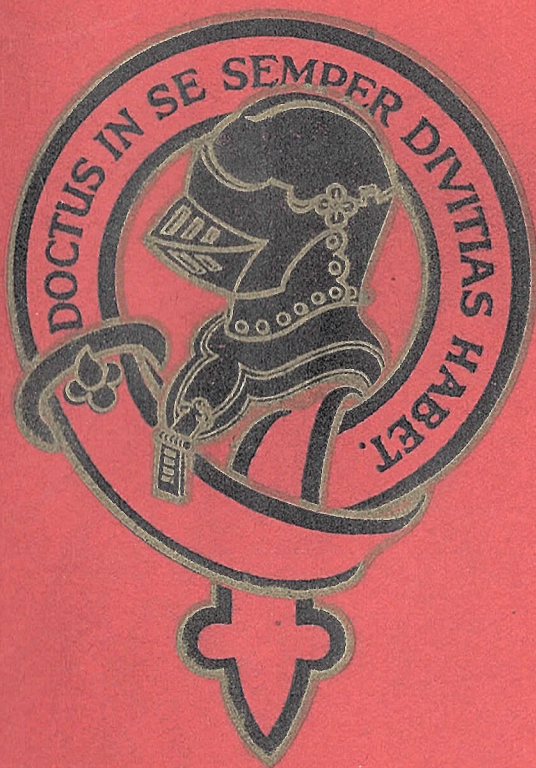


# THE VISOR

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**BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE  
SCHOOL MAGAZINE.**

---

EASTER, 1935.

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INSTITUTE**

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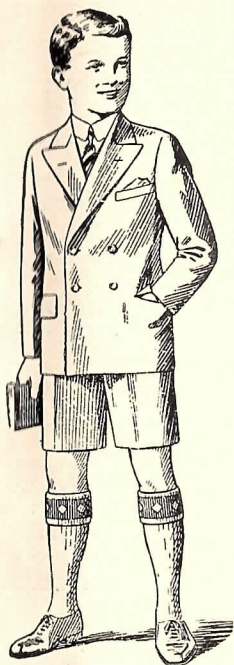
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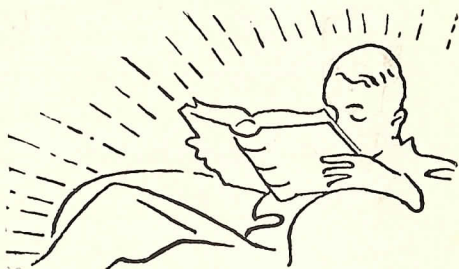
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SMART, I. JONES, RUEGG, G. LOWSON,  
MAYO, QUAILE, BURRELL, LEIGH (Capt.), ALLDIS,  
WINTER,

MAKIN, ASLETT,  
BELL, TAYLOR,  
R. LOWSON.



VOL. VIII., No. 2.

EASTER, 1935.

## School Calendar

Easter Term begins ... ..	January 11th.
Half Term ... ..	February 23rd—25th.
Speech Day ... ..	March 21st.
Easter Term ends ... ..	April 4th.
Summer Term begins ... ..	May 1st.

## Editorial

THE Spring Term, 1935, has run the even course typical of all Spring Terms from time immemorial. Outside, signs of awakening life may greet us, yet, taught by an instinct born of long years of labour, we know that it will be some time before these portents penetrate within these gloomy walls. The scholastic equivalent of Spring usually occurs immediately before the beginning of July. Most obvious is it in the higher forms of the School when the notorious boredom of the sixth transforms itself into a state of frenzied activity. To the casual observer this phenomenon is entertaining; to the sixth it is not.

But all this is digression and beside the point. Out of respect for private feelings these unhappy topics are best not stressed. So by this circuitous route we arrive at the real purport of these lines, which is to introduce the reader this term to yet another edition of that nefarious chronicle *The Visor*.

## Salvete

Ila.—Stitt :—Moss, R. B.

Lower Prep.—Atkin :—Bentley, G. C. Tate :—Philip, D. D.



## Valete

**Upper VI.—Stitt:**—Milligan, R. H. (1930-1935), *Prefect, Matric., 1934, Captain of House, Association Football Colours, Member of Association Football Committee, Cricket Colours.*  
**Westminster:**—Evans, H. B. (1932-1935), *Matric., 1934.*

**Vlb.—Atkin:**—Winter, H. J. **Tate:**—Crowhurst, J. K.

**Rem. A.—Westminster:**—Lorimer, C.

**IVj.—Stitt:**—Adams, C. R.

**Ila.—Stitt:**—Moss, R. B.

## Prize List

### ATTENDANCE CERTIFICATES.

#### NEITHER LATE NOR ABSENT—TWO YEARS—

D. J. Banks, G. R. Bell, L. D. Black, A. Dalziel, F. W. Davies, L. Goodwin, P. Hayward, W. H. Heaps, R. Henshaw, G. E. Hughes, W. S. Hirst, E. E. Hutchinson, P. H. Jones, A. D. Kennedy, L. O. Macklin, G. E. Price, R. J. Smedley, A. J. Taylor, T. E. Waring, G. A. Wetherell, A. C. Williams, D. H. Young.

#### NEITHER LATE NOR ABSENT—THREE YEARS—

R. D. Banks, C. V. Bell, R. M. Bennett, J. Collinson, H. L. Davies, J. C. Grimmett, T. W. Hunt, K. H. Roylance, J. R. Sarginson, T. Smart, N. B. Smith, C. H. Stuart-Brown, K. Taylor, F. Tweedle, G. H. Weston.

#### NEITHER LATE NOR ABSENT—FOUR YEARS—

K. Evans, G. H. Stelfox, F. H. Thomas, H. E. Winter.

#### NEITHER LATE NOR ABSENT—FIVE YEARS—

G. G. Bennett, H. J. Bozier, D. A. Cumming, R. E. May, D. L. Snell.

#### NEITHER LATE NOR ABSENT—SEVEN YEARS—

L. Coglan, L. Evans.

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#### TATE EXHIBITION TO CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY—

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#### EDUCATIONAL TRAINING GRANT TO CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY—

K. W. Walker.

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L. Coglan, L. Evans, T. W. Goodwin.

### INTERNAL SCHOLARSHIPS.

**HENRY TATE** £10—W. W. Aslett, H. N. Laver, G. H. Weston.

**DUKE OF WESTMINSTER** £5—C. A. Alldis, J. Gallagher, W. Kinnear, J. G. Stott, G. A. Wetherell.

**ATKIN** £5—D. R. Barber, J. E. Turner.

## PRIZE LIST.

	1ST PRIZE:	2ND PRIZE.	3RD PRIZE.
Form IIIj. ....	C. W. Cooper.	K. Bell.	A. D. Kennedy. R. Davies.
Form IIIb. ....	M. Forshaw.	P. Ryan.	E. W. Hirst.
Form IIIa. ....	L. H. Gallagher.	W. S. Williams.	W. A. Wright.
Form IVj. ....	P. P. Simpson.	J. Edelsten.	R. C. Lowson. H. R. Bawden.
Form IVb. ....	A. R. Pierce.	R. L. M. Hill.	J. Smith.
Form IVa. ....	W. R. Taylor.	K. Mortimer.	R. E. Thomas.
Form Vj. ....	S. Bunting.	G. E. Powl.	H. O. M. Bryant.
Form Vb. ....	K. Dean.	G. A. Forsythe.	
Form Va. ....	W. E. Clare.	F. Tweedle.	J. R. Mayo. R. M. Bennett.
Form VIj. ....	R. G. Johnson.	T. S. Melville.	D. L. Snell. G. H. Stelfox.
Form VIb. ....	K. H. Roylance.	M. A. Williamson.	
Form VIa. ....	G. A. Wetherell.	W. Kinnear.	J. G. Stott.
Form VIs. ....	J. S. Leigh.	J. E. Turner.	D. W. Lowry.

## SPECIAL PRIZES.

**Drawing**—(Senior), J. E. Turner; (Junior), E. Williams.  
**History**—J. Gallagher. **English**—C. A. Alldis.  
**Geography**—W. D. Christian. **Latin**—W. Kinnear.  
**Mathematics**—H. E. Winter. **Physics**—T. W. Goodwin.  
**Chemistry**—W. W. Aslett. **Economics**—R. L. Hewson.  
**Accountancy**—D. Boggie. **Statistical Mathematics**—D. Boggie.  
**Solly History Prize**—K. W. Walker. **Headmaster's Prize**—K. W. Walker.  
**Connacher Memorial Prize for English**—A. Cathcart.  
**Professor Abercrombie Prize for Public Service**—J. N. Slinn.

## THE GEORGE HOLT PRIZES—

**Languages**—L. Coglan. **Mathematics**—L. Evans.  
**Chemistry**—F. Richards. **Physics**—J. W. Broadhurst.

**Medals for Drill and Gymnastics (Champion Four)—**

J. Collinson, R. H. Milligan, J. N. Slinn, M. A. Williamson.

**Free Exercise Medal**—W. D. Christian.

**Colours, Caps—Cricket**: D. R. Barker, J. Collinson, T. W. Goodwin, R. H. Milligan, R. W. Parry.

**Football**: J. Collinson, J. S. Leigh, R. H. Milligan, R. W. Parry,  
K. H. Roylance, J. N. Slinn, K. Wheat.

**Silver Cup for Games (Senior)**—R. H. Milligan; (Junior), K. Wheat.

**Cross Country Run (Senior)**—W. D. Christian; (Junior), A. J. Taylor.

**Victor Ludorum (Senior)**—R. H. Milligan; (Junior), E. G. Williams.

## HOUSE TROPHIES—

**Athletics**—Tate. **Cricket**—Tate.  
**Football**—Westminster. **Cross Country (Senior)**—Atkin;  
(Junior)—Tate.

## OLD BOYS' SUCCESSES.

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

## Faculty of Science—

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2nd Year, Class I.—G. N. Jenkins, R. H. Roberts, V. A. Stanley.  
Class II.—W. Bridge.

**Subsidiary Subject, Physics**—L. S. Clarkson (exempt 1st Year's Examination).

**Intermediate Examination**—H. W. Jones.

**Faculty of Commerce**—

Degree of B. Comm., 1st Year Examination—E. Todd.

**Faculty of Engineering**—

School of Electrical Engineering—

Degree of B.Eng., Part II., Class I.—D. F. L. W. Jenkins.

Degree of B.Eng., Final, Part I.—R. R. Sarginson.

Intermediate—F. L. Hamilton.

**Faculty of Medicine**—

Primary Examination in Anatomy and Physiology for F.R.C.S. (England)—Dr. H. L. Davies.

School of Dental Surgery—Licentiate of Dental Surgery.

De Trey Prize for Gold-Filling. Appointed House-  
Surgeon Liverpool Dental Hospital—

G. E. M. Hallet

**UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL**—

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Fellow Institute of Chemistry—G. F. Longman, W. H. Sleep.

Final Bar Examination—A. D. Papworth.

Associate Chartered Institute—D. R. Tomlinson.

Graduate Member Institute of Electrical Engineers—R. H. Jones.

## Dunkerque

**T**HIS small yet quite important port near the Eastern frontier of France can be reached most conveniently *via* Dover and Calais, although until recently there was a service (of sorts) between Tilbury and Dunkerque.

The town is chiefly centred round the harbour, which has its "bassins" and also two long "môles" running out to sea for some distance. The first things that a visitor observes on entering the town are the shell-fire marks on the walls, souvenirs of the last Great War. Several times Dunkerque was heavily bombarded by enemy aircraft, by German cruisers lying off-shore, and also by German land-guns, including the famous "Big Bertha," which dropped shells into the heart of the town from a distance of many miles.

In the building known as the "Seamen's Mission," there is a tiny, inconspicuous room which was the meeting place of Lord Kitchener, Earl Haig, Marechal Foch, and many other Allied commanders.



Every Tuesday, the cobbled market-square is the gathering place of peasants with their produce, and the characteristic colour of Dutch cheeses will lead the stranger straight to it; that is, if he is not overcome by the peculiarly strong smell. Not only do the local peasants bring their farm-produce, but also lace-makers from Belgium are attracted by the possibilities of marketing their wares. Even to masculine eyes, their lace, woven by hand into intricate patterns, seems exquisitely beautiful.

At no great distance from the market-place, are situated the few cafés and the sole cinema which Dunkerque possesses. (If anyone desires to contaminate himself by entering the cinema, the following facts should be known. First, that the programme is presented from ten o'clock at night to one in the morning, and secondly, that the dearest seats cost two francs, that is, fourpence).

Close at hand, also, is the station, a derelict building with a few platforms about a foot above the ground level, through which trundles an occasional train, drawn by the customary monstrosity, known in France as a locomotive, with its internals hanging out as though to dry.

In the same neighbourhood is the "Place de Jean Bart." Although the gentleman in question has been dead for two hundred years, his coffin (which has glass sides), is dug up from time to time, and his skeleton is put on view, under a military and naval guard.

This sounds rather barbarous and queer, but the French people for miles around flock here to see these gruesome relics.

Furthermore, there is still (or was till very recently), the custom of public execution by the guillotine in the streets of Dunkerque. When this happens, thousands gather to see the knife descend, and seem to take a savage delight in the spectacle.

