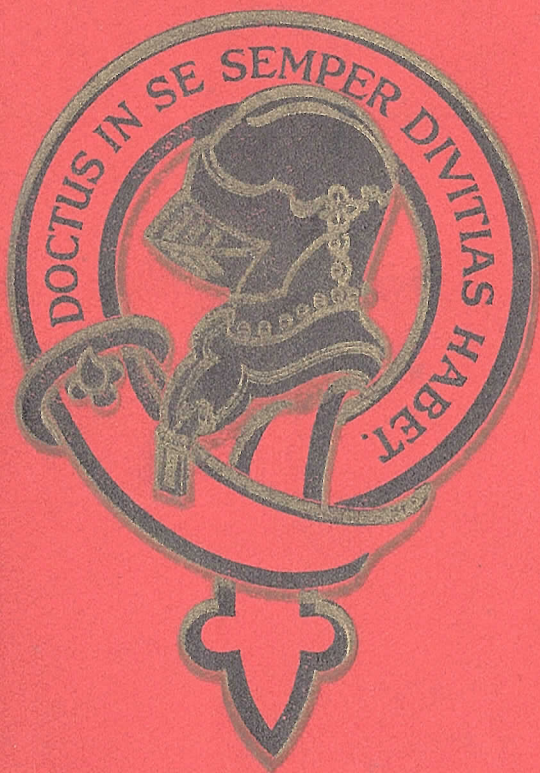


# THE VISOR

---



BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE  
SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

---

EASTER, 1936.

# SCHOOL OUTFITS

*At Robbs, in the spacious Boys'  
Department, you will find  
every necessity for your school  
outfit, and can rely on always  
getting the best possible value.*

## BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE

Jun. School Sen. School

School Blazers from 13/- 15/3

(All Wool & Fast Dye).

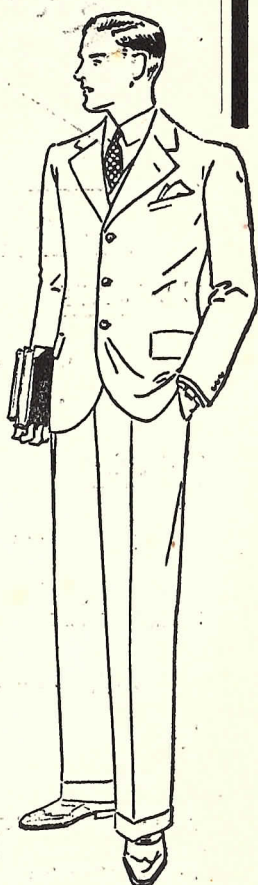
„ Caps from 2/6 2/11

„ Ties from 1/9 2/3

# ROBBS of BIRKENHEAD

Robb Bros. Ltd., Charing Cross, Birkenhead.

Telephone : Birkenhead 2880 (5 lines).





Telephone : Birkenhead 1698.

**F. J. DAVIES,**

Fountain Pens - -

Easter Gifts and -

Novelties. - - -



**ARTISTS' COLOURMEN**  
Booksellers & Stationers.



**14 GRANGE ROAD WEST,  
BIRKENHEAD.**

Get Ready, Now, for Outdoor Games.

**CRICKET**

"Don Bradman" and "Wally Hammond" Bats  
from 10/6 to 42/- each.

Dixie Dean's Treble-spring bats, from 5/6 each,  
Leather Balls from 2/6 each. Compo 6d., 9d. & 1/- each.

Pads, Gloves, Wickets, Boots, etc.

**TENNIS**

Rackets by Dunlop, Slazenger, Wisden and all well  
known makers at prices from 7/6 up to 75/- each.

Dixie's "Super Tournament" Ball, at 9/- per doz.  
is equal to any ball made.

**RUNNING**

Vests from 1/- each. Shorts from 1/3 pair. Spiked  
Shoes at 9/11 and 12/6 per pair.

