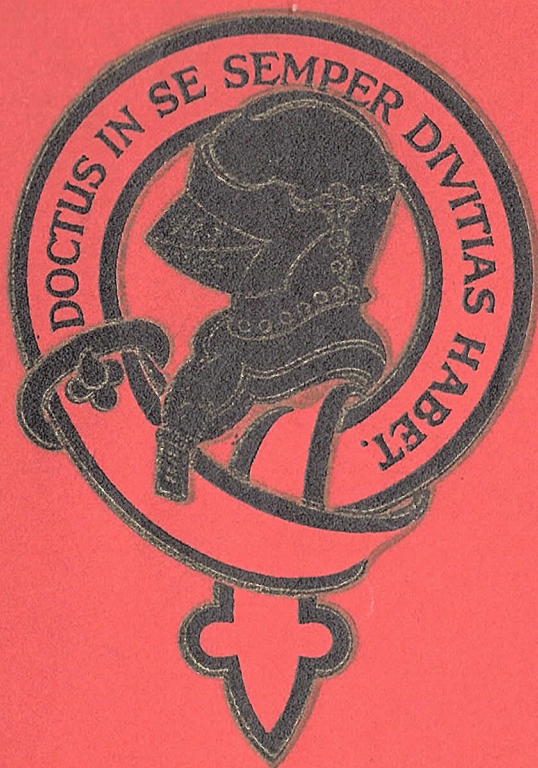


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**BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE  
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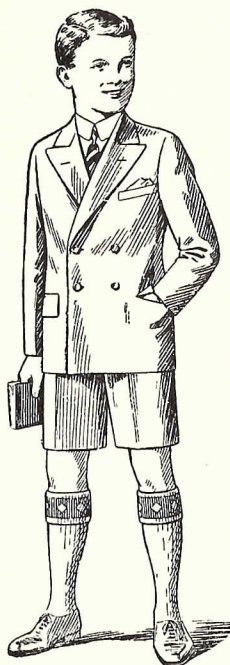
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PREFECTS, 1936-1937.



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VOL. X., No. I.

CHRISTMAS, 1936.

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## *School Calendar*

Term ends	... ..	December 22nd.
Spring Term begins	... ..	January 12th.
Half Term	... ..	February 20th-22nd.
Term ends	... ..	March 24th.
Summer Term begins	... ..	April 20th.
Half Term	... ..	May 15th-18th.
Term ends	... ..	July 27th.



## *Editorial*

SOME familiar people have left the School ; there are others who are but untried newcomers ; meanwhile the majority remain unchanged. Correspondingly, the standard and variety of contributions stays at the same level, fluctuating only narrowly between traditionally prescribed limits ; on one hand the inevitable limerick, " a creed outworn," on the other, the time-honoured and equally drab account of a visit to the local gas-works.

It is not that we shall reject any reasonable poem without ample consideration, nor that we particularly disparage accounts of visits to any places of interest, but we still feel compelled to make the ancient exhortation to originality. We are weary of our persistently harrowing task of sifting a few articles of moderate standard from a vast accumulation of useless paper.

However, the editorial staff must not allow itself to grow pessimistic. Hope must still exist while its fulfilment is yet a long way off. The result of our labours is what follows. We entreat you not to think too harshly of us.



## *Salvete*

**Vib.—Stitt :—**Morris, A. J.

**IIIa.—Atkin :—**Parry, F. R., Rudge, J. F. C. **Stitt :—**Barr, W. J., Perry, F. R. **Westminster :—**Colclough, F. R.

**IIIb.—Atkin :—**Campbell, E. S., Gaskell, K., Hughes, C. A., Osborne, K. A., Walker, J. B. **Stitt :—**Amos, S. J., Crighton, C. **Tate :—**Dean, A. J., Parry, J., Redmond W. P. J. **Westminster.—**Smith, G. A.

**IIIj.—Atkin :—**Armitage, H., Hayes, A. C., Jones, O. P., Wood, A. H., Young, J. A. **Stitt :—**Bennet, D. E., Hale, J. R., Whitmore, E. R., Williams, D. J., Wynne, P.



**Tate** :—Bird, J. R., Brooks, H. R., Dorrity, R. D., Larrisey, J., Tunna, L. D., Webster, K. W. A. **Westminster** :—Edwards, J. C., Jardine, W. S., Jones, J., Scully, J. N.

**Form 2.—Stitt** :—Shields, E. G. **Tate** :—Nicklin, R. J., Roberts, J. E., Watkins, I. M., Forsythe, W. A. **Westminster** :—Groom, W., Millington, W. G.

**Form 1.—Atkin** :—Mountford, G. A., Amery, G. G., Crosthwaite, D. W. **Stitt** :—James, T. L., Hill, R. J. **Tate** :—McDonnell, W. F. **Westminster** :—Roberts, G. I.

**Upper Prep.—Atkin** :—Bentley, D. H., Price, J. B.

**Lower Prep.—Atkin** :—Parrott, P., Rolph, G., Danger, G. W., Thomas, G. A. **Stitt** :—McRobbie, F. A. **Tate** :—Adams, W. P. **Westminster** :—Preece, H. P., Ray, G. B., Dickman, C. R.

## Valete

**Upper VIa.—Atkin** :—Alldis, C. A. (1928-1936), *Head Prefect and Captain of the School, Matric., 1933, H.S.C., 1935-36, Captain of House, Captain 1st XV., Colours, 1936, Editor of the Visor, 1935, University Training Grant, 1936, County Schol., Committee of VIth Form Literary and Debating Society.* Kinnear, W. (1929-36), *Prefect, Matric., 1934, H.S.C., 1936, Captain of 1st XI. Cricket, Colours, 1936, 1st XV., House Representative of Visor, Sub-editor of Visor, University Training Grant.* May, R. E. (1928-36), *Headmaster's Prefect, Matric., 1933, H.S.C., 1936, Vice-Captain of House, Secretary of Table Tennis Club, Sub-editor of Visor, University Training Grant, Secretary of Scientific Society.* **Stitt** :—Fannon, H. (1930-36), *Prefect, Matric., 1934, Captain of House, 1st XV. Rugby.* Mercer, W. I. N. (1930-36), *Prefect, Matric., 1934, H.S.C., 1936, Sub-editor of Visor, Chairman of League of Nations Union, University Training Grant.* **Tate** :—Davis, A. L. (1929-36), *Matric., 1934, Secretary of Chess Club, 2nd XV. Rugby.* Stott, J. G. (1929-36), *Prefect, Matric., 1934, H.S.C., 1936, Captain of House, House Representative of Visor, 1st XV. Rugby, 2nd XI. Cricket, Secretary of Rifle Club, Committee of Scientific Society.* **Westminster** :—Bozier, H. J. (1928-36), *Prefect, Matric., 1933, H.S.C., 1935-6, Captain of House, House*

*Representative of Visor, 1st XV. Rugby.* Wetherell, G. A. (1926-36), *Prefect, Matric., 1934, H.S.C., 1936, Vice-Captain of House, 1st XV. Rugby.* Heys, T. H. (1933-6), *Matric., 1933, H.S.C., 1936., 1st XV. Rugby, Secretary of VIth Form Literary and Debating Society.*

**Upper Vlb.—Atkin:**—Evans, G. L. (1931-6), *Prefect, Matric., 1935, Letters of Success, 1936, 2nd XV. Rugby, Secretary of Visor, Treasurer of League of Nations Union.* **Stitt:**—Nava, H. (1931-36), *Prefect, Matric., 1935, Letters of Success, 1936, Visor Advertising Secretary.*

**Vis.—Atkin:**—Bryant, H. O. M., *Matric., 1936, Taylor, K., Matric., 1936, Merrit, F., Owen, J. T., Waring, T. E.* **Tate:**—Hardie, J. G., Montgomery, C. J., Williams, R. E., *Matric., 1936.* **Westminster:**—Ceha, M. C. A., Hayward, L. G., Moxley, E., *Matric., 1936.*

**Vla.—Atkin:**—Bates, G., Robey, R. D., *Matric., 1936.* **Stitt:**—Campbell, F. J. S., *Matric., 1936, De Croos, M.A.K., Matric., 1936.* Renner, N. A., *Matric., 1936.* **Tate:**—Dean, K. W., Male, R. H. Parry, J. H., Thomas, K. B., *Matric. 1936.* **Westminster:**—Coglan, A. H., *Matric., 1936, Coglan, G. K., Kay, R. W., Smedley, K. J.*

**Vlb.—Atkin:**—Greatrex, S. E., Jones, P. O., Rowlands, S., Wood, W. E. **Stitt:**—Batho, A., Clarke, J., Evans, H. B. **Tate:**—Bartley, E. L., Capes, A. T., Evans, R. L., Jones, W. E., Shaw, S. **Westminster:**—Henshaw, R.

**Rem. j.—Stitt:**—James, A. K. **Westminster:**—Blackburn, G. A. P.

**Rem. a.—Atkin:**—Rogers, W. G., Taylor, J. P. O. **Tate:**—Altham, D. H. J.

**Rem. i.—Atkin:**—Austin, H. **Stitt:**—Casey, W. L. Dearnley, N. I. **Westminster:**—Wilde, R.

**Vj.—Atkin:**—Adams, G. K.

**IVa.—Tate:**—Mackintosh, W. A. **Westminster:**—Melbourne, I.

**IIIj.—Stitt:**—Hughes, K.

**IIa.—Atkin:**—Greatrex, R. **Westminster:**—Adams, W. R.

**IIb.—Atkin:**—Despres, D. P. B. **Tate:**—Halewood, S. D. **Westminster:**—Getty, J. A.

## *Annual Swimming Gala*

**T**HIS year the Swimming Gala was again held at Livingstone Street Baths, on October 8th. It was notable in that for the first time House points were awarded. Westminster is the first Champion House.

The silver challenge cup for the Senior Squadron Race was won by Stitt, followed by Atkin, a close second. The Junior Squadron Race was won by Tate, while Clare gained the School Championship, and Ceha the Junior Championship.

Clare is especially to be congratulated on the splendid all-round performance he put up, and for setting up a new record for the School Championship.

The prizes were presented by Councillor Garstang, one of our Governors. He congratulated the competitors on their fine performance, and also the School on its reputation in the district. Dr. Berkson, an old boy of the School, presented a new cup for the Old Boys' Squadron Race.

Finally, we tender our thanks to Mr. Clague and the rest of the Staff for their work in organising and carrying out the usual arrangements.

### RESULTS.

School Championship—Clare.  
 Junior Championship—Ceha.  
 Form VIs. Handicap—Husselbury.  
 Form R and V. Handicap—Porter.  
 Form IV. Handicap—Seavell.  
 Form III. Handicap—Turtle.  
 Newcomers' Race—Baxter.  
 Novices' Race—Baxter.  
 Neat Dive—Sarginson.  
 Senior Breast Stroke—Clare.  
 Junior Breast Stroke Race—Tomlinson.  
 Senior Mop Fight—Astley.  
 Junior Mop Fight—Lawless.  
 Back Stroke Race (Handicap)—Clare.  
 Senior Plunge—John.  
 Junior Plunge—Vick.  
 Recovery Race—Clare.  
 Life Saving Race—Clare, Vick.  
 Senior Obstacle Race—Husselbury.  
 Old Boys' Race—Dubois.  
 Senior Squadron Race—Stitt.  
 Junior Obstacle Race—Ceha.  
 Junior Squadron Race—Tate.  
 Old Boys' Squadron Race—Atkin.  
 Champion House—Westminster.



**Crossword No. 11.**

PRIZE awarded to H. R. Bawden, Rem. j. (VIs.).