Fortunately, such occurrences as this are rare, and so a stranger need have no fears in going to Dunkerque, which is well worth a visit.

I.M., VI.

### *A School Parable*

AND there arose in that country a great tendency for lateness amongst scholars. And the schoolmasters bound themselves together to exterminate this sore policy amongst their scholars. And the same night they departed into a lonely place and held consultation one with another. And straightway they decided to eradicate this late-coming by very stern measures. And when the sun had risen, they made known and spread abroad that the penalty for lateness was a Wednesday. And the scholars were sore afraid and murmured against their masters, saying all manner of evil things against them. But their teachers, knowing their thoughts, said: "Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? For whether is it easier for ye to come early without punishment or to come late and be deserving of Wednesdays?" And it came to pass in the following days that the scholars repented themselves and were immune from lateness, and lo, there was great rejoicing among the people!

Here endeth the Epistle.

W.K.H., Rem.j.

---

### *Take Heed, Cads! or The Boys of St. Winifred's*

"I AM concerned to notice," said the Headmaster, "that many of my boys are incessantly indulging in a pernicious habit which bids fair to enfeeble their manhood, to sap the moral tone of their future life, and to bring disgrace upon the School."

The two sixth-formers nudged each other, and Athelstane exclaimed: "But we only bought them because we are collecting the little pictures inside the packets. We threw the cigarettes away—really, sir, we did!"

"Peace!" thundered the Head, "I am now alluding to your brother Algernon, who has developed an unworthy slouch of the shoulders, resulting from his base habit of keeping his hands in his trousers pockets. Boys," he continued, "something must be done to root out this incipient evil."

"I well remember," here remarked the Janitor, "that my dear mother used to stitch up the trouser pockets of her little boys, and they all grew to be upright men."

"In this case that expedient is useless," said the Head, "for he would soon cut the stitches. Fish hooks in the lining would be more effective."

"No, no, sir!" cried Athelstane, pale with terror. "The fault is not with dear Algernon. He has so many school books to carry under his arms, that he is bound to put his hands in his pockets to support them."

"Then let him draw his books behind him in a little cart," said the Headmaster sternly.

"Eureka!" cried Mr. Freke, "I myself have solved the problem. The position of his pockets must be altered."

"Algernon henceforth must be dressed in a man-of-war's suit, where the pockets are placed behind, and in such a position that the shoulders must be braced back in order that the hands may be inserted. If he still continues in this execrable habit when he arrives at man's estate, I shall insist upon his joining a Scottish regiment, and wearing kilts."

BOBBIE, VIs.

---

### *A First Broadcast*

HE walked slowly along the road, glanced at his watch—7-15—and in a few moments stopped outside a huge building, looked timidly up at the windows, and then commenced to walk slowly through the gates. A small urchin placed himself in front of him and blurted out "Autograph, sir." He signed the half-torn page thoughtfully and handed the book back. The boy looked at it, and murmured disdainfully "Lor! I thought it were 'Enry 'All." The small man sighed; "Such is the unknown broadcaster's lot," he thought. He entered the large hall, was conducted to a room and was abandoned. He wondered whether this was where he was broadcasting from; and yet there was nothing that looked like a thing you spoke into. It was past the time, he became flustered—and then the door opened—a hand beckoned him—he followed hesitatingly, and was led into another room. Here a smart man in evening dress was speaking into an evil-looking instrument on a table. His name, the title of his talk, were being read out, then the man in evening clothes turned, smiled at him, and walked out of the room. He turned to follow, but the door was shut, silently. He clutched his manuscript in the middle of the room, and gasped. Turning once more to the table, he noticed a red light glowing above the microphone, and remembered what he was there for. Anyway, he was on his own, nobody would stop him, so he laid a trembling hand on the table and began to speak. . . .

I. YATES, VIs.

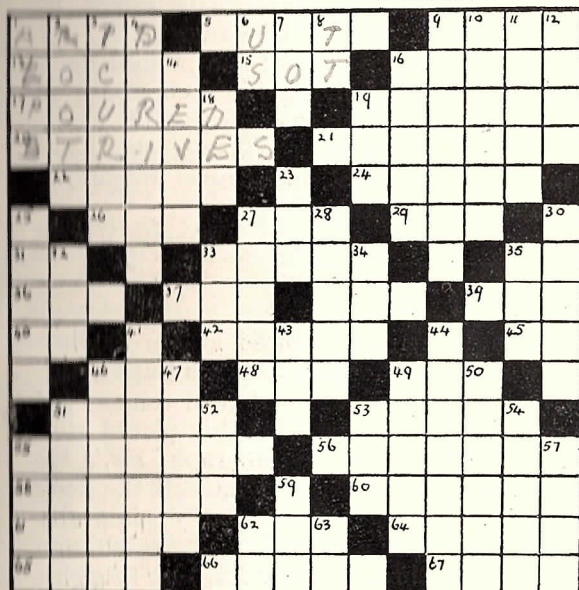


## Crossword No. 7

TWO prizes. Solutions to Mr. Hall.

## CLUES.

## ACROSS.



- 46—Garden implement.  
48—Substitute for button.  
49—We've all been!  
51—Permission.  
53—Brutal.  
55—Refractory.

- 56—Descendants of Noah.  
58—Each.  
60—Indigenous.  
61—Good fellow.  
62—Neht.

## DOWN.

- 1—Mountains.  
3—Rising.  
5—Accustomed.  
7—Puts off the track.  
9—Ourselves?  
11—Adverb.  
13—Is is not.  
15—Consider.  
17—Aver.  
19—Necessitous.  
21—Often family.  
23—Restraints.  
25—Gave sparingly.  
27—Rev. start rev.

- 19—Horse.  
23—You have ten.  
25—Below 50%.  
27—Repose.  
28—Bight of —.  
30—Famous race.  
32—Three points.  
33—Title.  
34—This backward detective.  
35—Centre.  
41—For summer wear?  
43—Old slangy hat.  
44—Of a husband.

- 1—Dry.  
5—Are they sainted?  
9—Rave.  
13—Often seen locally.  
15—Drunkard.  
16—Put off.  
17—Showered.  
19—Morning beverage.  
20—Makes great effort.  
21—Encounter.  
22—River.  
24—Is is.  
26—Mixed money.  
27—Sigh.  
29—Military award.  
31—Preposition.  
33—Wintry weather.  
35—The male person in question.  
36—Anger.  
37—Untruth.  
38—Beak.  
39—Ear.  
40—Adjective  
termination.  
42—Souvenir.  
45—Two-thirds of an insect.  
64—Not usually spelled like this!  
65—Used in cricket.  
66—What is is not.  
67—Former national emblem.

- 46—Greek Poet.  
47—Dispossess.  
49—Flapper's hero.  
50—Case.  
51—Minced fruit.  
52—Mrs. Adam.  
53—Morass.  
54—That which lifts.  
55—File.  
57—Ask for.  
59—Crowd.  
62— $\frac{2}{3}$  of 7.  
63—Ourselves.

## Crossword No. 6

THE prizes for this competition were awarded to W. S. M. Wilson of Upper Via. and R. Lowson of Vj.

### SOLUTION.

ACROSS.—1, Impress; 5, Inwards; 10, Lot; 12, Ire; 13, Duenna; 16, Encase; 18, Urn; 19, Astound; 22, Dee; 23, Lets; 25, Sense; 26, Heap; 27, Get; 29, Nee; 30, Far; 31, Vie; 33, S.O.S.; 34, Treble; 35, Sister; 37, Ref; 39, XSL.; 41, Wat.; 42, Bat; 44, Elm; 46, Fuel; 48, Tyler; 50, Gaps; 52, Ass; 53, Feelers; 55, Tri; 56, Nether; 58, Reared; 60, Oar; 61, Ode (rev.); 62, Sundaes; 63, Demands.

DOWN.—1, Indulge; 2, Plenty; 3, Nor (rev.); 4, Etna; 6, Wind; 7, Arc; 8, Reader; 9, Steeper; 14, Ure; 15, Ass; 16, E.N.E.; 17, Sea; 20, Ten; 21, Use; 24, Several; 26, Hastily; 28, Tibet; 30, Fosse; 32, Elf; 33, Six; 36 Infants; 38, Mallow; 40, Resides; 41, Weston; 42, Bye; 43, Tee; 45, Matron; 47, Use; 48, Ter; 49, R.R.R.; 51, Pre; 53, Pera; 54, Seem; 57, Had; 59, Ada.

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## Others as We See Them

THE first definite evidence that anyone in school or out ever reads this page has arrived in the form of a letter from C. D. Greaves, who contributed to *The Visor* in December, 1933, a brief sketch of Wilfred Owen. He reminds us that details of Owen's school days at the Institute were supplied him by Mr. A. S. Paton, another old boy, who was Owen's great friend. Now this Mr. Paton is at present on the staff of Teignmouth Grammar School, and *that* is how it comes about that we exchange magazines with them. We are grateful to our contributor for this information, and send greetings to Mr. Paton, late of B.I. A few words of reminiscence from him, telling us what the Institute was like in the old days before the war, would be extremely welcome.



*The Inkwell* (December, 1934), maintains its high standard, and is more than usually occupied with accounts of expeditions to Germany, Lochgoilhead, Old Colwyn and other foreign parts. A Freeman of the City of Chester describes the guides to Vesuvius as courteous and helpful, and tells how his

party "purchased from them interesting souvenirs, manufactured in their homes during the bad weather, as do the Swiss guides. Everything is thus genuine." This reminds us of some interesting sentences, manufactured in their homes by British lads in the long winter evenings by way of homework, the school boys' curse, as do the masters who correct it. Everything is thus ghastly.

A 'Caesarian' account in Latin of a camp at Colwyn Bay is discreetly translated in a parallel column. The Latin is a little strange in one or two places: *simul atque*, followed by the pluperfect would, I think, have made old Julius sneeze.



The Wirral County School (Boys) Magazine has made great strides in its short life, and the last issue (December, 1934), is well filled with good matter. The cover is neat, but lacks a good title.



*Esmeduna* (December, 1934), has again excelled itself, and fully justifies the description 'profusely illustrated.' The short story competition continues to be a great success; the winning story and two others which follow are a valuable addition to an interesting number.



Writers in Liverpool Institute Magazine (January, 1935), appear to have odd views on tenses. We read that "the Headmaster has *strived* to raise the Sixths to an appreciation of beauty." His efforts in the direction of English have perhaps been as strenuous, but as unsuccessful as those of another master who, we are told, " *strived* to raise the School from the chaos of jazz." On other pages one finds the forms "payed" and "beseeched," and is driven (or should it be "drived"?) to the conclusion that our contemporary is leading a new movement for spelling reform.



In addition to the above *The Visor* Committee gratefully acknowledges receipt of St. Edward's College Magazine, Holt School Magazine, *The Cowleian* and *The Lion*.



## University Letters

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

Easter, 1935.

To the Editor, *The Visor*,

Dear Sir,

Once again 'tis Spring,—the balmy breezes are wafted across the quad. from the neighbouring hide warehouse, there is a subtle intoxication in the perfume-laden air (*vide* last French unseen)—of course we know you've heard all this before, so if it really hurts you, you can skip the first paragraph—or, better still, we will leave it out; it has stood us in good stead, with certain minor alterations, ever since '31, when we used to rave over the same phenomenon in certain Form Notes. So if you *should* wish to read a description of the awakening of nature and all that sort of thing, just turn up your back numbers of *The Visor*.

Now read on:—

Have you observed, Sir, the subtilty with which we have filled one paragraph already, without expending the slightest mental effort? You have? Now watch while we proceed to take up even more of your valuable space in the same manner. The truth, Mr. Editor, is just this: there is nothing to say, but tradition demands that it shall be said, and to us falls the onerous task of saying it in the most engaging manner possible. Herein lies the whole art of writing a University Letter.

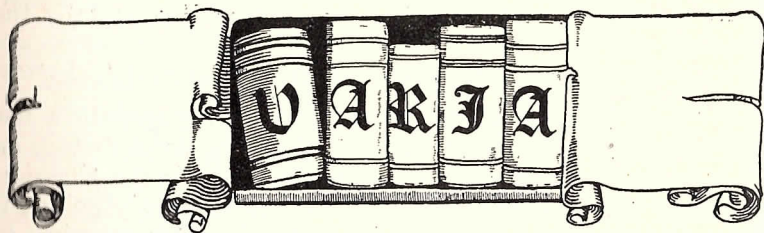
Links with the old School are not lacking; only a few weeks ago we had a visit from Mr. Haime, whose lecture on Sappho was much enjoyed and appreciated by the Classical Society. (This comment, Mr. Editor, is *not* merely polite; it is the result of cunning enquiries put the next morning to members of that august Society). Such visits lend added prestige to the wearing of the Old School Tie, and are much appreciated by us who guard the Outposts of Empire. (For it is a well-known fact that beyond Bedford Street, in a northerly direction civilisation practically ceases until Aberdeen is reached).

