" of July 3rd, 1934:—





THE RISE OF GLADSTONE.

Early in September, the Cambridge University Press will publish a book by Mr. W. E. Williams entitled "The Rise of Gladstone to the Leadership of the Liberal Party." By a close study of the Gladstone papers in the British Museum the author seeks to throw fresh light on what he regards as the weakest part of Morley's "Life of Gladstone"—the politics of the sixties and the struggle over the Second Reform Bill.

Double Acrostic

NOT nautical headgear, you'll agree,
But they find favour with authority;
For all may say of such a tile
It simply can't be "beat" for style.

1. Be sure you pay your rent,
Or else you'll find me sent.
2. The Moor of Venice here,
Should certainly appear.
3. Up in the sky,
A bird man I.
4. A tablespoonful in a cup
Of water—just a pick-me-up.
5. It may apply to you or me
Taken individually.
6. Though I'm a tiny bird no doubt.
You'll have to leave my tail without.
7. Greek philosopher here you'll see,
Noted for equanimity.

ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

ATKIN.

"IF consistency is a quality which can be attributed to the House, we may reasonably anticipate a most successful year, for Atkins has begun with a flourish." So quoth the scribe who penned this House's notes at the beginning of the academic year, and we can say with a certain amount of truth that we have met with a fair measure of success.

Our swimming was up to our usual standard, but our football was well below it. We have done well so far at cricket, but our performance at the Athletic Sports left much to be desired, in spite of the fact that the Atkins team again won the Inter Relay. Throughout the year, however, an unusually high position has been maintained in those complicated and thoroughly unfathomable statistics which are known to the initiated as "Mark Sheets."

We are well represented this year in the School XI.'s, having Davies, Parry, Rogers, Hulton, Kinnear, and Williams in the 1st and 2nd teams. House cricket has been fairly good, and our junior and inter sides have, as usual, many promising players, but, although we hate to lay yet another crime at the door of those long-suffering and down-trodden reprobates, the sixth forms, we callously say that if some measure of enthusiasm and support could be relied on from them, then we might, perhaps, hope to capture and hold the cricket shield for several seasons.

In conclusion, the House gives its best wishes to K. W. Walker, who has been House Captain during the past year. He is going up to Peterhouse in October, and we wish him every success in his University career.

C.A.A.

STITT.

THE main items of interest this term are, of course, cricket and the Athletic Sports.

At the latter we totalled 38 points, being a poor second to Tate, but for the second year in succession we had the distinction of providing the Victor Ludorum. Milligan carried off this honour with a total of 17 points, his successes including first in the 440 yards open, long jump and hurdles, second in the 220 yards, mile, cricket ball, and 100 yards open. Apart from Milligan, however, we had no outstanding performers, and as things are at present a miracle will have to happen before we become champion House. Neither were our performances in the relays much to boast about, the Seniors being placed second to Tate, and the Inters fourth.

In cricket we have five representatives in the school teams: Milligan, Christian, and Boggie, in the First XI., and Simms and E. H. Jones in the Second.

Up-to-date we have played four house matches but have gained only two points. In our three matches versus Atkin, the Seniors were victorious by 114 to 19, Christian taking 6 wickets for 6 runs and scoring 22. Boggie scored 41 and Milligan 22, while our Inters and Juniors were both defeated. The Juniors also lost to Westminster.

At the time of writing matric and H.S.C. are but a few days away, so I take this opportunity of wishing good luck to all my fellow-sufferers. S.E.

TATE.

ONCE again comes the call from the august editorial presence; once again the bullying and chivvyng of his scurrilous lackeys. In other words, here we are in print again.

In chronological order, the close of the football season demands first attention. (This, as a topic of conversation is taboo in VIj.) After a very successful first term, certain youths (in VIj., of course), thought that the house could quite well manage a football match while they went to the pictures. As things came out, the loss of this match was the turning-point in the competition, and so we finished second to Westminster in the final placings.

In the Inter-House Cross Country run we carried off the Junior trophy, A. J. Taylor coming in a good first. Judging from the results, running seems to be our forte. For the second year in succession we came out easily first with a record total of 84 points. The first holder of the Junior Victor Ludorum Cup came from Tate, and E. G. Williams is to be congratulated on his fine effort. Others who did well for Tate were Wheat (11 pts.) ; Harrahill (8 pts.), and A. J. Taylor (10 pts.)

Our Senior Relay Team: Watkins, Collinson, Harrahill, Wheat, took off the premier honours, while the Intermediate team: Stelfox, Taylor, Bartley and Williams, E. C., came in second. We were also first in the Junior Relay.

Up to the present we are experiencing a good cricket season, having played four matches and won all of them. In the first eleven we are represented by T. W. Goodwin (capt.), J. Collinson (vice-capt.), J. W. Slinn, and K. Wheat ; Burrell, Evans, Mortimer, Harrahill, Robinson, Ternant, and Shone, have played for the Second team.

It is interesting to note that the only colours awarded so far this year have gone to a Tate man, and Goodwin should be justly proud of his achievement. Tate's chances for the cricket championship have thus taken on a very rosy hue, and we hope to repeat our last season's success.

In the summer term, and especially with the weather we have been experiencing lately, work seems out of place, but nevertheless Tate has only been below first in the Mark Sheets once. This is in a large measure due to the fact that our "detention-hounds," after much training, have sought new hunting grounds.

Here I am afraid we shall have to say good-bye. This applies in more senses than one, for the captain of the house and others of the Advanced are leaving us this term. To them we extend our best wishes, and we hope that they will enjoy their new associations as much as they have enjoyed their association with Tate.

J.N.S.

WESTMINSTER.

IT is with difficulty that we write these lines, for a reason that is painfully obvious. Whilst success was the order of the day, the joyful strain becomes our muse, but lack of success causes us to sing in more subdued tones of the happenings of the term.

One consolation we have in the midst of desolation, Westminster finally won the football championship for the second time in the last match of the term. The Athletic Sports we are bound to mention, although we would rather not. When you have read the notes of the other Houses, you will appreciate why we are reticent upon the matter. However, it was not for the want of trying that we failed to restore our prestige, but here we would urge the members of Westminster to put forth their efforts earlier and not to hide their light under the proverbial bushel.

Cricket too seems to be hardly our strong suit, although to date three matches only have been played, two in the Junior Section and one in the Senior. The Juniors have earned two points, but of the Senior team we will say little. Barker and Freedman represent the House in the first XI., Roylance in the second XI.

Now, too, is the time for farewells, "the captains and the pre's depart." To those stepping forth into the world of business we wish success, and those who remain we would encourage to greater things.

L.C.

Library Notes

"Cads we may be, but wottahs—never!"

ONCE again we turn aside from the ordered course of life to consider things past, while we dread what is yet to come ere another page in our history is completed. Although we hear many a burst of laughter provoked by the memory of this or that forgotten incident, we know that the laughter often covers the sigh.

Hardy "hikers" tell again of their feats, and of the glorious times they have spent in the open. In their mind's eye they follow the route they took, and picture what happened at each particular spot. A photograph which shows Christian and Evans with fruit growing from their heads is produced, another reveals the traveller partaking of a hearty meal on the windy heights of Caldý, and yet another reminds us of a miniature regatta held on the lake at West Kirby. The sight of these snapshots urges an onlooker to speak of Alex seeking to obtain the portrait of a fair inhabitant of this well known resort, and the subject of the discussion appreciates the joke more than anyone else.

Louder still is the laughter aroused by the mere mention of the discussion on the all important question "*Has Woman Lost her Charm.*" How Civics turned to the question we know not, but it did. One harassed soul spoke feelingly against the Sirens of this modern world, another replied in lyric strains extolling the worth of the fair sex—but suddenly the discussion is interrupted. Quite unwittingly poor Noël choses to enter at this moment. Considering his well known connection to a fair lady of Troy, the scornful laughter which greeted him was to be expected.

