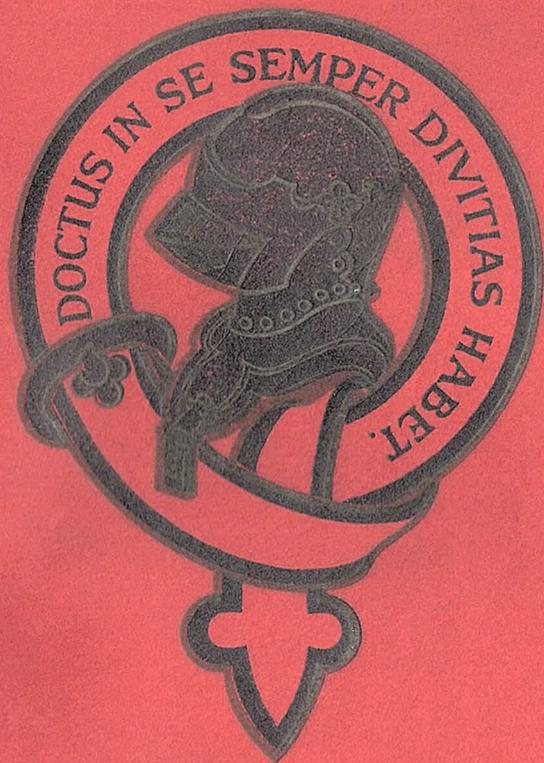


THE VISOR



BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE
SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

SUMMER, 1935.

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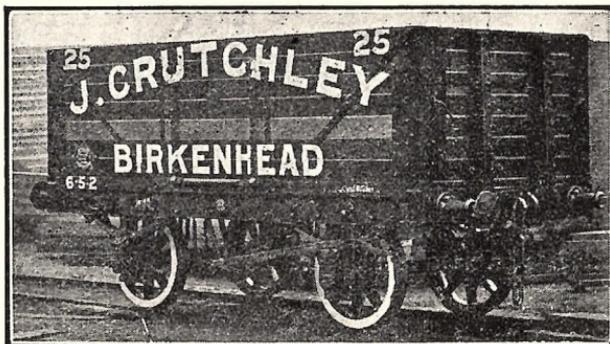
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CRICKET TEAM, 1955.



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Valete

Upper VI.—**Tate** :—Jones, S. **Westminster** :—Lowry, D. W. (1929-1935), *Matric.*, 1934. Titchmarsh, H. S. (1929-1935), *Matric.*, 1934. Wilson, W. S. M. (1929-1935), *Matric.*, 1933, *1st XI. Football (1934-1935)*.

Vis.—**Atkin** :—Parry, R. W. **Stitt** :—Cumming, D. A.

Vla.—**Atkin** :—Gover, R. E.

Rem. b.—**Stitt** :—Dean, A. W. S.

IVb.—**Tate** :—Robinson, A. A.

Prep.—**Tate** :—Hughes, E. L.

Speech Day

ON March 26th, the School Speech Day was held at the Town Hall. The prizes were distributed by Professor Campagnac and the chair taken by Alderman Solly. The first speaker was the chairman, who addressed his remarks to the parents; the scholars, needless to say, knowing their chairman, listened as well. Mr. Solly spoke of the advantages of remaining at School after matriculation and welcomed the adoption of Rugby football. The Headmaster gave the report on the School Year: as usual he had much that was satisfactory to report. Then Mr. Watts, who was appearing for the last time in an official capacity at this function, delighted everyone by a characteristically brilliant speech. Nominally it, too, was addressed to the parents, but all were implicated. He dangled before the boys' eyes the idea that he could if he would tell a tale or so about their parents—but he wouldn't. There followed the distribution of prizes by Professor Campagnac. At the conclusion of this he himself spoke. He praised the singing of the School, and suggested several fruitful ideas about beauty and the functions of education, illustrating his points by such diverse authorities as John Ruskin and a penknife he drew from his pocket. It was a singularly instructive speech. A vote of thanks was proposed by Alderman Fletcher.

The School Sports

THE annual School Sports were held at Ingleborough Road on Saturday, June 1st. The weather, as always, was favourable, and there was a large attendance of friends. K. Wheat won the Senior Victor Ludorum, with 17 points, and Bawden the Junior Victorium Ludorum, with 6 points. Tate won the House Championship once again, with Westminster second, and Atkin a close third.

Miss Atkin, who is closely associated with the School, presented the prizes after a very enjoyable afternoon.

RESULTS.

- Senior Cross Country Run:** Winter, H. E., Aslett, W. W.
Junior Cross Country Run: Taylor, A. J., King, R., Garry, W. N.
Long Jump (Under 14): Bawden, H. R., King, R.
100 Yards (Open): Wheat, K., Roylance, K., Watkins, R.
100 Yards (Under 15): Hill, L., Taylor, A., Allen, W.
100 Yards (Under 14): Bawden, H. R., Aiken, J., Mackintosh.
100 Yards (Under 13): Williams, E., Clarke, L. F., Greatrix, R.
Junior School Handicap (Under 10): Malcolm, L., Buckneyr, R.
Junior School Handicap (Over 10): Bartlett, J., Depnes, D., Williams, J.
Cricket Ball (Under 14): Tomlinson, C. M., Hayes, N. E., Gullan, J. N.
220 Yards (Open): Wheat, K., Roylance, K.
220 Yards (Over 15): Jones, P. O., Makin, M.
Cricket Ball (Open): Wheat, K., Collinson, J., Simms, L.
220 Yards (Under 15): Hill, R. L., Taylor, A., Shipley, T.
220 Yards (Under 13): Williams, E., Strickland, W.
220 Yards, Junior School: Beer, E., Barker, J.
High Jump (Under 14): Gullan, J. N., Thornton, J. A.
High Jump (Open): Colenso, G., Collinson, J.
440 Yards (Open): Wheat, K., Roylance, K.
Long Jump (Open): Roylance, K., Collinson, J.
Three-Legged, Senior: Smedley, Edelsten, J.; Bibby, Mackintosh; King, Allen.
Three-Legged, Junior: Barnes, Sudworth; Currie, Anderson.
Old Boys' Race: Jones, J. O.
Mile (Open): Aslett, W. W., Wheat, K., Taylor, A. J.
Sack Race, Junior School: Young, B., Jones, C. H., Bartlett, J.
Relay (Open): Colenso's Team, Smart's Team.
120 Yards, Hurdles (Under 15): Hill, L., Taylor, A. J., Dearnley, N.
120 Yards, Hurdles (Under 13): Williams, J., Williams, E., Tressider, W.
Obstacle Race (Under 14): Hayes, N. E., Rowlands, J. P., Edelsten, J.
Obstacle Race (Over 14): Quaile, Weir, R., Williamson, A.
880 Yards, Handicap: Humphreys, G. L., Clarke, L. F., Taylor A. J.
Open Tug-of-War: Colenso's Team, Wood's Team.
Hurdles (Open): Makin, M., Slinn, J.
Consolation Race (Under 11): Houghton, Hayward, Thomas.
Consolation Race (Under 14): Milne, Adams, Garry.
Consolation Race (Over 14): Bell, C. V., Austin, Stelfox.
House Relay, Junior: Atkin, Westminster.
House Relay, Intermediate: Stitt, Tate.
House Relay, Senior: Tate, Westminster.
House Tug-of-War: Westminster, Atkin.
Victor Ludorum: Wheat, K., 17-pts.; Runner-up: Roylance, 9-pts.
Junior Victor Ludorum (Under 14): Bawden, 6-pts.
Junior Champion (Under 12): Bartlett, J., 6-pts.
House Championship: 1, Tate, 76-pts.; 2, Westminster, 55-pts.; 3, Atkin, 50-pts.; 4, Stitt, 27-pts.

Vale

IT is customary for boys to look forward with eager delight to the day when the school doors shall close behind them for the last time, and when the freedom of the world shall be theirs, but, if liberty is thus eagerly welcomed by those who have been inmates of the "prison-house" for so short a time, what must be the emotions of one who, on the twenty-fourth of July, after an "imprisonment" of thirty-four years, will win a similar emancipation.

As Mr. Watts leaves the Insti. on that day, perhaps his thoughts will carry him back to the time when, after taking his degree at the University of London, and acquiring experience of science teaching at the University Tutorial College, London, he first came to the semi-private school in Whetstone Lane. Then he may review its growth:—since that day its pupils have increased from one hundred and twenty to five hundred, its teaching staff from six to twenty-five; and, as he passes the events of these years in silent review, what a host of faces will be presented to his mind, faces of a countless multitude of boys—many indistinct but some amazingly clear! And those features which time has not dimmed in his memory will not be brought back to him by the scholastic attainments of their owners (a man may be pardoned for forgetting how many distinctions in School Certificate he had in the year 1903!), nor will they be recalled by subsequent worldly success on the part of those boys, but by the character displayed and moulded in school, and to this shaping of character, the most important duty and privilege of the schoolmaster, Mr. Watts brought exceptional gifts.

Primarily a scientist, by inclination and by training, Mr. Watts has that breadth of education which marks the cultured man. Unlike many scientists, he is well read in English literature, has studied the classic production of the Roman writers, and is more than acquainted with modern foreign languages. Again, he combines an easy humour and great urbanity in a manner infrequently met with in scientists. He has travelled, too, and, like Cassius, is "a great observer."

These varied interests and talents, besides keeping him young, have done for him a greater thing—they have enabled him to win the respect, admiration, and affection of those who have profited by his knowledge, have been diverted by his wit, and captivated by his charm of manner. They will, too, do something more for him—they will enable him to enjoy a re-

tirement which will certainly not be stagnation (already there are rumours of more foreign travel!), and into this retirement Mr. Watts carries the best wishes of all who, as headmasters, masters, or boys have ever been associated with him at the Birkenhead Institute.

R.F.

Retirement of Mr. Watts

THE following is extracted from a recent issue of the *Birkenhead Advertiser* by courtesy of the Editor.

A master beloved by parents, scholars, old boys, and colleagues alike, Mr. W. H. Watts, senior master at the Birkenhead Institute, is to retire in July after thirty-four years' service.

This announcement was made at the annual school prize distribution, and will be received with regret by many hundreds of people who are and have been associated with him. His work for both the school and outside societies is inestimable and by his retirement the former will sustain a great loss. The latter, however, may benefit, for he proposes to devote the greater portion of his time to his hobbies, which mainly concern these societies.

A native of St. Albans, London, Mr. Watts was educated at the King's Lynn Grammar School and Amersham Hall School, Reading, where he obtained an entrance scholarship of sixty pounds per annum. He remained in this school until its dissolution in 1893. A very interesting experience in connection with this school took place in Easter of this year when Mr. Watts as an "old boy" of the school joined a party of some 60 other old boys, who had recently formed themselves into an Old Boys' Association, and visited the scenes of their early life. The youngest member of the party was 55 and the oldest 95, and there were eight octogenarians amongst them. The party took lunch at the Reading University as guests of the Vice-Chancellor, and visited the old school buildings, now occupied by a Girls' School. This association is unique of its kind, since no new members are possible, and each year the membership must of necessity diminish. Mr. Watts is one of the youngest of these old boys, and we sincerely trust he will be the last survivor.

He started his professional career when he was 21 years of age as a physics demonstrator at the University Tutorial College, London, the oral branch of the University Correspondence, Cambridge. It was here that he received his life-long

stimulus for science teaching from the late Mr. E. Catchpool, a brilliant physicist and lecturer. The two and a half years he spent in this London College were, he considers, the most strenuous period of his whole life and contributed most to the formation of his style and development of his teaching ability. He graduated in 1901 at the London University and entered the Birkenhead Institute in January of 1902 under the headship of the late Mr. W. T. Connacher, M.A.