**SOLUTION.****ACROSS.**

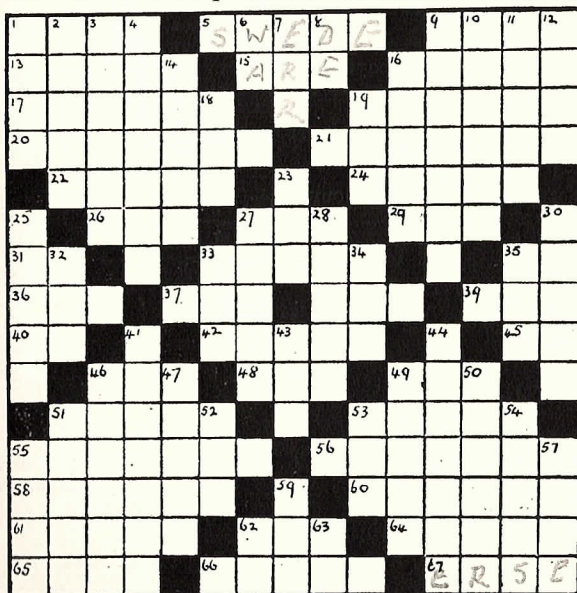
- |              |             |            |                  |
|--------------|-------------|------------|------------------|
| 1.—Arid.     | 22.—Scene.  | 38.—Ben.   | 55.—Lunatic.     |
| 8.—Vicar.    | 24.—Loire.  | 39.—Tin.   | 56.—Debater.     |
| 9.—Lath.     | 26.—Hes(t). | 40.—ok.    | 58.—Onager.      |
| 13.—Liner.   | 27.—Did.    | 42.—Refit. | 60.—Venite.      |
| 15.—Sat.     | 29.—Rrny.   | 45.—st.    | 61.—Tamer.       |
| 16.—Rerie.   | 31.—To.     | 46.—Pop.   | 62.—Ban.         |
| 17.—Adages.  | 33.—Honey.  | 48.—Sot.   | 64.—Leers.       |
| 19.—Pretty.  | 35.—Ho.     | 49.—Bom.   | 65.—Hrad (anag.) |
| 20.—Serried. | 36.—Oak.    | 51.—Layer. | 66.—Bards.       |
| 21.—Barrels. | 37.—Let.    | 53.—Rater. | 67 (rev.)—Tors.  |

**DOWN.**

- |               |             |                   |                |
|---------------|-------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 1.—Alas.      | 14.—Reins.  | 33.—Her.          | 51.—Lunar.     |
| 2.—Rides.     | 16.—Error.  | 34.—Yet.          | 52.—R.I.R.     |
| 3.—Inarch.    | 18.—See.    | 35.—His.          | 53.—Rev.       |
| 4.—Degrees.   | 19.—Pal.    | 41.—Voyaged.      | 54.—Retro—.    |
| 6.—Is.        | 23.—Fin.    | 43.—Fob.          | 55.—Loth.      |
| 7 & 8.—Carat. | 25.—Stoop.  | 44 (rev)—Senator. | 57.—Rest.      |
| 9.—Leering.   | 27.—Dotes.  | 46.—Panama.       | 59.—Car.       |
| 10.—Artery.   | 28.—Debit.  | 47.—Peter.        | 62 & 63.—Band. |
| 11.—Title.    | 30.—Dont's. | 49.—Babel.        |                |
| 12.—Heys.     | 32.—Oak.    | 50.—Metier.       |                |

**Crossword No. 12.**

ONE prize will be given for the correct solution of this puzzle. Your attempt should be handed to Mr. Hall.



## CLUES.

## ACROSS.

- |                                       |                          |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1.—Bladed poles.                      | 37.—Meadow.              |
| 5.—Vegetable.                         | 38.—With 32 Girl's name. |
| 9.—Mohammedan badge with 35 and 45.   | 39.—Vessel.              |
| 13.—Often used with bat.              | 40.—Poet after 31.       |
| 15.—100 sq. metres.                   | 42.—River.               |
| 16.—Given to Sunday Schools.          | 45.—Coin after 35.       |
| 17.—Bride of a Trojan prince.         | 46.—Gossamer.            |
| 19.—" — et un." Game.                 | 48.—Sink unevenly.       |
| 20.—Church Festivals.                 | 49.—Begins an exchange.  |
| 21.—Swindler.                         | 51.—Betimes.             |
| 22.—Closes the eyes (of a bird).      | 53.—River.               |
| 24.—Insert in book.                   | 55.—Stages.              |
| 26.—With vowel of 27, a vulgar curse! | 56.—Babbled.             |
| 27.—Dull.                             | 58.—Drunken revels.      |
| 29.—Backward colour.                  | 60.—Steering lever.      |
| 31.—Decoration.                       | 61.—Placed in order.     |
| 33.—Fruit.                            | 62.—Dark liquid.         |
| 35.—See 45.                           | 64.—Carry off.           |
| 36.—Refusal.                          | 65.—Chicken or House?    |
|                                       | 66.—Rifle is.            |
|                                       | 67.—Irish?               |

## DOWN.

- |  |                              |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1.—In the band.                        | 30.—A Baltic people.         |
| 2.—Regions.                            | 32.—Spoil.                   |
| 3.—Washed lightly.                     | 33.—Encountered.             |
| 4.—Kind of duck.                       | 34.—Negative.                |
| 6.—Walk through water with 8.          | 35.—American tin.            |
| 7.—Make mistakes.                      | 41.—Took over river.         |
| 8.—See 6.                              | 43.—11 does.                 |
| 9.—Originates.                         | 44.—Specimens.               |
| 10.—Holder of property by payment.     | 46.—Move unsteadily.         |
| 11.—" Out of the ——— came forth meat." | 47.—Extort money from.       |
| 12.—Confused repose.                   | 49.—American mammal.         |
| 14.—Fell in reverence.                 | 50.—Hayloft—Cockney top hat? |
| 16.—General tendency.                  | 51.—Strange.                 |
| 18.—These suffixes form agent nouns    | 52.—Affirmative.             |
| 19.—Adjective serving to describe as   | 53.—Offered for 49.          |
| unique.                                | 54.—Pass rope through ring.  |
| 23.—Chum.                              | 55.—Put off.                 |
| 25.—Prophet.                           | 57.—Tied.                    |
| 27.—Blasts.                            | 59.—Piece of rigid material. |
| 28.—Acting.                            | 62—63.—Rent.                 |

*Examination Results, July, 1936*

## HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Alldis, C. A. (E.H.); Bozier, H. J.; Bray, W. C.; Gallagher, J. (E.H.); Heys, T. H.; Kinnear, W.; May, R. E.; Mercer, W. I. N.; Stott, J. G.; Wetherell, C. A.

## LETTERS OF SUCCESS.

Clare, W. E.; Davies, A. L.; Evans, G. L.; Fannon, H.; Nava, H.A.; Sarginson, J. R.

## SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

## FORM VIC.

*m* Astley, T. G.; Bell, G. R.; *m* Bryant, H. O. M.; *m* Bunting, S.; Ceba, M. C. A.; *m* Edelman, J.; *m* Evans, J. F. R.; *m* Hardie, J. G.; Hayward, L. G.; *m* Hesselbury, W. D.; *m* Jones, I. G. R.; Kay, G.; *m* Martin, F. C.; Merritt, F.; Montgomery, C. J.; *m* Moxley, E.; Owen, J. T.; *m* Powl, G. E.; Speed, R. J.; *m* Stuart-Brown, C. H.; *m* Taylor, K.; Waring, T. E.; *m* Williams, R. E.

## FORM VIA.

*m* Campbell, F. J. S.; *m* Cogan, A. H.; *m* de Croos, M. A. K.; *m* Duff, A. S.; Jones, A. P. E.; Kay, R. W.; Macbryde, W. C.; Mortimer, K.; *m* Renner, N. A.; *m* Robey, R. D.; Taylor, W. R.; *m* Thomas, K. B.; *m* Turner, A. D.

## FORM VIB.

Cook, A. T.; Evans, H. B.; Evans, R. L.; Forsythe, G. R.; Moyes, T.; Rowland, S.; Shandley, J.; Weir, A. R. M.

Matriculation—*m*.

*Others as We See Them*

ONCE upon a time a little boy in Form III. was asked by a kindly but inquisitive master why he was not reading the school magazine, but preferred a complex mathematical game played with a pencil and paper. "Too dull," the child said artlessly, and resumed his calculations.

Hard words; over-cynical, perhaps, in one so young; but how true! how simply and beautifully true.

To some of us, more willing to be amused than our young friend, the form notes of our own form are often quite funny, and even as we dig laboriously through the other pages, we turn up from time to time some twinkling gem of wit, and chuckle happily over our find.

But such finds are all too rare; the form notes of other forms are mostly poor stuff, and the rest, undeniably useful as a record of school life, and possibly fascinating to look back upon some forty years on, leaves us for the present undiverted and unthrilled.

\* \* \* \* \*

Consider, then, how heavily boredom sits upon the neck of him who reads the magazines of schools other than his own. Think how tedious is the funniest form note about boys you have never seen. Imagine for only a moment the dreariness of the task of ploughing up and down through a dozen magazines in the hope of unearthing the hidden howler, the unpremeditated jest, the tit-bit of universal interest, the rare clink of the coin of genius, and the more frequent clatter of the counterfeit. The bright spots are few at most; this term only



one has been found. Probably the magazines of Merseyside are no duller than usual, but the reader's staying power is less.

\* \* \* \* \*

In any event the rest of this article is concerned solely with the magazine of the Birkenhead Girls' Secondary School, which deserves most honourable mention.

\* \* \* \* \*

Self-advertisement, as usual, is lacking. The winning of three State Scholarships in one year, a feat hitherto undreamed of in this borough of big ideas, is mentioned briefly in one paragraph,—*and nowhere else*. But there are good things within. The verses, *Landscape in Early Spring* have a rich pictorial quality, and the prose fantasy *Escape* by the same writer (apparently one of those State Scholars) is of exceptional merit: the writer has gifts which should take her beyond the limits of school journalism.

Satire is surely rare in a girls' school magazine, and for that reason the more refreshing. A slashing attack is launched against 'SAFETY FIRST,' one of those slogans which are 'plugged' into us by benevolent authorities, and which we too often accept without even thinking what they imply. We boast of our freedom, and scorn those who allow themselves to be dragooned by swashbuckling political bullies. But dope us first, and we march as tamely as the others. Slogans are part of the 'dope.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Our satirist shows that Safety First is (1) a mean and cowardly ideal, denying every impulse to sacrifice and adventure, and (2) an elusive Will o' the Wisp, cheating us in the end, for all our petty shifts and precautions. The second thesis is neatly exemplified in the rash declaration of our parents on our Health Reports, to the effect that we have not been in contact with any case of infectious or contagious disease during the holidays.

"How easily is Authority satisfied! Do our parents really know where we have been during the holidays? . . . Even those places to which parents . . . accompany their girls are not immune. We go to the Cinema. . . We travel on public vehicles, we attend public meetings, we go to Church, to the Public Baths, the Parks. . . Safety is not first (if it were, our holidays would be sufficiently

unbearable to ensure a glad return to school). Therefore our Health Forms do not serve any useful purpose and Authority might as well. . . ”

Quite, Madam, and we thank you for a stimulating essay, but our space is filled.

\* \* \* \* \*

After so much praise we permit ourselves the liberty of one parting gibe. A sketch of the costumes and customs of an earlier day speaks of ladies who lived in a “ period of false modesty, hysterical manners, cumbersome *shirts* and powdered hair.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Visor* Committee gratefully acknowledge receipt of the above and of Liverpool Institute Magazine, *The Inkwell*, Wirral County School (Boys) Magazine, *Oultonia*, *The Quarry*, *The Log*, and the T.G.S. Magazine. We regret that a number of magazines received early last term were not acknowledged in the summer number.



## *We Build a Flying Flea*

THE whole affair started something like this—George (a friend of mine) bet me (Clarence) a fiver that I couldn’t fly a ’plane without any tuition whatsoever. Well, I don’t suppose I could, but, for that matter, neither could he. However, I pointed out that I was not in a position to demonstrate my skill, as I didn’t happen to own a machine, nor did he.

Now George, being a sensible lad, realised that this *was* an obstacle, but, with all the temerity of his youthful enthusiasm, he immediately proposed that we should build one. As a matter of fact, I hadn’t much more faith in George’s mechanical abilities than in my own, nevertheless I was prepared to try anything once. Thus it came about that George and I decided to construct the cheapest and, as we thought, the simplest form of aeroplane, namely, the “ Flying Flea.”

We resolved to build the wings first. After much consideration, we tied together two clothes poles to form the main spar thing of the whole show. Now, while I was in favour of something solid and sturdy, George derided all my suggestions as being more suitable for the construction of shed-walls than “ aerofoils ” (I think that’s what he called them), and



advocated fabric for as much as possible of the wings. Between us, we raked up an old tent with which we managed to cover a fair amount of the surface, a couple of old orange boxes which filled most of the rest of the space, and finally blocked up the main gaps with chunks of cigar-boxes tacked on where necessary. This was only the upper wing, the lower ones (the body coming in between) being formed in similar manner, substituting old towels for the tent.