Of the Science we know but little, yet that little is enough to remind us of their presence amongst us. Many of their stalwarts will soon be leaving in sorrow. Their names are legion and so we can mention but a few.

Fritz, now an institution, will have to depart. The Editorial Staff, the Prefect on Late Duty, will no longer hear his vituperation and may rest in peace. Robinson of the curly teeth, the Mighty Atom, Goodwin of the fair hair and blushful countenance, and many others will delight(?) our eyes no more. The Commercial, too, a mere shadow of their former selves, leave for unknown destinations. George and Boggie, notorious in their day, will henceforth be mere names lost in the archives of *The Visor*.

Of the Litt. Uncle Jona, whose exploits are narrated elsewhere, we send to Cambridge with our blessing, Christian who has been mentioned here in another connection, and Cathcart with his keys and dramatic theories, all depart for other spheres of labour—the witches' chorus is disbanded.

But we must hasten on, H.S.C. approaches with all its terrors, and the time of departure is at hand. Farewell.

KO-GLAN.

Form Notes

VIs.

ONE of our number has been inspired by the new rules imposed upon us this term. The result appears below.

Since the start of the summer term,
They've imposed more than one strict rule;
There's to be no more noise from the senior boys,
So play up, you cads, for the sake of the school.

The sixth forms are to have no cricket,
So that they can do more work.
You must wield your pen, or get a deten.,
So play up, you cads, don't shirk.

We have to wear our "school lids,"
And flaunt them to the skies.
And don't be late when you come through the gate,
And play up, you cads, with your old school ties.

Don't cycle round in the bike-shed,
There's plenty of room outside,
So get out your "grids" and your old school "lids,"
And play up, you cads, for the old school's pride.

All walk round like an Indian file,
Don't rush about the school,
Don't linger at all 'twixt the fountain and wall,
And play up, you cads, for the sake of the school.

L.W.

As a change from poetry we print below an attempt at poetry by Milligan. (You will note the subtle difference). The content is entirely libellous and the rhymes, if they may so be called, are shocking. However, we have to encourage these people. The last verse is not by Milligan, as you might guess, but by the scribe who writes these words. May I explain, however, that it is a deliberate imitation of the rest of the verses and nothing like my own masterly style. The poem, by the way, is about various cricketers (or otherwise) in the school.

ANOTHER PRESS CORRESPONDENT CRACKS
BENEATH THE STRAIN.

O, Young Trevor Goodwin is one of our Nobs,
He bowls like a Larwood and bats like a Hobbs.
Save his poor leg-stroke he weapons has none.
He always will poke, and he never will run.
He bowls without guile and bowls without spin,
There never was a cricketer like Young Trevor Goodwin.

O, Young Jack Colly is one of our madmen,
He bowls like a Grimmet and bats like a Bradman.
He stands in his wicket and never will roam,
He thinks he will stick it and stay all alone.
His bowling is wide and needs polish on,
There never was a player like Young Collinson.

O, Young Johnny Slinn is one of our babes,
He bowls like a Wall and he bats like McCabe
He keeps on a-slogging in hopes of a run,
He always is chortling or gorging a bun.
His bowling "is not" and his batting "has been,"
There never was one as hot as Jack Slinn.

O, Young Robbie Parry is another young hope,
He bowls like a Smith and he bats like a Pope,
He never need rush for he's never been late,
For, using his push, he scores at a rate(?)
His fielding is sloppy and leads him to tarry,
There never was a batsman like Young Bob Parry.

O, Young Dougy Chris is one of our weeds,
He bowls like a Paine and bats like a Mead.
To copy good strokes he is a fine trier,
He's one of those blokes who'll give you a skier.
His catching is poor and he'll always miss one,
There never was a fielder like Young Christian.

O, Young Milligan is a lad of great fame,
He bats like a Duckworth, keeps wicket like Ames.
When he's keeping wicket the batsmen don't care,
For all that he does he might just not be there,
His batting is wicked, he can't make a run,
There never was a batsman like Young Milligan.

Rummaging in the waste-paper basket the other day, L. Ward discovered amongst a heap of similar old parchments, this genuine manuscript which proved to be a page from the diary of Samuel Pepys.—B.I. scholar.

APRIL 1.—Having swat a goodly deal, and having imbibed plentifully of knowledge, I retired me to bed at a rather late hr, 22-15 of the clock. As a result I did not rise the following morning until $\frac{1}{2}$ after 8 which fact did disconcert me greatly, for to be detained on a Wednesday afternoon is no pleasant matter. Arriving at school at 8-57 $\frac{1}{2}$ I did cunningly evade the person on duty, which is termed "prefect." The first period of torture was chemistry, in which the master, disrespectfully termed Old—[No libels.—ED.] by my fellow prisoners, did keep on asking me if I was attending, which fact I did always answer in the affirmative. My comrade having brought many bon-bons, we did enjoy ourselves immensely, which did so arouse the suspicions of Old—[We've told you once, NO LIBELS.—ED.] that he forthwith did write our names on the accursed sheet, which did plunge me into deep mourning for the rest of the day.

Now, by kind permission of Leigh, we shall conclude with an "Ode to an Anchor," on seeing Westminster win the House Tug-of-War.

You speak of Hercules, you cads,
Of Atlas and his strength,
But power of both these sturdy lads
Is packed in his great length.
Although oft-times he needs must stand
The sting of chaffing wit,
There's not a stalwart in the land,
Who in his place could fit.
When on the rope end pulling strong,
His ten score pounds are thrown,
No other team, however long,
Could hope to hold its own.
He reigns supreme this anchor bold,
Master of mighty art,
When his "size tens" have dug a hold,
His foemen all lose heart.
Yet you may ask "Who is this man
Of whom you speak so much?"
Why! Can't you guess, it is our Sam,
Who adds the he-man touch.

H.W.

VIa.

WE shall begin these brilliant notes with some rather impudent verses by a person who hides under the nom-de-plume, Monk Eface. [Certainly a good hiding place for a boy in VIa.—Ed.] This poem explains the "Evolution of Man."

Old Darwin was a clever man,
 A thinker of a good old age,
 When men were strong, and stern, and sage,
 And thought what happened in the span
 From now to when the world began.
 What form had Adam? was he ape,
 Monkey, gorilla, or a shape
 Outside the scope of all that's human?
 "Some huge and hairy chimpanzees
 Or grotesque denizens of the seas
 Were men before us"—so said Darwin;
 But now his theory's flopped quite flat,
 For many people want to know
 How monkeys into men could grow,
 And, if they could, why is it that
 Some still are monkeys, and not changed,
 While others are in order ranged
 Between the two? In any case,
 If Darwin's right, and we were apes,
 Or other weird and wondrous shapes—
 They'd be quite like the present race.

I bet that got home to people who can waggle their ears! We shall now turn from Darwin's "Theory of Evolution" to an account of "A Day on a Fishing Smack." This is not such a violent change as one might imagine—both subjects are "fishy." This contributor also prefers to remain anonymous.

My friend and I had been invited to spend a day on a fishing smack, and we were lucky enough to choose a glorious, sunny day. When, provided with food and drink for the day, we reached the beach, we saw the "skipper's" son waiting in a small boat at the water's edge. We hurried to the boat, climbed aboard, and were rowed out to the fishing smack, the "Venture," a motor and sail vessel about thirty feet long, with the engine amidships and a small cabin in the bows. When we came alongside, we put our food and mackintoshes on board and then climbed on board ourselves, where we were greeted by the "skipper," a middle-aged man, grey-haired, with a cheerful, weather-worn complexion.