The B.I. training of certain undergraduates is coming to the fore in a marked degree in many departments of 'varsity life. Our faithful ex-colleague Todd is once more in harness

an advertising manager of *Sphinx*, and, characteristically enough, has a scheme for completely re-organising that noble publication and making it a financial success. Loxam is sales representative for the same magazine in the department of physics. Todd, Goodwin, and Clarkson have been putting in some good cricket practice, and, according to reports 'from the stables' are maintaining the B.I. tradition, while Loxam and Hamilton have also been busy in the gym. Hamilton, incidentally, has been fortunate enough to 'wangle' (we cry you pardon, Mr. Editor, but there is no other word) a three weeks' trip to New York in the Cunard-White Star liner '*Aurania*,' sailing from London on March 21st. The object of the trip, as far as we can gather, is to be instructive, and it is to afford opportunity for a spot of work: but we all know that B.I. tradition!

This concludes, we think, all the printable news—we could mention other things, but there is a law of libel in the land, and we should hate to be involved in expensive litigation so near the vac. We shall therefore pay our best respects to you, sir, and to the School, and politely bow ourself out.

R.F.B.



IN connection with the Centenary of Municipal Government, the School were privileged to listen to very interesting lectures given by Mr. Harris and Mr. W. E. Williams.

Forms from the School visited the exhibition in the Drill Hall. Opinions as to its value were varied. Some boys received as many as half-a-dozen free gifts; others had none. That accounts for some opinions, doubtless!

One morning this term, we were addressed by Mr. A. S. Wood, who came to us in connection with the St. Catherine's Church Youth Movement.

An innovation this year was the awarding of "Colours" caps on Speech Day instead of at the end of term "breaking-up" ceremony. This time there was a record company to be presented with this coveted distinction as follows:—Association: Collinson, J., Parry, R. W., Roylance, K. H., Slinn, J. N., Wheat, K.; Rugby: Leigh, J. S.

During the Christmas holidays, our popular captain of Rugger, J. S. Leigh, was invited to play in the Public Schools Rugby match on Birkenhead Park ground. Following this game, he was picked to represent the West Cheshire Schools against those of East Cheshire. We congratulate Leigh on this distinction, which comes so notably early in the Rugger history of the School.





Elsewhere in this issue will be found photos of our last XI. and our first XV. To the XI. we say a sad farewell, regretting that in their last season they were unable to "lift" the much-coveted Senior Shield. As always, it eluded us when success began to look possible. To the XV. we give a cordial welcome, and trust that, whatever their actual fortunes, win or lose, they will maintain the best sporting traditions of our School.

Milligan's departure creating a gap in the prefectorial ranks, Blair was promoted to the office. Congratulations Blair!

As we go to Press news comes that the 1st XV. have won a match by so staggering a margin that the score cannot be computed. Early reports said 33—3; now we hear 36—3. Just wait; this is only a start!

Events of this term which cannot be reported in this number are Speech Day and the Annual Cross Country Run.



ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

### ATKIN.

THE encouraging start made by Atkin in the first term of the School year has been maintained in all phases of House activities throughout this term.

In the first Rugby House match, Atkin were able to record an easy win against Stitt, who were beaten by 19 points to 3. Our Bantams, however, were defeated by Westminster.

The Senior Soccer XI., which was in a strong position last term, has collapsed rather badly, only drawing with Stitt, and losing to Westminster. The latter result was expected, however, as we were obliged to field a considerably weakened team. Kinnear and Parry represented Atkin in the Shield matches, and we must further congratulate the latter on being awarded his Football Colours.

By the time this issue is published, the Cross Country Run, in all probability, will have been decided. We hope that Atkin will again prove victorious in the Senior event, and that the Juniors will do their share for the sake of the House.

Not only do we possess the brawn, but we have also the brains. This is clearly borne out in our continued supremacy in the mark sheets, for only once have we been deposed from the top position.

Finally, after the exigencies of the football season, we are all looking forward to the return of cricket, at which Atkin has always excelled. May next season be as successful as most of its predecessors!

## STITT.

**T**HIS term we come with nothing glorious to report—which is a tactful way of stating that it has been a bad term—and that's praising it! Perhaps the worst blow was the departure of Milligan, our captain, and the idol of scores of small boys. His leaving seems to have had a disastrous effect upon our football: the best the senior association side can report is a draw with Atkin; all that your respected servant can boast of is the inclusion of Simms and P. H. Jones in the Shield XI. We recommend the new generation of rugby players to bear in mind our soccer deeds of the past and not of the present. These rugby pioneers, by the way, have lost to Atkin and drawn with Tate; moreover, of the 1st XV. Bell, Laver, H.M. Jones, and Smart are members of the House. Finally, it must be mentioned that we have been successful in maintaining our position in the mark-sheets—our intellectual achievements remain the same. Some go up and some go down, but we stay last for ever.

## TATE.

**H**OUSE activities have been considerably limited by the shortness of the term, and there are very few definite results to record.

The major events of the term have, of course, been the Shield Matches, and in them we are represented by J. N. Slinn (capt.), J. Collinson, and K. Wheat. We should also like to offer our congratulations to Slinn and Collinson on winning their Football Colours.

The continued success of the 1st XI. has led to the postponement of the greater part of the House Football Competition, but it is hoped to complete the programme by the end of the present term. In the one Senior match which Tate have played, we easily beat Westminster by six goals to two.

Our representatives in other games include A. L. Davies, J. Mayo, and J. N. Robinson in the Chess team, and we look to them to try to bring the Championship back to Tate.

The House successes are not confined to sport, however, and following last term's excellent start, we have done consistently well, not having fallen below 2nd place in any of the mark-sheets this term.

Future prospects look exceedingly bright, and on this optimistic note we close.

### WESTMINSTER.

AGAIN we are constrained to turn our minds to the problem of producing readable House Notes (the Editor is asked to refrain from inserting the obvious comment). While on the subject, we should like to ask Mr. Paice to change to a brand of pencil which has a more inspiring flavour.

From a number of vague facts, one emerges clear, the Rugger XV. won their first House match by 23 points to 3. Tate claim this was, due to superior weight, but we will Leighve the decision to experts. We have managed to locate the following members of the House amongst the School teams: 1st XV., Leigh (capt.), Makin, Lowson, R., Lowson, G., and Quaile; 2nd XV., Heys, Wetherell, Davies, H. L., Smedley, and Edelsten.

Turning to Soccer, we find that the Seniors lost to Tate 6—2. This defeat was chiefly due to the absence of Roylance and the lack of support given to the 1st XI. players by the rest of the team. In the Shield team we have Barker, Wilson, Roylance, and Carr; and in the 2nd XI. we have Yates and Freedman.

Having left the more unpleasant topics to the last, we come to the subject of work. The detention room is overpopular with members of the House. Consequently we have remained third in the mark-sheets. Westminsterites might remember that they are letting the House down by collecting detentions.

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### *Library Notes*

STANDING on the book shelves in order to scrape the inside of the windows with a view to gazing at the glorious panorama of Whetstone Lane, what does the Library notice this time of the year? Nothing—except that, in order to see, the windows must be scraped outside as well.

Having satisfied tradition with a reference to the building, the next subject which has always to be treated is the inmates. Should you be one of those beings who, disheartened by many unsuccessful attempts, have given up trying to light the fire with, or making spills out of, the *Visor*, after reading the adverts., and should you take the trouble to glance at your old and mellowed copies, you will doubtless discover that several





P. H. JONES, CARR.    PARRY, KINNEAR,    WHEAT,    WILSON,  
SIMMS,    ROYLANCE, SLINN (Capt.), COLLINSON,    BARKER.

different methods of discussing personalities are employed. These depend largely on the recent relations between author and subject, and more particularly, their comparative physical powers. To be original about these matters, therefore, all such considerations must be cast aside.

Originality is thus out of the question, and we return to our subject.

By far the most interesting and perplexing mystery of the term has been the sudden appearances and disappearances of Weeler and Wulzy the Library halfwits. Arriving one day after a spell of observation, Weeler would recount long tales of journeyings in the Antipodes; then, vanishing completely, his alpine countenance would be missed from our midst. Even stranger is the conduct of Wulzy, for when not aiding and abetting Weeler, he has often been caught indulging in what he calls his "training." This consists of an endurance test at a local bus stop followed by a long walk. No light was shed on these events by Wulzy's recent outburst of rage when an over-exuberant photographer asked him to "watch the dickey-bird."

Contrasting with these strange characters are Galli, the Great Unshaved, the Library Prophet, and his disciple Munk, the Great Unhaircut, who daily wander round discussing the problems of the world at large, constantly giving the sacred snap of the fingers to show their disgust at everything. This snapping of the fingers is an annoying habit and would soon become a menace were it not for the unselfish attentions of Sammy the Sadist, who for a mere consideration will undertake the immediate ejection of anyone so addicted.

The inmates having been treated of, as the saying goes, the Library notes are now finished and at an end, and any further discourses are therefore very properly omitted.

## Form Notes

### VI.

*'Morituri te salutamus.'*

IN this cheerful frame of mind we prepare to face the batteries and the ingenious pit-falls of those 'orrible 'uns, the inhuman examiners.



So depressed have we become that one youth, on seeing his name at the bottom of an exam. list, tried to cut his throat with a razor blade, carried expressly for the purpose. This tragedy was averted by a prefect, however, who informed him that the list was "phony."

In the midst of all our distress, however, we have not forgotten *The Visor*, and Bell will tell us how he suffered nobly in a good cause.

### ON WRITING A VISOR ARTICLE.

I have been asked to write a *Visor* article, in such a way that the non-appearance of the same will earn me a detention. Accordingly, I chose what I imagined to be the lesser of two evils, although I now begin to regret the so doing, as Pepys would say.

The author, then, is seated before a sheet of paper, with a pen and ink to hand. After sitting in a state of coma for several minutes, he begins to realise what is required of him, and low incantations can be heard, two of which stand out in particular. They are, "*Visor* article, Bah!" and "What the dickens can I say?" At last, he picks up the pen and begins on the top line with "The." The pen is then dropped, and the unhappy soul gets up to drown his cares in a glass of lemonade. At length, having read the daily paper from the front page to the last, he returns once more to his task. Boldly he scrawls across the top line "Scottish National War Memorial." Thus after thirty minutes he has his title.

While this mad urge to write is still upon him, he covers a couple of sheets with spidery scrawl, and then, returning to his saner self, he reads them. Alas! There is only one place for them—the fire! Thus forty-five minutes have elapsed, and his results are still negligible.

The hero then pats himself on the back, and says, "I have had a jolly good try—I'll tell him (the English master), that I tried but tore it up. That'll wash."

Next day after detention, the martyr groans, but takes consolation in the fact that there will be no further mention of *The Visor* for another term.

Homework is just as irksome as the writing of *Visor* articles, and it is impossible not to see the results of personal experience in the next article. The author, however, has anticipated this last remark by preferring to remain anonymous.



## HOMEWORK FOR SMALL BOYS.

The small son addressed his father: "Dad, you do this sum for me. It's terribly hard. I'll do the rest." Father forthwith puts away his paper and shows the boy how to do the sum. Five minutes later, Father again hears the same plaintive request, and again shows his son how to do the sum. "I'm glad to see that you are taking an interest in your work at last," he remarks. "I am always ready to help. You were in detention four times last week for not doing your homework." "Well, dad," the son retorts, "it was not because I did not do it, but because they asked for it when I did not expect them to. They are a lot of cheats!" Filled with righteous indignation, he goes on with the problem. Five minutes later, "Father, do you know how to do analysis?" asks his son gently, for he is aware that he is on dangerous ground. Father is about to put away his pipe, when he has an inspiration, and replies, "No, my son, we were not taught that at my school. You see what a good education you are receiving." "All right, dad, can I go out and play now?" demands the small boy. "But I thought you had some analysis to do!" shouts father in exasperation. "Yes, I know," admits the indomitable spirit, "but it doesn't matter. I'll tell them I could not do it."

"But that would be telling lies," says his parent. "It wouldn't," retorts his wily son. "How can they expect me to do it, when a clever man like you can't?"

So Father does the analysis. "Thanks, dad, I'll go out and play now," ventures the son hopefully. "But I thought I signed your Homework Book for three lots of work to be done on Monday night? You have done only two." The son replies "Ah, don't take any notice of that book! It's only for show, and no other parents ever take any notice of it; most of the chaps sign it themselves, so you see what an honest boy I am."

Father takes his paper and buries himself in it as mother comes into the room, while the indefatigable son swaggers out.

Finally, Wheat, who we imagined would be more at home in writing "The Life of a Film Star," has surprised us by

## A VISIT TO FINGAL'S CAVE.

The sun beat down pitilessly upon us, and through its burning rays the island of Staffa was barely visible. As we drew nearer, however, the dim form gradually assumed a more definite shape, until at last even the smallest bays and inlets were easily discernible.

We anchored a short distance off-shore, and landed in small boats, for the purpose of exploring the famous Fingal's cave (at one time called Mamh an Binn—"cave of Music.") The approach to the cave, over octagonal columns of lava, was unforgettable, but the interior was even more imposing, as it possessed the majestic aspect and solemn atmosphere of a cathedral. The water lapped against the sides, shadows and refracted lights stole in and out among the pillars, while flaming red and yellow stalactites hung from the vault above. The sea was a blue so deep that it hurt. Sea-birds, their wings flashing flame in the many colours of the cave, darted from dark crevices, alarmed at our approach. It appeared as if we were in a many-coloured fairy grotto.