The body, or "fuselage," proved a great stumbling block, as we didn't wish to put ourselves to any great expense. At last, George got news of a suitable box lying in a dockside warehouse. When I saw it, I nearly threw a faint, for there, in the gloomy vastness of the shed, lay an extremely substantial crate, which had formerly contained the back axle of a 2-ton lorry. Its journey to the workshop was, to say the least, adventurous. We levered the infernal thing into the dock, and towed it home in a rowing-boat up the river to that point nearest the house, whence it was beached and dragged unceremoniously through the streets. We lightened it considerably by knocking out alternate planks, a procedure which, of course, banished all its former draught-proof properties.

Of all the many parts, the most difficult to obtain was the engine, which naturally had to be fairly reliable to drag such a huge, cumbersome mass through the skies. Our first idea was to have an electric motor, driven by the mains supply tapped by a trailing cable, but we soon realised that this would limit our movements to a matter of yards from our starting-point. Thus, even in spite of the fact that we might have made use of the motor from my Uncle Aubrey's invalid chair, or, at a pinch, the driving unit of the electric vacuum cleaner belonging to George's family, we dispensed with this intention, and eventually (after hawking picture-postcards of the district for about six weeks), we purchased a fifth-hand engine from a 1920 motor-bike.

The tail-wings and ailerons were composed of cane frames, covered with pieces of old tablecloth, resembling two mis-shapen kites. The rudder was a flimsy cupboard-door of the "Art Nouveau" period, complete with hinges. In fact the only difficulty we had with this section was in finding a stout post to hinge the bally thing to.

Though the undercarriage gave us food for much thought, after considerable research, we produced several brown-paper parcels, which were opened in the workshop. The rusty iron



doll's bedstead, formerly possessed by my youngest sister, Janet, was used to form the chassis, as it were. Two wheels, of different size and materials, one from a battered pram, the other from a disused wheelbarrow, were then more or less securely affixed to the monstrous erection. A few controls and accessories, mostly of string, wire and bits of Meccano, were then added, and the machine was ready to fly.

So it was that the rural policeman on his beat at 4 a.m. the next morning saw us painfully dragging a tottering affair up towards the top of the hill. On the completion of one bitter hour of tinkering and re-adjustment, the engine was started up, and the vibration proved so great as nearly to shake the old crock to pieces. George offered to try it first, and as, after all, he had done most to produce it, I willingly acquiesced. Wavering like a lame hen, it trundled along the crest of the hill, and plunged down the steep slope, gaining speed as it went. When the wretched contrivance struck a huge boulder, it rose in the air, and in a bird-like manner (much too bird-like, in fact, for the wings flapped in a highly realistic fashion) staggered along in the valley bottom. It looked as if it was going to have St. Vitus' Dance, and so did George. Things somehow seemed to have gone wrong, so I hastened down to catch the remains, if any, of the unfortunate George. The moment I reached level ground, the plane decided to relinquish its hold on life, and from a height of twenty feet, hurtled down at me. I ducked. A moment later, and I was all but buried by vast quantities of stinking black mud thrown up from the bog in which it performed its final convulsions.

George, meanwhile, seeing his approaching doom, had clambered out of the swooping Flea in mid-air, and leapt into space, hoping that his great-grand aunt's umbrella would function as a parachute. It did, until it blew inside out. Though this served to break the force of his fall, he finally lodged in the bog with only his head sticking out of the foul slime.

In the end, however, he was retrieved by a farmer and his horse, and scraped by all of us. The farmer, in return for his services, received the engine, which he has adapted for driving his separator, and he also retrieved the body, still almost intact, which he uses as a container for manure. A few of the smaller accessories repose in the local museum. George has now recovered, and as for me—well, I still haven't won my bet.

I.S.M.

## *Subterranean Caverns*

**W**HILE on a cycling tour last September, my friend and I came to Wookey Hole. This place, which is famous for its caves, is about two miles from Wells, at the foot of the Mendips.

The caves are approached by a garden, which is bounded on one side by the subterranean River Axe. The river dives below ground through a shaft at the foot of a beautiful waterfall. On the eastern side of this is the Hyaena Den, which both men and hyaenas occupied at different times more than 40,000 years ago. In here, the bones of many animals have been found, including the jawbone and teeth of an Irish elk and the tooth of a rhinoceros.

The entrance to the caves is very high up, and just within were made the most important discoveries, during the years 1909 to 1914. Inside the caverns, which are artificially lighted, the air is very cold and damp. Here, too, is a ladder of stone, from which can be seen the bed where the river once flowed.

At the bottom of Hell's Ladder (for so it is called) the path widens as it enters the first great chamber, called the Witches' Kitchen. The roof rises to a height of 130 feet from the water, and the entrances to many inaccessible passages may be detected far above. In this cave, was found the skeleton of a woman with a crystal, a dagger, and other possessions. Strangest of all is the fact that just above the lovely island pool there is an image of a witch and a dog. Being of black stone, the figures show up clearly against the pure green background of the pool. The water, incidentally, seems to be only two feet deep at the most, but really it is no less than sixteen feet.

High up on the left-hand side of the cavern are stone steps, leading to two grottos, which are full of stalactites of beautiful colours.

As we entered the second chamber, we were held spell-bound by the 75 feet-high roof, draped with tiny stalactites, sparkling like diamonds. At the other end of this cave a submerged archway could be seen—an entrance to many more caves which, unfortunately, can be reached only by a boat in times of drought.

The walls of both chambers have many inscriptions, carved by visitors of bygone days. Needless to say, we did not add our own initials before we left. P.K.

## *Perseverance Rewarded*

### A MORAL STORY.

**A**DWELLER in a new suburb, discovering late one night that he had smoked his last cigarette, decided to brave the inclemency of the November night and the snares of unmade roads, to replenish his stock. Made wise by previous experience he inspected his silver, and was not surprised to find that he lacked the necessary coin. Thereupon the good man applied to his spouse, promising her speedy restitution, if necessary with interest. After listening with patience to a discourse on the revolting habits, intemperance, and lack of self-control of the modern husband, he learned that his wife had that day set aside a shilling for insertion in the gas-meter, and that it would be found either in one of the pockets of her many coats, in the bath-room cabinet or in the child's money-box. Having at length located the shilling in the biscuit-barrel, he went forth into the rain, reaching his objective twenty minutes later.

His first assaults upon the automatic-machine were attended with no success. After repeated blows, the slot marked "Players" still refused to disgorge its cigarettes or to return his shilling. Meanwhile a dog was barking, lights had appeared in the upper windows of the shop, and a policeman had passed on the other side of the road. These events brought him to such a pitch of desperation that a final assault was successful in returning his coin. Feverishly thrusting it into the next slot, he was rewarded with a packet of cigarettes of a brand which he particularly disliked.

"Why," said his wife on his return, "did you not take the shilling? It was, as I said, on the pantry shelf. And, what is more, I cannot find the sovereign which your mother gave you. I wanted to sell it in town to-morrow."



## *University Letters*

EMMANUEL COLLEGE,  
CAMBRIDGE.

November, 1936.

Dear Mr. Editor,

This term has proved one of many surprises, not only for the unfledged fresher, but for the more sophisticated grey-



beards whose proud boast it is that nothing can ever disturb that tranquil and dignified boredom which is the most obvious result of one, two, or even three years' residence *in statu pupillari*.

Firstly, the Rugger XV. completely confounded the prophets by preserving an unbeaten record for nine matches. At the moment, the form of the Cambridge side is such that, although Oxford is still the favourite, the result of the inter-varsity game is by no means certain.

The serenity of the political scene was rudely shaken by the announcement that Sir Oswald Mosley was to speak here on Friday, October 30th. Demonstrations supporting the speaker, and counter-demonstrations organised by rival political organisations were banned by the proctors, and the whole of the local police force was turned out to deal with any possible disturbances. Yet in spite of (or because of?) all these precautions to preserve the peace, Sir Oswald failed to keep his appointment, and the whole affair fizzled out.

More spectacular was the arrival in Cambridge of a contingent of hunger-marchers from the North of England. A torchlight procession was formed, and they were given a warm welcome by supporters of all political parties.

The rags, this term, have also been unexpectedly lively, and Cambridge seems to be living up to the traditions established in those far-off halcyon days, the events of which everyone can recount in detail, adding always the proviso—"Although it was before I came up, actually."

November 5th provided the customary outlet for pent-up emotion, and the lack of team-spirit and generally unsporting nature of the police led to a large number of undergraduates being arrested. Consolation came, however, when it was learned that this rag had achieved the notable distinction of evoking a protest from the Home Secretary.

The rag on the 11th November was far more varied and constructive, if less boisterous, and was regarded with more favour by the law. Many ingenious schemes were worked out to empty the pockets of the passer-by, and a record sum was collected for Earl Haig's Fund.

To turn to the more serious aspect of the term's events—debates at the Union have covered a vast range of topics, from the government's foreign policy to eugenics, and many distinguished people have spoken, from Mr. Attlee to Viscount Dawson of Penn. All this provokes a rather supercilious

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smile from the Old Instonians, conjuring up, as it does, visions of those fierce Tuesday evenings in the Art Room, when régimes were condemned with a wave of the hand, and the fates of empires settled in five minutes.

Meanwhile the end of term is near, and another issue of *The Visor* in course of preparation. Thus, this effusion is explained. Hoping that it will meet with some of your requirements, and trusting that the editorial red pencil will not find the going too heavy,

I am,  
Yours, etc.,  
C. A. ALLDIS.



JESUS COLLEGE,  
OXFORD,  
November, 1936.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I had intended to write this University letter without any goadings from the *Visor* staff, thereby both establishing a valuable precedent, and saving the *Visor* funds the price of a three-halfpenny stamp. Alas for my good intentions! However, my conscience has been lulled somewhat by the fact that your letter to me sported only a penny stamp.

You want my impressions of University life? Well, here they are. Every Fresher comes up bringing with him a large cargo of illusions, most of which he heaves overboard one at a time as the term wears on. For example, he may imagine that he is leaving behind him all the petty rules of school life, and that before him lies a free and easy existence. Not a bit of it. Instead of his hated schoolcap, he must wear an equally obnoxious gown, and consequently he must now think upon an entirely new system of excuses (e.g., "Sir, I could not wear my gown to-day, as I have ripped it.")

Again, instead of coming along at 8-55 a.m., he has to register a specified number of roll-calls at 7-45 a.m. (incidentally I am still awaiting the arrival of the alarm-clock promised to me in the last issue of the *Visor* by certain members of the Advanced). Finally, there is the iniquitous system by which an undergrad. must be in his college or lodgings by 12 o'clock.

Moreover, most Freshers come up feeling just a little the sense of their own importance. Before the scornful eyes and haughty aloofness of the older members, this feeling soon vanishes, and the Fresher becomes convinced that he is a mistake,

a blot. Eventually, after reflecting that before you can have second-year students, you must have Freshers, the former become slightly more tolerant.

On approaching the letter-rack for the first time, the Fresher is momentarily overcome. About a dozen letters await him. Doubtless, he thinks, they are from friends who want to wish him good luck. Alas for his hopes, the letters all contain advertisements. So it goes on every morning until every shop in Oxford has brought itself to the notice of the blaspheming freshman.

During the first fortnight he receives innumerable calls from persistent club secretaries. The only way to get rid of them, in my experience, is to promise to join their club and then to dodge down a side-street every time you meet them afterwards.

The first term is more than anything else a protracted social occasion. You have tea with your Tutor, your Principal, your Dean, and your friends, to the great saving of your pocket. This economy, however, is never out of place, for an undergraduate is the legitimate prey, not only of his College but also of all the shops in Oxford, which apparently cater only for millionaires. (Fortunately the introduction of Woolworth's has done much to solve his problems).

The most surprising thing about the University is the negligent way in which the undergrads. dress. Everybody in Oxford has a bike with a basket in front, and the only way of distinguishing between the errand-boys and the students is that the former are the better dressed.

From the tone of this letter it might seem that I was disappointed in University life. Let me correct that impression by saying that there's nothing to beat it.