We cast off the mooring chain, started up the engine, and were soon leaving the familiar spots behind. When the land was just in sight, we began the fishing operations. The big trawl net was lowered over the side of the boat, and the rope, the end of which was fastened round a small post, was paid out. Then we made ready the baskets and tubs, into which the fish would be placed when the net was drawn in some time later.

Eventually the "skipper," by means of a small motor-driven capstan, pulled up the trawl and tipped its contents, a great heap of leaping flat-fish, into the stern of the boat. The large fish were picked out and the remainder thrown back into the sea. The trawl was lowered again and the operation repeated, somebody meanwhile taking the tiller to steer the boat.

The work continued until early evening, with a break at midday for a small meal. Then we put the helm about and headed for home, with the fruits of a day's labour.

Our next contribution concerns those dismal fellows who expect to fail in matric. There is little difference between a failure in matric and a fishing boat—one is a smack in the eye, the other is a smack on the sea.

Each day when morning fair appears,
With groans and many sighs
His mother's voice the schoolboy hears,
And rubs his weary eyes.

"Alas," says he, "each day I stuff,
Into my head so thick,
Much wisdom sound, but not enough
To get me my matric.

Thus also say the other chaps
Who in VIa. reside:
A few will do the trick perhaps,
The rest in school must bide.

Finally a description of a cycle ride in North Wales as far as Loggerheads.

We left Birkenhead at about half-past two, on a day that promised to be fine. We reached the small village of Willaston after riding for almost an hour, and soon after the Two Mills crossing where we turned right for Queensferry, and then up the long climb to Mold. This road to Mold is very uninterest-

ing, for there are coalmines and brickworks situated at intervals by the side of the road.

It was market-day at Mold, and the main street was thronged with people who were visiting the town from the country districts round about, but as we had not very much time we passed straight through and began the long drag to the Loggerheads. This hill is more than two miles long and would be very wearisome if it were without the wonderful views of the surrounding country. Near the top there is a small war memorial erected to the memory of the people of the small village near, who died in the war. It is in the form of a fountain fed by mountain streams behind it. When we reached the Loggerheads, we climbed the mountain and ate our meal on its summit. All around us were tall mountains, the best known of which is Moel Famau. The castle on the top of this famous mountain was hidden by a thin mist which hung on the summit like a blanket. At about six o'clock we left for home.

Vib.

HELLO everybody, this is Vib. calling you! What we are calling you I won't say, because I know it would not be printed.

I suppose we must say something about the Matric., but once again the obvious remarks are quite unprintable. It is rumoured that certain members of the form are working hard for this examination, but from personal observation I should say that they are pursuing other things than their studies.

Rise, the walking bookshop, has not yet retired from his old trade of "swopping" those mysterious books known as "Wizards" and "Hotspurs," and he still reads them with as much zest as the average third former does. We suspect that he has a secret business in "confiscated" copies with the prefects.

At cricket we have done moderately well, winning two matches out of a possible three, and this despite the fact that we have only one representative, Roylance, in the School Elevens.

B.W.

VIj.

VIj. begin with a topical poem about 'Body-line Bowling,' written by our cricket expert, Burrell. Sorry, Ternent, I meant one of our cricket experts.

There's Larwood, right up to the wicket he strides,
(You may be quite sure that he'll bowl no wides.)

There's Woodfull, he's standing in front of the wicket,
I wonder how long he'll be able to stick it.

Then the bowler shouts "Play,"

But the batsman says "Stay,

This body-line bowling is really not cricket."

The Board of Control sent us English a cable,
With 'body-line' written all over the label.

But the M.C.C. said, "Our Larwood's a winner,
And that fellow Woodfull's a windy old sinner,

And Don Bradman's as bad,

But he's only a lad,"

And with that, M.C.C. settled down to their dinner.

But now this affair has completely blown over,
So the Australian batsmen are feeling 'in clover,'

But if Larwood recovers from his ankle trouble
Their bats will collapse like the great 'South Sea Bubble,'

And the wickets go crash,

And Don Bradman say, "Dash,"

Then back to pavilion he'll go 'at the double.'

And so here's to Sutcliffe and Wyatt and the rest,

For, whatever happens, they'll all do their best;

And here's to the 'Aussies,' good sports after all,

To Woodfull, and Bradman, and Oldfield, and Wall.

For they have some great fun,

And they all play as one,

At the great game of cricket, the best game of all.

Coughtrie now describes the Effects Studio at Broadcasting House.

Some time ago I met a young man who was one of the officials in the Effects Studio at Broadcasting House, and who had supervised some of the "faking" in British films. Quite naturally we talked about his occupation, and I was very interested to hear how they faked different sounds "over the air."

In the first place he described the sounds studio in which he worked. This was filled with different "instruments of torture," scattered all over the place. There were cylindrical instruments to produce the sound of wind; a tank of water for noises of rowing, swimming, and splashing; and a supply of peas for dropping on a drum to give the steady drone of a motor-car engine.

He was able to imitate the noises of a railway station with the aid of a tin bath, a roller-skate, whistles, and a cylinder of compressed air. The sound of eggs frying is produced by pouring fruit salts into water and holding the glass near the "mike." Footsteps come from scratching silver paper and heart-beats from a squeezed sponge. The sound of a liner crashing against an iceberg is made by crumpling a match-box close to the microphone, while shots come from a pad of American cloth struck by a thin cane.

I should be obliged if Coughtrie would ask his friend how some of those crooners produce the sounds they send over the microphone.

We are very sorry Wheat did not become the Victor Ludorum at the Sports. It is probable that he over-trained [Or perhaps he was "fagged."—ED.] for we could see him getting leaner every day. It is to be hoped that his heart will have recovered sufficiently next year for him to renew his efforts, this time successfully. The form, as a whole, did well, and a large number of medals were obtained.

Yates will now elucidate the mystery of wireless echoes.

Wireless echoes were heard for the first time in 1926, by Professor E. V. Appleton, who received the echo approximately three and a half seconds after the original signals. They were then neglected until 1928, when several other scientists received echoes in different parts of the world. The question has since been inquired into more seriously, and in the early part of May, this year, the "World Radio Research League" was formed, its members listening for echoes of certain signals and, if successful, sending the details to a given address. The first experiment was transmitted from Daventry, G.S.B., 31.55 metres, on Whit Sunday at 9-30 a.m., but the results are not yet known.

Wireless echoes have so far been heard at intervals between three and thirty seconds after the original signal, and are observed more frequently in February and October, whilst



JUNIOR CROSS COUNTRY RUN, 1934.

[Photo by CULL.]

equatorial regions are better than temperate ones for reception. No echoes have ever been received during a magnetic storm or a total eclipse of the sun, facts which have not yet been accounted for. There are, however, definite theories about the distance travelled by the wireless waves. An interval of three seconds indicates that the wave has travelled a distance of 558,000 miles, therefore the reflecting medium must have been 279,000 miles away, the maximum distance of the moon, which must be acting as a reflector. It will be interesting to see if the planets also act as reflectors, and this it may be possible to discover as thousands, all over the world, have joined the League.

Have you ever had a look into the interior of a "breakdown train?"

Tucked away in a corner of the big railway yard stands the breakdown train. This usually consists of two match trucks, a crane-truck, and a long covered van.

The crane-truck of a breakdown train used on the Great Western has five pairs of wheels, so that it is not only very strong, but also provides a splendid working base for an enormous crane. The crane itself is capable of lifting 36 tons and has a range of 20 feet. The lifting, turning, derricking, and self-propelling motions are given by a pair of powerful, horizontal cylinders which take their steam from a vertical boiler.