His position in the School was nominally that of science master, but for the first two or three years of his long connection with the school, he taught in addition to physics and chemistry, a great variety of subjects—an experience which he now considers to have been of great value. On the death of Mr. Connacher in 1904, Mr. Watts became senior science master, a post which he has occupied ever since. Mr. Watts has had the unique experience of having served under three head masters and of seeing the school develop from a semi-private affair of about 120 boys with a staff of only six masters to its present character and dimensions—as the chief municipal Secondary School of the borough with almost five hundred boys and a total teaching staff of twenty-five. On the retirement of the late Mr. H. P. Wood, B.A., in 1931, Mr. Watts became second master.

Ever since he can remember, Mr. Watts has had a passion for astronomy and when a boy of fifteen he used to give organised astronomical talks to his schoolfellows. On leaving school, he joined the British Astronomical Association and for some time contributed observations to the Jupiter and Solar sections of that association. Later, he was made a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and has been four times president of the Liverpool Astronomical Society of which he has been a member for many years. At the Jubilee of this Society in 1927, the year of the total eclipse of the sun, Mr. Watts, as President for that year, organised a series of popular lectures to schools on Merseyside. He delivered all these lectures himself and also gave the "Eclipse Lecture" of the Society at the Royal Institution, Liverpool.

Lecturing on popular scientific subjects is one of Mr. Watts' great hobbies, and this has taken him on to all kinds of platforms. In the early years of wireless, long before the invention of the thermionic valve, he delivered several series of lectures over a wide area with apparatus kindly put at his disposal by the newly-formed Marconi Company. Probably the

very first wireless set in Birkenhead with Branly Coherer and spark gap discharge was made by Mr. Watts for use in the school. By this means, morse code messages were successfully transmitted from his physics laboratory to a colleague in a distant part of the building.

He was elected first president of the newly-formed Birkenhead Wireless Association and, incidentally, delivered its opening lecture on electro-magnetic induction.

Not only in science has Mr. Watts established himself but also in writing and amateur dramatics. In connection with the former he wrote a play called "The Horoscope," a one-act farce which was originally produced by him with a cast drawn from his colleagues. This play has since been performed on various stages throughout the country. He has also written smaller sketches and stories from time to time. The chief object for the writing of "The Horoscope" was as a contribution to the School War Memorial fund for the erection of the school pavilion. Mr. Watts was a member of the fund committee. He has for a number of years been a member of the Hooton Amateur Dramatic Society.

Already Mr. Watts has lecturing engagements up to April of next year. Mr. Watts tells me that if his retirement offered no prospects of teaching or lecturing he would be of all men most miserable. He states as his reason for never having sought a headship that he was reluctant to forgo his teaching, in which he has always been immensely interested. A headmaster's position is something of an anomaly since the man on the staff most qualified to teach is the one that does least of it, and frequently never teaches at all.

The term retirement seems something of a misnomer in Mr. Watts' case for he is expecting to be busier than ever when he leaves the school he has served so long. He hopes to devote much of his time to lecturing, to carrying on his astronomical activities and to following up certain definite lines of public service.

"Televisor's Farewell"

AN UNOFFICIAL INTERVIEW WITH MR. WATTS.

YOU think it is about time, eh? Well, so do I. . . . Over thirty years, you know. I was at it when your fathers were at school. What's that? Do I consider that boys have changed

much in that long period? Not fundamentally. That would involve the work of centuries rather than of years, but superficially there are a great many changes. For one thing, the modern boy reacts to his masters in a very different manner from that of a generation ago, and the change is, in my opinion, all to the good. There is much more friendliness and 'camaraderie' between masters and boys to-day than when I was at school.

This may be due possibly to a change in the master quite as much as in the boy. He is less of a pompous prig to-day than he was fifty years ago. He has stepped down from his pedestal or been knocked off it. Perhaps the gown and mortar-board still affected in some schools are a last relic of those bad old days.

Then, again, life has a great deal more to offer a boy now-a-days than when his grandparents went to school. He has many more points of contact with life and greater demands upon his attention.

"I suppose you have met some awful asses amongst us in your time?"

That depends on what you mean by the term. In the matter of brains very few boys are "perfect asses." I have yet to meet the boy who hasn't got '*something*' in him. I well remember one boy who was the despair of us science masters. It was a case of sheer inability on his part to grasp the simplest principles of physics or the most convincing conclusions of chemistry, and yet that lad displayed an astonishing nimbleness with figures. In mental Arithmetic he surpassed everybody and is now, I believe, a financier on a fairly big scale.

"What particular classes have I enjoyed teaching most?"

That's rather an invidious kind of question, isn't it? And somewhat difficult to answer. The work in different parts of the school is so different and calls for such widely different treatment.

Taking one thing with another, I think the Thirds and Fourths have afforded me the greatest amount of pleasure, as their young minds are still fresh and unspoilt. In the Fifths boys have already acquired a (slight) smattering of the subject, and you know, "a little knowledge is not only a dangerous thing" but sometimes a very annoying thing,—especially when a boy gets hold of the wrong end of the stick. (I'm not referring here to any particular kind of stick).

As for the Sixth Forms, they are already under the murk of the Public Examinations, and on this subject I have already expressed my views elsewhere.

Yes, I know what you are going to ask me now before you put it into words. The best time to study a class of boys is when they are alone or THINK THEY ARE! It is quite possible to do this and in my own case extremely easy. "Confession is good for the soul," they say, yet I do not feel bound on that account to divulge the various expedients I have adopted from time to time to carry out my researches. For one thing I have my successor and colleagues to consider.

A boy asked me only last week what use his study of mirrors could possibly be to him in after life, and I took the trouble to explain to him the many ways in which a knowledge of this subject might be not only useful but even necessary; but I did not mention the control of a class of boys as one of them, though I might have done so.

Let us take a peep together at a certain group of boys I have in mind. Put your eye just here and keep as still as possible. There you are, or rather there *they* are. Expressing their inborn individualities in the way God intended them to. Nothing is farther from their minds than the object for which they are met together.

The youngster at the end of the fourth row down belongs to the sub-species "pugnax sempiternus." He cannot keep his hands off another boy's person—he is always pummelling or otherwise hurting some creature weaker than himself. See! he has got one of my rulers now and is bringing it to bear with delicious forcefulness upon certain fleshy protuberances of his victim.

Now if I were to apply the Mosaic Law to that young friend, "a blow for a blow," he would immediately dissolve into howls and tears and develop for the rest of the day a self-protecting headache.

He is a nasty smudge on our picture.

The rather corpulent boy in the next row, perched like some sleeping Buddha on his stool, has already attained Nirvana, or what he considers Nirvana ought to be. *He vegetates*. Leave him alone, and he'll continue to vegetate, however unfavourable surrounding conditions may be. He is detached and withdrawn and incapable of any response to external stimuli. Curiously enough, his classmates appear to respect his state of "Samadhi"* for they leave him severely alone.

* A sanscrit word meaning complete withdrawal from the world of sense.

See that youth rising from behind the bench for the first time? He has been grubbing for spilt pellets of mercury lying between the floor-boards and his treasure-trove is being carefully tucked away in his pocket in that twist of paper. That boy has a small science laboratory in some attic or cupboard at home, and mercury is a desirable but rather expensive commodity.

Now bend your eye to the other end of the same row, past the two boys playing "Noughts and Crosses" and the other fellow flying paper aeroplanes, and you'll come to the poetic genius of the Form.

The cultivation of the Muses should be encouraged even by prosaic scientists, and I always feel reluctant about obtruding the hard facts of science whenever such an one is in the grip of poetic inspiration. Such appears to be the case at the moment. The only paper available for his divinely appointed purpose appears to be a page torn from his Physics Record Book, but who can grudge such a trifle when the Immortals have need of it? Here is a morsel recently rescued from the waste-paper basket, doubtless flung there by some insensible Prefect, deaf to the beating of the Wings.

"Who is Sylvia?" Hear them singing!

From my hear my secret wringing!——"

But no We'll let him keep his secret and so spare his blushes and Sylvia's feelings, should she ever chance to see these lines.

But, from his dishevelled appearance and the amount of dirt that adorns his person, you will agree that he conscientiously fulfils the demands made by tradition, and that as a poet he ought to go far.

I should like to express my sense of indebtedness to all the so-called troublesome boys with whom my numerous classes have been enriched. I use this term advisedly for class-teaching would, in my opinion, be a poor thing without them.

The fools in a class I classify something like this:—

- (1) The fool that doesn't know that he is a fool. An object of pity;
- (2) The fool who knows he is a fool and is ashamed of it. For him I am heartily sorry but assure him that there is hope for him;
- (3) The fool who knows he is a fool and glories in it: his one ambition in life apparently to be the accredited clown of the class-room.

Now I find that this so-called fool is often not a fool at all, but a fairly clever boy. Shortsighted perhaps, but capable enough within limits of looking after his own interests. His fooling may be the expression of a desire to shine with the least possible expenditure of energy on his part. And to this type of boy, if I am to be honest with myself, I must confess I owe a debt of gratitude.

* * * *

“What are you doing there, Donaldson?”

“Please, sir, picking up my pen, sir.”

Of course he was, but he wasn't aware that I saw him drop the pen in the first instance in order to secure the twisted note that had just arrived by air-mail from the other side of the room.

“You've got a nasty swollen face, Hibbert. Better not sit near that draughty window. Come and sit in the front near my desk.”

Muttered and strangled protests from the sufferer. Nothing more is said, but the swelling is observed to pass presently into the other cheek before subsiding altogether.

The boy who one day when creeping back to his desk found himself suddenly seized from behind and plumped down on to a seat belonging to a late-comer received a shock and a salutary lesson at one and the same time. I don't think he ever discovered how I found out about the pin he had carefully and surreptitiously fixed in that particular seat.

* * * *

Of course, we express our gratitude to this kind of “fool” by putting him into detention or providing him with sundry “private interviews.” But without this lovable fool a great deal of the joy of class-work would disappear.

The studious, hardworking boy, who sets his affections upon things above, is to the fool an object of wondering contempt. Such a boy is seeking that which is invisible and, therefore, to his simpler classmate ‘not worth bothering about.’ The fool wants his bit of cake now and, to secure it, is prepared to forfeit the “Well done, good and faithful servant” of a more or less remote Speech Day.

To all boys who have been the willing or unwilling victims of my own somewhat twisted sense of humour, especially to such who have served as butts for my often ill-advised witticisms but who took it smiling and cherished no after resentment, I tender my belated apologies.

To all that numerous crowd of fellow-students in class-room and laboratory, who have furnished me from their stores of learning with science that no textbook ever taught and with knowledge that never has been known before, I express a deeply felt sense of gratitude.

In less than five years from now, I suppose, all the boys who are skimming this Swan-song of mine and who constitute the present B.I., will have emerged from their present chrysalis state and be spreading wings for the great world outside.

When that happens, believe me, your real education will be only just beginning, and it will be an education that no school, however scholastic, can ever give you.

As prospective pupils of that world school I wish you all God speed.

“TELEVISOR.”



Whetstone Lane

Nothing exceeds the vitality of a good road: once constructed, it conditions the life and movements of man in many far reaching ways.

Hence it might interest you to know a little more of that *via dolorosa* of Bloggs minor, Whetstone Lane. But don't cross the lane and ponder its history at the same time. *Nisi monumentum requiris circumspice.*

Imagine yourself transported in time some 500 years back and in place to the top of Whetstone Lane looking south. About half a mile in front of you lies the village of Tranmere, its folk cultivating the soil under some kind of open field system. The “town-fields” stretch in narrow strips on either side of the village road and to the left lies the Holt, a common of stunted trees, gorse and bracken.