Well, Mr. Editor, you will probably say that this is a rambling and incoherent sort of letter that I've given you. But what do you keep sub-editors for, if not to disentangle this kind of thing, to winnow the grain from the chaff, as it were? (I have an uneasy feeling that there's more chaff here than grain).

Yours sincerely,

W. KINNAR.

RHEINISCHE FRIEDRICH WILHELMS UNIVERSITÄT,  
BONN-AM-RHEIN,  
GERMANY,

November, 1936.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I had thought this term to escape thee by taking my departure in all haste and with much secrecy. But alas for human hopes! Thy all-seeing eye and all-hearing ear tracked me down, and, divining my intention, thou didst swoop in all thy pomp and war-paint on my humble dwelling and extort from me a promise which I hasten to redeem. I trust this epistle will reach home in time for the next issue of thine august and learned periodical.

University life here seems much the same as it is anywhere else, with one or two notable differences. The first of these might be defined as Attitude to Work. In an English university, as no doubt you are aware, work is one of the things which are Not Done, or if done by some misguided individuals, then certainly Not Mentioned in polite society. And the Varsity day does not begin until eleven a.m.; it finishes at three on ordinary days and one on Wednesdays. Two hours are always allowed for lunch, and Saturday is, of course, a free day. Now pay careful attention; here, lectures begin at *eight a.m.*, and continue until five and even seven at night. Lunch is a hurried affair, more a physiological necessity than an amenity of civilisation, and work is resumed almost before the last mouthful is quite swallowed. The most astounding feature of the whole business is that everybody seems to revel in it. As far as one can gather, it is not a pose, they really love it. It sounds like one of those chapters of Caesar or Tacitus that used to begin, "*at barbari. . .*" (if I remember rightly), but I am prepared to swear on oath that I have not exaggerated in the least; if anything, I have understated the position. I can judge of my reader's horror at such a revelation, but candour compels me to make it.

The presence of so many uniforms and military boots in lectures is a little unsettling for a day or two—conjures up visions of Panto-Day—but the strangeness soon wears off, and they become just part of the normal routine. One thing that came as rather a shock was the loud stamping which greets the arrival of the professor or lecturer. I was much reassured to learn that this in Germany is a sign of respect and approval, and not, as in Liverpool, a method of "giving



the bird." At the close of the lecture it is repeated, and is replied to on both occasions by the professor with a Hitler salute.

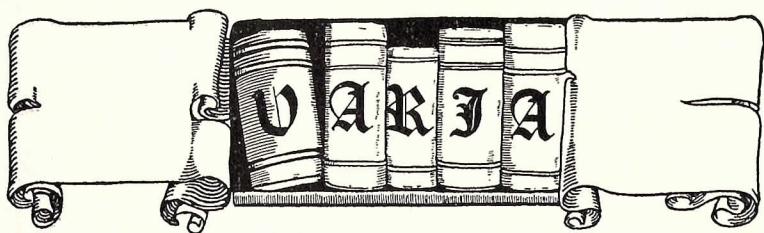
Apart, then, from the presence of uniforms, flags, and other objects of a political character, and the constant use of the "Heil, Hitler!" as a form of greeting, there is little to distinguish this from any English University.

Of the town itself, naturally, I have had little time to find out a great deal. It is, of course, famous as the birth-place of the great Beethoven, and the house in which he was born is now open as a sort of Beethoven museum. The town is beautifully situated, right in the middle of the Rhine valley, with a range of low hills rising on either side of it, thickly wooded, and absolutely wild and unspoilt.

Political questions are naturally *verboten*, but the impression made by even a brief stay is a very marked one; one cannot help feeling, however much one may disagree with her political principles, a profound admiration for the new generation which Germany has built and is building, particularly among the student class.

Yours, etc.,

R.F.B.



TO Mr. Lewis, who arrived this term, to join the Staff, we extend a hearty welcome.

On Armistice Day the usual service was held in the gym. The sale of poppies enabled us to send £2 4s. to the Haig Fund.

The School ciné-projector was used for the first time this term, when some films, which were greatly appreciated by all who attended, were shown in connection with our branch of the League of Nations Union.

One morning this term we were addressed by Dr. Hinde Smith, who came to us in connection with Doctor Barnado's Homes.

Cricket Colours were awarded last term to King, Kinnear, Montgomery, and Powl, to whom we extend our heartiest congratulations.

\* \* \* \* \*

One *Visor* editor was recently heard feverishly to mutter "Knock! Knock!" to his accomplices: not so great after all, these men of the second year!

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Paterson, a Governor, and an international rugger player of many years' standing, very kindly came to the playing field one day this term to referee a practice match, and to give several hints to our budding players.

\* \* \* \* \*

We regret to announce the death of our pet mouse which until lately graced the Library, and livened up dull periods by strident squeaks. Several members of the Upper VI. are seriously thinking of taking up big-game hunting.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to the new prefects—Clare, Sarginson, Astley, Powl, Duff, Edelsten, and Jones.

\* \* \* \* \*





We are pleased to hear that Alderman Solly, now fully recovered from his recent illness, is again taking an active part in the life of the borough.

\* \* \* \* \*

The School will be pleased to note that Alldis, last year's head prefect, has obtained a school leaving exhibition, and a Cheshire County Scholarship, and is now at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, while Kinnear, who also obtained a school leaving exhibition, is at Jesus College, Oxford. Heys, May, Mercer, and Wetherell, who were all at school last year, have gone to Liverpool University; the first three with training grants. Gallagher has been awarded a State scholarship for his brilliant success in the examination, but has decided not to use it until next year.

The *Visor* heartily congratulates them all.

Perusal of the House notes, if anyone ever *does* peruse such things, will show the intelligent reader that, if detentions were abolished, each House would be top, and since such a pleasing result can be so easily and painlessly brought about, we would respectfully urge the House Captains to interview the Headmaster and propose this passport to a record state in which we should be blessed with not one, but *four*, top Houses.

ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

### ATKIN.

**T**HOUGH the stalwarts of the House gradually leave us, we do not despair, for some at least of the old brigade remain.

Edwards, who is House Captain, was the only Atkin prefect remaining, and we have had two new "arms of the law" in the persons of Jones, I. G. R., and Powl.

As usual, we have been looking forward optimistically to a successful Rugby season, and with good reason. In the 1st XV. we are represented by Jones, I. G. R. (Capt.), Edwards, Black, Hill, and E. A. Williams, while Pearson, Heaps, Search, and W. S. Williams have all played for the 2nd XV.

Our first Senior House match was won by 17 pts. to 12, while the Bantams also won by 26 pts. to 0. For some unaccountable reason, the team, as a whole, put up a very poor show against a Senior Tate team, which, man for man, did not seem to be any stronger. The Bantams, taking an example from their Seniors, also lost to Tate.

In the Swimming Gala, our splendid record in past years was at last broken, though we were unfortunate in many respects. Black, our best swimmer, was injured, a few days before the Gala, and though under the circumstances he swam very well, we had to take second place to Stitt in the Senior House Squadron.

In the Junior Squadron, we were also unfortunate, for, owing to unusual circumstances, we were forced to enter a very young team, which finished fourth.



Atkin was placed second in both the first and second mark-sheets, this term, and, but for the misdirected exuberance of some of our members, who are too often seen in the detention room, we could have taken an easy first place.

G.R.E.

### STITT.

ONCE more we can record only very mediocre success in the affairs of the House. In almost everything, we seem to be uninterested. It is not that we are entirely without our bright lads, but merely that they are hopelessly overshadowed by a preponderance of apathetic individuals, particularly in the middle school.

Stitt have every time been in a low place in the mark-sheets. This is to a large extent due to the fact that certain boys, especially in the fourths and fifths, are obtaining far more than their legitimate number of detentions. The excuse of genuine disability for work cannot be allowed.

At Rugby we have likewise failed to excel, the Seniors having lost all three matches played so far, while the Bantams have lost two and won one. Our best men are Bawden (Rugger Captain of House), Bell, G. R., King, and Jones, P. H. The Bantams have few outstanding players.

Fortunately, with regard to swimming, we can record considerable success, particularly in our victory in the Senior House Squadron Race, resulting from the very consistent efforts of all four representatives—Porter, Husselbury, Bell, and Gallagher. Here, at least, we are not at the bottom of the list.

Another prominent feature of the activities of the House is our staunch support of the Dramatic Society. We are already looking forward to the House Social to be held later in the term, when these many histrionic members are to entertain us.

In one direction, however, we have made history. The first State Scholarship ever to be awarded to a student at the H.I. has been given to J. Gallagher of the Upper VI. Congratulations on your great achievement!

We look forward to the future with hope—the Green flag still flies. Even the eleventh hour is not too late to amend our sad position, so rally round, Stitt!

I.S.M.

## TATE.

WE began the School year with a House Meeting, at which almost every member was present. Mr. Harris appealed to the members to assist the House in every possible direction to keep up the old tradition.

This year we are quite well represented in the School XV's., having Astley, Clare, Gullan, Taylor, and A. C. Williams in the 1st XV., and Mortimer in the 2nd XV., and Beckett and Barnes in the Bantam XV.

In the House matches which have already been played the Senior team have done quite well, beating Atkin by 29 points to 3, Stitt by 28 points to 3, and losing to Westminster by 6 points to 8. The Bantams, however, have not done so well as they did last year, as they have lost to Westminster 0-21, to Stitt, 9-13, and have beaten Atkin 13-5. Our Bantams helped us to attain 2nd position last year, but now it looks as if the Bantams are our weakness.

In the Swimming Gala our Junior Squadron Team, Gullan, Davies, Seavell, and Turtle, won the Junior Squadron Race fairly comfortably, but the Senior Squadron Team, Astley, Maddocks, Hirst, and Clare, only managed to achieve the 3rd place. When the points which were awarded for individual events were added up, Tate were second with  $35\frac{1}{2}$  points to Westminster, who had  $42\frac{1}{2}$  points.

We have not done as well as in the past in the 3-weekly mark-sheets, and for this we must thank those few boys who are never happy unless they are in detention.

We must ask the junior members of the House to put their backs into work and games, to help the House their utmost in all its projects, and to make Tate a House to be proud of.

W.E.C.

## WESTMINSTER.

WESTMINSTER has done well in every direction this term.

Under the able captaincy of Lowson, the Rugby team has won all its matches. We beat Tate by 8 points to 6, Stitt by 30-5, and Atkin by 30 points to nil. Carr shone in the match against Stitt, converting all the tries except one. Westminster's success is due first to the fact that most of the House team comes from the 1st and 2nd XV's., and second, the organisation of Lowson, who puts plenty of spirit into the team. We hope to repeat our success next term.

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**Please Patronise our Advertisers and mention the "VISOR."**

Turning to the Bantams, we find that under captain Hayes the team has also beaten Tate, Stitt, and Atkin. Congratulations to Hayes, and every Westminster Bantam!

Our list of successes is not yet finished—Westminster won the House Championship at the Swimming Gala by a good margin. Talking about the Gala, I am sure every boy in Westminster will congratulate Clare of Tate on beating the record for the School Championship.

To finish, Westminster has done quite well in the mark-sheets, being top once.

Although Westminster has done excellently this term, there are still a few slackers in the house who are old hands in the detention line. Westminster must not rest on its laurels.

J.R.S.

## ***Form Notes***

**Vis.**

9th inst.

Sir,

Your abusive ebullition of 30th ult re *Visor* articles to hand, and we attempt to oblige you with the following:

Robinson (R.), wha is one of our physicist (stal) warts, has been investigating the fields of Television and offers you this:

### **TELEVISION.**

The subject of television is at present one of topical interest. At first, as every great invention has been, it was thought to be an impossibility. But now, after many years of patient research, it has been brought nearer to perfection.

As is well-known, John Baird, a poor Scotsman, born at Helensburgh, was the first man to investigate the possibilities of projecting a scene over a long distance by wireless. When he had made some progress in his experiments, he advertised for financial aid, as the cost of experimenting was high. The results were not very satisfying, but Baird struggled on. Soon he had perfected a rough kind of television apparatus with which he could transmit a scene over a distance of several miles.