The match-trucks are both sturdy vehicles. The larger one takes the overhang of the crane, while the smaller one carries a heavy balance weight, which is attached to the tail of the crane-truck when it is required to carry its maximum load of 36 tons.

The breakdown van proper is a very business-like vehicle, as, indeed, it needs to be. It is divided into four parts or compartments. The first provides accommodation for the officers in charge, the second houses the necessary tools and plant needed by the breakdown crew. Pulley blocks, wooden wedges, cramps, chains, spanners of every shape and size, axes, screw-drivers, lamps, picks, and shovels are all neatly arranged in this section. The third compartment of the van is reserved for the breakdown gang, and the fourth for the guard.

Such is the make-up of a typical breakdown train which, although apparently little used, is nevertheless kept in a state of instant readiness.

K.C.

Va.

IN Wordsworth's poems we find some descriptions which fit very well some members of the form, and one which fits the masters, and these we give below. We shall not give the titles of the poems, as these in some cases are longer than the quotations (a fact which will not surprise students of Wordsworth).

Clark—A little prattler among men.

Clare—Why, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?

Renner—The easy man who sits at his own door.

Campbell—A healthy lad and carried in his cheeks
Two steady roses which were five years old.

Lowson—Of vast circumference and gloom profound.

Makepeace—Let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy.

Evans—A pagan suckled in a creed outworn.

Tweedle and Renner—The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters.

Sarginson—[On coming to school minus socks]—
Not in entire forgetfulness and not in utter nakedness.

The masters—Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.

Bennett thinks that the verse below gives a true interpretation of a master's attitude to a boy. I wonder.

O dearest, dearest boy! My heart
For better love would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.

Keeping to verse, which has been the medium for all these notes, Warr will tell of the "Tragedy of a Boater."

A boy came to school in a boater,
A hat sort of round at the top,
But alas, as he turned in the gateway,
'Twas there came a terrible flop!
A tennis ball, hard, wet, and muddy,
Smote him on the head with a crash.
It knocked out the crown of his good hat,
And ruffled his hair in a flash.

He said as he took off the wreckage,
And gave the offender a slap,
"The next time I come in this school-yard
By ——, it will be in a cap!"

Vb.

OH, what can I do, what can I say,
They've asked me to write for *The Visor* to-day;
I've tried it before, and its all been in vain,
But like good King Bruce I'll try, try again.

I'm not good at verse,
I'm not good at prose,
But there are many worse,
As the Editor knows.

So, Mr. Editor, please accept this,
And oh, if you do, it will fill me with bliss.

Having made J. C. Jones happy by printing his little effort, we shall proceed with the remainder of the articles. Those who saw and were interested in the R.A.F. machines which flew in formation over the school on Empire Day will enjoy Russell's article on "Empire Day at Sealand Aerodrome."

When I arrived at Sealand Aerodrome three Avro Tutors were giving a demonstration of formation flying. First they dived down over the aerodrome in the usual R.A.F. formation, and then, circling round, they dived again in line-abreast formation. Their display, which, although short, was very thrilling, ended with the "Prince of Wales' Feathers." In this manœuvre the three planes dived and rose into a loop; the middle 'plane completed the loop but the outside 'planes rolled outwards when they reached the top of the loop.

The hangars were open for inspection, most of the 'planes being out. The class-rooms used by the cadets are similar to those in this school, except that they contain parts of aeroplanes for demonstration purposes. The room I visited was the engine-room, and contained a Rolls Royce Kestrel water-cooled engine, which is used in the fastest fighters, and a Bristol Jupiter radial air-cooled engine. The Bristol engine had half of one of its cylinders cut away to enable the cadets to see how it worked. I had the pleasure of having the engine described to me. Other rooms I visited were the armoury, containing Vickers and Lewis guns, rifles, and revolvers, and a small bombing apparatus which was explained to us; the woodwork room containing plans of various aircraft and a partly-built Armstrong Whitworth Atlas; and the parachute

room where an Irvin parachute, the standard type used in the R.A.F., was being explained and folded.

After a thrilling display of aerobatics by a Bristol Bulldog, the 'planes lined up in front of the hangars, and we were allowed to inspect them and climb into the cockpits of an Avro Tutor and a Bristol Bulldog.

Finally, all the planes went up in a grand formation flight, led by nine Avro Tutors, and followed on the left by five Bristol Bulldogs and on the right by five Armstrong Whitworth Atlases. The planes dived together over the aerodrome and then in groups—first the Avro Tutors in very good formation, then the Bristol Bulldogs which were best of all, and finally the Armstrong Whitworths which were rather spread out owing to the fact that they are heavier and harder to handle. When they landed, the aerodrome had to be closed, and the display came to an all too early close.

Coming back to earth again, we shall have a description by N. Smith of the motor-cycle racing on Wallasey Sands.

The course was marked off by flags and was not in very good condition owing to the presence of a few pools of water and the fact that the sand was churned up in places.

After a few minutes the competitors for the first race lined up at the start, "revving" up their engines in readiness. Then the flag flashed down, and they started with a roar. Almost immediately a man riding an Excelsior skidded in a pool of water and was thrown to the ground. A number of people rushed to his assistance but he was only stunned and pluckily carried on in the second race, this time riding a Norton.

The races were very short at first, but later they went the full four laps. A man riding an A.J.S. was the winner of the first big race, and his success was largely due to his quick cornering. In the second race he was beaten by a man on a Norton, and after that had to retire owing to engine trouble. A Velocette came near to winning a race, but its rider came off at one of the corners, and the same Norton won once more. A Scott, which came in third in this race, could be easily distinguished by the shrill whine of its engine.

The Norton, which won most of the races, owed its success to its quick acceleration and the skill of its rider. The high-powered machines, such as Nortons, Harley Davidsons, Brough Superiors, and Sunbeams, frequently went into speed wobbles, but fortunately there was only one accident all the afternoon.

Vj.

WE have become famous this term for our remarkable array of coloured shirts. R. W. Kay holds the record with a choice of four colours, but fortunately he has not yet ventured to come in a striped shirt.

We have certainly excelled ourselves in Chess this year. Leighton won the School Championship, Bell was runner-up in the third division, while Speed headed the fourth. If Chess is the intellectual game it is reputed to be, these illustrious members of our form manage to hide their brains very successfully in other directions.

Montgomery is now going to prove that "E" is the most unlucky letter in the alphabet, and after that (curiously enough) he will prove that it is not.

The most unlucky letter in the alphabet is "E," because it is always out of "cash," forever in "debt," and never out of "danger."

On the other hand, it is never in "war," always in "peace," and always included in "eat." It is the beginning of "existence" and the end of "trouble." Without it there would be no "life," no "heaven." It is the beginning of "encouragement" and "endeavour" and the end of "failure."

Recently Hamilton brought to school a bottle of home-made "ink," consisting of powdered indelible lead mixed in water. After ruining several fountain pens, this "ink" finished a distinguished career by being poured on its owner's desk.

Some weeks ago an otherwise dull chemistry period was enlivened by the blowing up of a flask containing boiling water. The deluge drenched the detention sheet but, much to Leighton's chagrin, failed to erase any of the names.

Here is Rowland's description of a trip to Menai Bridge.

We left Liverpool landing-stage at 10-15 a.m. on the St. Tudno, the day being windy with a little rain. [Which year was this?—Ed.]

We soon passed New Brighton and reached the open sea, where the water was exceedingly rough, many people being sea-sick. We were out of sight of land for about one and a half hours, and during that time passed only one liner and two tramp steamers. A little later the Welsh mountains were visible, and they gradually became clearer as we approached.