Turning about, you see in the far distance, across the river, the hill of Everton, and beneath it, as it were, the little seaport of Liverpool with its menacing castle. In the near distance, between Wallasey Pool and Tranmere Pool, lies the Woodside peninsula, with its conspicuous Priory. Save perhaps for a water-mill in the “Happy Valley,” (the valley above Tranmere Pool) there is scarcely any other sign of human habitation.

Now imagine yourself a traveller bound from Chester to Woodside, intent upon making the shortest river crossing, that from Woodside to Liverpool. You might have come via Hinderton Lane and then have forded Tranmere Pool, but, being as wise as you are, you have come by the high road. Your precautions have been justified; the tide is in; and since you cannot now cross the Pool without considerable risk, you must perforce go *round* it.

But you do not wish to go *too far* round it, and so you make for the farthest point inland to which the tide reaches. That point is now the bottom of Whetstone Lane.

We can be sure that the lane is at least as old as the first Mersey ferry, and we can assume that such a ferry existed long before the foundation of Birkenhead Priory. Like the track between Bidston and Wallasey, it came into existence because it was a way around a tidal creek; but unlike the Bidston-Wallasey track, which has remained of local significance, it grew increasingly in importance owing to the wider relationships of the places it connected. It is definitely an historic road, not in the sense that it has witnessed anything particularly dramatic, but because it is an enduring work of man, trodden for a thousand years or more, by folk long forgotten.

* * * * *

How did the name arise? There are three possible explanations:

(1) That the name is derived from the Whetstones obtained from the old quarry near its lower end.

(2) That it stands for WAT'S TOWN, *possibly* a squatter's hamlet on the common at its upper end. (Wat's Heath as a part of Tranmere is mentioned in a document of 1668), but I think it was near Bennett's Hill.

(3) That it means Wet Stone, i.e. it refers to the stepping stones across the Happy Valley stream at the bottom. This derivation is almost certainly correct. When we remember that accuracy of spelling is a relatively modern accomplishment, the wonderful aptness of the name becomes apparent. It epitomises, in one word, the reason for the road's existence.

* * * * *

As I must now be as brief as possible, I append notes which those interested may be able to amplify.

A toll-gate stood in Church Road near Mr. Harland's office and another at the bottom of Well Lane, and this must surely mean that, after about 1780 Whetstone Lane became a road used by the Woodside-Chester Stage Coaches. The average gradient of Whetstone Lane is 1 in 23, which would make it rather hard going for the horses. The coaches came from Grange Lane (now Grange Road) then definitely a country lane.

I have recently come across an Old Boy of the School, formerly acquainted with men who once harvested oats and hay in fields on either side of Grange Lane.

* * * * *

Borough Road and Argyle Street South are mere upstarts dating from the middle of last century only.

* * * * *

The Woodlands occupy part of the site of Tranmere Wood, formerly a botanist's paradise. Hall's Flora (1838) has a note thus, "Tranmere Wood should be diligently examined in the early spring, as it abounds with most of the favourite spring flowers so welcome to the botanist after a long winter."

* * * * *

Derby Road is new in regard to its name and to the last 200 yards of its length near the school. Its upper end, which is very old, formerly rejoiced in the appellation of "Yolk-of-Egg Lane," the fields on either side, possibly from the colour of the soil, being called the Yolk-of-Egg fields.

* * * * *

And talking about field names it might be of interest to note that a large field on the south side of Whetstone Lane was known as "Hollin's Ditch."

* * * * *

The two houses on either side of Quarry Bank were built in 1843 from the stones of Priory House or Birket House, which stood close to the Priory ruins and which, before the development of modern Birkenhead, was the only house of any size in the old Chapelry. The house was garrisoned by Cavaliers during the Civil War, but was taken by the Roundheads on September 22nd, 1644. A copy of "battalion" orders for the day of the assault is to be seen in the Williamson Art Gallery: so are several pictures of the old house.

Clifton Park is an early specimen of town planning—a creditable performance for “the hungry forties.” You will find traces of stables in Clifton Park if you look for them, and the explanation for their existence is that the houses were built for “carriage folk,” i.e. for immigrants into agricultural Tranmere.

At No. 24 Clifton Road stood Mr. George Galloway’s School, later incorporated into Birkenhead Institute with Mr. Robert Galloway as Second Master. On the occasion of Mr. Robert’s marriage, the most promising pupil of the school, afterwards Lord Birkenhead, made his first public speech. Lord Birkenhead’s family then lived in Clifton Road.

* * * * *

Birkenhead Institute was built in 1888 on the site of an earlier building. The carriage drive and some of the walls are legacies from a previous phase of its existence. For a diverting adventure of Mr. Nat Sewill, who lived in this spot a century ago, you should read either Mrs. Gamlin’s “Twixt Mersey and Dee” or H. K. Aspinall’s “Memories of Birkenhead.”

J.E.A.

Pronominal

SOME people find pronouns confusing ;
 However they try,
 For ‘ and me ’ with accusative ‘ you ’ they cannot help using
 ‘ And I.’

Distributives are a vexation
 To learn and to teach ;
 And how shall one choose between ‘ his,’ ‘ her ’ and ‘ their ’
 in relation
 To ‘ each ’ ?

When it’s ‘ who,’ and when ‘ whom ’ there’s no guessing :
 They tie us in knots.
 But there’s one whom we each (you and I) would dismiss with
 our blessing—
 That’s Watts.

J.W.H.

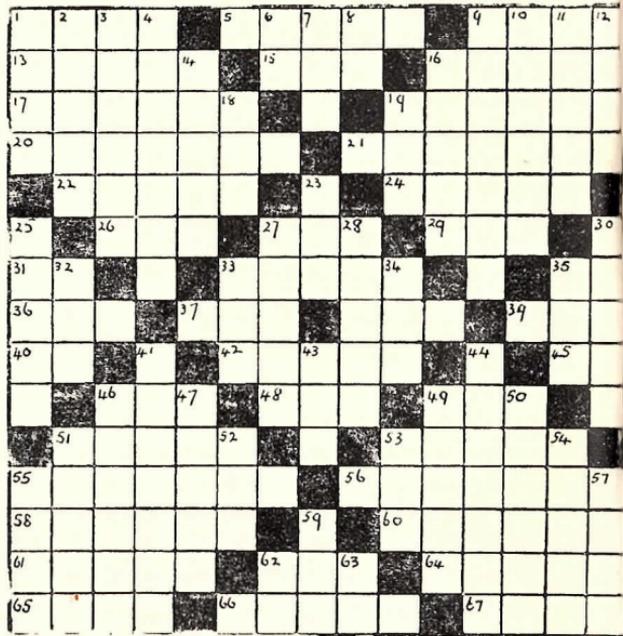
Crossword No. 8

Solutions to Mr. Hall.

CLUES.

ACROSS.

- 1—Dances in sunbeams.
- 5—Shelter.
- 9—Not Amateurs?.
- 13—Unlocks.
- 15—For Sheep or Scholar.
- 16—Measure.
- 17—Aimless.
- 19—Roof of Mouth.
- 20—Aging.
- 21—Find me in Mexico.
- 22—Burns.
- 23—Confusion.
- 26—Arid.
- 27—Fruit.
- 29— is, a fertile spot.
- 31—Preposition.
- 33—Devil.
- 35—Preposition.
- 36—Companion of mop.
- 37—Friend.
- 38—Tune.
- 39—Rubbish.
- 40—Gold.
- 43—Flat Bottomed Boats.
- 45—See 35.
- 46—Handle with dirty hands.
- 48—Possesses.
- 49—Dull.
- 51—One who refuses to obey.
- 53—Nocturnal mammal.



- 55—Strikes with the fist.
- 56—Pertaining to a limb.
- 58—Courses of Planets, etc.
- 60—Once famous steel.
- 61—Stops.
- 62—Proper.
- 64—Germs.
- 65—Drinks.
- 66—Comfort?
- 67—Large knife or $\frac{2}{3}$ of an explosive sound.

DOWN.

- 1—A greater amount.
- 3—Gems.
- 3—Nursed.
- 4—Makes beloved.
- 6— } Undo.
- 8— } Undo.
- 7—Annoy.
- 9—In Nigeria.
- 10—Makes a speech.
- 11—Of birth.
- 13—Loud voiced person with 32.
- 14—Regretful.
- 16—Tree yielding cocoa.
- 18—Confused railway.
- 19—Colloquial inn.
- 23—Untruth.
- 25—Christian name of film star.
- 27—Steal.
- 28—Eats.
- 30—Engine.
- 32—Peak.
- 33—Latin right.
- 34—God of underworld.
- 35—Done in detention.
- 41—Poor players!
- 43—Grain.
- 44—Bets.
- 46—Stone.
- 47—Thrashes leather rims of shoes.
- 49—Notes.
- 50—Dish.
- 51—Countrified.
- 52—French article.
- 53—Permit.
- 54—Ventured (anag.)
- 55—Confused shipbuilder
- 57—Forfeit.
- 59—One of the Old School brigade
- 62— } Festival.
- 63— } Festival.

Crossword No. 7

The prizes for this competition were awarded to W. S. M. Wilson of Upper VIa. and G. A. McLeod of Vj.

ACROSS.—1, Arid; 5, Aunts; 9, Rant; 13, Liner; 15, Sot; 16, Defer; 17, Poured; 19, Coffee; 20, Strains; 21, Collide; 22, Seine; 24, Beery; 26, D.L.S.; 27, Sob; 29, D.C.M.; 31, At; 33, Sleet; 35, He; 36, Ire; 37, Lie; 38, Neb; 39, Lug; 40, By; 42, Relic; 45, Be; 46, Hoe; 48, Pin; 49, Had; 51, Leave; 53, Feral; 55, Restive; 56 Semites; 58, Apiece; 60, Native; 61, Sport; 62, Now; 64, Navee; 65, Pads; 66, Sober; 67, Leek.

DOWN.—1, Alps; 2, Riots; 3, Inured; 4, Derails; 6, Us; 7, Not; 8, T.T.; 9, Reflect; 10, Affirm; 11, Needy; 12, Tree; 14, Reins; 16, Doled; 18, Rev. end; 19, Cob; 23, Toe; 25, Fails; 27, Sleep; 28, Benin; 30, Leger; 32, Try; 33, Sir; 34, 'Tec; 35, Hub; 41, Boaters; 43, Lid; 44, Martial; 46, Hesiod; 47, Evict; 49, He-man; 50, dative; 51, Leppa (anag. "apple"); 52, Eye; 53, Jew; 54, Levee; 55, Rasp; 57, Seek; 59, Mob; 62, No; 63, We.

Others as We See Them

MORE people publicly mishandle the English language to-day than ever before. The writing of books and newspapers is no longer done mainly by those who have a sound knowledge of English: anyone who can get access to a typewriter, or hire a typist is regarded as being fully equipped to begin literary production; and the number of competing scribblers is so great that the less competent, unable to attract attention by merit, resort to exaggerations and eccentricities of style, knowing that among the ignorant majority their monkey tricks will pass for genius. The best writing produces its effect by simple and straightforward means.

The text for this short sermon is a vivid and unaffected account by 'F.J.' (Higher Tranmere School Magazine, May, 1935), of the scene outside Buckingham Palace on the evening of May 11th, from which a paragraph may be quoted.

"All eyes are turned hopefully towards the windows leading on to the balcony in front of the Palace. Will their Majesties appear?"

Suddenly an unseen hand draws up the white blinds of the centre windows, which are opened, and out on to the balcony step our King and Queen. Their presence is the signal for wild cheering and the crowd becomes almost delirious with happiness and excitement. Then the King and Queen wave to us. Immediately thousands of hands are raised in response, and

if possible, the cheering becomes louder than before. Their Majesties smile to each other, then they turn to us again. A final wave, and the Queen goes back into the Palace. The King lingers a moment longer; then he too leaves us.