Here is a description of Baird's original apparatus. The subject to be televised was bathed in light from powerful electric lamps. Between the subject and the photo-electric cells was a disc, in which holes were punched at regular intervals in a spiral, which revolved five times every second. The subject was thus scanned in strips, each strip being presented in

sequence to a sensitive light plate. Thus the current transmitted in this way by the photo-electric cells was a varying one, and affected the light in a neon lamp at the receiving end. This varying single light-source was received in its time by "Nip-kow" disc in synchronism with the disc at the other end. In this way the image was reconstituted and was seen by looking at the neon lamps through the scanning disc.

Later investigation has, however, done away with this form of television. A young German, Baron von Ardenne, invented the cathode ray oscillograph tube, which is now used in most television sets. Other countries, notably America, Canada, and France, have also devoted much time to the subject, and recent technical developments are promising even more television advances in the early future.

We're awfully scientific this year. Archie was almost spirited away on a hertzian wave the other day!

But just listen to this, a page from Simpson's homework note-book:—

Week beginning Monday, February 30:

Monday:

English.—Do essay on a postage stamp.

Geography.—Fill in the Grand Canyon.

Latin.—Prepare Caesar for Test.

Tuesday:

English.—Build up sentences from Clay.

Chemistry.—Finish off Nitric Acid.

Geometry.—Learn the behaviour of a Locust.

Wednesday:

Chemistry.—Copy up record on magnesium ribbon.

English.—Analyse part of the Merchant of Venice.

Arithmetic.—P. 211 Lay out Godfrey and Price (use logs.).

Thursday:

History.—Look into the South Sea Bubble and pick out dates.

Scripture.—Finish off Solomon's wives.

(Rest of week not done).

We can assure you that we're not all as far gone as that, so take a bite of Macklin:

This year's Motor Show at Olympia received plenty of publicity, but very few were aware that the Motor Cycle Show took place in the same building one week later.



This secrecy may be due in some part to a modesty which is not altogether misplaced, but is it not ridiculous to suppress news of an industry which thrives in this country more than in any other?

In the sport of motor-cycling, Britain led the way throughout last year with thrilling victories in Germany, France, Holland, Switzerland, Belgium, and the Isle of Man, as well as winning the three premier awards in the International Six Day Trial. This trial was held in Germany over rough mountainous land, and over straight "Autobahns" for six days, by the end of which only the strongest and best survived. British riders were the only ones to finish without loss of marks, thus gaining the coveted trophy and Gold Vase from an almost overwhelming opposition.

In spite of the fact that the Norton, Velocette, and New Imperial companies have usually defeated foreign firms, the B.M.W. factory of Germany is seriously challenging them, having built a machine which is miles faster than the fastest British machine (which is incidentally of twice the power). The Continental firms are building engines of unique construction, which, if exploited fully, will undoubtedly overtake the rather conservative English designs.

This foreign challenge has been made possible, because people living on the continent have become "motor-cycle conscious," with the result that the various governments interested themselves, and have subsidised their great national motor-cycle companies.

The foreign competition, which at the moment is a rather poor second, will not always be thus if the present conservative policy of engine-construction in this country remains. The continental machines have greater possibilities than the British; some of their designs are only in their infancy, and no doubt will give British industry a surprise in the near future.

If no attempt is made to experiment on new designs in this country, in a few years the position will be reversed, so let the industry show a little more imagination, and not only be 'top-dog' now, but ensure remaining in this enviable position while the petrol engine is the vogue.

After the above effusions and several break-downs, we beg to remain,

Yours to command,

VIs.

## Vla.

**T**O a boy who, in the opinion of Vla., is the most notorious I dedicate these notes. Dare I sound the name of Carr without mentioning his friend in crime, Allen. Forgive me if these notes open in a sorrowful manner, and blame it on the powers that be who have ordained that "Bing" Carr should be separated from "Big Bill" Allen? "Big Bill" has now gone to the land where men are men, and prefects know it, and where Matrics. are few, and Masters know it. 'Bing' has now sorrowfully turned to soccer and obituary notices, to stop himself from bemoaning the fate of Bill, who is reported to be the right hand man of General Franka and his Vlb. rough-necks. To those who are steeped in ignorance, I may add that General Franka's toughs are the public enemies of the prefects, and that Big Bill is liable to be taken for a ride to the detention room at any moment.

Sparling now presents Carr as a reformed character, in the Police News.

"Sobbing systematically in spasms, a small child named Percival Spencer William Wright was summoned for driving a hoop without showing a rear light and displaying "L," when holding a driver's licence.

P.C. Gibson said that in the course of carrying out his duty he was the victim of a fearful collision with the prisoner's vehicle.

Lord Chief Justice Carr:—"So you went through the hoop and couldn't take it?"

P.C. Gibson:—"No, your honour, the hoop nearly went through me, and I have it here." (Laughter).

Lord Chief Justice Carr:—"Steady, or I'll clear the court."

Prisoner:—"Not a bad idea, your lordship."

Here Mr. Peers, K.C., for the prosecution, stated it was an awfully shocking thing.

Lord Chief Justice Carr:—"If you are referring to your face, I heartily agree with you."

At this the K.C. became angry and attempted to reach for the judge with malicious intent; but P.C. Gibson forcefully replaced him, saying "I think I deserve some recognition for saving your life, my Lord."

Lord Chief Justice Carr:—"Yes, Yes. Take a penny out of the poor box and buy the prisoner a rear light as a Christmas present."

But enough of these serious matters and make room for S. Davies.

' And in those days there was issued by the High Priest a decree saying " Verily, shall every son of this tribe bear uniform according to his station." And the servants of the High Priest did arrive at the abode of learning right early, and did hide themselves in dark places, and they did survey every member of the tribe as they journeyed up the hill. And those that did not bear uniform according to the decree did have their names inscribed on a writing tablet. And this tablet was handed to the High Priest who, at the praying time, did read the names upon it, and there were three-score and five of the tribe taken that day. And they were chastised, and among them was Vick, called Eric, and Jones, called Murray. And those of the tribe who had sinned were commanded by the High Priest to fill many writing tablets with the honoured inscription of the tribe, and in those days there was much sorrow and great wailing and gnashing of teeth.'

Ridout thinks he can express himself better in verse, and here makes his bow, while apologising to Milton :

" When I consider how my night is spent,  
When after school I go home to my tea,  
When I sit down to homework, I could flee  
These earthly horrors and take up another bent.  
I feel I'd like to travel (not From " Aix to Ghent " ),  
But to those far countries and, perhaps in lee  
Of " Chimborazo, Cotopaxi," I might bend the knee,  
And give unto my wretched feelings vent.  
But to that murmur, nature soon replies—  
' Stay in thy place, and do thy best, thou canst  
' Not change thy state, only Fate does that :  
So stay, and run thy race, thou'lt surely rise  
From thy slough, and take thy destined place, 'mongst  
Those who serve or only stand and wait."

" Bing " Carr, who has given me permission to write these notes, says I must finish now, and that all *Visor* articles must in future be censored by one of General Franka's lieutenants, S. K. Williams.

P.S.—General Franka has decided to confer the honour of two free passes to the detention room on Carr for being mentioned so often in despatches.



## Vib.

OWING to the fact that Matric. is only two terms distant, we seem to have an inclination toward descriptive works, and as a result here are two efforts by Hughes and Booth respectively :

## CHESTER.

The county town of Chester owes its origin to the Romans, who called it Deva, because of its situation on the banks of the Dee. The Romans used the town as a fort during their suppression of North Wales 2,000 years ago. In construction Chester is similar to York, having main gates on the North, South, East, and West sides of the town, each gate being joined by a road to the one opposite.

The town has been attacked many times, firstly by Ethelfrid, an early King of Northumbria, secondly by William I. during his conquest of Britain, thirdly by King Llewellyn, who almost destroyed it, and lastly by Cromwell, who took the city by laying siege and starving the people out.

To-day only the walls and Caesar's tower remain of the old city, most of the buildings now being of the Tudor style, the upper storeys of which jut out over the roads. In some of the main streets there are Rows, which are really paths built under the overhanging houses. These Rows are a great novelty, and attract many visitors.

It is well worth going out of one's way to visit Chester, even if it is only to see the ruins which have stood for so many centuries.

## RIVER TRAFFIC ON THE MERSEY.

One evening, about half-an-hour before dark, and two hours before high tide, I was walking along the promenade between Egremont and New Brighton.

It was Saturday, and the ships were emerging from the docks before the extra week-end dock charge was imposed. The channel turns close to the shore, and visibility being fairly good, I was able to see the ships quite well.

An Isle of Man boat, the *Mona's Queen*, her decks crowded with passengers, began to feel her way down the river, making a loud booming noise, as she frequently blew her fog-horn. She was followed by a lighter filled with rubbish, which was to be deposited outside the bar. This boat was rolling and pitching sickeningly, as she thrust her blunt nose into the green water. It looked as if each wave would swamp her, but each time she rose sluggishly with water pouring from her scuppers.

It was now dark, and only the riding lights of the ships could be seen, as they moved silently over the water. I cycled back home to Birkenhead, wishing wistfully that I was going on a Cunard Cruise to a warmer climate than that of cold Birkenhead.

Tarback also gives an impression of form life which would please any jazz fanatic or cowboy:

A master enters the Form room, and it is whispered that "He's an old cow hand" called "Cuban Pete." Oh! "Did I remember to do my homework?" Well, "It's a sin to tell a lie," so I explained, "It's so hard to remember and so easy to forget," and was answered by "You can't pull the wool over my eyes." "Then a star fell out of heaven," and "I saw stars." The master confesses "I'm crying my heart out for you." You will have "No regrets" if you work. "There's a new world" ahead of you. Alas, "At the close of a long long day," "Woe is me," marching into detention, "Alone at a desk made for two." But why worry? "We'll rest at the end of the trail."

### Rem. j.

THE form has not this year 'removed' itself, for, as it consists partly of last year's VI. and partly of Vj., the old inhabitants of the det. room still dwell within its drab precincts.

It is rumoured that they have lately been awakened from their usual mental despair by the startling news that at least one old boy of Remove j has made good in the world.

With some difficulty, an interview was obtained with the gentleman, whose name, by the way, is Mortimer Mugge-witte.

Mortimer said that he had achieved his wonderful position by ambition and hard work. At school, they had thought him dull and idle, for the pleasures of theoretical trigonometry had not appealed to him. But underneath Mortimer's seeming lack of interest had lain a burning desire to make the world cleaner and brighter. To-day his great ambition is realised, for Mortimer is acknowledged to be the finest crossing sweeper in Upper Gumtree.

He began, he said, as a modest sweeper in Lower Lump-ton, but by dint of hard effort he swept on to Middle Mud-town, and now 51 years after he started, he is chief sweeper at Upper Gumtree. His advice was to study in one's spare time the way to handle a broom, for in this way only could one become a master of this intricate instrument. He concluded by saying that what England needs is staunch young men who will clean up the streets and make the roads fresh and bright for pedestrians to fall on.

And now, back to the present generation, for here is an article by Garry entitled:

#### A HOLIDAY IN IRELAND.

About two years ago, I went to Ireland for a holiday, and I must say that I enjoyed every minute of the time I was there. I first went to Chester, where I boarded the midnight Irish Mail. The train, contrary to my expectations, was quite full, and after about an hour's run, we reached Holyhead, where the Dublin mail-boat awaited us. The sea was calm, and the night cool, and, before turning in, I stood on the top deck watching the unloading of an Irish cattle-ship.

On reaching Dublin about 5-30 a.m., we took a train to Limerick, where my uncle met us and took us in a trap right out into the countryside. My uncle drove us around the countryside every day, and during this time I saw the great river Shannon, the hydro-electric power station, just outside Limerick, which is driven by the Shannon itself, and many other interesting features. I also helped to collect eggs, to obtain peat from the bogs, to dig for potatoes, to gather fruit, and to distribute these in various towns. To my dismay, I found that the only picture-house in Limerick opened only once a week, but in a little while this was forgotten in such pastimes as riding and helping in the work.

Throughout the holiday, the weather was fine, and when the time came I was very sorry to leave Ireland.

#### Remove A.

"**S**LOWLY he stepped—he stepped—slowly—across the—stepped across the room—stepped—room—. He glared at —face—partner and—he glared—the face of—glared his."

No! The printer hasn't gone crazy; it's just Bibby doing homework on a tram.



To soothe your troubled nerves, take a large dose of G. Smith who seems to have been "goin' places" during half-term.