**Golf, Bowls, Swimming and all Outdoor Games.**

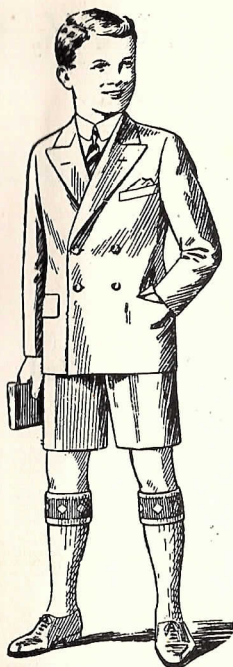
'Phone 361.

**DIXIE DEAN**

**140 Grange Road,**

**Birkenhead.**

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



# BIBBY & PERKIN, Ltd.,

243/247 GRANGE ROAD,

Birkenhead.

Telephone : Birkenhead 2263.

113 BEDFORD ROAD, ROCK FERRY.



For Boys' Suits That Will Wear and  
Keep Their Appearance.

Boys Navy Gabardine Raincoats  
Guaranteed Indigo Dye & thoroughly  
Rainproof.

And all school clothing requirements,  
viz. Blazers, Caps, Ties, etc.

Also all Old Boys' requirements in  
the correct colours.

**THE**

**SPORTS SHOP,**  
Charing Cross.

**The Goods  
For  
Every Game.**

Sole proprietors of the 'WIZARD' and 'SPEDEX'  
brands of sports goods.

**ROBERTS & JOBSON**  
LIMITED.

'Phone 778. 'Phone 3751. Hours 9-30 to 7-30.

**R. TRAFFORD,**

F.S.M.C., F.B.O.A., F.N.A.O., F.I.O.,

Qualified Optician,

**250 Borough Road.**

Registered by the Joint  
Council of Qualified Opticians  
for Sight Testing and Optical  
Treatment, under the National  
Health Ins. Acts, and for the  
Hospital Saving Association.

Oculists' Prescriptions.

Repairs.

Please Patronise our Advertisers and mention the "VISOR."



TEL: BIRKENHEAD 3139.

## A. LEWIS,

Ladies' and Gentlemen's  
Hairdresser,  
16 WHETSTONE LANE,  
BIRKENHEAD.

---

Permanent  
Marcel and Water Waving.

---

Manicure, Massage and  
Violet Ray Treatment.

---

Early & Punctual Deliveries  
of  
CLEAN FRESH MILK  
(IN BOTTLES)  
from Local Farms only.

---

FRESH BUTTER  
SALTED AND UNSALTED.  
RICH THICK CREAM.  
NEW LAID EGGS.  
PURE ENGLISH HONEY.

---

DUDGEON'S  
DAIRY,  
59 GRANGE ROAD WEST.  
Telephone 1109.

## R. FORSHAW,

Family Butcher,

27 CHURCH ROAD,  
Hr. Tranmere.

+

Best Quality Home Killed  
Beef, Mutton, Lamb,  
Pork, etc.

+

Telephone Birkenhead 2929.

---

'Phone No: Birkenhead 2547.

Try

## W. HARTHEN,

For

Everything " DOGGIE "  
The Poultry and Pet Food  
Specialist,

---

31 OXTON ROAD,  
BIRKENHEAD.

Please Patronise our Advertisers and mention the " VISOR."

# Economic Electric Co.,

*Electrical Contractors.*

62 Dale St., L'POOL.      Oxton Rd., B'HEAD.



## NEON SIGN SPECIALISTS



CONTRACTORS TO:—

H.M. OFFICE OF WORKS,  
POST OFFICE,  
WAR OFFICE,  
PRINCIPAL CORPORATIONS AND  
INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Ride a Raleigh and Enjoy  
Your Leisure.



CALL and INSPECT the  
RALEIGH CYCLES  
AT

R. EDMUNDS,  
9 Whetstone Lane,  
Birkenhead.



ANY MODEL

ON DEFERRED TERMS.

5/- DEPOSIT. BALANCE WEEKLY.

TEL: B'HEAD 3367.

A. JONES,

Fish & Poultry  
Dealer,

ORDERS PROMPTLY  
ATTENDED TO.

44 Church Road,  
Tranmere.

Please Patronise our Advertisers and mention the "VISOR."