The crowd seems to heave a great sigh of happiness, and for a second or two, all seem content to stay where they are."

Immediately preceding this is a description of another scene . . .

"A powerful black Mercedes Benz drives up to the front entrance of the hotel, and almost immediately Herr Hitler has entered and is driven away, protected by officers standing in the rear of the car and on the running boards. He is soon out of sight . . . this new god . . . who is afraid of nothing . . ."

Afraid of nothing? Perhaps not. But the black Mercedes tears through the streets, and officers stand in the rear of the car and on the running boards.

* * * * *

A very interesting account of the history of clocks appears in the Holt School Magazine (April, 1935); the writer should ration himself more strictly in italics, and deny himself inverted commas for a whole term. House Notes record that Corinth House has established a fund for the purchase of shirts in the house colours, which are now worn by the teams at every match, and add, "We are pleased to find Troy (another house) following suit." One almost expected to read of a resulting tie, but hardly of a following suit.

* * * * *

Oulton School is in the van of progress, and has recently conducted a Peace Ballot on lines and with results similar to those of the national ballot recently concluded.

* * * * *

The retiring headmaster, the Rev. H. H. Symonds, has contributed eleven pages of 'News of Old Boys and Notes on School History' to the Liverpool Institute Magazine (May, 1935). They are packed with information, alive with interest and sparkling with humour; so whether regarded as cupboards, puppies or chrysoprases, they are of undeniable value to the magazine. There is probably enough in these pages alone to make it well worth its shilling to hundreds of old boys of L.I. who have long since lost all interest in form notes and the

winning of solid silver challenge cups. May we once again appeal to:

- (a) All Old Boys;
- (b) All Parents and ' Friends of the School ';
- (c) All present boys

to send to the Editor any information they may receive about Old Boys, their marrying and giving in marriage, their families, their successes and appointments, their wanderings in the far places of the earth. If those responding will add to their news of an Old Boy the date of his school life, it will be all the more valuable.

* * * * *

BREVITIES.

' Cardinal Wolseley '—*The Log*, Hobart, Tasmania.

' Archaeology . . . deals with relics that go back . . . perhaps even to the time of Adam and Eve.'—Holt School Magazine.

' The following is the complete list . . . we apologise for any omissions.'—*Ibid*.

* * * * *

In addition to the above *The Visor* Committee gratefully acknowledges receipt of the Teignmouth Grammar School Magazine.

University Letters

PETERHOUSE,
CAMBRIDGE,
June, 1935.

Sir,

During these last few days, when Cambridge is beginning to relax from the strain of "Trips" and other exams., it has been difficult to escape from parties of sightseers who have broken upon our winter seclusion. Parents, sisters, cousins, and friends; they all gape at buildings as though expecting them to speak with the Voice of the Past, and at undergraduates as if they were the favoured offspring of the gods. So many eyes have viewed, so many cameras clicked, Mr. Editor, that I feel there is nothing I can tell you about Cambridge that the whole world does not already know. But the crowds of trippers, with their lines of charabancs and family

coupés, are more than sightseers; they are symbols of that silent revolution which has swept the country in the last decade, but from which Cambridge had largely escaped. Here, the peace and charm of the old world atmosphere had still lingered in the inner courts of Trinity or St. John's, on the quaint bridges which span the turgid "backs," or in the narrow, cobbled passages winding almost furtively between the colleges. But the face of Cambridge, too, is changing. Among other innovations there is the massive University Library, which dominates the surrounding countryside, and is a reminder of its transatlantic inspiration. Cambridge has indeed succumbed, is being modified and extended to meet the growing educational needs of the world.

But the spirit of Cambridge remains unchanged:—evening walks in college gardens or along shady "backs"; punting excursions on the Cam. or to Byron's Pool; the Sunday walks along the river bank to Grantchester, or conversations in colleges where idealism settles all problems; friendships of mutual interests; the excitement of May races, and the grim seriousness of the training which precedes them; the tradition and solemnity of dinner in Hall.

K.W.

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL,

June, 1935.

Sir,

A chance encounter of last week has acted as a spur to our jaded memory: so here is something with which to fill a little at least of that empty space which can make the summer number of *The Visor* so heart-breaking to a sensitive editor. You have guessed correctly; this is, Sir, a University Letter.

The annual holocaust is over; *opus operatum est*; even now the professional 'plough' is busy among the broad acres of our fertile imagination, and we await the results with no small measure of trepidation. This period is one of horrid suspense, but it affords a breathing-space, and we take this opportunity of writing off arrears of correspondence.

'The Summer Term, though short, has been—etc., etc. . . . and we hope . . . worked conscientiously . . . a well-earned holiday . . . come back fit and eager . . . even more work next year.'

[*Applause and some laughter.*]

The above is *not* original ; it is an extract from any speech made at any Public Function at any secondary school, and, to borrow Macaulay's immortal words, any schoolboy can fill in the blanks. The whole point of the quotation is this : it sums up rather neatly the present term, and thus saves us a lot of trouble.

The great drawback of University life, from a chronicler's point of view, is its cloistered monotony. The same people do the same things and keep on doing them *ad nauseam*, as a former accomplice of ours would have it. Thus Todd still plays cricket, though less frequently as a result of his wrestlings with Honours Geography. Goodwin, however, is distinguishing himself as a wielder of the willow—we hear of him from our (Very) Special Correspondent as a 'coming lad.' Wood still reads G. K. Chesterton, and Coglán continues to study French prose, with occasional lapses into Latin verse.

Since the powers that be saw fit to cover the quad. with hexagonal slabs of concrete, making it, as Wood says : "like one of those pictures of a fly's eye (magnified 200 times)," and denied us even the solace of green grass, the changing seasons bring us little change save in the matter of temperature. Some inkling of the date, however, has reached even the overall-clad Pluto who presides over the underworld beneath the Clock Tower, for the windows are frequently open these days, and the radiators are never hot. *The Visor* will no doubt be glad to hear of this state of things : it marks a great advance in the fight for Better Conditions for the Working Classes.

But, in spite of all our efforts to keep cool, the temperature continues to mount, as Mr. Ramsay McDonald would say, 'up and up and up.' The effort of propelling a pen across a sheet of paper becomes more and more exhausting ; so we will bid you farewell. Ere we part, however, a word in your editorial ear ; the coolest place in which to correct copy is in the shade of the "immemorial elms" which fringe the cubby-hole roof. There is a tale—but stay!—those concerned are still with us, and some at least may even become eminently respectable citizens ; it were a scurvy trick to reveal the indiscretions of youth, and, moreover, we are plaguily athirst—
Auf wiedersehen !

R.F.B.

EXETER COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

June, 1935.

Sir,

This appeared unto me in a vision the night after finals.

I beheld Sir Uanme come riding from the plain of Adolescence and halt at the cross roads of Puberty. His whole manner did betoken indecision and (like any other youth) he looked around him trustingly for advice. He eye lighted on Dame Tradition slobbering and mumbling by the roadside. "Pardie," I heard him mutter, "I could have sworn she was not there a minute ago" (and neither was she, sir knight, for Dame Tradition is a witch). "But still, here goes" and approaching the hag he addressed her with all that respect which good knights are told to feel for Age.

"God bless you, Beldame; could you tell me the quickest way to Stow-in-the-Tomb? There—so says my godfather Ambition—my patron Fame awaits me with an introduction to the court of our good king Posterity."

No answer. You might have thought her deaf. And so might Sir Uanme had not he already (even at his tender age) learned the most infallible remedy for deafness, blindness, lameness and the many other transitory sicknesses of this life. "Shekels," he thought and acted accordingly.

"Good knight, sweet knight, fair knight! I know your need full well. Through yonder wood of Knowledge lies your way. 'Tis a straight path and a short one—and very pleasant too. For not only are you shaded from the sun but there are luscious grapes to be had for the picking and and many chattering brooks to satisfy your natural wants." This she said (together with much more) and the whole was punctuated with ancient saws like "The pen is mightier than the sword" and "Knowledge is power" till at length even our model knight was awearied and tossing her more coins (politically) he continued on his way

But stay! he heard a voice so sweet so soft which cried him tarry, and looking to left then right he perceived a radiant

princess (Truth her name). "Beauty must not go unattended," thought our traveller (as do all good knights) and clambering from his horse, he rattled to her side.

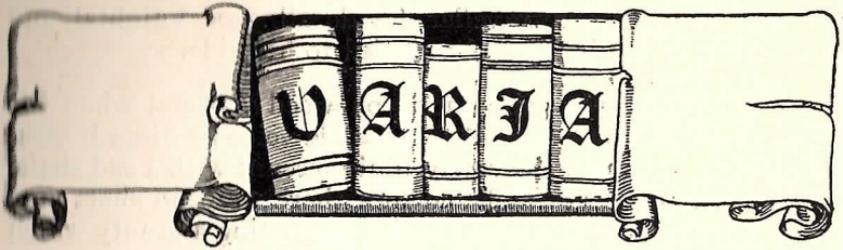
"Why do you approach yon wood?"—and when Sir Uanme felt the soft caress of that gentle voice he himself wondered why. But when she received his account with a sad shake of her beautiful head, and told him there were no short cuts to his patron fame, he found himself suspecting a beauty which smacked too blatantly of the ethereal.

"Avoid the wood of Knowledge. Many the knights who have taken that road to reach their patrons happiness or power or mammon. None the knights I have seen issue therefrom. Follow the path (however seeming straight) and you will return again and again to the place from which you started. And by some magic art, this same path grows darker and more impenetrable as the days and weeks and months go by. And then there are the natural dangers—the precipices (of pride and persecution) and the pitfalls (of narrowmindedness and death in life). What's more, you'll soon grow weary of grapes—yet no other fruit can be reared except by graft (a gardening operation little practised by good knights). At length, losing all touch with life and your fellow knights you become a being apart, a fool, a dreamer.

"No, Sir Knight, your way lies along the path of action which for the most part skirts yonder wood. You must enter it only to find your daily food and to bivouac there at night. You must climb the mountain Experience and cross the ravine Broadmindedness (which feat demands Balance like unto that of the man on the flying trapeze). Beyond (that is if you ever get beyond) you must avoid the castles of Dames Snobbery, relations of Dame Tradition yonder, and lodge only with Humanity who is at present harried by plague, Self Interest and the ague Hot Air. Thus and thus alone will you come to fame."

"How now," thought Sir Uanme. "This prude would have me emulate Hercules to gain her favour," and thanking her for her advice he hurried to the wood. Whereat, grandam Tradition hopped on to her broom and hastened after him. "We'll give him chattering brooks," she chuckled, and 'shady' ways and grapes (but they'll be sour ones.)"

G.J.



WITH the advent of this glorious English summer, the trees have responded to the call of the sunlight, and they now form an effective leafy screen to the playing fields. Sisters with a taste for cricket can no longer watch their brothers through the railings.

Perhaps Mr. Darlington has visions of a cheap supply of timber (or is it lumber?) in the near future.

* * * * *

From the state of the cycle shed recently, a considerable decline is to be anticipated in the boot and shoe trade.

A further sign of the decadence of English youth—one plutocrat is too tired to propel even a push-bike, but instead snorts about on a vilely-smelling infernal machine.

* * * * *

The following is the list of boys who brought clothing for the poor boys' summer camp:—

Campbell, VIa.; Stuart-Brown, Rem. J; Huxley, Rem. A; Clarke, Rem. B; Hughes, Roberts, Vj.; Crail, Tomlinson, IVa.; Harris, IIIa.; Sevell, IIB.; Morris, IIIj.