We eventually arrived at Llandudno but were unable to land on account of the bad weather, so we proceeded at once

up the Menai Straits, where it was much calmer. On our arrival at Menai Bridge we were allowed to leave the boat for half an hour. The return journey was a little rougher, but we arrived home about eight o'clock none the worse for our buffeting.

A certain member of the staff has gone all "Mae West." He gave the following invitation to the form: "If anyone has a subscription for the prize-fund, come up and see me sometime this morning."

The term has been far from devoid of "howlers." According to Hamilton, one prepares sulphur dioxide by electrocuting sulphur, while Weir asserts that, for Avogadro's Hypothesis to function, the gases must be measured under "same conditions of heat and temperature." We should also doubt the accuracy of Stuart-Brown's translation from French: "He took a bayonet from a dead man and killed him."

IVa.

OUR "Notes" this term consist of descriptions of three historical places. Firstly, W. E. Jones will describe St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall.

St. Michael's Mount is a very picturesque island three-quarters of a mile out to sea and reached by a cobbled roadway from the nearest village, Marazion. The castle on the top of the rocky Mount is very fascinating, but it is not open to the public.

The Mount has its own little harbour in which lie quaint fishing smacks. Along the quayside are about half a dozen brown and white cottages, for the keepers of the isle, and these are covered with climbing roses which are a wonderful sight in summer. Behind the cottages is the generating station which provides electricity for a small railway which runs through a tunnel up to the castle, a few hundred feet above, carrying foodstuffs and other necessities. Between the cottages and the castle is a thickly wooded slope which abounds in wild rabbits.

Returning to Marazion by a small motor boat, we look back and see the majestic Mount shyly hiding behind a pearly haze, which makes the isle look even more beautiful.

Now for S. Shaw's effort.

The Tower of London, a mediaeval fortress, contrasts strongly with the surrounding buildings, which are mainly tall warehouses.

Visitors enter by the Lion's Gate, on the western side, whence a drive, passing several small towers and the Traitor's Gate, through which prisoners used to enter, leads to the White Tower. This, the largest tower, is used now as a museum in which pikes and armour, and objects of national interest, such as the funeral carriages of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, are on view. Down in the cellar are ancient cannon with cannon balls as big as boulders, whilst in the Bloody Tower one can see the room where the two young princes were imprisoned. In the Wakefield Tower, the Crown Jewels are shown in a heavily barred cage with glass sides, guarded by Beefeaters.

And lastly, Macbryde describes Rhuddlan Castle.

The castle is situated in the heart of Rhuddlan, a Flintshire village. It had its origin in Edward I.'s reign, being built along with the castles in Caernarvon, Deganwy, Criccieth, and Conway. Edward's idea was to build castles all around Wales, stock them with fighting men, and completely overwhelm the Welsh, and in this he was very successful.

Rhuddlan Castle, although in ruins, is still very picturesque. The outer walls, which are in the best condition, give a good idea of the original size and shape of the castle. These mysterious walls reveal their age but not their secrets. The castle looks out on the river Clwyd, which laps against the Tower, which stands as an out-post for the castle. So the castle stands, apparently unaltering year after year, to remind us of the days of castle strongholds and barons.

IVb.

JEFFRIES surprised us all when he said that he was going to take up research work when he left school. He probably meant that he would have to search and research for work!

When our board-duster was missing this term, Smith, using his powers as a detective, not only found the two culprits, but also wrung a full confession from each. He now needs a size larger in hats.

We must congratulate E. G. Williams on being the first Junior Victor Ludorum. He certainly deserved his success.

Now for two epitaphs which we hope will not be necessary.

Here lie the remains of Percy Pierce,
His end was so sudden IVb. shed tears.
He tickled a cow, gave its tail a sharp pull,
Now Pierce is no more, for that cow was a bull.

There was a young fellow named Franka
 Who quarrelled one night with a tramcar.
 He gave a straight left,
 Now we're of Franka bereft,
 For the tram at that moment weighed anchor.

Franka by the way is still in regular attendance at the detention room. The Staff are thinking of providing him with a season ticket!

IVj.

IN such great form rooms as IVj.,
 Things that happen are so gay,
 Bawden tunes his merry lay,
 "Pass! Shoot! Goal! Well played, IVj."
 "Pimple" sits and swots all day,
 Lowson swots but is still gay,
 Bankie keeps young Booth at bay,
 "Pass! Shoot! Goal! Well played, IVj."
 On our black-board every day
 Are "Loch Ness Monsters," blue and grey.
 Who has drawn them?—I won't say,
 "Pass! Shoot! Goal! Well played, IVj."

The above is our signature tune, written by Ceha. It is rather out of date in a summer number of the magazine, but Ceha could not think of one bringing in cricket.

This term we discovered a new way of getting rid of mice. When one ventured into our form-room, Mr. Thacker threatened that he would teach it Algebra if it stayed there. 'Sgone!

The ferries of the Clyde form the subject of Lowson's contribution.

On the Clyde are a number of small free ferries, where the river passes through Glasgow. The boats are small steam-boats controlled by one man. They carry a hundred and thirty passengers and can be steered from either end. The landing-stage is formed by a flight of wooden steps down to the water's edge, and two wooden walls between which the boat is steered, and then secured. Some of the larger boats have a toll of a half-penny and are drawn by a chain.

There are two goods ferries for cars. These are double-decked frames of steel made buoyant by pontoons, and also drawn by a chain. They are antiques of a strange nature.

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IIIa.

HERE we are again, still going strong (much to the sorrow of many prefects and masters).

Some of our members decided that the form-room was not pretty enough, so they hung their "boaters" all around it and made a very pleasing effect, till a master came in and removed them. It's a hard life!

If you came into our room for a period, you would agree that we are very clever. That is, of course, if you were sensible. If you were not sensible and did not agree with us, then you would find thirty stout IIIa. boys sitting on your chest, demanding the reason why. One of our brilliant pupils went so far as to ask how many kilometres there were in a yard.

Our cricket this term is very good, and we are better than any of the other third forms. We think we are good enough to play the Advanced, but somehow I don't think they would accept a fixture. [Your perspicacity is astonishing.—ED.]

Finally, may we congratulate Beck, a new boy, on coming into the best form in the school. M.J.

IIIb.

3B.B.C. on the air. Here is the weather forecast for this term.

A deep depression, in the shape of a form prefect, is centred off the Cubby Hole, and we shall have to put a wedge of high pressure in the door, which will not otherwise remain shut, to keep him out. Further outlook: very black, as the detention sheet has been found again.

Bryan, who possesses the power to talk everybody to sleep, recent broke the breath-holding record by speaking for five minutes without coming up for breath. Even Gurney was speechless.

In cricket we have beaten IIIj. but lost to IIIa. This is anything but brilliant, and we hope to improve as the term goes on.

For nearly a whole year different sets have used our form-room but have never been able to find any chalk. Adams, however, has at last revealed his secret. All you have to do is open his desk, remove all the books and any stray "Wizards" or impositions, and you will observe the chalk lying in state, right at the bottom of the desk. So simple, isn't it, dears?

IIIj.

FEW people can have imagined IIIj. as a form of potential film-stars, but Williams has found an appropriate film for each member, as shown below. There's some hope for British Films yet!

Miller—"The Invisible Man."

Kavanagh and Tarpey—"Crooks in Clover."

Melbourne—"Sleepless Nights."

Davies—"Lady for a Day."

Garry and Cooper—"The Good Companions."

Lawless—"Dick Turpin."

Moffatt and Clinton—"The Eagle and the Hawk."

Kennedy—"Heroes for Sale."

Heaney—"Rasputin, the Mad Monk."

Campbell—"The Wandering Jew."

Mackay and Roberts—"Fraternally Yours."