"I started from Prestatyn at half-past eleven, and had soon passed through Rhyl and Abergele. From there the road ran below wooded hills past Abergele Castle with the sea in sight for most of the way. When I reached the top of the hill above Old Colwyn, I had a wonderful view. The coastal resorts close to Colwyn Bay were just underneath, and the railway line could be seen running beside the sea up to the Little Orme.

On the horizon was a boat which seemed to be the St. Tudno, bound for the Menai Straits, and in the other direction were the rugged mountains behind Conway. The road through Colwyn Bay was uninteresting, and I turned off down a quiet lane somewhere between Colwyn Bay and Llandudno. I was not sure where it was going to lead to, but I trusted to luck, and on going over the brow of a hill I saw Conway Castle in front of me.

At Conway I turned round and went towards Llandudno. From the shore at Deganwy, which is close to Llandudno, the islands of Anglesey and Puffin could be seen faintly. I then went through Llandudno, and followed the coast road back to Prestatyn, where I was staying."

We have been informed by our Birkenhead Institute correspondent that J. N. Smith is applying for the vacant post of advertising manager on the *Visor* staff, with a salary of two detentions a week. Here is his latest effort:

"There was a young fellow of Burton,  
And, whenever he put a dress shirt on,  
By way of a stunt  
He would let out the front  
As space to display an advert. on."

Thompson devotes his mind to more serious matters, and in a poem showing great literary talent says:

"There was an old man of Madrid,  
Who bought a used car for a quid.  
He said to old Franco:  
'How's this for a tanko?  
It might reach Toledo.' It did!"

But, I say, you cads, listen to what Rem. A are doing to keep up the old school tie tradition.

In the mark sheets we had a goodly number of stars, and only three failed to reach the fifty per cent. standard. (Play the game, you three). Some of us show good promise on the football field, and we have representatives in the various School and house teams. May and Moffat still retain their affection for football, and Heritage has greatly contributed towards the social life of Remove A by sending to various motor car firms for their badges.

So long, you cads, don't forget to wear the old school tie.

### Remove L.

**B**EWARE how you go about the School, or one of our own special monsters might lay hands upon you. There are within the shot-riddled portals of our form-room such beings as (to quote Hurst) Evans, who is reputed to be "as strong as a tractor," and also Wilson, who is "as long as a trestle."

But of course you must know what a peaceful form we are really. . . in detention. Smith, at least, thinks so. Oyez :

### ODE TO REMOVE L.

Form of lines and mellow detention-ness,  
 Close bosom friend of the detention-room,  
 Conspiring with it how to load and bless  
 With tots the boys that enter in this living tomb,  
 To bend with work the luckless lads,  
 And fill all hearts with sadness to the core,  
 To swell the list with names, by prefect cads  
 Who prepare the sheet for again upholding law;  
 And still more, with Wednesdays for the lates,  
 Until they think that lateness never pays,  
 And prefects have o'er-brimmed their cursed sheets.

We are painting ourselves a dark shade of black, aren't we? The skies are clouding over rapidly, just as they did on Bradshaw's holiday in Norfolk. Before we break down altogether, let us hear his little epic :

It was fortunate that we were able to reach a beach-hut that day. The morning had not appeared promising, and soon

it started to thunder. The wind blew, and the rain came down in torrents. The hut quivered at each blast, and rain-water leaked in through every crack. Suddenly the rain turned to hail. A poor little ringed plover was forced down on the shore, severely battered by wind and hail.

Yet, in a moment, the storm abated, almost as quickly as it had begun. The roar was replaced by peace, and grey skies were banished by sunshine, just as if there could never have been anything else but fine weather.

Crash!—What's this? Another storm? No—just the dead bodies from Remove L, passing down the chute to our private mortuary! So long, folks!

Afterthought:

#### TO A MASTER.

“The roses are red, the violets blue,  
Onions are pickled,—I wish you were too!”

#### VI.

**T**HINGS have been very black this term, except for Owen's eye, which, besides black, turned red, blue, yellow, grey and pink. Owen plays Rugby.

To continue in the same dismal strain, we offer you a dirge-like limerick from A. Nonney-Muss:

There was a young fellow called Jack,  
Who went off with a pack on his back.  
At the end of one hike  
He bought an old bike—  
His remains, they came back in a sack.

Finally, may we appal you with this mono-metric, semi-delirious morsel from the pen of W.H.D. (not to be confused with Ph.D., T.N.T., or the D.T.'s):

Fireworks,  
Matches,  
Big bang:  
Homework  
Not done;  
Oh h—ang!

Yours,  
Us.



## Vj.

THE whole trouble with this form is that we're too tough. Five detention sheets have already come and gone, appearing clean and white, and soon disappearing black with innumerable names. Curiously enough, the smallest boy in the form has contributed most of all.

But—are we downhearted? No! Wit still triumphs over misfortune. We are still capable of humorous asininity, however. As examples of this, we provide two illustrations.

Firstly—

Master: "What does 'L'armée d'occupation' mean?"

Sutherland (innocently): "The Salvation Army, sir!"

And secondly—

Master: "Draw your father's armchair."

Tarpey: "He hasn't got one, sir."

Master: "Well, what does he sit in, then?"

Tarpey: "His trousers, sir!"

Now, can anyone tell us why Tarpey was in detention that night, or why Sutherland and he are known as the "Heavenly Twins?"

From inanity, we switch over to insanity. Hearken to this—a tragedy:

One fine morning in the middle of the night, a fire occurred in an empty house occupied only by six children. The housekeeper ran down the stairs, fell over a bucket of cold water, and scalded herself badly. She then posted a letter to the fire-brigade, which soon arrived drawn by two ponies. On the way it had run over two dead cats, half-killing them. The fire was fortunately rekindled, but the occupants are in hospital still on the verge of dying, though keeping quite well.

E. J. Roberts is a brainy lad, but even he has his lapses, as when he informed us that  $H_2S$  is "Suffocated Hydrogen."

## IVa.

WE have now passed across to the east wing, but are still near to the heart of things. Our company is select—27 of the best are we.

Our superlative XV. has beaten Vj. and Vl. by 10-3 and 12-0 respectively. Presumably the Removes and Sixes are unwilling to try the issue with us.

Pacific Grafidity has been isolated by one of our own research chemists (Scientific papers please copy). It is also noised that British Combination is a new Canadian province.

We congratulate the pioneers who have revealed the above. May we, in addition, congratulate the eight selected athletes who have represented the School, sometimes at great personal risk—is not downing your opponent the duty of the bravest?

From tales of courage, let us turn to a pathetic account of unmitigated lunacy, recounted by a certain person who for political reasons wishes to remain obscure. (Though not necessarily blotto. Eds.)

There was a young fellow from Spain  
Who thought himself soft in the brain.  
One day he related,  
“ I’m going to be gated ”;  
And now he’s at Chester, insane.

Keeping in the same tenderly conventional strain, we delight your ears with a final tragic effort:

There was an old fellow named Mark,  
Who used to sing like a lark.  
But now he sings low,  
Like a carrion crow,  
All by himself in the dark.

#### IVb.

**N**O form-notes means disgrace. That’s why we print this. No news means good news, and form-notes mean hard work. That’s why we print so little. There is little more that can be said, and if it could, we couldn’t say it. Sorry, if you’re disappointed. Better 8d.-worth next time. (Perhaps.—Eds.).

Having occupied one paragraph with nothing, we now proceed to fill another in the same way. Good start, what?—a couple of lines already. To proceed, we should very much like you to hear or read, whichever your prefer, our one solitary, sole, single contribution, by P. O. Rogers.

What are you all running away for? Oi—come back! It’s all right, there’s nothing wrong. No—P. O. doesn’t stand for Police Officer.

Right—now here it is:

What is that place  
 So small, so neat,  
 Where imps of mischief  
 Bark and bleat,  
 Where large and small  
 With hurrying feet,  
 Squander their fortunes  
 On drink and meat—  
 The Tuck Shop.

That's all.

#### IVj.

ONCE more we have surpassed ourselves in literary effort. Most of the results, unfortunately, are still not fit for publication.

We now introduce you to T'Lancashire Lad o' t' form, reciting an epic o' t' Fifth:

'Twere years ago, 'twere years ago—  
 I' sixteen 'undred an' four,  
 Guy Fawkes tried t'blow 'p Parli'ment;  
 'T'ad never been done afore.—  
 'E went down into t' cellars  
 To put t' powder there,  
 But someone must ha' " spilled t' beans,"  
 'T really wasn't fair!  
 'E were goin' to light t' powder,  
 When up strode Captain o' t' Guard.  
 'Im an' all were caught red-handed  
 An' taken to Tower Yard.  
 T' executioner come toward 'im—  
 'E said " Ah'll rub 'im out!"  
 So axe fell on Guy Fawkes' neck,  
 An' e' died wi'out a shout.  
 So when you 'ave y'r fireworks,  
 Just remember for 'alf-a-sec'—  
 T' feelin's o' poor owd Guy Fawkes,  
 When t' axe fell on 'is neck!

Snacks and Snatches:—

" What is the meaning of *bull*?"

" Locket, sir."

" What kind of a locket?"

" Iodine locket, sir!"



We are shocked to find such an amorous young gentleman in our midst as M——.

“ Use in a sentence a noun in the Vocative base ? ”

“ Joan, shall we play Postman’s Knock ? ”

### IIIa.

**S**TRANGE to say, we are not prepared to drop more than one of our pearls of literature and wisdom at a time. Neither are we prepared to divulge anything concerning our activities in school or on the field.

However, Bragger has been persuaded (by the proper third degree methods of the Editorial Staff), to let fall an article of such countless price that we feel sure it will suffice. Here it is :

#### PILKINGTON’S GLASSWORKS.

One day, when I was staying near Doncaster, my uncle took me over Pilkington’s Glassworks. First of all, we went through the offices, largely made of glass from the works, and saw a teleprinter in action, by which messages typed upon one typewriter were reproduced exactly by the other, at St. Helens.

Next, we saw the process of bottle-making being carried on. A red-hot piece of glass dropped down a chute into a machine, from which it emerged after about ten seconds, moulded into shape but still very hot. It was then cooled in a compartment for a short time, rolled on to a moving chain by another chute, and weighed. Every bottle weighing more or less than the stipulated amount was rejected automatically.

Following this, we were conducted to that section of the works manufacturing “ Vitrolite.” A workman provided us with pieces of blue-tinted glass through which we looked into the furnace, seeing within a boiling, seething mass. Soon we were warned to move away, while a great big ladle was lowered into it to spoon out the white-hot liquid.

The molten glass was poured out, and rolled into flat, level sheets, which were wheeled into a cooling-chamber for five minutes. Then, as it came out again, water was played upon the “ Vitrolite,” which was finally cut up and stacked in sheets of different sizes.

Hot work, eh ?

## IIIb.

**T**HOUGH the "Cubby Hole" is too small to hide very much within its walls, we are really beginning to think that we must inhabit a haunted room. For instance, Roberts attempted to open a window, which promptly fell out into the bushes below. Again, the door persists in remaining open, in spite of having been locked and also wedged by rulers. Incidentally one of the many rulers used (and broken) fell upon a master's head just as he was entering, and, what is more, just as we were given this sentence for analysis—"Lift up the latch and walk in!"

Moreover, we have been further disturbed by the shower-bath, which, after years of inaction, suddenly began to function for no apparent reason. This preceded only by a matter of minutes the entrance of the janitor, leading a workman by the hand.

Nevertheless, we have still a spark of humour alive in our hearts, unextinguished by these wondrous works. Listen to this cynical comedy composed by Owen (somewhat appropriately):

In our little class-room  
Happily we meet,  
But before it's home-time  
We find ourselves in dete.

## IIIj.

**I**T is with mixed feelings that we pen these notes, for although we are mere third-formers, it is on record that we have this term played and won five matches 67 goals to 10! Some 'joy' form. In spite of these glad tidings, however, Wynne relates this moving story:

William Brown had eaten a good meal, and his face showed no trace of fear as he took his place in a sad little procession at the bottom of the hill. As the clock struck the quarter before noon, the procession slowly wended its way up the slope towards the scaffold. When it arrived at the top, everything was set, and as the clock struck twelve, the man in authority gave the signal. . . . and William and his fellow brick-layers restarted work after their dinner-hour.