* * * * *

The school was recently surprised by the news that Mr. Allison, secretary of the B.I. Geographical Society, had discovered the ancient Tranmere Cross, which had been converted by vandals into a sundial. We wish the youthful society "Good Hunting!"

The Library cupboards have been fitted with new locks. We have visions of an indignant Cathcart protesting against the sacrilege.

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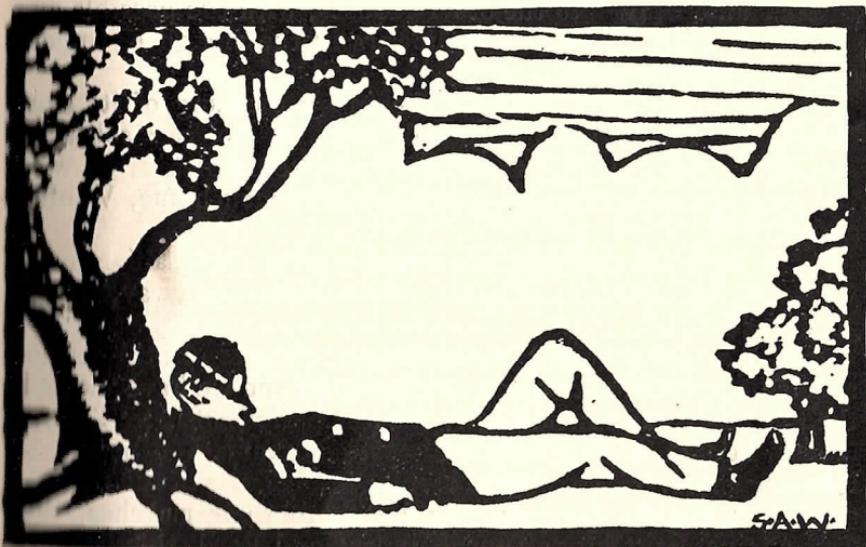
Congratulations to: the master who said that Latin was lousy with participles; the master who borrowed his hundredth consecutive hymn-book at a recent morning assembly.

* * * * *

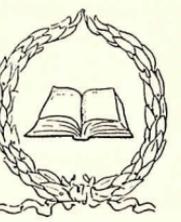
The two new cups presented by Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Jackson gave an added interest to the Annual Athletic Sports, when both the weather and Wheat came up to expectations.

* * * * *

The mention of these new cups reminds us of the rumour that a new show-case is being slowly and painfully constructed. It will no doubt adorn the new Assembly Hall.



SWOTTING.

ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

ATKIN.

“ Let Atkin remember the brave days of old,
Before her false sons betrayed her.”

THIS appeal is becoming so traditional and time-worn that it is open to conjecture whether there ever were any brave days of old in the history of Atkin.

Yes, as you have guessed from my doleful dirge, this year, which promised to be a golden one for Atkin, has proved to be one of much baser metal. We have been, to quote Livy (this must surely be the lowest form of humour), “ as a prey rather than as an enemy ” to the other Houses, with the possible exception of Stitt, our fellow wallowers in the slough of impotence and despondency.

It is usual for a House to begin by boasting of its successes. We shall be conventional, and boast of our solitary, single, but scintillating success, for, as we predicted, we won the cross country race, with the two first men home, Winter and Aslett.

However, in the sports we were merely third, though, as we note with satisfaction, a very close third. (Anyway, thank goodness for Stitt !)

The sustained effort of remaining at the top of the mark-sheets has proved rather too much for us, and we have yielded the first place (and incidentally the last periods off), to Tate:

In cricket, the outlook is almost as dreary. We have collected 6 points, but solely as a result of the efforts of the Inters. and Juniors. The Seniors have lost both their matches, the first against Stitt by 10 runs. Kinnear and Powl, the 1st XI. representatives, did well in this game, making a first wicket stand, and sharing the Stitt wickets. Against Tate, Austin

scored a valiant 21 not out, while Moss hit a six, but Tate replied with a mammoth score.

In case anyone has been too depressed by the unrelieved pessimism of these Notes, I should advise him to read Tate Notes as an infallible tonic. And anyway, "Cheer Up! We'll soon be dead."

With this optimistic reflection, I leave you.

W.K.

STITT.

AT last we have come to the end of this appalling year. At sport, for instance, we have the same old tale to tell. Our cricket is no better than our football: the seniors played one match, beating Atkin; the inters drew one and lost one; the juniors lost two.

That is by no means all. Indeed, it is only a foretaste of more bad news. The House was bottom in the Sports and last in the Senior Relay. Terrible isn't it? And there are two bright spots: we won the Intermediate Relay; and Bawden was the Junior Victor Ludorum.

Let us return to gloom. We have had no difficulty in retaining our hold over one of the two bottom positions of the mark-sheet. Really, our record in this respect must be unique. The writer thinks he remembers Stitt's going home early some four years ago, but it may have been the year before. Why have we failed again? The usual reasons—the lack of brightness of some of us, and the criminal tendencies of others.

So we are bottom athletically and scholastically.

This is due to two factors: there's something rotten in the state of Stitt; the upper middle-school, the fives and Removes, are not pulling their weight, too much being left to some heroic spirits in the sixes and fours.

We must not let annoyance make us forget to bid farewell to our captain and vice-captain, Laver and Simms, who have struggled so hard against apathy. They, as much as anyone, hope that we will soon be ourselves again.

In conclusion we must regretfully take our leave of Mr. Watts, our house-master. There are tributes to him elsewhere, but he must be mentioned in the notes of the house to which he has given so many years of faithful service. We would wish him a peaceful retirement.

TATE.

BEFORE you have dipped far into this term's effusion, you will notice a subtle change in style from its predecessors. It has a happier note,—more *joie de vivre*!

No longer do we review the term in gloomy retrospect and fear for the future with grave foreboding, but rather do we recall gaily the triumphs won and eagerly anticipated victories in store.

No more do we sigh "Those were the days!" for now Tate is pre-eminent and "These *are* the days."

For the first time in the memory of even the oldest inmate we carried off the football shield, for our senior team went throughout the season without losing a game.

In scholastic attainments we are well to the fore, and the extra games periods awarded to us in this way are obviously turned to good account. [There is a moral here somewhere, but I don't think I'll work it out.] At any rate we carried off the championship shield at the sports for the third year in succession, this time with a total of 77 pts. This year the Victor Ludorum was also in Tate, and we congratulate K. Wheat on his success. Our Senior relay team: Collinson, Slinn, Watkins, and Wheat, was easily first, while the Intermediate team: Aiken, Bartley, McIntosh, and A. J. Taylor was second.

After the tumult and the shouting of the sports had died, and the boys and their friends had departed, we settled down grimly to achieve further success—not at work, as you might suspect, but at cricket. Success here ought not to be far away, as we have nine members in the XI's.: Collinson (capt.), Slinn, Wheat, Burrell, Mortimer, Evans, J. F. R., and Robinson, in the first team, and Ternent and Theobald in the second. In the one match which the Senior team has played we scored 131 for 5 (Burrell making 51), as against Westminster's 101.

But amidst all the jubilation there is a note of sadness. For many who came, saw, and conquered, this is their last term at School. We hope that they will always cherish happy memories of Tate, while to those who are staying we say "Carry on!"

J.N.S.

WESTMINSTER.

ONCE again we come before you with a curiously assorted record; and, incidentally, with some difficulty in writing it up in a readable form; for we have long since given up the

attempt to write it in an original form. Therefore we must resort to slander and scandal in order to tempt people to read it. In this connection we would like to assure Sammy that we bear him no ill-feeling, but he is, for obvious reasons, the best target. Much are the penalties of fame. (Murmur from the gallery—"Getting windy, huh?")

We will first pacify Sammy by advertising the fact that Westminster won the House Rugby Championship, and so were the first House to gain this distinction. The Soccer team was not so fortunate, being runners-up to Tate. The chief reason for our failure to win the Championship was the lack of weight in the Senior team. We had one or two of the 1st XI, but they did not receive much support from the rest of the team.

In cricket the same trouble is noticeable as in Soccer. Several players have more than done their share, but the rest of the team lacks ability. However, they have done their best. The Senior team lost to Tate by 100 to 120 for 8. The Juniors fared better, beating Stitt easily, Clark taking seven wickets in this game.

The Athletic Sports results make better reading. Westminster were runners-up to Tate for the Championship. Roy-lance is to be congratulated on winning the Long Jump, with a jump of 18-ft. 5-ins., only $1\frac{1}{2}$ -ins. short of the record, and on being runner-up to Wheat for the Victor Ludorum. As usual, we won the Tug-o'-War. We would like to thank Andrews for coaching us so well, and to congratulate Leigh on winning his 8th Tug medal. (A regular little spate of them).

As you have probably guessed, the next topic is work. We are loth to deal with a so little-known subject, for our aim is, as far as is possible, to avoid reference to subjects of which the average reader knows nothing. Of course, there are people . . . but then we shall have quite enough trouble avoiding Sammy, without increasing the number of people who would like to interview us. To return to the point, Westminster still numbers among its members a large proportion of detention-bogs, who daily become more active. We should consider it a great concession if these parasites would at least refrain from getting more than three detentions per week, and unless this concession is forthcoming, we shall take suitable steps to ensure that retribution falls upon them.

Finally, we should like to bid farewell to Weston and to thank him for his able leadership of the House. B.W.

Library Notes

FIRST, a word of apology for this, *mea culpa*. The truth is that with an editor harassed by the diabolical THING, and another colleague loaded (theoretically, anyway) with all kinds of business, the onus has descended upon your humble servant.

And now for a very sordid affair. Of late, the carefree atmosphere of the Library tensened somewhat, and members became less human and more like themselves. The reason? The THING was approaching:

“ By the pricking of my thumbs
Something evil this way comes.”

Well, it has come. The storm has broken, the battle has been joined, the examination is here. For weeks the senior members slacked less and less; they capped this with a perfect crescendo of work, partly to convince themselves that they deserved to pass, partly for the edification of the first year. The wretches deserve pity. Six months ago they disbelieved in the examination, three months ago they disregarded it, now they have discovered it!

We must not forget the “ Eerie Willie ” scandal. To help us Librarians relax, there was brought along a piglet which beat mightily on a drum. So far, so good! But the piglet had an unfortunate pair of ears: the inference is obvious to those who know our Scotch Flaccus. And so the creature is inscribed with the legend “ Eerie Willie.” And, of course, its distinguished compeer sees it—more trouble for Noël.

Now we come to the swan-song of those departing. There is Leigh. Consider Sammy. Ever since his advent into our midst he has been a conspicuous physical feature; his other claim to mention is his strikingly efficient suppression of wrong-doing; for this Sammy has substituted a variety which is all his own.

Or Noël. Really, Noël is indispensable, and heaven knows what we shall do without him. He has built up a unique position as general factotum and whipping-boy. In future, these posts will rarely be filled so uncomplainingly.

Then there is a host of others: Joe, of the caustic wit and unswerving efficiency on lates-duty; Weston, who has, one might say, compèred the whole show. Beake, of course, terminated his meteoric career some time ago, or we should have given him, too, a handsome obituary.

Meanwhile, there remain *nous autres*, and a dismal, emasculated crew we shall be, these stalwarts having departed. It's a poor outlook. But, then, they all say that, and the Library doesn't go from bad to much worse. Or does it?

In conclusion, we must thank Mr. Watts for the efficiency and geniality with which he has acted as form-master. We wish him a peaceful retirement in which to exercise those humorous and reflective faculties of his to even greater advantage.

Form Notes

VI.