Bolton—"Tarzan, the Ape Man."

Mason—"Men Must Fight."

Smith—"The Frog."

Bradshaw—"Puppy Love."

Capper—"The Private Life of Henry VIII."

Powell—"King Kong."

Bell—"Cuckoo in the Nest."

Duncan—"Baby Face."

Robinson—"Trouble."

Williams—"Up for the Cup."

From the following account you will appreciate the fact that Melbourne is a coming angling champion. As he is an enthusiastic fisher, we cannot vouch for the truth of the narrative, although we take it as a good sign that he does not describe the "great big fellow" that just got away.

Equipped with a few sandwiches, a rod, some spare hooks, and two floats, I jumped on my bike and headed in the direction of North Wales for a good day's fishing. After parking my bicycle at a cottage I selected a cool, shady pond, sheltered by tall, leafy trees, and prepared my tackle.

Using maggots as bait, I cast out, and settled down to watch the float. After about an hour, the float suddenly cocked and was sharply jerked under the water. I saw a dark shape making its way to the bottom of the pond, so I began to wind my reel as fast as possible. I could feel the vibration of the rod, as the fish threshed madly down below. When I finally hauled it in, I found it was a tench, and a beauty. I popped it into the basket and set out for home. The fish weighed $4\frac{1}{2}$ -lbs., and provided a delicious tea of fried fish.

Wee Willie Miller still perseveres in trying to dodge work, his latest excuse being that he had forgotten his spectacles. This seemed quite reasonable to us, until we realised that he never wears spectacles. However, he has shown more energy than a number of people by writing some verses for *The Visor*, and this we print below.

One day as I stood listening
 To the music on our grammy,
 I dreamt that I was living
 In the land of "Wheezy Anny."
 'In the Valley of the Moon,' I saw
 'A Cabin in the Pines,'
 With Mickey Mouse rehearsing
 'A Song without Words'—or lines.
 "Without that Certain Thing," he said,
 "I cannot 'Learn to Croon,'
 So 'Don't Blame Me' if 'Night and Day'
 I'm 'Whistling under the Moon.'"
 "'Will Angels play their Harps for me,'"
 I ask 'Sweet Jenny Lee.'
 "There's 'Trouble in Paradise,' " said she,
 "So its 'Home, Sweet Home' for me."

We shall conclude with a limerick by Mason.

There was a young man of Rye,
 Who ate T.N.T. in a pie;
 He sat by a fire,
 And now he is higher
 Than any bright bird in the sky.

Junior School Notes

SUMMER term is the pleasantest time of the school year. It is true that the rhododendrons are wilting, but probably the scholastic atmosphere produced by open-air lessons tends to depress them! This is the time too, when naturalists are fired with enthusiasm, and we display aquariums full of strange creatures. One of these "queer fish" chose to die suddenly and dramatically in an English lesson. We felt that he might more suitably have chosen to pass out in a nature study period, but we rose to the occasion with a suitable epitaph!

The Cubs have been very active this term. They had a taste of camp life when they spent a day with the Scouts recently, and they are eagerly looking forward to the summer camp this year to be held at Ross-on-Wye. A special Scout Week has just finished, and our Cubs took their share by attending a parade and a display where one of them enjoyed the proud distinction of providing the back legs of St. George's horse!

At the end of the term we hope to present a dramatised version of "Rip Van Winkle." The end of the lawn, screened with holly bushes, provides an attractive natural stage. Form I. have written a little history play (rich with "thees" and "thous"!) which they are anxious to act, so we hope the weather will be kind to us.

H.M.D.

Two Points of View

SLUGS!!

They kill the shoots and encourage the weeds,
They damage the roots and spoil the seeds;
Although I slice them with my hoe,
Yet I can never make them go.

Slugs!!

They spoil my stocks and kill my asters,
They eat my phlox and "everlasters;"
I hurl them over the garden wall,
But they don't seem to mind at all.

Men!!

They spray us with poison when we're having our food,
I hope it annoys 'em when ourselves we obtrude;
They hurl us over the garden wall,
Which you'll admit's not nice at all.

Men!!

We like to kill your stocks and eat your "everlasters!"
And, though you put them in a box, we'll get your baby asters!
We'll revel in your garden green
Till there is nothing to be seen!

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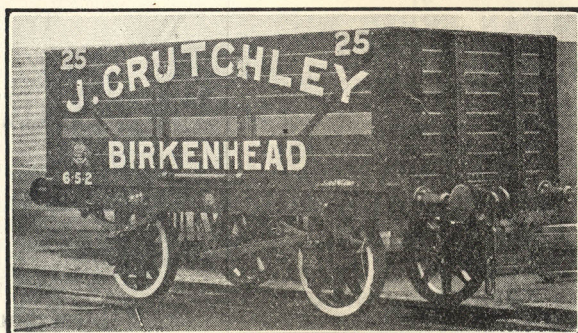
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Three Little Mice

THREE little mice so sleek and so nice ;
They dined at one on a hot-cross bun ;
They dined at two on a pot of glue ;
They dined at three on toast and tea ;
They dined at four on an old oak door ;
They dined at five on a bumble-bee hive ;
They dined at six on fiddle sticks ;
They dined at seven on lunch for eleven ;
They dined at eight on chocolate ;
They dined at nine on gooseberry wine ;
They dined at ten on a fountain pen ;
They dined at eleven on cream from Devon ;
At twelve, fully fed, they retired to bed.

G. R. BROWN, IIA.

The Sword

I AM a sword once all glittering and bright ;
I've seen many a bloodshed and many a fight ;
Killed many a robber and many a knight ;
And I shone like the stars, up there in the height.
My hilt ; it is studded with silver and gold,
Foes flinched at my gleam, and I froze their blood cold ;
For hundreds I've slain, who were daring and bold ;
In the years of my Glory, the great days of old.
Now I lie in my scabbard uncared-for, unseen,
Till somebody finds me, and rubs me up clean
And sharpens my blade till it cuts just as keen
As it did years gone by, in the days that have been.

J. HIRST, IIA.

The Police

[This term's most enthralling essay. No prizes by special request! Our Special Correspondent—not a member of the third form—airs his knowledge of the Police Force but not his acquaintance with the vernacular.]

EVER since early times, there have been men or women who have helped to keep order. Come time ago it used to be a soldier's work, but it became so important a police force came together. In old books you will read about the Romans who had judges and soldier's for keeping order an example of this is in the life of Paul.

There are several branches in the police force of to-day. First there are the ordinary police man or p.c. who walk or ride on bicycles. They are commonly called Bobes or Robbowes or sometimes Peelers, this is because they are founded by Sir Robert Peel. Then a higher branch in the force is the sergeant. Then there are the police that are on motor-bikes and in cars, and others who go in aeroplanes. Another branch is a detective or inspector.

There is now a new wireless patrol which employs less people. If a man has his car stolen he walks up to a call box rings up the police, paying nothing for the call, describes his car and the number. The police in the station hear it and send a radio message to the police that are in motors and they can send messages to each other. In a very short time the owner has his car back without having to go to any trouble and the police have the thief.

Only for the police there would be robbers and murder in fact there still is in spite of the police, but the police help to prevent them. They do this by coming round the roads every night and trying all doors to see if they are locked, if they are not locked, if not then they will come in and wake up some one so that the door may be locked. They are many kinds of police, there are some inspection cars that patrol the desert and keep in communication with the aeroplane on the same duty by radio. These police keep the armies in order if it were not for these there would be a lot more wars between one camp and another. All aeroplanes are fitted with bombs so that they may wipe out the whole camp if necessary.