Only one other cave in the world resembles it, that of La Jolla at San Diego, in California.

We took our three wishes in the cave, then, casting a last look at this masterpiece of nature, we slowly rowed back to the steamer.

### Via.

WE greet you, dear reader, at a critical moment in this life and death struggle of ours. *Matric.* is become our grand passion, our obsession. This is our only excuse for including yet another gloomy effort on the subject, it being by *Clare*.

### MATRIC.

Our work is always with us; every day  
 Reading and learning with this fruit so sour—  
 We all await th' inevitable hour,  
 We have to learn and we must not delay.  
 The dreaded time is two months after May,  
 When we are tortured by that ruthless power  
 Of evil who by wisdom may devour  
 Our wisdom, making of our efforts hay.  
 But let us think in some more cheerful strain,  
 And not on things of anguish sadly brood,  
 Nor yet with problems mystify the brain.  
 Let us enjoy ourselves—O, happy mood,  
 In which the school will vanish with the train  
 Of books that would freeze hard the youthful brain.

We pass hastily to the next item which is also, deplorably enough, concerned with the scholastic life, although it stresses another side. Of course it must be taken as representing the

sentiments of the author, Tweedle, alone, particularly with regard to the moral. We are convinced that you British free-men would not allow anyone to perpetrate such an outrage without rewarding him properly for his trouble :

Strange fits of passion have I known,  
And I will dare to tell  
But in the scholar's ear alone  
What once to me befell.

For once when in my desk reclined  
Alone and undisturbed,  
An inkpot hit me from behind,  
And made me quite perturbed.

So I looked round and with my eye  
Gazed on each face so strained,  
For there was one who, bye and bye,  
Had hoped to see me maimed.

At once I spied the guilty man,  
He saw it in my face ;  
So promptly for his life he ran,  
And quickly I gave chase.

But woe betide for, once outside,  
A master caught us both—  
He gave out lines to stem the tide  
Of anger and of youth.

From this a lesson take, my friends,  
And never do the same,  
In case an angry master says :  
“ And what do you say's the name ?”

### Vib.

IN the pages of gossip collected for form notes by Quaile some scenes of unusual interest were described. Do not be amazed at the starkness of the drama—remember the background is Vib, where men are men. It appears that at one period some members of the form went gay and played ‘Lexicon.’ But, to use the delightfully naïve words of my informant, “in came the boss,” and disbanded the players; nay, more, he took away the cards. The account chatters on that the term opened with



an inquest on the thermometer which met a violent end during one of the wars of last term. A verdict of murder against a person or persons unknown was brought in. Unfortunately it was also decided that the whole form should contribute towards a new thermometer. Almost equally deplorable was the attempt of Mac to blow up the School. The plan was bold in conception: gas was made to enter a cocoa tin, it was ignited—and the infernal machine shot six feet in the air. This was all I could obtain from Quaile's account.

For this limerick Colenso must shoulder all blame:

There was a mad scholar named Dean,  
Who in Chemistry always was keen,  
But he put in the sink  
Things that made the lab. stink—  
So the class threw him out on his bean.

I suppose that you sophisticated beings become occasionally bored—well, Allen has provided yet another pastime for your jaded spirits:

If any boy wants to take up a good sport, I advise him to learn horse-riding. Once you have learnt to ride, many a pleasant morning or afternoon can be spent.

If it is a fine day, you can erect goal posts at each end of the field and can then have a game of polo. If you don't like this, you can put some boxes (one less than the number of riders) in the middle of the field, and can play musical chairs on horseback, disqualifying those who lose their mounts. Another diversion is to stage a show for your friends and yourself, having hack and jumping classes. Then, when a show comes along, which is generally in the summer months, you will have had good practice.

After the summer months, comes the most important season for those who can ride or for those with plenty of leisure, that is, the hunting season. Of course, there are after-effects upon the horse, but these are left to the grooms.

As I have taken part in these things, I can strongly recommend them to any boy full of life. There is no age limit for a horse rider, no tax, and no licence.

There has been received a remarkable effusion from O. Henry, always a sterling contributor. Here it is:

## BEHOLD A SONNET !.

Our Editor having in the past mentioned the difficulty of sonnet writing, I have undertaken this arduous task "for better, for worse."

*Visor's* the name by which we calm our fears,  
 For through examinations' awful strife—  
 The very essence of a bitter life—  
 We silently sit shedding hidden tears,  
 While waiting for a sheet which soon appears  
 To part our hopes in twain as with a knife :  
 To tell the world what rotten marks are rife,  
 And chase us from these masters—heartless seers.  
 Then do we think of *Visor* homework sweet  
 To keep us busy, happily at play,  
 Constructing verses, limericks "petite ;"  
 So do we make ourselves an easy prey  
 To Editors to whom such work is meat ;  
 And thus we pass our cheerful time away.

Admittedly a few sonnets give us some badly needed tone, but oh ! Mr. Henry, when you wrote that last line but one, did you forget that old tag about one man's meat ?

**Remove j.**

**WE** come before you with a mass unchewed and crude of poetical inspiration, of parody unequalled in English verse. No apologies to the poets concerned were submitted with the manuscripts, and so we launch the works unsponsored.

The first two are concerned with the gym, with the quaint goings-on which occur there daily. Here is Hardie's graphic account of one of these scenes :

T'was five to nine ; the whistle went,  
 Grim silence reigned, but one boy meant  
 To go on talking (so I hear),  
 But then a voice roared loud and clear :  
 " You know you should not talk in prayers,  
 D'you think you're in a place for bears ?  
 Good job you're not a son of mine.  
 Stand at the end of IIIj. line ;  
 And bring me your detention sheet."  
 He groaned, and went ; he was in det.  
 Now I sincerely hope that this'll  
 Make you obedient to the whistle.

As you know this confusion is later followed by a still ghastlier carnage at the break. We sent a correspondent, Merrett, to view this shambles and then describe what he saw for our readers. His artistic withers were wrung by the sight, and he broke into verse :

Much had I heard of cheap milk being sold,  
And many goodly straws and bottles seen,  
And round a large gymnasium have I been,  
Which boys in fealty to old lacto hold.  
Oft of this set of milkmen I'd been told,  
Who drink the milk of cows in pastures green,  
And do themselves grow twice as strong and bold.  
Attracted by their loud and violent cries,  
Shattering the silence at eleven less ten,  
I found them sharing milk with all the flies,  
And corks from bottles with a pen they draw.  
A well-filled boy puts down his milk and sighs,  
Then slyly sucks another through his straw.

Next comes Speed with a song of triumph ; a very hard-hearted piece of gloating, this :

#### ELEGY ON WATERLOO MATCH.

What passing cries for those who lost the battle ?  
Only the awful jeering of B.I.  
Only the two supporters' puny prattle  
Can feebly tell us they have some war-cry.  
No mockeries for them, no cries nor bellows,  
Nor any voice of pity, but the roar—  
The loud excited roars of B.I. fellows ;  
And two demented cries as Louis scores.

#### Remove a.

ONCE again we come to enchant you with the infinite variety of our pens. We shall first employ the time-honoured method of the attack in scurrilous rime, supplied for the occasion by Mortimer :

“ There once was a footballer, Male,  
Who tried to play Rugby for Sale—  
But that day in a scrum,  
Being kicked in his tum,  
Male wailed, and his face turned quite pale.”



And now, after that minor brickbat, prepare yourself, reader, for an eerie tale, with every line smacking of the macabre, steel yourself for a quaint bit of stuff. It is by Taylor, who has been reading Edgar Poe not wisely but too well. Hist :

AFTER READING  
"THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM."

The lamp shed soft light upon the man reading, in bed, "The Pit and the Pendulum" by Edgar Allan Poe. He glanced at the clock and, shutting the book, switched out the light. Darkness. Soon he was asleep.

He awoke. The room was dark, and there was a strange smell; the bed was unaccountably hard. He looked towards the ceiling. High above his head swung a faint patch of light with a slow, regular rhythm. The awful truth struck him. He was in a dungeon, and there was the pendulum swinging above his head. He was seized with horror; tried to move his limbs, but they were pressed to the stones by what seemed to be leaden weights. He must roll away from the arc of the pendulum. Then he heaved desperately and rolled on to his face. Then another roll. But he had forgotten the Pit! He shrieked as he went over the edge, and then he was falling.

He found himself lying on the bedroom floor, the bed-clothes around him. There was a beautiful moon. Trembling, he got back into bed. In the future, love stories for him!

After that astonishing tour de force we turn from the grim to the grimmer, to the following piece of powerful prosody by Turner:

SONNET TO EXAMS.

Exams, the fear and dread of all mankind,  
And youthful folly sporting at its ease.  
School is like mouldy gorgonzola cheese,  
Exams.—the bit we'd cut away—the rind.  
Then seek we towels, our fever'd brows to bind,  
And blocks of ice in frenzied manner seize.  
Then sit in corner near some freshening breeze,  
And try to imprint knowledge on our mind.  
But yet, when all is over, down we sit,  
To meditate upon the lists to come,  
And think it's really not so very bad.  
How happiness upon our face is writ,  
The ordeals gone, we add the fateful sun,  
And find we're quite well placed—and we are glad.

The form was taken this term for a day's outing by Mr. Allison. But it was only a 'busman's holiday, as it was a geological expedition. Here is Eyton-Jones's description of it.

Removes A and B were taken by Mr. Allison to survey Brotherton Park and the coast. We met at Spital Mill Dam and then proceeded to the Park. We were rather disappointed that we were unable to see the petrifying well, which turns to stone everything thrown into it. The geography of the rocks and river was explained to us, and with heads full of this we turned towards the coast.

On sighting the shore we broke into a run and poured on to it, enthralled by the wrecks. After a pardonable delay we proceeded along the coast in the direction of the Ship Canal. Owing to the slipperiness of the rocks several of our members received a free mudbath, while Huxley made a name for himself as a climber. Near the canal we came to an old ferry of which only the walls were standing. On reaching the canal we turned into a wood and emerged on the main road, where we boarded a bus to take us home.

### A CINEMA VISIT.

During the Christmas holidays most of us, accompanied by Mr. Hall, paid a very enjoyable visit to the Futurist Cinema, Liverpool, where we saw *Lorna Doone* presented for the first time in Liverpool. Our best thanks are due to Thomas and to his uncle, to whose courtesy we are indebted for our pleasurable trip.

### Remove b.

**H**ELLO, everybody! This is the Remove b. broadcasting station radiating on a wave-length of 1 Wednesday-25 detentions. Here is standard forecast for next term. A deep depression from Remove a. is centred over Bartley. Outlook—rather dull, with “bright” intervals—Geometry lessons. Here is a gale warning: A northerly gale in the shape of Weston is approaching Remove b. from V 1. with great speed. It is expected to cause great damage.

The First News (Copywrongs lost): The news to-day is put in the form of a review. We began this season quite well. No dets. were imposed for two weeks!!! (Marvellous). Batho nobly (?) responded to a Police Message and gave evidence of a collision. Up to about a week before half-term all went well. Then exams. were drawing near. Disaster followed. “Dixie”

Dean cleverly broke his arm (his left one, the one he writes with), but had to do the exams. in pencil. (what a shame). Latest Bulletin: he is trying to break his right arm. The next shock was caused by a Chester School attempting to rob us of Billy "Stuart" Wood, our "golden-voiced" announcer. (Stage-whisper: "You should have said: Chester asylum.") Here is an S.O.S. which has just been brought (thrown) in. It is for Dean ———. Will any person who has any knowledge as to the whereabouts of Arthur Willie (B.) Smart Dean last seen (and heard) dreaming in IVj. studio and believed to be still dreaming, please communicate with Chester Asylum (What! Again?) or any other similar institution. . . . Remove b. were allowed to visit the exhibition and even had to draw something from it in Art lesson. Crash! Groan! Sigh! Creak!! That was exams. passing. Well after that we continue with a Geographical tour to Bromborough with Mr. Allison. Quite interesting!! The latest item of news is "Batho and the Hiccups." A lumpy subject. Mr. Jones was suddenly interrupted by Batho starting and at last the latter was ejected, much to our sorrow. The remainder of the form are still intact and going strong. Henshaw chuckles heartily, Clarke sniggers and Bartley gives a knowing (ahem!) smile. Now a review of the Rugby. Remove b. has won one, drawn one, lost one (not bad for youngsters).

### Vj.

**T**HIS time we have some really good stuff for you, beginning, as is only conventional, with a libel, by Bawden, who has also chosen the conventional verse form:

There was a young heathen called Vick,  
 Who gave a school prefect a kick,  
     Away he was sent,  
     And down he was bent—  
 Now Vick has been licked with the stick.

It will probably add to the interest to know that this version has been extensively expurgated.

We continue with a saga concerning one of the not infrequent disasters to the School Rugby XV. Ceha wrote it and refuses to apologise to Byron:



The forwards came down like the wolf on the fold,  
 And the three-q's were waiting in deep black and gold,  
 And the flash of the ball was so merry and free,  
 As the forwards rolled onwards, their heads high with glee.