Although the junior form in the School, we are not without ill-doers, for this tale is told of one of our number:

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There was a young fellow called Dick,  
 Who, with homework undone, would sham sick;  
     Till the master one day  
     Drove the sickness away  
 By prescribing a dose of the stick.

That was from the pen of Edwards, and, whilst dealing with limericks, we will relate the following masterpiece by Brooks:

There was a young fellow named Mike,  
 Who went for a ride on his bike;  
     He got mixed with the wheels,  
     Fell head over heels,  
 And said "Well, in future I'll hike."

And finally, we deal with a special request from Jardine, who endeavours to give us brainstorms by stating "That that is is that that is not is not that is so it is is it not?"



### *Library Notes*

HAVING decided that scraping the window is no longer sufficient, we break it with the idea of letting in a little light, only to find that, as it is November, there is not enough of that particular celestial commodity to make profitable our endurance of the extra ten degrees of frost thereby involved. True, this is the period of hibernation, and the Advanced have settled down for the winter with their usual cheerful complacency.

The custom of these notes indicates that we should next make some mention of our personnel. The four 'second-years' and the one 'third-year' bade a sorrowful farewell some time ago to a host of their contemporaries, including the ex-Dictator, who has now departed to conquer Cambridge. With many regrets did we also acknowledge the retirement of such ancients as our dear Flaccus, our Wee Wilfie, beloved Captain Hook, darling Noggs, the Infernal Twins, Al and Merx (alias Munk), and last, but not least, the Old Contemptibles, Todge and Boz.

The five remaining aborigines have been forced to recognise the existence of numerous newcomers in their midst. They are not yet sure that they are justified in permitting the colonisation of Libraria by so many uncouth individuals, especially as they include such desperadoes as Ffud, Yrubblestuh, Tub Turner, Slab Martin, and even the Greater Ifor, our Welsh

"rarebit," elevated from the lower sixths. Finally, the veteran Ernie has, after great tribulation, at last been admitted to our downy nest.

In spite of this considerable influx, we do not find ourselves in the same pathetic state of overcrowding as last year, when we were reduced to sitting even in the fireplace and on the shelves.

Now, having learnt all about us (or rather all we are prepared to tell), you will want to know what we are doing. Such an awkward question is, of course, not asked in the best circles. However, we will try to enlighten you. As was stated before, this is the rightful season of torpor; therefore but little can be expected. Nevertheless, while we sit drowsily in the gloom, an occasional outburst of activity may be observed, either (a) physical, (b) intellectual, or (c) purely mental.

There is a distinction, however, between us. It may be perceived that, though all are normally peaceful, the quietude of the first year is due to carefree relaxation, that of the second year, on the other hand, being the outcome of continued laxity, the realisation of which already vaguely disturbs their minds in spite of the fact that H.S.C. is at least half a year ahead. These latter are occasionally seen stealing secretly away to remote places where they break out into a cold sweat and shed a silently despairing tear.

Notwithstanding all this apathy and apparent boredom, we condescend at times to discuss topical questions with surprising intensity. We are divided into many determined camps—for example, in a political direction, we have our Imperialists and Anarchists, Nationalists and Communists, and a stolid group who don't care either way but are prepared to argue just the same. We also boast Rugger enthusiasts and anti-Ruggerites, our Lits. and Sciences, and so on *ad nauseam*. All our confabulations, discussions and debates are carried on under the entirely partial and bigoted chairmanship of our pacifist Patriarch. This hoary sage even now declares we have said enough, and so we must perforce "turn off the tap" until next term.



## Junior School Notes

NOVEMBER fog and gloom seem to have very little effect on the energies of the young; this is fortunate, since this is our busiest term in the Junior School. At present we are rehearsing two plays to be presented at the Prize-giving, one describing an adventure in the life of Robin Hood, where, as usual, he outwits the Sheriff of Nottingham. In this play there are no "skirts," so we have avoided the usual difficulties of casting.

The Cub Pack this term has devoted most of its time to preparation for the Bazaar which is to be held next week. Some of them have become expert knitters, if we are to judge from the gorgeous array of kettle-holders they have produced for sale. Those cubs that camped at Charmouth had a jolly holiday. Night travel is always something of an excitement to small boys. Tressider (I.) gives us this description of the journey to Charmouth:

"I reached Woodside Station at 10-45 p.m. We lined up outside the barrier, and, after being counted, were allowed on the platform. Then came "good-byes" and "keep wells," the train started, and we were off. For the first part of the journey, up to Shrewsbury, we had the lights on, and most of us read. Then we turned out the light and tried to sleep. I awoke in time to see the dawn. Rosy tints of light crept into the sky, and soon the pale morning sun appeared. Fields and hills flew by. Suddenly someone cried "Look! There's the White Horse!" We all looked out and saw it, carved out of chalk in the hills. After this came the Severn tunnel, and we were in the south country. We saw fields of gold and emerald, with cows browsing and chewing the cud. When we arrived at the station of Bridport, we got out, very thankful to stretch our legs."

Other contributions to the *Visor* are in verse. Robin Hood being the subject of importance at the moment, Roberts (II.) writes this:

Robin Hood  
In the wood  
Under the gnarled oak trees,  
Is calling his men  
Through forest and glen—  
His horn rings clear on the breeze.

Robin Hood  
In the wood  
Is out to hunt the king's deer.  
He hopes to steal  
His evening meal,  
Brave Robin knows no fear.

Peers (II.) voices the usual complaint of the miserable schoolboy.

### HOMEWORK.

It makes us prematurely grey,  
And keeps us from our rightful play.  
For it we waste electric light,  
And lie awake throughout the night.

No doubt this poor boy would agree with Bilswarrior (II.) that the "bad old days" are best.

I wish I was a pirate  
To sail the Spanish Main,  
And rob the stately galleons  
Of the riches they contain.

I wish I was a pirate  
With a cutlass in my hand,  
A-standing on the fore-deck,  
And looking out for land.

I wish I was a pirate!  
Gold and jewels I would gain,  
And sail my rakish schooner  
Upon the Spanish Main.

The Junior School football team reports, with sorrow, that it has lost all its matches against the third forms. Hence the following lines!

Our football team of Form IIa.  
Is quite a good eleven.  
And it's not fair for some to say  
Our "stars" must be in heaven!

We played a match not long ago  
When twenty goals were scored.  
Well, twenty is a "score," you know,  
So a score of a score? I'm floored!

And of this score I'm sad to say  
 The other team got all.  
 Perhaps next time we come to play  
 We'll do without a ball!

HEATH (II.)

And lastly, some spontaneous praise of the *Visor* from one of its readers:

It's a jolly good book the *Visor*,  
 One of the best you can buy, sir.  
 For a sixpenny-bit and just two pence—  
 Dozens of stories and no nonsense.  
 For fivepence and a threepenny-bit,  
 All the gems of schoolboy wit.

HEATH (II.)



### *Badminton Club*

ALTHOUGH the Club has welcomed into its ranks this term two new members, there is still room for more: anybody wishing to join the Badminton Club should apply to Mr. Thacker. The playing strength of the club does not provide a team sufficiently strong to play matches, but it is hoped that this state of affairs will be remedied next term. G.E.P.



### *Chess Club*

THE Chess Club has not done too well this term, having played three matches and won one. We were rather unfortunate to lose to Holt School by 3-4, but we beat our local rivals, Rock Ferry High School, 4-3. Playing against Liverpool Institute, who are at present the strongest team in the Competition, our team suffered the fate of many other schools in losing by seven games to nil. We hope to win more matches next term. The present team is: Sarginson (captain), Moore, Jones I., Lowson, Bell, Jenks, and Speed.

Turning to individual successes, we must congratulate Moore on winning two games out of three, and Jones I., 1½ games out of three. Jenks, Speed, and Sarginson have each won one.

J.R.S.



## *Savings Society*

OF late, with the gradual improvement in industry and commerce, the amount invested by members of the Savings Society has grown steadily, but total investment for any month is still less than half of the monthly investment before the slump of 1931.

We should like to remind all those who are interested that the Savings Certificate is a sound investment, and, in spite of reduced rates of interest, still compares very favourably with any form of security.



## *Scientific Society*

THE first meeting of the term was, as usual, purely a business meeting, at which the officers and committee for the session 1936-7 were elected, Mr. D. J. Williams presiding. It was also decided that we should hold our customary end-of-term social.

So far this term we have had two lectures. The first, on the "Railways of Great Britain," was given by Mr. D. J. Williams, and was illustrated by a great number of particularly good lantern-slides, both of locomotives and rolling-stock. The second lecture was delivered by Mr. H. T. Davies, upon the very interesting and up-to-date topic of "Wings over Empire," dealing especially fully with Imperial Airways services. Here again the slides were extremely good, some of the photographs having been taken by infra-red ray photography.

We have also been promised a lecture on the subject of "Television" by E. Search, which will be accompanied by practical demonstrations.

In conclusion, we must repeat Mr. Williams's appeal to the junior members of the society for volunteers to give papers, especially to audiences from the Lower School.



## *The Sixth Form Literary and Debating Society*

IN one of his essays, David Hume says justly: "One is somewhat at a loss to what cause we may ascribe so sensible a decline of eloquence in latter ages." We, too, should be delighted to know what has happened to the orators of the

Advanced, who were, last year, the backbone of the society. We have fallen back on the support of the younger generation, and the devotion and enthusiasm of the sixth forms would warm the heart of any secretary.

Our first debate of the session was on the motion, proposed by Speed and Ridout, and opposed by Hamilton and Heaps, that killing of the incurables should be legalised. But the House proved to be lovers of long life, and rejected the motion.

The society met again on October 20th to hear Heaps propose and Williams oppose the motion that political uniforms should be banned. Shandley and Hamilton spoke third and fourth respectively. The House proved surprisingly radical, and carried the proposal; the British government acquiesced in our verdict within a month.

The third debate of the session was upon the motion that Germany's colonies should be returned to her. Melville and Hamilton were the proposers, but nevertheless the artful appeals to imperialist and anti-fascist sentiment made by Williams and Gallagher won an overwhelming victory for the opposition.

On November 20th, Mr. Jeffery lectured the society on the very interesting topic, "Freedom in the Modern World."

Finally, we must once more express our thanks to Mr. W. E. Williams for his encouragement, and the lucid summings-up he has delivered from the chair. J.G.



## Scout Notes

SINCE the last Scout notes appeared in the *Visor*, another summer holiday, with its week-end camps and the usual fortnight's camp, has come and gone. The week-end camps were well attended in spite of the fact that we were unfortunate in losing the use of our private site at Five Lanes' End, and had to make use of the Local Association camping grounds at Overchurch. The annual summer camp was again held at Wootton Fitzpaine, and about twenty-five boys, representing half the troop, attended. Mr. Jeffery was C.O., and it was in every way an exceedingly enjoyable camp. Much practical Scouting was accomplished and the leisure hours were spent

in games, bathing, and exploring the district. In addition, excursions were made to various places of interest in the neighbourhood. It is a pity that more boys cannot avail themselves of the opportunity to spend a healthy holiday under canvas.

Early in the term a team of four Rovers from the Crew were successful in winning, for the second year in succession, the Campers' Shield. Competition was greater this year, as nine other teams entered. The test took the form of a hike upon which a detailed log had to be made. The 23rd's log included photographs developed and printed in the tent during the small hours! Hearty congratulations to the crew!

Several members of the crew are interested in other Scout groups, and now Rover M. W. Seed is taking on the responsibility of a troop. We wish him every happiness in his work with the St. Paul's Church boys.

This term's meetings have been well attended, and have included the annual "Going-up" ceremony, and an "Open Night." To the latter each scout was allowed to invite a friend, so about a hundred boys took part in a very jolly evening. The Headmaster spoke encouragingly of the work that had been done by the troop, and expressed the hope that the troop might be enlarged to include all boys wishing to join in the great game of Scouting. Several films, including one of the summer camp, were shown by Mr. W. D. Coughtrie, to whom we are greatly indebted. Visits to other meetings have been made by Rover Scouts who have interested and amused the boys by lectures and 'variety turns' respectively.

A Parents' Evening was held early in the term, and was very enjoyable. Our visitors included the Mayor and the District Commissioner. Mr. Davies thanked the parents for the interest they had always shown in the troop, and asked for all the support they could give to the forthcoming Bazaar in aid of the Hut Fund.