To-day if ones wonce to be a police man he has to be a certain height and weight, and also has to have some braines for there is a exam to sit for when entering and they asked questions such as wether a sprow hopes or walks. The standard of the police is rapiddely going up and one will soon have to have his matriculation before he can join.

Solution of Double Acrostic

B a i l i f f
O t h e l l o
A v i a t o r
T o n i c
E a r t h
R o b I n
S t o i C

The School in Literature

- "The Rivals"—Milligan and Wheat.
- "The Water Babies"—IIIj. at baths.
- "Bleak House" or "The Prisoner of Chill-on"—Cubby Hole.
- "A Winter's Tale"—"Left my book at home, Sir!"
- "The Cry of the Children"—That fateful interview after prayers.
- "The Tempest"—Any master with a "liver."
- "Loss of the Royal George"—Harrahill leaves us.
- "Utopia"—Life after leaving school.
- "Fables"—Any boy to any master.
- "The Task"—Lines.
- "Samson Agonistes"—Sam in the tug-of-war.
- "The Song of the Poplars"—Ingleborough Road.
- "The Ice Cart"—By the front entrance.
- "Recessional"—Cathcart.
- "The Song of the Shirt" and "Boots, Boots"—Lost Property.

Chess Club Notes

THE School has achieved a rare distinction in the field of Chess, having been presented with a shield by the British Chess Federation (the governing body for chess in England). The shield was awarded to the school for its pioneer work in schoolboy chess around Merseyside. The presentation took place just before half-term, when a special meeting of the club was called in the dining-room, and Mr. Hartley, President of the Northern Counties' Chess Union, formally presented the shield on behalf of the British Chess Federation, and Weston, the captain of the team, received the shield for the School. The shield is a permanent acquisition and will be awarded each year to the school champion, who will also receive a medal from the British Chess Federation. The object of the shield is to improve the standard of chess in the School, and we hope that with this stimulus the standard of play will so improve as to bring back the Wright Challenge Shield to the School.

The shield was dated 1933, so last year's champion, Weston, has the honour of being the first to have his name inscribed upon it, having been the champion two years running. This year, however, he has been deposed, Leighton and Hunt tying for the championship with 9 points each out of 10. Leighton won the play-off and became one of the youngest champions we have ever had.

In the house matches Stitt beat Westminster in their replay by four matches to three, and in the final defeated Tate also by 4—3, a closer score than was anticipated. The only other news of importance is the results of the different divisions of the club.

As stated above Leighton (Vj.) is School Champion with Hunt (Adv.) runner-up. In division II., Mayo (Va.), is champion with Colenso (Va.) and Lowson (Va.), both runners-up. John (Va.) is champion of division III., Evans (Va.) and Bell (Vj.) being the runners-up, and in division IV., Speed (Vj.) becomes champion, with Huxley (IVa.) and Macklin (IVb.) runners-up.

J.N.R.

Rifle Club

GOOD progress has been made this term by those members whom immunity from sickness and detentions has permitted to attend regularly, and some excellent scores have been recorded, notably by C. Alldis.

It is not anticipated that there will be more than two vacancies at the end of this term, but application should be made immediately.

Savings Association

ONCE more the Association can record a thrifty year, although the amount of business transacted still falls far short of our record year, 1930-31. We should like to point out once more that the Savings Certificate is still far and away the best investment on the market, combining, as it does, absolute security with maximum interest.

R.H., *Hon. Sec.*

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

Scout Notes

SINCE Scouting is essentially an out-of-doors game, the summer term always has the effect of stimulating our activities. This term has proved no exception to the rule.

Our camping site at Five Ways has been visited each week-end by one section or other of the group, and the half-term camp was particularly well attended. In addition to being a most enjoyable way of spending a week-end, these camps form invaluable training for the event of the year—the annual summer camp. This August we are going to Weston-under-Penyard, a picturesque little village in South Herefordshire.

A selected team from the troop demonstrated the Hungarian Zsarkár at the various displays given in connection with the Birkenhead Scout Week, and showed themselves to be experts in this form of rope-spinning.

An innovation this term was a "Scouts' Own" Service, held on Sunday, June 24th. We had hoped to hold the service in the Junior School Garden, but unfortunately the weather was most unkind and drove us indoors to the 'gym.' Each section of the group contributed to the service, and the address was given by the Headmaster as representative of the Rover Crew.

During the term the troop was visited by Mr. A. V. Pearson, A.D.C., who expressed his satisfaction with the standard of our Scouting.

Although there has been a definite falling off in the number of proficiency badges gained, the number of First Class Scouts in the troop has risen to twelve. To become a Scout of this class is no small achievement, and these boys are to be congratulated on their progress.

And now a Scout's greeting to all brother Scouts—"Good Camping."

Cricket Notes

AS we started this cricket season without a single 'colour,' it is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that the eleven as a whole is below the standard of previous years, or that the results have been, up to the time of writing, rather disappointing. Greater keenness, however, might have gone a long way towards overcoming this initial handicap. The fielding could have been better and the bowling much steadier. Good bowling has been spoilt by too high a proportion of loose balls; slowness of movement and a disinclination towards a possible rap on the shins have presented opponents with undeserved runs. Batting has often been slow and unenterprising. If only some of these mighty hits at the nets could be reproduced out in the middle during a match!

The 2nd XI. results have been good, and until a fortnight ago there was an unbroken record of success. The play has been keener, especially as regards fielding and batting, but a little of the same fault of unsteadiness has been apparent in the bowling. Speed as the be-all and end-all of the bowler is always the schoolboy error, and the constant practice necessary for control of length and direction has been, is, and probably will be, distasteful.

The 3rd XI. matches promise us help in future years in building up once again a really good eleven.

1ST XI. RESULTS.

			Score.	
			For	Agst.
May	5—Bootle Secondary Sch. (H.) ... (D.)	62-8	64	
Collinson 21; Roylance 3 wks. for 10 runs; Rogers 3 wks. for 10 runs.				
	9—Waterloo Grammar Sch. (A.) ... (L.)	56	100-6	
Slinn 22*.				
	12—Alsop High Sch. (H.) (L.)	40	97	
Freedman 13; Goodwin 3 wks. for 16 runs; Christian 3 wks. for 16 runs.				
	26—St. Edward's Coll. (H.) (D.)	52-9	56	
Milligan 14; Goodwin 6 wks. for 23 runs.				
	30—H.M.S. "Conway" (H.) (L.)	73	89-4	
Freedman 19; Collinson 14.				
June	13—Oulton High Sch. (A.) (W.)	35	33	
Goodwin 6 wks. for 14 runs; Barker 3 wks. for 9 runs.				
	16—St. Edward's Coll. (A.) (W.)	46	17	
Goodwin 6 wks. for 9 runs; Roylance 2 wks. for 6 runs.				
	20—Quarry Bank Sch. (H.) (L.)	44	98	
	23—Park High Sch. (H.) (L.)	41	56-8	
Barker 11*; Barker 3 wks. for 8 runs; Davies, 1 wkt. for 3 runs.				

2ND XI RESULTS.

			For	Agst.
May	2—Park High Sch. (A.) (W.)	57	39	
Freedman 19; Barker 3 wks. for 4 runs.				
	9—Waterloo Grammar Sch. (H.) ... (W.)	58	17	
Christian 24; Jones 3 wks. for 0 runs; Christian 2 for 1 run.				
	12—Alsop High Sch. (A.) (W.)	61	55	
Jones 17*; Simms 3 for 5 runs.				
	26—St. Edward's Coll. (A.) (W.)	62	25	
Kinnear 13; Simms 6 for 0 runs.				
	30—H.M.S. "Conway" (A.) (W.)	86	57	
Boggie 36; Kinnear 5 for 6 runs.				
June	13—Oulton High Sch. (H.) (W.)	65-3	56	
Mortimer 39*; Robinson 10*; Williams 3 for 8 runs.				
	16—St. Edward's Coll. (H.) (W.)	100-8	50	
Burrell 38; Evans. J.F.R., 24; Simms 7 for 24 runs.				
	20—Quarry Bank Sch. (A.) (L.)	22	50-5	
	27—Bootle Secondary Sch. (H.) ... (W.)	68	37	
Robinson 26, Simms 6 for 14 runs.				