Like the grass on the field when Summer is green,  
 The spirited forwards at midday were seen;  
 Like the grass on the field when Autumn has flown,  
 The fifteen at tea-time were withered and blown,

For the great massive full-back laid hands on the ball,  
 And had scared the poor forwards, the three-q's and all,  
 And the B.I. supporters waxed deadly and chill,  
 As the ball but once heaved and forever was still.

And now here is another tale of the rugby field, but this one is concerned with a hero and has a happy ending. It is by Shipley :

#### TAYLOR.

In nineteen hundred and thirty-five,  
 When Taylor came down from the twenty-five,  
 The opposing three-q's all alert and awake,  
 Came sailing right out to tackle and take.

The touch-lines were crowded, the crowds all a-hum  
 Watching them running, all breaking the scrum.  
 For half-time was over and full-time near come,  
 When Taylor came down from the twenty-five.

The opponents were startled—the score was nine-nine—  
 When Taylor came swooping down on their line,  
 The first man he passed with flying feet,  
 Then the full-back who loomed up he beat,

On, on he went, for the line he tore,  
 While all watched on in silent awe,  
 For Taylor was there, and a try he did score,  
 When he came swooping from the twenty-five.

Pardon us for harping so much on rugby, but there are so many of the form who are absolutely fanatical about the game.

The next effort is included for the masterly manner in which McLeod has negotiated a difficult rime. It verges on the standard of the lyric.

His name stood out upon the sheet,  
Of three-ply wood and paper,  
He asked the master: "What's it for?"  
The master: "Je ne sais pas!"

## VI.

WE shall open with some  
Scandal, Gossip, and Libel.

Smith has at last come into his own, for he appeared in long trousers—yes, real long trousers, right down to his knees.

Both of those famous partners, Frankenstein and Rubenstein, have distinguished themselves signally of late. The former has instituted a system of weekly booking for detention, and on one occasion actually secured five detentions by the end of Monday morning. The latter, aided materially if unwittingly by masters and prefects, has composed his famous Melody in Det.

Heaps, formerly the undisputed "stout fellow" of the form, has now encountered a serious rival in Taylor, who has been studying in secret. The future holder of the title will be the one who first disappears through the floor.

Finally, the frequent rattling of windows is not due to the wind, but to Williams's cough, which is being carefully cultivated. He is at present dissatisfied with it, but at half power he guarantees it to shake the walls, and at full power he plans the utter annihilation of the School.

Pencils appear to have a strange fascination for the tow-headed Frankenstein, for he behaves villainously in—

## FRANKA'S PENCIL.

Yet another mystery has been solved in the Underworld with the aid of Detectives Ridout and Altham, who were quickly on the scene of the crime. The victim, poor Archie, was in a state of hysteria. "They have robbed me! It was valuable!" he yelled repeatedly. "What is missing?" was the first question fired at the victim by Detective Altham. "My

pencil," sobbed Peachy. "Description," demanded Inspector Ridout. "Red, and about one inch long," was the reply. The detectives, having made copious notes, finally departed. During Geometry, after having peered furtively around, Franka produced a pencil, a thing he had never been known to do before. Detective Altham immediately noticed the fact, and drew Pierce's attention to it. With a squeal of joy, Pierce leapt at Franka, and recovered his property. The two detectives were afterwards handsomely rewarded by Archie, and Franka was sentenced to look after the Detention Sheet for a week.

Finally, we shall try to placate that very much maligned person Franka, by publishing one of his (very) original Limericks.

There was a young fellow called Hill,  
 Who swallowed a large, bitter pill.  
     His eyebrows perspired  
     And his false teeth back-fired—  
 They recovered his tonsils at Rhyl.

#### IVa.

ONCE again we confront you with our usual concoction of wit and wisdom, of something new and interesting every term. We shall commence with a libel, by Allen:

"There once was a feller named Edge,  
 Whose head once was stuck in a hedge.  
     He tried all he could  
     To get out of the wood,  
 But he had to go home on a sledge."

And after that direct hit we pass naturally to the navy, to the destroyer Vixen as described by Crail:

"By reason of a special permit I was allowed to board H.M.S. Vixen before she sailed on her trials. She is one of the latest destroyers, of about 1,500 tons and has a maximum speed of 47 knots per hour. I noticed that her funnels, instead of being cylindrical, are oval shaped, so as to reduce wind



resistance. Another new feature was the shape of the hull which resembles that of a speed-boat. The vessel mounts four 4.7 inch guns and four deck torpedo tubes, while below there are six for submerged firing. She is well provided with radio, having two transmitting and receiving sets."

Everyone has seen that banner with the strange device which hangs in the corridor, inscribed with representations of the Football XI. As the cartoonist has been allowed a free hand, surely this appreciation of the heroes by a worshipper, King, will be graciously accepted?

" B stands for Barker, who gets all the goals,  
C stands for Colly, who fills nets with holes,  
Also for Carr, whom to watch is a treat.  
J is for Jones, who's a forward so neat,  
And K for Kinnear with remarkable feet.  
P stands for Parry, a man of much skill,  
And R is for Roylance, whose shots nearly kill.  
S stands for Simms, who is Louis by name,  
And also for Slinn, who captains the game;  
W for Wheat, a winger so slick,  
Also for Wilson, who knows how to kick."

To clear the air of incense you are now to be regaled or revolted (it depends upon your lust for work) by this description of work on the grand scale as performed by E. G. Williams:

### A TRIP UP SNOWDON.

At first the path was rocky, but as we progressed it became wider and less difficult. We saw a pipe-line running away into the distance. Behind, the road was a mere white ribbon dotted with moving cars. We took snapshots before continuing. Then there was more climbing, and we passed some ruined slate huts in a circle, in the centre being a small pond. After about half-an-hour after this we reached our objective, a fresh-water lake supposed to be bottomless. Here we halted and lunched, then went a little further. This was the highest point which we reached, for we then descended, as we wished to see Caernavon Castle. We had succeeded in doing what we had wished by climbing so far up Snowdon.

## IVb.

**H**ELLO, everyone! This, our first form note of the school year (owing to cause or causes unknown) we propose to dedicate to the exams., while hoping that you, dear reader, did not have as rough a passage through them as did the writers below. Our descriptions will be in chronological order: the first two speak of the ordeal itself, while our third contributor, the notorious Gurney, will describe the results, in what is, without doubt, autobiography.

We start, then, with Cooper's description of the field of battle:

So all day long the monstrous thing went on,  
 And all the boys to all the masters' desks,  
 In search of clean white paper staggered,  
 Then once again the weary scratch resumed.  
 And every boy his tired brains did rack,  
 To wake the echoes of that dark, dim past.  
 Until, at last, the awful paper done,  
 The pens laid down with many a long, long sigh,  
 The boys go home to swot and swot and swot.  
 Then follow days of anxious waiting grim,  
 Until at last the lists hang on the wall.  
 And every boy with ever eager look,  
 To see results and marks he cranes his neck:  
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

And now follows Davies upon the same subject:

And all day long the scratch of pens was heard,  
 As boys in classrooms y's or x's paired;  
 Or wrote about Magellan and the rest,  
 Those chaps who went exploring way out west.  
 For five whole hours a day they labour on;  
 Until all hope of doing well is gone;  
 But when at last comes home-time (half-past-four)  
 They all make one mad rush to reach the door.

Lastly, lest anyone should think we produce nothing but good poetry, here is Gurney's effort:

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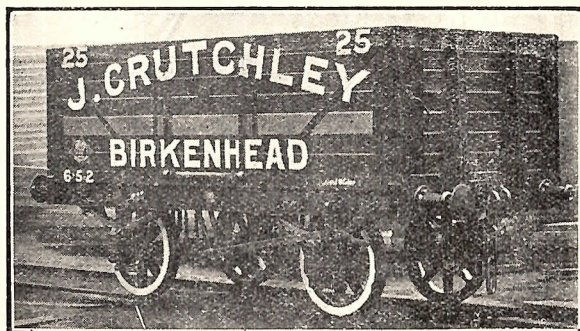
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Why do your knees sae quake wi' fear,  
Edward, Edward?

Why do your knees sae quake wi' fear,  
And why sae scared gang ye, O,

Exams. do start on Monday morn,  
Mither, mither;

Exams. do start on Monday morn,  
And swotting I have not been O!

Why is your face sae dark and glum, :  
Edward, Edward?

Why is your face sae dark and glum, :  
My dear son, now tell me, O!

I've failed in French and Latin too,  
Mither, mither;

I've failed in French and Latin too,  
And what will father say, O!

#### IVj.

THIS is to demand your attention. We are the best form in the School, we buzz with enthusiasm and the place swarms with personality. For instance we are the form containing objects such as "Mauler" Williams (of whom more later) who distributes his blows impartially, and J. Smith who wrote an imposition of lines on a paper half a yard long by four inches wide.

We intend to start with a limerick, dealing with the late disgusting episode of the term:

When examinations were over,  
I thought "For a time I'm in clover."  
But to my dismay  
I find that to-day,  
I read papers instead of the "Rover."

That was by Dent. We continue with another piece of ribaldry, this time from the pen of W. Smith:

There was a young lad, by name Bell,  
Whose voice the name suited quite well.  
So on him fell things,  
And now he's got wings,  
And below they are ringing his knell.

And now we bring you a scoop, rattling good thriller extracted from real life by J. Smith.

### THE BIG FIGHT.

It took place in the pavilion, in our dressing room. The combatants were, on my right, "Mauler" Williams, on my left, "Masher" Heaney. The latter, in shorts, looked the perfect boxer, but the Mauler, wearing an overcoat, was at a disadvantage. The signal sounded (the throwing of a boot, a rather primitive method), and the fighters rushed at each other, fighting like wildcats. Unfortunately, there sounded an ominous knocking at the door, and in strode a master with a few stern words about the noise. After his departure the tournament commenced again with no less fury. The Mauler received a cut lip, the Masher a few slow but sure pile-drivers in the chest. But again conditions stopped play. This time it was the groundsman. The party was discouraged: it was obvious that the affair would not be allowed to proceed to its logical and honourable conclusion. It broke up, and the Masher and the Mauler, licking their wounds, went home.

We shall conclude with a marching song for those stout fellows of us who play rugby. It is written and composed by Bell:

Tirra-rum !  
 Here we come !  
 Through the line-out and the scrum !  
 With the sound of rugby dying,  
 And the sight of the ball flying !  
 Oh ! tirra-rum.  
 Here we come !  
 The boys of the new IVj.

### IIIa.

**EXAMS.** are everywhere in the air (and results on the notice-boards), so Ball's contribution is topical.

### TERM EXAMS.

On the eve of the Term Exams. I went early to bed. Next morning, I arose early, dressed, and enjoyed a hearty breakfast. Riding towards School, I encountered several of the boys looking very glum and dispirited.

"Why do you look so glum?" I enquired.

"Exams.," they croaked.

"Oh! I like the exams.," ventured I.

"Says you," they answered.

"I do," I went on, "but not the results."

That morning the particular brand of torture was French. As each boy finished, he went through the same solemn rite. First he would sigh with relief, then he would carefully fold his question paper and place it in his pocket. Only then did the proceedings vary. Some boys looked over their papers, some sat and thought, and some just sat. The expressions of some would have evoked pity from a baby-snatching gangster.

They were evidently in trouble. After French came English, but the less said about that the better. Finally, in the afternoon we had Physics.

Needless to say, I felt much better after I had encountered and routed my tea.

From the toil and the heart-searchings of the exam-room, let us turn with relief to an entirely different scene, one breathing quiet, and peacefulness, and old-world charm.

#### AN EVENING SCENE (UPTON).

On a sunny day, a magnificent view may be obtained from an attic window of the old farm-house.

Away to the right, beyond blazing fields of swaying wheat, is the parish of Woodchurch, with its old sandstone church standing out as a land-mark. Wheat fields and cool pastures also occupy the foreground, and stretch away into the distance on the left. Here can be discerned the gleaming metals of the railway, and the line of the sluggish Fender as it winds its way through shady meadows, where cattle and horses lazily browse in the sunshine. In the distance are the black splashes of Birkenhead and Prenton.

The sun sinks slowly in the sky. Over the fields lumber the farm carts, their horses straining at the reins, for the day's work is almost done, and there is the cool delight of the stable to come. Silence reigns save for the grunting of pigs and the mournful lowing of cows.

The sun, now low in the heavens, gilds with its parting rays the forms of the men as they plod to their homes from the farms.

After such an idealistic description of the harmony of simple life, it seems almost irreverent to mention a wireless programme, especially under the heading of



## A GENERAL MIX-UP.

Something seemed to have gone wrong with my wireless set, and every station seemed to be struggling in deadly rivalry against its neighbour.

The Regional was giving a talk on cookery, the National one on keeping fit, and the North, one on motor-cars. The net result was as follows:—

“ Mix in the eggs, until a healthy glow is felt. Place in a warm oven, and step on the gas. Take out the mixture, and roll along the floor to cool. Wrap up in a thick cloth and dip in gear-box oil, which should be allowed to penetrate thoroughly. Add the dry ingredients and put together again, making sure that the cylinders are well baked.”

Muir evidently has not encountered the ‘ superb “Philco” shadow-adjustment.’

Finally, here are the inevitable limericks:

There was a young ass named Muir  
Who fell off his bike down a sewer.  
A butcher came by,  
And said, “ Sonny, don’t cry,”  
And fished him right out with a skewer.