I'M sure you will excuse the scantiness of these notes. It is entirely due to THE THING (its name shall not appear in print), the annual atrocity. It is upon us. The persecution is nearing its climax. We swot for amazing numbers of hours (theoretically, at least); we have no time for frivolities. Hence this one contribution, entirely detached, in splendid isolation, so to speak. The author is anonymous and refuses to apologise to Wordsworth, to his executors, or to anyone else. Reader, this is no surprise. For years and years, your obedient servant has been plagued with parodies on sonnets, strange fits of passion, and solitary reapers. This is no exception. But we can't expect too much from a crowd menaced by THE THING. Here it is, our only, our unique article.

ANÉCDOTE FOR FATHERS.

This absolutely true tale concerns an incident (one of very many) in the life of pater meus who will henceforth be termed "Captain X."

Some years ago, Captain X was making a passage from Australia to the Philippines, which entails cutting through the straits between the string of islands that stretch roughly eastwards from Sumatra. Instead of using the usual strait between Bali and Lombok, which is well charted and well buoyed and lighted (considering the locality) and is, therefore, moderately safe, the captain, in his anxiety to make a quick run, took a less known channel, between Lombok and Sumbawa, which is considered dangerous for shipping.

He had hoped to get through before dark, but he had covered only a little of the distance when night came, with the customary swiftness of the tropics. Everything became pitch-black. Then there was a prolonged rumbling, and dense clouds of smoke and dust descended from the local volcanoes. This didn't make things any better.

The ship went on, dead slow, until her crew saw the outlines of trees. They were close to one side of the strait. The helm was put hard over, until they neared the other bank, when back again they went.

Cannibals (all their neighbours were man-eaters), attracted by the ship's lights, ran alongside in the forest, yelling. In short, the ship was steered by sound: whenever sounds of the natives became too loud on the one side, they edged over to the other. Of course, they didn't dare stop the ship, because she would have been boarded by head-hunters in no time.

So the ship went on all night.

Captain X, being of a rather humorous turn of mind, had the goodness to inform the Chief Officer: "In a few minutes, old man, you may be in the pot!" He meant the cooking-pot.

However, "the devil looks after his own," and in the morning there was good visibility, and so they all lived happily ever after.

Via.

READER, you find us in a parlous plight. For months we have not taken matric. seriously. But now judgment day is at hand, and sheep and goats are busily sorting themselves out. There is a bleakness of outlook, a furious despair against the accursed Joint Board. It has pervaded our thoughts, our talk, even our writings. Listen to an anonymous author spill his soul about the examination, and mark, mark the tragic irony, with which he parodies the author of one of his set books:

Matric. is too much with us; late and soon,
 Writing and swotting we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see of leisure that is ours;
 We have given our rest away, a foolish boon!
 The boy that did his homework at the noon,
 Thus to have time for swotting at all hours,
 Is even busier now, like bees in flowers;
 For work, that awful thing, we are out of tune;
 It tires us out.—By Jove! I'd rather be
 A third former—i.e. a weed forlorn;
 So might I, standing on some pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses of a cricket bat outworn;
 Have sight of golf balls rising from the tee;
 And hear the caddie stifling a yawn.

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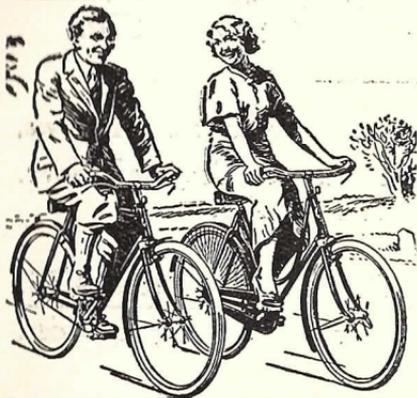
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Let's try to pull ourselves together. Let's forget it—almost. There are six jokes in the next article; only two refer to matric., i.e. one-third of the whole. So you see, we're doing our best to forget it. Here again, we are indebted to an anonymous author.

SAYINGS FROM
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

The week before matric—"In sooth, I know not why I am so sad."

Campbell—"Let me play the fool."

Matric results—"Oh, Hell! what have we here?"

Any exam. paper—"There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper."

On turning up without homework—"And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell."

What to say to the master—"How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?"

But we cannot go on like this: we must somehow get off the awful subject. Let's think of the ordinary, sordid business of the term, the odious subterfuges, the savage punishments. There is a real fascination in hearing an experienced idler tell his tale to his authorities. Which leads naturally to Duff. Consider Duff, how he toils not, neither does he spin. An observer, Nava, has made a special study of the methods of this Duff. We publish the results of his research:

Judge not great Duff by feeble sense,
Excuses always take.

The clouds of trouble on his head
In mercies big will break.

However, if this last do fail,
A lump jumps to his throat.
What does the "Terror" now demand?
Don't cry, it's just a note.

The wily Duff has treasured long
A note just three times used.
Again it springs to action fierce,
New spirit in it fused.

When trouble comes along your way,
Consult this work—detester;
For no terms are too small for him,
Diplomatist and jester.

VIb.

THIS term is the last of our merry occupation of this room. In it we have definitely made our mark. Colenso, a contemporary chronicler, is, for example, full of yarns about the furniture. Really, the boy is obsessed by chairs. Listen to these extracts: "several chairs have been painlessly removed;" "Quaile has been balancing himself on a chair with three legs;" "there is a special chair which will fall in two, on the application of gentle pressure." One is inclined to wonder if all is well with the chairs of this form. While on the subject of school furniture, there is one item which must not be forgotten—the thermometer. Its melancholy history is now concluded, for we have all paid our tuppences.



SATURDAY MORNING VIb.

“ SOMEONE KNOWS THE FRENCH ! ”

And here is our solitary article (indeed, the only contribution received). It is, of course, by C. Henry :

POEM.

Every little scholar in our large, grey building
 Likes a spot of homework for the evening time,
 With an armful of French or Geography or History,
 Algebra or Chemistry or English rime.

Return the little scholars to the large, grey building,
 With a little homework finished from the night before—
 They've been out on their bicycles, dashing round the
 neighbourhood,
 With their friends and acquaintances (or with Elsie
 next door).

THAT'S WHERE DETENTIONS COME FROM!

Remove j.

HELLO again! This time all these contributions describe
 some aspect of our routine. The first provides a remarkably
 concise survey of our activities, disposing of our squalid schol-
 astic pursuits in four trenchant lines. We are not quite sure,
 but we think that these verses of Bunting's have a respectable
 relation somewhere.

We are they who come slowly to learn; and who find it so hard
 to discern

Between words such as "cave" or "caverne"; thus you who
 are clever beware!

For Latin we care not a fig, nor spend holidays doing our Trig.
 Among swots who in dictionaries dig, and at German continu-
 ally stare.

But to swimming we go with a run, like a shot speeding out of
 a gun,

Or a meteor come from the sun, with the rush of the wind in
 our hair.

At cricket we always are keen, when with wickets and bats we
 are seen,

As we play with the ball on the green, or send it o'er bound-
 aries far.

Not always at this do we play, for when days in the winter
 are grey,

For a fast game of football we stay, which even our Maths
 cannot mar,

Thus we play with a masculine zest, and continue to give of
 our best,

With never a thought of a rest, till the whistle stops all, near
 and far.

Now we must relapse into prose, but into highly poetical prose. It is, in short, that peculiar perversion, a tale (very sordid, by the way) written in English of a strange nature. At first we were tempted to think that A. E. Williams had been translating from the Chinese (a little Confucius would do *The Visor* a world of good). But when we had read some other contributions, it became evident that the form had been enjoying a regular orgy of the pseudo-Chinese. This one evidently relates some poignant moment torn out of life, school-life. Such things have happened before :

THE STORY OF TU KI.

The gong at Pekin Institute summoned the learned tablet-spoilers to their studies. One, whose pigtail was short, and whose eyes were like coal on a lemon skin, called Tu Ki, sat on a stool close to the exceedingly debased and low-minded teller of this entirely untrue and vile story.

As the time for rice approached, Tu Ki manifested signs of impatience, and, in defiance of the honourable master, signed to the dishonourable writer to show him the cheap and altogether inaccurate hour-glass strapped to his unshapely and dirty wrist.

The most insignificant writer replied with a facial contortion seldom equalled on this side of the Hwang Ho. At Tu Ki's exceedingly undignified outburst of mirth, the honourable master turned and awarded an obnoxious detention, marking the same on a well-filled tablet.

At four and a half hours Tu Ki went to detention as the pig to the slaughter.

The sun sank under the mountains, and yet Tu Ki had not joined his illustrious parents. His distinguished father cut a large bamboo from the grove and waited with all patience for the unhappy Tu Ki.

That night Tu Ki was seen to consume rice from the mantlepiece, and next day obtained the honourable permission of the enlightened masters to stand on his beautiful and symmetrical size ten sandals.

Now our third article is concerned with one of the happier scenes of our life. We must call the reader's attention to this second ill-treatment of our language, following the previous Chinese torture. Apparently some evil plot is intended by sinister forces against our birthright and this is the first volley. It is by Merrett and is good entertainment :

Somer is ycomen in,
 Downe to baths we runne
 Jumpe into the foaminge brine
 And have reale gude funne,

Everyone.

Whenne oure time is neare an ende
 A whistle blows ; our time is donne.

Time for dressinge ;

None for messinge.

Our groominge donne.

Each wight buyes a bunne.

Then to schoole we alle runne

For more educatione.

Remove a.

THIS time we have (for a change) some form notes, contributed by Eyton-Jones. Whatever their other qualities, they give an accurate picture of us, the daily disturbances, the weekly sensations :

Perhaps the main fact about this term is that we read Shakespeare. But, in spite of the enjoyment of reading Henry IV., this term has been rather wet, owing to a private war in which water-bombs have been used with merciless consistency. It has lately been noticed by several of the authorities that exercise books appear very thin, and one of them had the temerity to suggest that the homework book had suffered. Preposterous, isn't it? We regret to say that two of our members are shortly to go to gaol, as they have not yet paid their sports money.

Here is another sensation, a nine-hour wonder, put into the usual verse-form, by P. H. Jones :

For a quiet fellow like Kay
 To come out of his shell in a day . . .
 Why, he simply exploded,
 And his brain, which was loaded,
 Collapsed, and just trickled away.

Next, we have something different : an escape from these scholarly passions into the countryside. It is essentially a human story, a story about a "character." But Wood must tell you the rest :

SADDY.

Saddy was a curious old man, and our village of Grolldhaven missed him greatly when he went to his "'appy 'unting grounds." He must have been very old, for he said he remembered the days when Queen Victoria had been on the throne only a few weeks.

He was called Saddy because he used to describe, with much vigour and not a few demonstrations, the Battle of Sadowa. He would sit, in the evenings, with half the population of the village, outside the "Salmon and Shrimp," telling of his adventures, in the hope that someone would buy him a drink. Hardly a summer evening passed for him without a free drink.

His pension supplied him with sufficient money to keep a little house down by the shore. It was the envy of all the village lads, who pined to enter and see the models he had made of the boats he had sailed in.

His history was this: One year when he was young, the fishing was so bad that he walked into Bristol to find a job on a boat. Eventually he enlisted on H.M.S. "Phoenix," a full-rigged ship of sixty guns, which was commissioned to sail to the West Indies. But he caught scurvy, and was transferred to the ship which was returning from that station. In the end he returned to his native village. Much more could be written about him, but you must come to Grolldhaven and hear it from the landlord of the "Salmon and Shrimp."

Remove b.

ONCE again the term is ending. It has not been exceptionally eventful, but has, nevertheless, been quite tolerable. The day of the sports was considerably brightened for us by P. O. Jones's being placed in the 220 yards over 18, and John's winning a prize in the Open Relay. John is in the news this time, as he knocked up 56 in a second XI. match. Form cricket has been fine this term, the experts say, but I have my doubts.

To return to the form-room. Batho (stout fellow) has kept up his attempts at witticisms and Halliwell teaches us how to cycle in school hours. Bartley, while riding his motor-bike, was original enough to open his throttle when he meant to brake. He concluded a remarkable performance with an acrobatic dive into a hedge.