The Parents' Committee has been very busy during the term with the organisation of the Bazaar. To enable more goods to be bought for the various stalls a Military Whist



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Drive was held in the school on November 13th. This was attended by sixty-four people, and was a great success.

These notes would be incomplete without a word of thanks to all parents and friends who, by their interest and support, have considerably helped us in all our activities.



## *The Scout Bazaar*

FOR some considerable time the Rovers, Scouts, and Cubs have been working with the object of raising sufficient money for the erection of a Scout Hut, and four years ago a Hut Fund was opened. As this Fund has been growing very slowly it was thought that a Bazaar would prove the means of quickly bringing it up to the required total.

A committee was formed to organise the Bazaar, which was held in the School on Saturday, December 5th. Councillor A. W. Baker, in formally opening the Bazaar, spoke of the great service performed by the Scout Movement, and expressed the hope that the function would be a great success.

A large variety of goods was offered for sale on stalls designed to resemble early 18th century shops. In spite of very inclement weather over a hundred and fifty people visited the Bazaar, and a brisk trade soon developed. The Scouts had arranged numerous side-shows, all of which proved very attractive. Teas and light refreshments were served in the dining-room, which was decorated in the School and Group Colours.

At the present it is impossible to state definitely to what extent the Hut Fund has benefited, but it has been increased by at least £100. The most sincere thanks of the Group are extended to all who contributed to this success, especially to those ladies, Mesdames Beckett, Bibby, Brecknell, Bryant, Ceha, Davies, Wynne-Hughes, who together with the Group Officers formed the Bazaar Committee and gave up so much time to the organisation of the Bazaar. The Group is indeed grateful to them for their unstinted efforts.



## *League of Nations Union*

THIS term we have launched out on a fresh campaign to secure interest. So far we have held two meetings.

Our programme has included an exhibition of films, one being the very instructive L.N.U. film—"Europe after the War." This shows "shots" from the war and the early history of the League of Nations. By having this exhibition, we accomplished two objects:—firstly, to convince many who had formerly been "unbelievers," and, secondly, to prove for the benefit of our critics that we are able to keep our promises to enliven our meetings.

The other meeting, which was conducted very successfully, was a discussion on the present situation in Spain.

Another meeting will be held on December 4th, at which three papers will be read on the topic of "Fascism."

H.H.

## *Rugby Football.*

WITH seven of last year's team back at School, a good season was expected, but only in the last three or four games has our 1st XV. played anything approaching good rugby. Match after match was lost to teams with no claim to superiority in individual players, through poor combination, wild passing, and slow following up amongst the backs, and weak loose scrummaging and heeling in the forwards. The lack of confidence, which absence of understanding among members of a team produces, became very evident after the first half-dozen games. Several teams were held in check for quite three-quarters of the time, and allowed to run wild during the last few minutes. We have lost several games after leading at half-time, the worst example being the St. Mary's match, which was lost by 19 points to 3.

The first signs of returning confidence came at the Conway match. True, we lost by 13 points to nil, but our stubborn resistance against a very good team, under wretched playing conditions, made a good impression.

The victory over a strong Old Boys' XV., by 11 points to 3, was a further sign of improvement, and the results of the University and Wrexham games lead us to believe that at last the tide is turning.

It is only fair to mention that our team has been exceptionally unfortunate in having several players injured. Hill and Taylor were unable to play in several matches, whilst

Black, our full-back, is still unable to play. But it would be foolish to pretend that the loss of these players provides an excuse for our heavy losses. Lack of combination has already been mentioned. There are also many individual faults—fly kicking—indecisive tackling—slow backing up—uncertain handling—selfish solo efforts: all these must be eradicated before we can hope to hold our own.

The University game was an interesting innovation. Mr. Davies, Mr. Jeffery, and Mr. Lewis played for the school. The reaction of the pack to the energetic leadership of Mr. Davies and Mr. Lewis was remarkable. They played twice as well when they had someone to tell them where to go and what to do. Mr. Jeffery gave the backs an able exposition of what can be done by a lively wing who knows where to be at the right moment.

When injuries occur in the 1st XV., the 2nd XV. inevitably suffers. G. Kay, the captain of our 2nd XV., has been in the unenviable position of having to lead on to the field a different combination of fifteen men for every match. The 2nd XV. made a bad start by losing by 43 points to Liverpool Collegiate, but this was the only overwhelming loss. Twice they lost by twenty points, but they have won the last three matches, and lost others by margins of only six, three, twelve, and thirteen points.

The 3rd XV. is in the proud position of having won two games out of four.

The Bantams, led again by Hayes, have done fairly well, drawing with Liverpool Collegiate, and beating Birkenhead School, and St. Anselm's (twice). Apart from the match against the much heavier St. Mary's College team, which was lost by 44 points to nil, they have scored as many points as they have had scored against them. When they learn to tackle without hesitation and to heel quickly, they will do well.

It is not our usual practice to mention individual players by name in these notes, but the progress made by one or two boys deserves mention. Carr and Weir, newcomers to the 1st XV., have more than justified their selection, whilst P. H. Jones, King, and Milne are playing so well in the 2nd XV. that some of the 1st XV. must look to their laurels.

## RESULTS.

1st XV.				For.	Against.
v. Old Boys' 2nd XV.	H.	...	W.	28	0
v. Park High School	A.	...	L.	6	14
v. Liverpool Collegiate	H.	...	L.	0	8
v. Grove Park, Wrexham	H.	...	L.	6	14
v. Oulton High School	A.	...	L.	3	15
v. Birkenhead School 2nd XV.	H.	...	W.	35	0
v. Oldershaw School	A.	...	L.	0	22
v. Old Parkonians 3rd XV.	A.	...	L.	0	21
v. Wirral County School	A.	...	L.	0	26
v. H.M.S. Conway	A.	...	L.	0	13
v. St. Mary's College, Crosby	H.	...	L.	3	19
v. Old Boys' 2nd XV.	H.	...	W.	11	3
v. Liverpool University 4th XV.	H.	...	W.	15	0
v. Grove Park, Wrexham	A.	...	W.	19	3

2nd XV.				For.	Against.
v. Park High School	H.	...	L.	0	6
v. Liverpool Collegiate	A.	...	L.	0	43
v. Oulton High School	H.	...	L.	0	21
v. Hawarden County School	A.	...	L.	3	15
v. Oldershaw School	H.	...	L.	3	18
v. Wirral County School	H.	...	L.	3	6
v. H.M.S. Conway	A.	...	L.	3	22
v. St. Mary's College	A.	...	L.	5	15
v. Old Boys' III.	H.	...	W.	17	15
v. Birkenhead School III.	A.	...	W.	10	8
v. Grove Park School	H.	...	D.	15	15

3rd XV.				For.	Against.
v. Oulton High School	H.	...	W.	12	11
v. Oldershaw School	A.	...	W.	32	0
v. Wirral County School	A.	...	L.	0	5'
v. St. Mary's College	H.	...	L.	6	23

BANTAMS.				For.	Against.
v. Park High School	A.	...	L.	3	30
v. Liverpool Collegiate	H.	...	D.	18	18
v. Oulton High School	H.	...	L.	6	'
v. Birkenhead School	A.	...	W.	31	9
v. Oldershaw	H.	...	L.	3	36
v. St. Anselm's College	H.	...	W.	25	0
v. Wirral County School	H.	...	L.	3	25
v. St. Mary's College	A.	...	L.	0	44
v. St. Anselm's College	A.	...	W.	30	0



## OLD BOYS' SECTION

### *Notes and News*

THE season opened with the annual dinner which resolved itself into an informal hot-pot. The attendance was good, but not wonderful, considering the number of them that were bidden; the fare was excellent, and the programme varied.

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The question of the response to notices of society activities has become acute. The 80 or more Old Boys present on November 21st formed only about 20 per cent. of those to whom circulars were sent. On the ground of expense alone it has been decided to cut down the list very drastically.

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The other reflection prompted by the hot-pot is that one looks forward to the day when it will become an honest-to-goodness dinner, and thereby gain a dignity which is perhaps at present lacking. Let there be hot-pots many, and jollifications manifold, but one day in the year let there be something which has the formality and prestige of a function.

\* \* \* \* \*

The various societies continue to make progress. This is true of both the Chess Club and the Dramatic Society, but further details are not yet to hand. Will secretaries please send in items for inclusion in the Easter *Visor* by the end of the first week in March?

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The opinion has been voiced that many boys on leaving school are reluctant to join the O.B.S. because they believe that it is run by old boys of a be-whiskered and bald-headed generation, and that the younger set are not catered for. This is certainly not the case, and even if it were, could soon be remedied by joining in large batches and swamping the grey beards by sheer weight of numbers. To destroy the illusion (for it is nothing more) of predominant senility, it is proposed to introduce a clause into the rules, requiring at least one member of the executive committee to be an old boy of not more than one year's standing.

### ***Old Instonians R.F.C.***

**T**HE Old Boys' Rugger Club in its first season has already established itself in district rugby circles. Match results have been good, and the club's social activities have so far been carried through very successfully.

The Headmaster, president of the club, took the chair at the General Meeting, held at the beginning of the season. At this meeting, Mr. A. O. Jones was elected County Representative, and G. G. Wilson and K. J. Rice, captain and vice-captain of the 1st XV., while the 2nd team captaincy was taken over by C. K. Coughtrie.

A successful dance was held at the Kingsland Hall on the 6th November. Over two hundred and fifty attended, and among the guests were the President and Mrs. Hughes, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Graham White. Arrangements are already in progress for a further dance to be held at the same hall early in February.

Of the eleven matches played by the 1st XV., eight have ended in victory, 153 points having been scored against 67. Seven games have now been won in succession, and the team's standard of play is improving steadily. Robey and H. M. Jones, recent recruits from the School XV., have found regular places in the side, while the services of Mr. Lewis, a member of the Staff, have proved invaluable. The team as a whole is young and enthusiastic, but lacks playing experience. The second team results are not quite as encouraging, three matches having been won out of eight played.

Next season, three XV's. are to be fielded regularly, and thus it is essential that the club should receive the support of all boys who will be leaving school this year. P.B.

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

**A**S a result of the inability of the School authorities to offer the Club suitable accommodation at the School ground, this season has seen our removal from our old home in Ingleborough Road to a new abode in Arrowe Park Road, Woodchurch.

Here, thanks to much hard work carried out by our members during the Summer, together with the expenditure of no small amount from Club funds, we are able to provide dressing accommodation which compares very favourably with that of other clubs we visit.

Our membership is up to the standard of previous years, and we are again fielding four teams in League football.

Whilst our teams have taken some time to settle down, both the first and second XI's. are now playing good football, the first team having won five of their last six games, including an excellent victory over the previously unbeaten Harrowby team, whilst the second team have been successful in four of their last five engagements. J. D. B. Thornton, the first team's centre-forward, has again been well amongst the goals, whilst F. Silcock, the second team's leader, is actually leading goal-scorer in the Zingari Combination. The results of the third and fourth XI's. have not been up to expectations, but we hope that before long they will be back to winning ways.

We extend a hearty invitation to all parents and Old Boys to visit our new ground at Woodchurch on Saturdays, and would draw their attention to our Annual Dinner which is to be held on 13th February next, when we would be pleased to welcome them. Further particulars may be obtained from any member of our Committee.

K. MAXWELL.

### ***Old Boys' Choral and Musical Society***

THE above Society, as most readers are aware, was formed with the idea of establishing a practical means of expression for any Old Boys interested in music. We now have a small choir, which at present meets every Monday at 7-30 p.m. at the School, for rehearsals conducted by Mr. T. H. Richards.

We have endeavoured to cater for varied musical tastes in our choice of songs and, although no heavy choral works have been attempted, feel sure that we are providing very acceptable musical fare which it is our hope to render at our first concert in the near future.

New members are always welcome, and should any boy of the School feel that he would like to know more about our activities, he is cordially invited to attend a practice and meet our members.

Above all, we ask for your support at our performances. Even if you cannot sing, you can listen to others doing so. Our purposes is not to bore listeners with a full evening of choral works, but to offer a variety of singing which, we feel sure, will please.

When you hear that we are holding a concert, please do your best to attend, and help to make the Society a success worthy of our School.

A. NIBLOCK,

*Hon. Secretary.*