Again:

There was a young fellow named Fletcher,  
Who said to young Ashley, “ I betcher,  
With one or two blows,  
I’d knock off your nose;  
And carry you home on a stretcher.”

One of these tough guys, huh?

## IIb.

**H**ERE we are again, still living in that rookery of a cubby hole. Perhaps the most exciting event of the term has been the foundation of our secret society, the Brotherhood, which will, if I understand the rules correctly, do anything for a fight. It is of this movement that the poet, Welch, sings:

If you should want some aid, :  
Or else war must be made,  
Ask us to see you through,  
We’ll do the job for you,  
Beware the Brotherhood!

Let us turn to lighter subjects, to Docherty's description of a flight in an aeroplane.

For guessing within four feet the correct height of an aeroplane, I was awarded, as a prize a ticket for a free flight. I went to the flying field at Arrowe House Farm, where Sir Alan Cobham had his machines. I was taken into an air-liner with other passengers, and we took off. It was a rather pleasing sensation to find oneself being lifted off the earth. Looking out of the window I saw that the faces of the people below were becoming smaller and smaller; a few moments later, houses looked like models, ships and motors appeared tiny and people like flies. The noise was terrific—on the sides of the liner were small boxes containing cotton wool, to put in the ears if the noise was too great. Now we were nearing home, and I felt myself dropping. The sensation resembled coming down in a lift. Then there was a slight bump, and the aeroplane came to a standstill. We were back on earth.

Next, as an example of the way in which we play rugger, here is a piece of verse by Strickland, telling of the performance of one of our stars:

Now IIIb. they play rugger,  
 They've only just begun,  
 But my, you should see Evanson,  
 How quick that lad can run!  
 He darts among the others,  
 Then out again you'll find,  
 And now he's got the ball, and runs,  
 And leaves the rest behind.

### IIIj.

ONCE again we bring you our report of the term's work. We have had a good time—for instance, this is the sort of thing we are getting:

BOY: "What makes a whistle whistle?"

MASTER: "I'll answer that if you tell me this: What makes an owl 'owl'?"

Things like that make the term go with a swing.

The following ditty shows our passionate attachment to the British climate:

Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
 With its ever lengthening days;  
 When the busy bees start humming  
 And the skylark sings h's lays.  
 Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
 When the trees and flowers revive;  
 When Jack Frost ceases numbing,  
 Nature is once more alive!

And now follows a fantastic little effort by Vincent. Vincent, as you all know, is the most outstanding of our geniuses: times without number he has dazed us with the number of stars he has received. Anyhow, here is his fairy tale:

### TOYLAND AT NIGHT.

The cupboard was shut, and the children had gone,  
 And only the stars through the panes looked on;  
 When the clock boomed twelve with its solemn stroke.  
 And one by one the toys awoke.  
 The little tin soldiers marched in a line,  
 With four little drummer boys beating time,  
 The little drum-major marching before—  
 Then followed the rest of the corps.  
 Then Teddy and Golly awoke to fight,  
 Each hitting the other with all his might;  
 And two little aeroplanes left the ground,  
 To circle their whole world around.  
 And bugles sounded, and drums did beat,  
 All over the room was the tramp of feet—  
 But then suddenly, briskly, crowed the cocks,  
 And each top tip-toed to its box.

---

### *Junior School Notes*

THE usual signs of the Spring Term are apparent in the Junior School—our annual crop of home grown spring flowers and, also, our annual crop of influenza colds! Even the garden seems to be suffering from a chill, for it has recently been “done” by a gardener who has played havoc with the shrubs. We shall miss the friendly cover of the holly bushes in our summer plays, and our pleasant natural stage has been quite spoilt.



The activities of the Cubs deserve mention. The pack sent "six" to the Central Division Inter-Six Competition in December last and took first place, winning a silver cup. Cubs continue to work energetically for stars and badges, and four would-be gardeners undertook the care of the top bed. They changed the plants in it three times in one week, and as a tribute to their enthusiasm one daffodil has bloomed! They will probably find more congenial work in collecting contributions for a cake and candy stall which is planned in connection with the Local Association Bazaar.

The Prize Distribution took place immediately before Christmas. The Juniors presented two dramatised stories which were much appreciated by the audience. Some of the boys made surprisingly charming Eastern ladies, and all the costumes were most effective, though the cost was small.

H.M.D.

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### *Prefects' Reunion*

THE sixth annual Reunion of Prefects was held in the Dining Room on Friday, the 21st December. Nearly sixty prefects past and present attended, together with the Headmaster, Mr. Watts, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Haime.

After a very enjoyable tea provided by "Janny," speeches were delivered by Clarke, who recounted amid much amusement the unconventional incidents of the first Prefects' "Feed," and by Jellicoe who proposed "the School." Walker seconded, Weston replied, and Mr. Watts wound up with a characteristically entertaining and witty speech.

The speeches were followed by items of entertainment arranged and compèred by Cathcart. Mr. Haime rendered "Sam's Medal" with fitting gallantry and great success, the Headmaster, Mr. Harris, Mr. Watts, and Burnett sang, and Smith gave a clarinet solo. The evening was brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The Prefects would like to express their thanks to those responsible for the success of yet another Reunion.

## My Profession

I'M little use at poetry, at music or the like,  
 My accent is not B.B.C. for talking through the mike,  
 I am no good at sailing ships, for I'm sick on the seas,  
 I have no skill in growing crops, or keeping honey bees,  
 I'll never make a Coldstream Guard, because I am too small,  
 I'll never lead a smart jazz band like Mr. Henry Hall.  
 An airman I shall never make—a-soaring in the blue,  
 It's a thing that sounds attractive but which I don't like to do.  
 A policeman, too, I'll never be, because I am not big,  
 I will not be a navvy, I'm far too tired to dig—  
 I'm not much good at anything—I try, and always fail.  
 The rungs of fame I am quite sure that I shall never scale.  
 A conclusion I have come to—I shall work inside the van,  
 Of that genial friend of children, Sweetmeat Joe, the candy  
 man. G.T., IIa.

## Two Acrostics

### 1. CLUES ACROSS.

CLUES ACROSS.		(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)
(1) A South American town.	(1)	*	A	*	A	*	*
(2) Roaming.	(2)	*	*	*	A	*	*
(3) Agile.	(3)	*	*	*	*	*	*
(4) As dry as *****.	(4)	*	*	*	*	*	*
(5) To agree.	(5)	A	*	*	*	*	*
(6) The first of August.	(6)	*	A	*	*	A	*

### CLUES DOWN.

- (1) Pertaining to the mind.  
 (6) Cubic metres.

### 2. CLUES ACROSS.

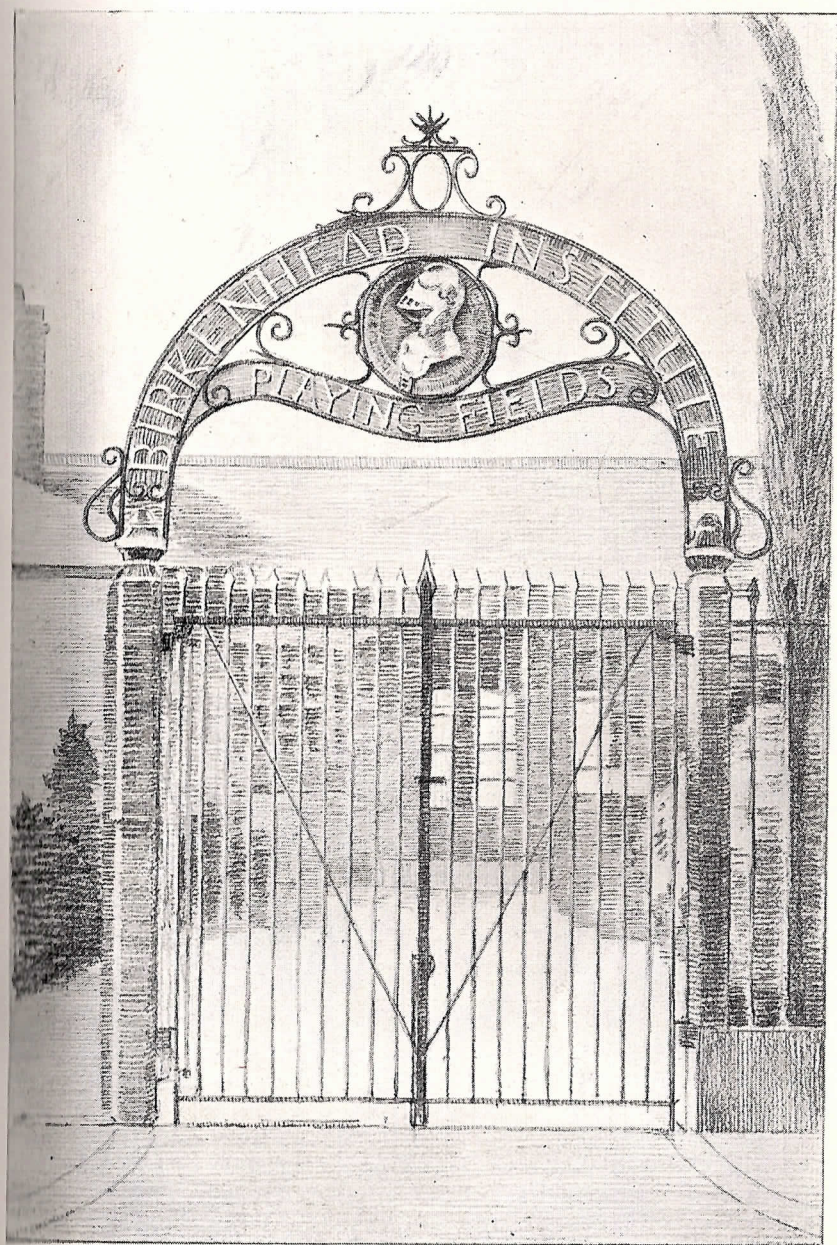
CLUES ACROSS.		(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)	
(1)	A precious stone.	(1)	*	*	*	*	E	*
(2)	Counsel.	(2)	*	*	*	*	*	E
(3)	Cause to move more slowly.	(3)	*	E	*	*	*	*
(4)	Withdraw.	(4)	*	E	*	*	*	E
(5)	To assent.	(5)	*	*	*	E	*	E
(6)	A Turkish bath.	(6)	*	*	*	*	*	*

### CLUES DOWN.

- (1) S.W. Australian  
mahogany gum tree.  
 (6) Buy back.

G.S.







## Curious Bibles

**B**ESIDES the familiar Authorised and Revised versions of the Bible, there have been many others, not the least interesting of which are those known as the "Curious Bibles."

Among the dozen or so distinguished by the name "curious," perhaps the best known is the "Breeches" Bible, which owes its title to the following verse from the third chapter of Genesis: ". . . and they sewed figge-tree leaves together and made themselves breeches." "Aprons" is the word favoured by the Authorised version.

An interesting archaism is found in this verse of Psalm 91:—"so that thou shalt not nede to be afraid for any bugges by night," where "bugge" equals our modern "bogy," or "terror" as the A.V. puts it. This version is everywhere known as the "Bug" Bible.

The printer is responsible for the "Place-maker's" or "Whig" Bible, since he printed "place-maker" for "peace-maker" in Matthew 5, 9, creating a new Beatitude, "Blessed are the place-makers; for they shall be called the children of God."

The translators, however, are at fault when, in the 8th chapter of Jeremiah, they ask: "Is there not treacle at Gilead?" and "Is there not rosin in Gilead?" thus giving us the "Treacle" and the "Rosin" Bibles.

The printer is again to blame in the matter of the "Wicked" Bibles, since it was usually the omission of a negative from one of the Commandments which earned the version its name. One of the "Wicked" Bibles, that called the "Pearl" by its publishers on account of the type used, also omits a negative; this time from a verse in I. Corinthians VI., which then reads, "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit the Kingdom of God?"

"The Vinegar" Bible was so styled, since it refers to the "Parable of the Vineyard" as the "Parable of the Vinegar." The accident of "murderers" for "murmurers" in Jude V., 16, accounts for the "Murderers'" Bible.

The 61st verse of the 24th chapter of Genesis, which reads "And Rebekah arose and her damsels," appears in one version as "And Rebekah arose and her camels," hence its title "Rebekah's Camels" Bible.

An astounding title is that of the "Standing Fishes" Bible, where by putting "fishes" for "fishers" the verse is

made to read " And it shall come to pass that the fishes will stand upon it." Perhaps, however, the most amusing of all is that which earned one version the name of the "Ears to 'Ear'" Version, where we have great doubts as to the printer's soundness in the matter of aspirates, since he renders a well-known verse as " He that hath ears to ear, let him hear." A printer's error in the 14th chapter of Luke, whereby " life " appears as " wife," gives us the " Wife-Hater " Bible: " If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, yea, and his own wife also," etc.; the wife thus incurring a double portion of hatred!