In conclusion, here is a limerick :

There was a big he-man called Howell,
Whose nose was as long as a towel,
So he measured its length,
And discovered its strength,
By using the thing as a trowel.

A. CAPES.

VI.

WE shall begin these notes with an admirable summary of the idea of paradise of one Franka, and, incidentally, of most of us. It is by Pierce. Although not perhaps the most intellectual method of spending one's time, it is the most delightful and the most expensive :

FRANKA'S PARADISE.

Give to me the life I love,
Let the school go by me.
Give the cinema roof above,
And some chocolates nigh me.
Chair by the fire and bloods to see,
I don't want to be clever.
There's the life for a tough like me,
There's the life for ever.

Intoxicated by success, Pierce has also turned in a limerick :

There was a young fellow called James,
Who, though not an expert at games,
Knew every one's ticket,
Connected with cricket,
From Wyatt and Sutcliffe to Ames.

But these articles are merely froth ; let us try to get down to the reality, the dregs of school life. Here, then, is a tale which is definitely full of sound and fury. Despite the grimness of its subject matter, this contribution of Carr's is extremely interesting, owing to its title and its thought-provoking nature.

IS HONESTY THE BEST POLICY ?

There was an extraordinary incident a day or so ago. It was a French lesson. The master had just asked for the meaning of the words " plus tot." There was heard a low rumbling,

which finally emerged as a distinct mutter, from which the experienced ear could make out: "Mick Mouse's dog, sir." The form (for boys' ears are experienced in that sort of thing) knew at once that the author of that remarkable statement was a member of the form's famous lower ranks, Rubinstein. But the master (for masters also have experienced ears) had heard. "Did you speak, boy?" he asked. "Oh no, sir!" was the clear and distinct reply (unlike Rubinstein except when escaping from a tight corner), as the master held the sheet and slowly, oh so slowly, unscrewed his pen. Again the question was fired at Rubinstein. Again came the negative, accompanied by a look of innocence and perplexity.

He got away with it!

We shall conclude our notes for the year with a spirited attack by Davies upon the established and, therefore, respectable, order of things, the boaters. We are confident that he speaks for all healthy-minded creatures when he smites the obsequious boater:

I love the heavy wind that blows
 The boaters down the lane,
 And causes cads such poignant woes,
 And gives them dreadful pain.
 Those hideous hats that some do wear,
 Are dirtied when they fall.
 Those hats apart I'd like to tear,
 Or smash against a wall.
 And those who wear such things of note,
 Who fain would have our awe,
 Having so plainly missed the boat,
 Must clutch at the last straw.

IVa.

WE shall begin appropriately, seeing that we are starkly, ravingly, in love with all things mechanical and pertaining to speed, with a description by Thornton of the "Queen Mary" in the process of being built, when she was still mathematical and not imperial. Here is his contribution:

During my stay in Glasgow, I went to see the "534," as it was then, in Messrs. John Brown's shipyard at Clydebank. At the shipyard gates I was able to obtain a good view of her hull. She was of a slate-grey colour, and was surrounded by the huge cranes of the slipway. The noise of hammers and drills was loud—work was in full swing for the launch.

Then I crossed the river by the chain-driven ferry to Renfrew, where I got a much better view of the great ship. She was so large that part of her stern overhung the river; a floating fence protected this part of the ship. Painters were at work on the 534. At the time of my visit, launching was near. I should very much have liked to have seen this.

Now we shall return to the humble form-room. Listen to this:

MASTER: "First, I take some hydrochloric acid, and then I take some chloroform."

BOY: "Good idea."

We shall end these notes with a bright little effort by Sparling which is all about boys and things:

The ferry boat was sailing across the Mersey. All was calm and peaceful, the sun was shining upon the river. The quietness was broken by the yell "Boy overboard" (at least it sounded like that). The ship's bells clanged, engines thumped, orders flew along the ship. Everyone rushed to the rails. But no one could see a boy struggling in the water. Naturally enough the captain jumped to the conclusion that he had been tricked. "Who said that?" he roared. A boy walked slowly forward. "What d'you mean by giving a false alarm like that for?" yelled the captain. "But a boy is overboard," said the other. "I'll show you;" and he led the crowd to the rails and pointed to the supports of a lifebuoy which had gone. "There, didn't I tell you?" said the boy.

IVb.

THIS time our notes will consist of some verses by Rowlands about the jubilee, but instead of saying all the things that all the newspapers have said, they will bring to light a curious and previously unpublished fact. Here it is:

JUBILEE DAY AT EASTHAM.

Twenty-five long years had gone,
 Since George the Fifth came to the throne.
 Then, on the sixth of the month of May,
 There came the date of the Jubilee Day.
 So flags and streamers flew all around,
 From the roofs of houses down to the ground.
 Now, in the afternoon of this day,
 A tea there was given to make us boys gay.

So, inside the hall of the village at five,
 Sat little boys working like bees in a hive.
 Cakes disappeared with the speed of a rocket ;
 While others were going inside a boy's pocket.
 Only ten minutes it took them to eat,
 And after that each of them soon left his seat,
 And went out to play and to gossip and mutter—
 While still in the hall lay the plain bread and butter !

Now who says boys like good, plain, wholesome food ?

IVj.

HOW do you do ? Again we greet you from our hive of industry. We could tell of toilings, and floggings, and sorrows galore. But do we ? Reader, judge for yourself. We might bring chronicles dry as dust, limericks stumbling and palsied, much bad verse. But do we ? Again we leave it to the reader's judgment. We would begin this miscellany with an article of Hirst's, the first successful attack upon the posters so whimsically installed by pride and prejudice upon the walls of the school :

DILAPIDATED DUCKS.

DESIGNED BY DOT TEE.

The IVj. Flamingo, or Prefect's Prey.

Is often found in the room of detention (commonly called the "Glory Hole.") Hates all work, particularly French and German.

SONG : Throaty grunts which gradually get more musical till a few weeks before the end of term when they die down altogether. Then, on the last day of term, it breaks forth into beautiful song.

FOOD : Fountain pens, chewing gum, ice cream, art rubbers.

PLUMAGE : Black head with a few bright yellow blotches [this changes to a white crown with yellow and black bands in summer.]

Our other contributor will be Heaney, who, by writing about nothing, has, we venture to think, injected new life into modern poetry. We like to think that this thunderbolt first appeared in *The Visor*. Here it is :

A HARD AND HEARTY HOPE.

I'm sittin' and thinkin' and thinkin',
 I'm thinkin' as hard as I can,
 For something to write for *The Visor*,
 'Cause otherwise I'm not a man.

Oh, some boys write pages and pages,
 On topics like fishing and mothing
 But, as I don't think myself brainy,
 I've decided to write about nothing.

But I'm hoping to get in this poem,
 And thus gain much honour and fame,
 And the fellow that's doing the judging
 Well, I hope that he's thinking the same!

IIIa.

WE shall conclude our form notes for the year with two sets of verse and one prose poem. The first article is a work of considerable merit, but it possesses, we fear, the grave defect of being propaganda. Before proceeding with the lyric, it is necessary to insist that this programme is unsponsored, and that the compère is not a member of the "Stop me and buy one" fraternity. The point having been made clear, let us produce the poem, Muir's poem:

WALL'S ICE CREAM.

So Wall's ice cream is here again.
 At last it's come to say.
 To bring us all good cheer again—
 For summer, anyway.

How fine to sit beneath the trees,
 And watch the local team.
 We in the shade are quite at ease,
 Sucking a Wall's ice cream.

Now, if the day is far from dry,
 The rain just brings us sorrow,
 But don't you get downhearted, Why,
 There's all the more to-morrow!

A few words of appreciation. Do not the words "far from dry" express the patriot's last apology for the realities of this accursed climate? Point is given to this remark by the next offering, which is by R.M. Who is R.M.? Reader, we do not know, for all the weeks and weeks of patient research we have spent. Perhaps they are false? Who knows? Here you are:

It had been snowing for two days. The snow was twelve inches deep. I was leaving the farmhouse to go to the henshed, when I heard the fluttering of wings and the most tremendous din from the hens. I ran into the house and grabbed a gun, ramming a cartridge into the breech. I trudged back as quickly as the snow would allow to the henhouse. I wiped the window with my coat-sleeve. All the hens were struggling to sit on the perches at one end. The other end they left unoccupied. But why? I kicked the snow from the door, and burst in. Nothing. I looked closer. My two pet rabbits were nosing about in the straw.

To end these, our notes, we would include astronomy taken whimsically, or Higgins on the heavens:

MARS.

In this queer world of ours, especially to-day,
 There are thousands of people who do nothing but say:
 As they gaze up above at the millions of stars:
 "I wonder if there's anyone living on Mars,"
 And perhaps, as they're looking, the same thought occurs
 To the people who are looking at our world from theirs.
 But in a few years they'll go higher and higher,
 And keep on attempting and always get nigher,
 Till they take us right there in a couple of ticks,
 Say, leave here at five-thirty, and get there at six!
 But, if when we get there, the blinking thing sticks?

IIIb.

AGAIN we greet you. There is no news of importance except the continuation of the secret society craze. Unfortunately a society is no sooner set on its feet than it collapses. This is because the members become too ambitious and try to enlarge it. The result is that soon everyone knows. However, I believe there is one which is at present doing "good work"—the "Secret Three." For further news of their exploits, which will chill the cockles of the heart, apply to their publicity manager. But to business! First we have a description of the hero as Coates sees him. This reeks with pity and terror:

THE HERO.

The hero stood, gazed all around:
 His enemies surrounded him.
 He thought: "There's men upon this ground
 Who want to tear me limb from limb."

He'd face them all upon his own ;
 But there is one he cannot flout.
 This one flies on, has fearful pace . . .
 The ball comes down—and he is out !

In conclusion we bring something different : a member of the form who hides his light under anonymity had the misfortune to be involved in a car-smash. He describes it for you :

ACCIDENT.

One night, about 12 o'clock, my father and I were driving through the small village of Ossett. It was very foggy, and visibility was very poor. When passing a bus station we suddenly saw a double decker rushing towards us. My father braked desperately. No use. The bus hit us, forced us into a car behind. Then all was quiet except the baby in the following car who had been hit by a piece of glass. It was the only casualty. But all the lamps and the window-screens were smashed. It was a very unpleasant experience.

III.

IN spite of the syllabus and the British climate it has not been a bad term ! Perhaps its outstanding achievement has been the creation of a new limerick metre by one of us, Scholfield. This is the first time that a schoolboy has dared to tamper with this time-honoured measure. Here is his contribution :

There once was a lad with the gift of the gab,
 When he worked in the lab, he did nothing but blab.
 But he mixed the wrong stuff—
 It went up with a puff,
 So his hat he did grab, and went off in a huff !

But that is purely academic—and worse things happen at school. Consider, for instance, the case of the master striving to teach us the principle of Reflexive Verbs. (It was very boring). He had an inspiration :

MASTER : What do you do when you get out of bed ?

BOY : Get back again.

So you see, we're hopeless.

In conclusion, let us give you Bell's account of a trip to Ingleton in Yorkshire :

When we arrived, we left the village and walked down a hill which crosses the rivers Twiss and Doe. A short walk along the Doe brought us to Swilla Glen, where there was a long canyon, the rocks of the left bank of which rose perpen-

dicularly two hundred and twenty feet. Here the river was brown, but broke into white spume as it thundered over the boulders. We crossed the river by a bridge, and reached Pecca Glen which contains Thornton Force, the finest waterfall in the district. It drops forty-six feet into a pool surrounded by huge stones. Then there were more waterfalls, crashing with splendour over the rocks. At last we reached White Scar Caverns, which hold magnificent stalactites and stalagmites, which towered high above us. There were more waterfalls, waterfalls which splashed one ten feet away. We left the caves and came back to the village.