3RD XI. RESULTS.

May 30—H.M.S. "Conway" (H.) (W.)	139—53
Ternent 35; Crowhurst 25; Harrahill 4 for 7 runs.		
June 13—Oulton High Sch. (A.) (W.)	45—34
Evans 15; Crowhurst 4 for 7.		
20—Quarry Bank Sch. (H.) (L.)	44—98
E. G. Williams 19*.		

* Denotes not out.

News of Old Boys

THE *Visor* is anxious to make a wider appeal to Old Boys, and to act as a link between them, their societies, and the School. With this aim in view, in addition to the material supplied by the Football Club, and the Dramatic and other societies, it is proposed to publish items of general interest concerning the activities of individuals. Will Old Boys themselves and brothers and parents of boys who have left help to make this possible by sending interesting information to the Editor? Letters from Old Boys at home and abroad are always welcome.

* * * * *

One Happy Man is the title of A. William Ellis's new novel of Merseyside. He has also recently published a translation of the *Life of Cervantes* from the French.

* * * * *

G. Jellicoe, who has just completed his second year at Oxford, has been granted an Amelia Jackson Exhibition of £30 by the Exeter College authorities.

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M. H. Baker recently played for Cheshire against Lancashire in the County Tennis Championship.

T. C. Carter of the Liverpool Police is one of the English representatives at the athletic games to be held in Berlin.

* * * * *

H. L. Davies, M.B., Ch.B., has just completed Part I. of the examination for a Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons.

* * * * *

W. Pritchard, who will be remembered as the Old Boys' goalkeeper of 1923-4, is home on holiday from N. Carolina. He has been ten years in the U.S.A. where he is in business as a furniture dealer. He brings with him his wife and child, and is staying here till the end of the first week in August, by which time he trusts to have met most of his old pals.

* * * * *

E. Todd, who left us in July last, is a regular member of the Liverpool University 1st Cricket XI. This enviable distinction for a " fresher " is attributable to his bowling. On one occasion this season he has taken 5 wickets for 25 runs.

* * * * *

In the Northern Counties' Junior Championship, held on Saturday, June 23rd, at Crewe, J. O. Jones was first in the 100 yards, his time being 10 $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, a record.

* * * * *

As a result of the recent examinations at the University of Liverpool, J. H. Alldis, A. V. Humphreys (distinction in practical work), and J. M. McNeill, were awarded the Diploma in Education, W. Hastings and G. W. D. Wright being successful in obtaining the Certificate.

Other Old Boys' successes just announced are :—

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

Degree of B.A. :—1st year, R. F. Broadfoot, J. Wood.

Ordinary Degree of B.Sc. :—3rd year, Class II., C. D. Greaves, G. N. Richardson; Final examination, 2nd year, Class I., G. N. Jenkins, R. H. Roberts; Class II., W. Bridge; Final examination, Subsidiary Subject, Physics, L. S. Clarkson; Intermediate examination, H. W. Jones.

Degree of B.Com. :—1st year, E. Todd.

Faculty of Engineering, Ordinary Degree of B.Eng., Part II., School of Electrical Engineering: Class I. D.F.L.W. Jenkins.

Degree of B.Eng., Final (Part I.): R. R. Sarginson; Intermediate examination, F. L. Hamilton.

Old Boys' A.F.C.

BEFORE entering into any account of the past season's work, I feel that a few remarks on the history of the Club would not be out of place.

The present Old Boys' Club began in 1923 through the efforts of one or two pioneers who felt that there ought to be a club in existence which confined its membership entirely to Old Boys of the School. The Liverpool Secondary School Old Boys' League was inaugurated in this year. Fifteen enthusiastic members formed the nucleus for our two teams competing in the two divisions of this league. For the first two or three seasons they were very successful, never occupying a position lower than second in either division. This success naturally brought new members, and to find competitive games for all members the first team was entered in the I Zingari League, and the second and third teams fulfilled our obligations to the Old Boys' League.

The Club continued to grow, until ultimately the second eleven were promoted to the I Zingari Combination, leaving three junior elevens to compete in the Old Boys' League. This was in 1931, but since that date no progress at all has been made.

The Club has seen the School provided with its own playing fields, and it was hoped that this would ultimately prove beneficial by a great improvement in the standard of play of our junior elevens. This may be the case, but from the results it is by no means apparent, and, if it is so, the explanation of the static state of the Club must be found elsewhere. The success of every Club depends entirely on the goodwill and enthusiasm of its members. All players on entering the field of play must have the will to win and should have definite plans arranged. All possible emergencies should be discussed and prepared for before the game begins. Enthusiasm on the field alone is not sufficient, enthusiastic support in every sphere of club activities is essential. Loyal support and a dynamic enthusiasm alone will bring the club to the prominent position which it ought to hold in Merseyside Football. The School is worthy of it and deserves it, but members alone can achieve this end.

From the above remarks it is evident that recent results have failed to uphold the standard of past seasons, but the work of running the club has been rendered difficult through the unusually high number of injuries to members. Despite this latter fact, however, better results ought to have been obtained with the material that was to hand.

The club record for the season reads : Played 135, Won 51, Lost 63, Drawn 21, Goals (F.) 346 (A.) 414.

This total falls two short of the record number of games played last season.

The First Eleven record is somewhat disappointing, as for the first time since entering the I Zingari League they have failed to finish in the top half of the table, having finished eighth of fourteen clubs. It must be remembered, however, that several of their most prominent players have been absent through injuries. Nevertheless we look to them to set a better example next season.

A very promising start was made by the Second Eleven, four matches only being lost up to the New Year. Since then they have fallen away badly, having won one match only, although some few have been drawn. This is to a great extent due to the weakening of their side consequent upon their players being called upon to fill vacancies in the first team. Their record is, however, satisfactory, since in league matches they have obtained 28 points out of 28 games.

The Third Eleven, competing in Division I. of the Old Boys' League, has shown no improvement at all this season. For the last two or three seasons they have occupied a very lowly position in their League. This team will eventually form the back-bone of the senior elevens, and, if progress is to be made in the senior elevens, better results must be shown by the Third Eleven. Too much could not be expected from them in the past season, for rarely were they able to field the same side for two consecutive weeks.

The Fourth Team results give rise to hopes of improvement in the Third Team results next season. Their results this year are a distinct improvement on those of the previous season, and, taking into account the heavy depletion of their numbers through injuries to members of all teams, their record is very satisfactory.

The Fifth Eleven has the best record of all teams this season, and it is hoped that this will prove a happy omen. They have had a very difficult season and are to be congratulated on having pulled through so successfully.

And now a word to the School, and I should like all boys to give it their very earnest attention. The future of the Old Boys' Club lies entirely in the hands of the present schoolboy. The Club cannot continue without loyal support from the School, and I ask all who leave to give the club every consideration.

G.F.L.

2ND XI., 1934.



E. H. JONES, T. HULTON, G. HARRAHILL, T. WILLIAMS, R. SHONE.
G.W.HARRIS, Esq., A. TERNENT, L. SIMMS, J. N. ROBINSON (capt.), P. BURRELL, J. F. R. EVANS, A. R. THACKER, Esq.
K. MORTIMER. G. L. POWL.

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