Although it is not included under the category of " Curious Bibles," the Bowdlerised version of the New Testament by the Rev. Edward Harwood, D.D., an 18th century divine, is well worthy of interest. It is perhaps the most " curious " of all biblical versions, though to our minds perilously near blasphemy at times. Dr. Harwood was evidently a milk and water precisian who disapproved of the bald and barbarous language of the old " Vulgar version." He therefore proposed " to clothe the genuine ideas and doctrines of the apostles with that propriety and perspicuity in which they themselves, I apprehend, would have exhibited them, had they now lived and written in our language." With this motive he removed everything that displeased his modest eye. Judge his effort by the result. The divine condemnation of the Laodiceans in the third chapter of Revelations, " So thus, because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot I will spue thee out of my mouth," he renders in mangled form, " Since therefore you are now in a state of lukewarmness, a disagreeable medium between the two extremes, I will, in no long time, eject you from my heart with fastidious contempt."

This is a fair specimen of Dr. Harwood's language. Nicodemus he refers to with approval as " this gentleman," while he exhibits the daughter of Herodias in as favourable a light as possible by describing her as " a young lady " who danced with inimitable grace and elegance." The father of the prodigal figures as "a gentleman of splendid family." Finally, in the reverend doctor's version, Peter does not express a wish to build tabernacles on the Mount of Transfiguration, but exclaims fervently: " Oh, sir! what a delectable residence we might fix here," while St. Paul is credited with having left at Troas, not a " cloak " as in the Authorised Version, but—a portmanteau!

## *The Rebel*

TURNING his back resolutely upon the dreary town he sets out for fresh air and open fields. A well-worn record book and "Selections from Wordsworth" under his arm proclaim that conscience has not yet been completely silenced, but no thought of returning enters his head.

Confronted, at last, by a wider horizon, his mind is diverted into different channels, and his walk relaxes to an easy stroll. His cap, hated as a symbol of submission, he puts out of sight and now tastes the wild and wanton joy of stolen freedom. He walks aimlessly and follows every whim, crossing fields, jumping hedges, exploring forbidden ground. Not a soul does he meet. He senses the vibration of life in everything around him. His heart beats faster, his spirit rejoices in the freedom of the wilds and within himself he says:

"I will no more return."

Drowsed by the warmth, he stretches himself in the shade of a hedge. Somewhere above his head a lark is singing, and from the long grass comes the murmuring of working bees. He sleeps, and dreaming, feels again the joy and wildness of his flight.

When he awakes, the shadows are lengthening. A rueful smile lights his face as he collects his books, and he wonders vaguely why such things must be. Then, with many a backward glance, he returns and "Mourns the day so soon has glided by."

T.H.

## *Solutions to Acrostics*

I.	(1)	(1)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)
(1)	M	A	N	A	O	S
(2)	E	R	R	A	N	T
(3)	N	I	M	B	L	E
(4)	T	I	N	D	E	R
(5)	A	D	H	E	R	E
(6)	L	A	M	M	A	S
2.	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)
(1)	J	A	S	P	E	R
(2)	A	D	V	I	C	E
(3)	R	E	T	A	R	D
(4)	R	E	T	I	R	E
(5)	A	C	C	E	D	E
(6)	H	A	M	M	A	M



## A Camping Holiday

*"Who hath smelt wood smoke by twilight?  
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?  
Let him follow with the others,  
For the young men's feet are turning  
To the camps of proved desire and known delight."*

KIPLING.

THERE is always adventure waiting for those who go camping. There is the thrill of the first night when you lie awake listening to the evening songs of the birds and the rustling of the wind in the tree tops, and then watch for the twinkling stars through the open tent door, for all good campers sleep with their tent door wide open.

There is the joy of making up in the early morning, the most wonderful time of the camping day, when the air is steeped in freshness and dawn is creeping gradually over hill and wood and dale.

Every year camping is becoming more and more popular and this year many people who have never camped before are planning a holiday under canvas.

It occasionally happens that the enjoyment of many amateur campers is spoiled by inexperience. First of all the choice of a site is most important. A novice in camping is inclined to decide on a site solely on account of its beautiful view, but the most entrancing scenery will begin to lose its attractions if the tent has been pitched on ground so hard and rocky, or so soft and sandy, that the pegs refuse to stay in the ground. Sites on clay soils should also be avoided for here water will not drain away at all rapidly. Before deciding upon a site, it is a good plan to imagine what it would be like under the worst possible weather conditions.

A firm grassy site on gravel soil, half way up the side of a hill and facing south, is best. It should be near a good water supply and with a wood or belt of trees in the background to keep off the wind. Never camp under the branches of trees, for during a storm a heavy branch might suddenly break off and descend on your tent; moreover the droppings from trees during rain are often worse than the rain itself. Loosen the tent ropes at night and in wet weather, for both the tent ropes and the tent cloth shrink when wet.

A village or farm house, where milk and other provisions can be obtained, should be within reasonable distance. Most farmers nowadays are willing to allow campers on their land

for a small weekly fee, and will supply butter, eggs, milk, bread and vegetables at quite a reasonable price, an invaluable help in the catering.

The tent should be bought or hired from a reliable firm, together with such extras as poles, pegs, and ground sheets;—a fly sheet is most useful for keeping the tent weatherproof, cool during the day and warm at night. Take plenty of rugs and blankets, for even the warmest of nights turns cold and chilly towards morning. A sleeping bag is a great comfort, or a large eiderdown with tapes sewn at each side, so that you can tie it up in the form of a sleeping bag.

You will want a good supply of stockings and at least two pairs of thick shoes, with gymnasium shoes (worn without stockings) for wet days, a waterproof coat, and your oldest clothes. A few first aid remedies should always be included, insect lotion, picric acid for burns, and iodine for cuts, a roll of cotton wool, lint and some bandages.

Camp cookery is an art in itself, and though much can be learned by reading books about it, only experience and experiments can teach the amateur how to cook over a really hot wood fire, how to keep the ash out of stews and smuts out of tea! But such cooking is half the fun of camping and all like to try their hand at it. Bacon and eggs, sausages and ham are all delightful when cooked and eaten in the open air; so are stew and soups and potatoes roasted in their jackets. Plenty of fresh fruit should always be eaten in camp. This is necessary from a health point of view, for food cooked in camp is not always easily digested!

And lastly, but this is by no means the least important, gather up all litter and refuse from the camp each day and either burn or bury it. The great art of camping is to leave the site as clean and tidy as you found it. *Leave nothing but your thanks.*

---

### **Badminton Club**

**I**NTEREST in the Club has been declining of late, and attendances have suffered as a natural result. Rather suprisingly, however, the playing strength of the club has greatly improved, as we hope to show in our forthcoming fixture with the Sphinx Club. We hope that next season will see a revival of interest with the introduction of new players, and that a keen and enthusiastic club may be formed. J.N.R.



### *Chess Club*

ALTHOUGH the season is drawing to its close, only one of the individual championships has been decided, that of Division III., which has been won by Speed. In each of the other three divisions, there is still a keen struggle between the leading players. Leighton and Hunt have yet to decide who shall become School Champion, and holder of the British Federation Shield for one year.

The Chess Team results for this season have been the best for a considerable time, and at present we occupy third place in the Wright Challenge Shield Competition, with  $3\frac{1}{2}$  points out of a possible 6. The team has usually been Leighton, Hunt, Weston, Robinson, Davis, Mayo and Sarginson, but Mercer and Lowson have also played. Robinson, Leighton, Weston and Hunt have obtained most points in School matches.

In a match held against Hale, the School team had the assistance of Mr. Moat and Mr. Watts, but our opponents proved too strong for us, with the result that we lost by  $6\frac{1}{2}$  games to  $1\frac{1}{2}$ .

In addition to our annual fixtures with the Staff and the Old Boys, we have in the near future a match against Oldershaw in the Wright Shield Competition. J.N.R.

---

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

WE have held three meetings this term, and, in spite of the fact that most of the work has been left to a few loyal members, they have proved interesting. The attendance, never at any time overwhelming, has yet been regular.

At our first meeting, Evans proposed "That this House would welcome the Total Abolition of Homework with shorter holidays to compensate." Fourteen members spoke and the controversy raged for over an hour. When, finally, the vote was taken, the motion was defeated by a majority of three votes.

Our second meeting was devoted to the debate "That the motorist is primarily the cause of the present slaughter on the roads." Simms proposed the motion. An interesting discussion ensued, in which opinion was varied. It seemed, however, that the cyclists were strongly represented and the motion was carried.



Our third meeting took a rather different form. Moved by the spirit of the moment we devoted our attention to Birkenhead's Municipal Enterprises during the last hundred years. Papers dealing with the town's municipal services were read by Hunt, Theobald, Woolman, May, and Mercer. The President spoke on Education and the Chairman surveyed the Transport system. This proved a very successful meeting.

Finally, before the end of term, we are hoping that Mr. Watts will give us a talk, to put the final touch to a very lively season.

T.H.

---

### *National Savings Association*

OWING to the fall in general rates of interest, the Treasury have decided on a new (6th) Issue of Savings Certificates, becoming a rate of interest only slightly lower than that of the 5th Issue.

Interesting features of the new Issue are, firstly, that the maturity period is reduced to ten years, and that a bonus is added at the end of the fifth year, as well as a bonus at the end of the tenth year. Also, now that the purchase price has been reduced to fifteen shillings, it is hoped that we shall have in the School a greater number purchased outright.

Special arrangements have been made to enable all our members who had begun to subscribe for a 5th Issue Certificate and had not completed payment at the date of the change, to obtain one 5th Issue Certificate, provided payment is completed by September 30th, 1935.

R. HALL (Hon. Sec.)

J. W. HAIME (Hon. Treas.)

---

### *Rover Scout Notes*

WE are at present finding considerable difficulty in holding our meetings, so fully is the Crew occupied by examinations and the work of helping with Cubs and Scouts; but most of us manage to attend the Rover Ranger monthly services at the Shaftesbury Boys' Club, while the whole Crew went to the Annual Rover Conference. In our efforts to augment the Hut Fund, two dances, held in conjunction with the Pax Hall (1st Birkenhead South) Rangers, are outstanding: our gratitude is due to this company for the use of their Hall, and for their efficient catering arrangements.

N.I.

## *Scout Notes*

**P**ERHAPS from the average boy's point of view the most important feature of the term has been the annual 'Feed.' Over eighty members of all three sections of the group were present, the guest of honour being the Headmaster. Later in the evening the parents joined in the proceedings, which took the form of competitive games, an exhibition of films depicting scenes from group camps, and a very jolly sing-song.

Scout work during the term has been largely confined to that essential for the 2nd class badge, and proficiency badges, of the latter, twenty-five have been gained. The progress of boys training for the 1st class badge has not been as rapid as one would have liked, although very steady work has been accomplished.

As a variant to the normal troop meetings in the gymnasium, several wide games on the Solly Recreation Ground have been organised. These proved exceedingly popular, and on each occasion the 'Clerk of the Weather' did his best for us.

On March 16th, the Scouts assisted at a Jumble Sale organised by the Crew. This was a great success, the Hut Fund benefitting to the extent of eleven guineas. We are indebted to the 1st Birkenhead South Girl Guide Company for the use of Pax Hall.

In an effort to increase still further the Hut Fund, we are holding a concert in the School on April 4th. A very novel programme has been arranged, and we are looking forward to a very jolly evening.

The enthusiastic cyclists in the Troop propose to make, during the Easter holidays, a tour of the Welsh marshes. The itinerary is a particularly interesting one, and those participating are assured of an instructive and healthful holiday.

G.S.M.

---

## *Rifle Club*

**A** GRATIFYING, though not unexpected, improvement has been shown throughout the term, some very good cards having been handed in during the monthly shoots. The latest of these was won by Aslett, and the next competition should be very closely contested.

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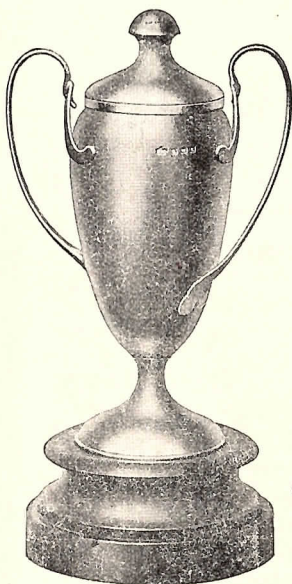
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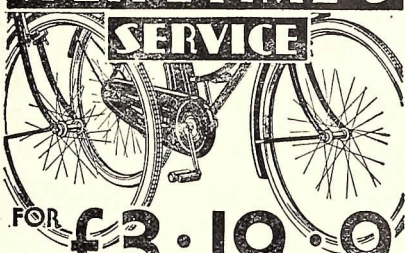
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## *Scientific Society*

THE Society held its first meeting of the Spring term on February 4th, when Mr. Watts was in the chair. Greaves was the speaker, his subject being 'Science and History.' He made special reference to the Theory of Evolution, important in history as in biology.

On February 12th, with May in the chair, G. Evans lectured on 'Modern Chemical Warfare.' He mentioned such weapons of warfare as poison gases, explosives and bacteria.

A lecture by Mr. Watts will take place on April 2nd, and we also hope to receive a lecture from Weston before the end of term.

R.M.