Junior School Notes

WE usually end the school year by inviting parents and friends to a garden entertainment. We hope that the weather will improve before the last Monday in the term, when we are presenting a play about Robin Hood and his band of outlaws; the leader, as usual, outwits the Sheriff of Nottingham, using his bow and sword to some purpose. Form I. are also acting a little play they have written themselves, describing life in the "good old days," in which naughty valets and gallant knights supply the usual complement of "by-my-halidoms" and "forsooths." A sword dance which is to be performed between the two plays will further help to reproduce the atmosphere of "Merrie England."

The cub-pack has held regular meetings throughout the term and many proficiency badges have been gained. Several cubs are going to camp in Dorset with the scouts.

In conclusion, we congratulate Ashworth, Bibby, and Brecknell on their success in the recent scholarship examination.
H.M.D.

Some Eatables

THE actor lives upon his roles,
The barber sticks to hare,
And Mrs. Grundy's faith is pinned
On carp, I must declare.
The cobbler's choice is eel and sole,
The woodman likes his chops,
The burglar's sure to make a hash,
He can't evade the cops.

The motorist has his jam,
 The pugilist his punch,
 The lecturer just lives on tongue,
 Before and after lunch.

The dentist's favourite dish is (h)ake,
 The strong man dotes on brawn,
 The nurse-maid gets along with kid
 Each morning on the lawn.

D. SPARROW (IIA.)

Two Phases of Prefecture

A SCHOOLBOY'S REFLECTIONS ON PREFECTS.

WHERE is the whisper of wisdom and wonder,
 Of prefects' pleasure, of prefects' pain,
 Of women, of woodbines, of childish blunder,
 Of worldly wit, and of bashful swain?

They boast stern badges to bully their fellows,
 These half-grown men now semi-sane,
 And the new-born beauty of manhood mellows
 The sordid thoughts of the sadist's brain.

WHAT THE SCHOOLBOY'S REFLECTIONS SHOULD

BE (ACCORDING TO A PREFECT).

HOW I admire you, you great big prefect,
 With your bright, breezy smile, and your kind word for all;
 Though the foolish unthinking may call you a defect,
 Your easy openhandedness is pleasant to recall.

How I love it when you hit me, for you do it for my sake,
 And I'm sure it hurts you more than it ever could hurt me;
 And I visualise you often lying late at night awake,
 In sorrow for my sinfulness and shameless unrepentancy.

I.M. & W.K.

Infelix Camilla

IT was all very well for Camilla
 To fancy that no-one could kill her;
 But cunning old Arruns,
 One of Turnus's barons,
 Knocked her out just below the papilla.

Her father was one of the few men
 Who in crises show their acumen :
 When the foemen drew near,
 Tied the babe to his spear,
 And threw her right over the flumen.

J.W.H.

Cricket Notes

THE School Cricket elevens have enjoyed this year, a highly successful season. Up to the time of writing, the 1st XI. have played 11 games, of which they have won 8 fairly comfortably. The 2nd XI. have been a little less successful, having won 3 out of 5. The one 3rd XI. match was won very convincingly.

In making a few points of general criticism, it may be mentioned that the old faults of schoolboy cricket are, and perhaps always will be, present. The tendency to overbowl one's strength for the sake of pace, forgetting that pace without length or direction is worse than useless, has again been seen. It has been most apparent during net practice. The time spent there should be utilised (for experiments) by both batsman and bowler.

The play of the 1st XI. has been good. Except for two unfortunate lapses (both during the Whitsun holiday) the batting has been steady. The bowling has been straight up-and-down "stuff" without any spectacular successes, but it has been sufficient. Its deficiency in variety was shown on the one occasion when a sticky, drying wicket was found, with no one able to take advantage of it.

The fielding has been quite good, very few catches having been missed, while the ground fielding has usually reached a good standard.

The 2nd XI. has been unfortunate in having several matches cancelled, but after a shaky start has improved considerably and has won its last three matches. The play appears to have been generally good all round, and the full record is quite satisfactory.

In the House Competition, Tate at present appear likely winners, as was perhaps only to be expected on account of the fact that their Senior team includes six of the 1st XI.

One or two promising cricketers have been noticed in the Junior forms of the School, and we can look forward with confidence to other successful years.

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RESULTS.

1ST XI.

Date.	Opponents.	For.	Agst.
May 8	Alsop High School (A.) Collinson 34*, Burrell 5 for 7.	49-1	45
11	Sefton & Dist. 4th XI. (H.) Barker 5 for 26, B. B. Towers 4 for 31.	56	131
15	Park High School (H.) Collinson 40, Burrell 4 for 14.	111-7	85
25	H.M.S. "Conway" (A.) Wheat 5 for 13, Burrell 2 for 5.	66	52
June 8	Liverpool Collegiate (A.) Barker 4 for 19.	24	41-7
12	Bootle Secondary School (H.) Barker 3 for 12.	41	42-4
22	Neston C.C. 11th. (H.) Collinson 50*, Burrell 50*, Wheat 4 for 4, B. B. Towers 5 for 13.	134-2	26
26	St. Edward's College (H.) Collinson 29, Barker 25, Roylance 2 for 3, Wheat 4 for 20.	101-7	54
29	Bootle Secondary School (A.) Barker 26, Wheat 5 for 18.	73-7	69
July 3	Alsop High School (H.) Ternent 44, Wheat 6 for 19.	76	53
6	Waterloo Grammar School (A.) Kinnear 19*, Kinnear 5 for 16.	78-7	77

2ND XI.

Date.	Opponents.	For.	Agst.
May 8	Alsop High School (H.) Evans 14, Dearnley 4 for 7.	38	52
15	Park High School (A.) Simms 5 for 20, Wood 3 for 1.	29	55
May 25	H.M.S. "Conway" (H.) Powl 21, Wood 20, Bell 20*, King 15, Dearnley 7 for 16.	120	37
June 26	St. Edward's College (A.) King 23, Simms 4 for 10, Dearnley 2 for 3.	73	33
July 6	Waterloo Grammar School (H.) Freedman 40, Dearnley 17*, Dearnley 6 for 24.	75-6	68

3RD XI.

Date.	Opponents.	For.	Agst.
May 25	School Ship "Conway" (H.) * Not Out.	79	23

Examination Successes

AS usual, we find the names of many B.I. Old Boys in the lists of those who have distinguished themselves in the examinations held by various public bodies. We reproduce all those successes which have been announced up to the time of going to press, and, at the same time, we heartily congratulate all those former students of B.I. on the way in which they are maintaining those standards of high intellectual achievement for which the name of our School has stood so long.

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SCHOOL OF BIOCHEMISTRY.

Degree of B.Sc. with Honours—Class II., Division I. : G. N. Jenkins.

SCHOOL OF PHYSICS.

Degree of B.Sc. with Honours—Class II., Division I. : V. A. Stanley.

SCHOOL OF BOTANY.

Degree of B.Sc. with Honours—Class III. : C. D. Greaves.

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Degree of B.Eng., with First Class Honours—R. R. Sarginson.

Degree of B.Eng., Final (Part I.)—F. L. Hamilton.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

SCHOOL OF GEOGRAPHY.

Degree of M.A.—C. Bowen.

SCHOOL OF GERMAN.

Degree of B.A. in Special Studies—(Part I.) : R.F. Broadfoot; (Part II.) : J. Wood.

Degree of B.A. in General Studies—(First Year Examination) : D. Magee.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Degrees of M.B. and Ch.B.—(Second Examination) : H. Angelman, J. H. D. Wetherell, A. H. Williams; (First Examination) : R. T. Davies.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND AWARDS.

SIR JOHN WILLOX SCHOLARSHIP—W. Bridge.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIP—R. H. Roberts, R. R. Sarginson.

ROBERT GEE FELLOWSHIP IN HUMAN ANATOMY—Dr. S. Pappworth.

Old Boys' A.F.C.

IT is remarkable how at any given time the fortunes of School Soccer decide the future of the Old Boys Club. This season the School has made a splendid recovery from a period of de-

pression, whilst the Old Boys find themselves in the very position which the School has recently vacated. In a way this is only natural, for the School force at any period forms the nucleus of the future Old Boys' side. It is to be hoped that this will continue and that next season will see a return of our former successes.

From a playing point of view our results have not maintained the standard of previous years. League fixtures have been considerably fewer in number this year, but the desire amongst clubs to leave the Old Boys' League for the I Zingari League has resulted in a decrease in membership of the Old Boys' League. Efforts this season to remedy this defect have been partially successful, inasmuch as membership of the Old Boys' League will remain unaltered next season. The proposed new league constitution, as mentioned in the previous report, came to nothing as a result of two clubs dissenting. These efforts, which will mean a strengthening of Secondary School Old Boys' organisations throughout Merseyside, have not been abandoned. The Old Boys' League and the I Zingari League are now working conjointly on the problem, and it is very probable that a practical scheme, strongly resembling the original proposal, will be evolved for season 1936-37.

The record of the 1st XI. was an improvement on that of last year, for they finished sixth in their league table. After a poor beginning two league losses only were encountered between October 20th and March 23rd, but their end of season record was on a par with the opening, so that they did not finish as high in their league as was hoped. In the I Zingari Challenge Cup they met with better success, but their entry into the competition proper saw them drawn against Earle, who eventually reached the final and finished Division I. champions. The second half of the season has seen a marked improvement in the results of the 2nd XI., and they finished higher in the league table than was at one time anticipated. Our three junior teams, competing in the Old Boys' League, still present a knotty problem. Since the transference of our senior elevens to the I Zingari Leagues, our Old Boys' League teams have found the opposition too strong for them, and this season is no exception, but with very promising talent amongst our younger members, there is every hope that this state of affairs will be remedied in the near future.

The present report seals the passing of yet another season, the thirteenth in our career. This number is often regarded

with a certain amount of distrust, and in this instance there is definite ground for such fears. We have had our ups and downs in the past, but there is every reason to suppose that the most critical period in our history is yet to come, and that in the near future. Even if the life of the Club is not threatened, there is a strong probability that, as a result of circumstances which have lately arisen, the days of our zenith are over, and not, as we hoped, before us.

Since its early days the School has built up many traditions, and not least amongst them a strong Soccer tradition, so strong that to picture the School and Soccer as two distinct entities was impossible. All Soccer Old Boys will view with feelings of regret its passing in favour of the Rugby code. Naturally, the Old Boys' Football Club feels the position much more strongly, for it comes as a great blow at a time when we cherished optimistic hopes for the future. We do not view the introduction of Rugby with disfavour. There has always been a proportion of the School who desired it, and it is only just that their wishes should receive consideration; but not one of them would wish that the realisation of their desire should witness the ousting of Soccer.

The advent of Rugby raises a vital point to us as a Club. How far can we depend on support from the School in the future? If no support is forthcoming then, when the present members cease, as is inevitable, to take an active interest in our affairs, the future is obvious, and unfortunately very finite. It is hoped that this position will not arise, but it is a possibility which must be faced. Again, if support is forthcoming, will it be sufficient to allow the Club to continue along its present ambitious lines? From a small beginning we have grown, and for the past three seasons we have been able to field five league teams. Our motto has always been progress. The Club has followed a go-ahead policy with a view to becoming a formidable force in local football. There are now, however, grave doubts as to whether a continuation of this policy is possible. Its maintenance demands strong and continuous support from the School. Should the present annual influx of new members decrease in number, the very opposite of this ideal will be forced upon us. Our future lies in the hands of the School. We ask for loyal support not only next season, but in successive years, so strong that it will bring about a realisation of our aims.

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