---

## *Table Tennis Club*

THIS term we have twice played the Birkenhead (West) Junior Conservatives. On the first occasion we won by 17 games to 11 and 7 sets to 3, Evans and Coughtrie winning both sets, and May, Crowhurst, and Burrell one each. On March 15th, we again played the Conservatives and won by 14 games to 9, and 6 sets to 4. This time Crowhurst, Burrell, Evans and May each won one set. We are very grateful to Mr. Morris for sparing the time to coach us at our meetings on Friday afternoons.

R.E.M.

---

## *Association Football*

### **Senior Shield, 1935.**

**1st Round, February 13th, v. Alsop High School (Away).**

Team: W. Kinnear; J. N. Slinn (capt.), W. S. M. Wilson; R. Parry, J. Collinson, R. D. Robey; L. Simms, P. H. Jones, D. R. Barker, K. H. Roylance and K. Wheat.

IN spite of bad weather, a fine muster of B.I. supporters lined the pitch at the kick-off.

Slinn won the toss and decided to kick with the wind. The School forwards were soon in evidence, adapting themselves to the poor conditions very well, and after about five minutes' play, P. H. Jones scored with a well placed shot.

The School continued to press, and about twenty minutes later P. H. Jones increased the lead. During this time the defence had very little to do. B.I. were definitely on top, and the first half's scoring was completed with a magnificent swerving shot by Roylance from about thirty yards range.

After the interval the wind freshened considerably, and Alsop pressed very strongly for some time, until at last they got a goal. Spurred on by this, both sides put all they knew into the game and Roylance scored again, after having one shot wonderfully saved.

Alsop then launched a further attack and scored another goal, as the ball came out of a melee, while shortly before full-time P. H. Jones scored his third goal of the match.

The scorers were : P. H. Jones 3, Roylance 2.

B.I. 5, Alsop High School 2.

## **2nd Round, February 27th, v. Waterloo Grammar School (Home).**

Team : W. Kinnear ; J. N. Slinn (capt.), W. S. M. Wilson ; R. Parry, J. Collinson, K. Carr ; L. Simms, P. H. Jones, D. R. Barker, K. H. Roylance and K. Wheat.

Waterloo won the toss and took advantage of the wind and slope. After a spell of mid-field play Simms scored the first goal. The School continued to hold the upper hand and soon scored again through Barker. The Waterloo forwards lacked cohesion, and their raids were spasmodic, depending mainly on the centre-forward and outside-left. After a free kick for an infringement, the School took up the attack again and added three further goals before half-time.

After the interval Simms scored twice. After another free kick, the School scored again through Jones, while a few minutes later a long shot from Collinson deceived the goal-keeper and fell behind him in the net.

Waterloo scored next, the centre-forward passing the ball to the unmarked outside-right who scored with a good shot.

The School brought the total to ten before the whistle.

For B.I. the outstanding players were Jones, Simms, Parry, and Slinn, but there was no weakness in the team as a whole.

The scorers were : P. H. Jones 3, Simms 3, Barker 2, Collinson and Wheat.

B.I. 10, Waterloo Grammar School 1.



### OTHER MATCHES.

At the close of last term, four colours were awarded. J.N. Slinn, J. Collinson, R. Parry and K. H. Roylance are to be congratulated on gaining this distinction.

Three matches were played last term too late for the results to be included in the Xmas *Visor*. On December 8th, we drew at home with Liverpool Institute, two goals each. Kinnear distinguished himself on this occasion by saving a penalty. The following Wednesday we were at home against Bootle Secondary School whom we beat easily by seven goals to nil. A week later we played the final game of the term, again at home, this time against St. Francis Xavier's College. This was another close game, and the School XI. won by 4 goals to 3.

At the end of the term, our goal-keeper, Milligan, left to take up a very good position in Liverpool, in which we cordially wish him every success.

Our first fixture of the present term was with the City and County School, Chester, who beat us by five goals to two. For our next game we visited St. Edward's College. This game was played in bad weather, and although we had as much of the game as our opponents, the forwards failed to take their chances, and we lost by three goals to nil.

The first home game of the term was a return match with Chester. A surprise reversal of form led to our coming out winners 5—1, and in our next home game we met Holt Secondary School, and scored thirteen to their one.

Barker, playing at centre-forward, is having a very successful season. He has so far scored thirty-two goals, and has had three in a match on no fewer than three occasions. The total goals scored this season is well over double the total for last year, and now stands at ninety-three. Of the individual players, Wheat has completed over fifty games for the first eleven and both Collinson and Slinn over forty.

The 2nd XI. finished up last term rather badly, losing their last three games. Owing to re-arranged fixtures and Shield Matches, they have only played once this term, when they easily beat Holt Secondary School by six goals to nil.

Finally, we would like to pass on the thanks of the team to Mr. Morris and Mr. Clague, for so kindly giving up their very valuable spare time to helping the team.

### Semi Final, March 13th, v. Liverpool Collegiate School (Home).

Team : W. Kinnear ; J. N. Slinn (capt.), W. S. M. Wilson ; R. Parry, J. Collinson, K. Carr ; L. Simms, P. H. Jones, D. R. Barker, K. H. Roylance and K. Wheat.

A huge crowd of supporters were assembled in beautifully fine weather when the teams took the field. Slinn won the toss, and decided to kick up the slope with the sun behind him. Play started at a tremendous pace, and was of an end to end nature. After a short time of equal exchanges, a fine clearance by Collinson was taken by our forwards, and Simms scored.

Collegiate then pressed very strongly, but our defence stood firm, Parry making some nice clearances. In spite of this, the opposing centre-forward managed to convert one of his chances to level the score. The play continued at a terrific pace, Collegiate forcing a succession of corners, from one of which the centre-forward gave the visitors the lead with a fine header. This closed the scoring in the first-half, the rest of the play being very even.

After the interval the School attacked very strongly, and Parry hit the cross-bar twice with headers, while Wheat saw a magnificent shot saved by the goal-keeper, who was putting in some very good work at this time. Some moments later, a header from Roylance hit the upright, and from the break-away a long shot was put in, and the centre-forward rushed in to score. Although B.I. made several more threatening attacks, the only other score came from our opponents, a cross-shot hitting the post and going in, to be followed shortly by a penalty.

Scorer : Simms.

B.I. 1, Liverpool Collegiate 5.

### Results.

	B.I. versus.		1st XI.		2nd XI.
Dec.	8—Liverpool Institute School	... (h)	2—2	... (a)	1—9
	12—Bootle Secondary School	... (h)	7—0	... (a)	2—4
	19—St. Francis Xavier's Col.	... (h)	4—3	... (a)	0—2
1935.					
Jan.	16—City & County Sch., Chester	(a)	2—5		
Feb.	2—St. Edward's College	... (a)	0—3		
	6—City & County Sch., Chester.	(h)	5—1		
	13—1st Rd., Shield Competition,				
	Alsop High School	... (a)	5—2		

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20—Holt Secondary School	... (h) 13—1	... (a) 6—0
27—2nd Rd., Shield Competition, Waterloo Grammar School	... (h) 10—1	
Mar. 6—Liverpool University	... (h) Scratched.	
13—Semi-Final, Shield Competition, L'pool Collegiate Sch....	(h) 1—5	
20—Quarry Bank School	... (a)	

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### *Rugby Football.*

THIS week sees the end of our first (and worst) Rugby season. Last term, we were only learning what we are allowed to do; this term we have discovered a few of the things we are expected to do.

The progress made is very satisfactory. Usually the scores of a first season make very depressing reading, but our 'margins' have decreased steadily, and in no case has the score risen to the heights commonly associated with beginners. (Incidentally, one of the scores reported in last term's *Visor* was very definitely a misprint).

Members of other school staffs have commented favourably on our play, but it is still full of grave faults. It is too late to offer advice now, but a list of the greatest weaknesses may serve some useful purpose.

First, the tackling is poor. No amount of tender embracing round the neck will ever prevent an opponent from scoring a try. Then there is the question of knowing and keeping positions. Almost without exception our forwards have served their backs well, but the latter have not been able to anticipate the movements of the ball, nor have they been able to co-operate. It has been exasperating on one or two occasions to see the excellent work of our scrum halves (in first and second fifteens) wasted by wild passing to men who were not there.

Most of the packs and particularly that of the 1st XV. are very good in the tight-heeling the ball cleanly almost every time, but in the loose they still show a disinclination to drop on the ball and to pack and heel round a tackled man. Dribbling is not yet up to the required standard, and breaking up after a scrum could be quicker.

One other very serious fault must be mentioned: passing the ball on one's own goal line. We have thrown away dozens of points through this practice. Safe kicking must be cultivated. One might almost go so far as to say "kick, whenever you are in your own half."



At the beginning of term we were gratified to find that another excellent pitch had been converted, and that the Removes had changed over to the game. As the majority of the School is now playing Rugger, several House matches could be arranged, these adding considerable interest to the ordinary round of practices.

Mr. Baxter's talk proved exceptionally helpful in remedying many misconceptions, and we were very disappointed that Mr. Paterson was prevented from holding a practice on the School field. Nevertheless, the enthusiasm and general standard of play in School augurs well for a very successful season next year, when a full fixture list will be arranged for all the teams.

### Results.

#### 1ST XV. versus :

	Points.
A F.	
(a) Wirral County .....L.	25— 0
(a) Wirral County .....L.	14— 3
(a) Oldershaw " A " .....L.	33—10
(a) Rock Ferry High " A " .....L.	17— 5
(a) Park High .....L.	21— 0
(a) Bidston III. ....W.	3—36
(h) Rock Ferry High " A " .....L.	8— 3
(h) Rock Ferry High " A " .....	

#### 2ND XV. versus :

	A F.	Points.
(a) Wirral County 2nd .....D.	3— 3	
(h) Rock Ferry High .....L.	27— 0	
(h) Rock Ferry High .....L.	22— 0	

#### BANTAM XV. versus :

	Points.
A F.	
(h) Wirral County .....L.	38— 0
(a) Rock Ferry High .....L.	24— 0
(h) Rock Ferry High .....L.	22— 0
(a) Junior Bantams v. Park High Juniors .....D.	3— 3

## *News of Old Boys*

THE *Visor* Committee will be glad to receive first hand information of the doings of Old Boys. This term no reports have been received.

We have, however, been asked by Mr. R. L. Swan to contradict the report that he was leaving his present post with A. F. Pears, Ltd., as this rumour was entirely without foundation.

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### *Old Boys' A.F.C.*

THE task of compiling an article for the *Visor* is reminiscent of compiling an essay for Matric. I have before me all that is necessary to produce a first-rate article, but for the last half-hour the pages have remained pure and spotless. Something must be done, for the printer's cry for material grows louder, and time is short. The editor and his staff are already frantic, and liable to turn prematurely grey through the anxiety.

The present season is rapidly drawing to a close, and a further seven weeks will see the passing of yet another stage in our history. Arrangements for one season are completed, and it is time to prepare for the next. One season relentlessly follows its predecessor, things change, and yet are still the same. Fresh faces appear and old ones disappear, the new personnel continuing where the others have left off. Time goes on, success mingling with misfortune, each leaving its mark, and each completing a further portion of the road to progress. All must be faced, for they conspire to make a life-time, and the power to meet misfortune with a placid countenance brings an added satisfaction in the footsteps of success.

Success is at the moment evading us, for although the 1st XI. has maintained the standard of past years, the results of the remaining teams are not too encouraging. Great strides are necessary to bring about an all-round improvement, and we look to the present schoolboy, in his capacity as the Old Boy of to-morrow, to help us back to our former heights. Since the inclusion of the 1st and 2nd XI.'s in the I Zingari Leagues, the task of the junior teams which took their places in the Old Boys' League has proved very arduous, but we firmly believe that the future will see the desired improvement.

The progress of the 1st XI. during the last few weeks of the old year has been steadily maintained, and only two defeats have been suffered this year. By defeating Old Wallaseyans in the Fourth Qualifying Round of the Zingari Cup, we entered the first round proper for the second time in our career, but we were unfortunate in being drawn against Earle, who have carried all before them this season, and we have no further interest in the competition. The 1st XI.'s record since the previous report gives great satisfaction, for eight games have been won, three drawn, and two lost.

During the last few weeks the 2nd XI. has, through circumstances completely unavoidable, been idle with a long list of open dates, which now entails a heavy programme to the end of the season. They also have continued the improvement which was commencing when last going to press, and of a further ten matches played, six have been won and one drawn. We trust that their long period of forced inactivity will have no detrimental effect on their remaining matches.

The early successes gained this year by the 3rd XI., which were a marked improvement on the records of the last few years, have apparently overawed them, for they have failed to continue this standard. After defeating Marlborough College O.B.'s in the first round of the League Challenge Trophy, they were badly beaten by Old Maricollians in the second round. This defeat has, however, been avenged in the league match at Arrowe Park. They have therefore confounded the "students of form" by defeating the league leaders.

The 4th XI., whilst having nothing startling to their credit, are plodding along fairly well. They commenced the season by losing their first six matches, but they have settled down since then, and their results at present compare favourably with those of last year. Following this bad opening, of a further twelve league matches, seven have been won and two drawn.

The 5th XI. are having an unfortunate period, for they have usually found the opposition too strong for them.

Despite the approaching end of the season, there are still a fair number of games to be played, and our chief interests in the Old Boys' Senior and Junior Shield Competitions, which will be played as night matches towards the close of the season.