Tel. : Birkenhead 635.

**T. H. WOODHOUSE,**

F.A.I.,



ESTATE AGENT,  
INSURANCE BROKER,  
& VALUER.



60 Hamilton Square,  
BIRKENHEAD.

Estates carefully managed, all classes  
of Insurances effected.

Hire your  
Wireless Batteries

From

**P. Seymour & Co.,**

Electrical Contractors  
and Radio Engineers.

92 Oxtan Road  
BIRKENHEAD.

Phone 2357.

## Photography . .

ONE of the finest  
and most interesting of  
hobbies . .

We shall be very  
pleased to advise you on  
the right kind of camera  
and specialise in  
making bright and clear  
prints from your snaps.

**HAROLD HIRST,**

*Chemist & Optician,*

2 GRANGE ROAD WEST,  
Birkenhead.

PARKGATE

MORETON

High-Grade FOOTWEAR  
For all Seasons,  
For all Wearers.

Agent for " K," Bective,  
Lotus and Delta, Norvic and  
Mascot, Swan Boots and  
Shoes.

Special Feature :  
FITTING BY ' X ' RAY.

**Tom Fothergill,**  
50 GRANGE ROAD  
WEST.

'PHONE 671.

Please patronise our Advertisers and mention the " VISOR."



# Contents

	PAGE
School Calendar ... ..	59
Editorial ... ..	59
Salvete ... ..	60
Valete ... ..	60
Prize List ... ..	60—62
The Mystery of the Lost Detention Sheet ... ..	62—63
Revenge ... ..	64—65
Quaint Advertisements ... ..	65—68
The View from the Top of a Tall Building ... ..	68—69
Crossword, No. 10 ... ..	70—71
Crossword, No. 9 ... ..	71
Acrostic ... ..	72
University Letter ... ..	72—73
Correspondence ... ..	74
Varia ... ..	75—76
House Notes ... ..	77—79
Library Notes ... ..	79—80
Form Notes ... ..	81—95
Junior School Section ... ..	96—99
Solution to Acrostic ... ..	99
Chess Club ... ..	100
Scout Notes ... ..	100—101
Sixth Form Literary and Debating Society ... ..	101
League of Nations Union ... ..	101—102
Scientific Society ... ..	102—103
Rugby Football ... ..	103—104
OLD BOYS' SECTION—	
Notes and News ... ..	105—106
Old Boys' Successes ... ..	107
The Hungry Footballer ... ..	107—110
Old Boys' A.F.C. ... ..	111
Old Boys' R.U.F.C. ... ..	111—112



Photo by CULL.

Back Row—R. D. ROBBY, K. J. SMEDLEY, G. C. LOWSON, W. KINNEAR, H. J. BOZIER, G. ASTLEY,  
I. G. R. JONES, W. C. BRAY;  
Front Row—D. J. WILLIAMS, Esq., H. M. JONES, C. V. BELL, C. A. ALLDIS (Capt.), L. HILL,  
A. J. TAYLOR, A. O. JONES, Esq.

W. E. CLARE.

R. C. LOWSON.



VOL. IX., No. 2.

EASTER, 1936.

### *School Calendar*

Spring Term begins ... ..	January 15th.
Half Term ... ..	February 29th.
Speech Day ... ..	March 30th.
Cross Country ... ..	March 31st.
Term ends ... ..	April 3rd.
Summer Term begins ... ..	April 29th.
Half Term ... ..	May 30th.
Term ends ... ..	July 29th.



### *Editorial*

THE English are an excellent people but simple. Thus they like their humour simple—a thing which is difficult to achieve in print. Nowhere is this more poignantly felt than in producing a school magazine, of which certain parts, to accord with tradition and “the low growls of British respectability,” must be humorous. But things funny when said are simply not funny on paper. Hence these tears.

A few words on articles. We are no great admirers of the limerick, and when it is written by persons who lack an ear for rime, a heart for rhythm, and a head for reason, the result is deplorable. It is pointed only when it is personal, and when personal it often gives offence. Let us have less limericks, please. Form alphabets, too, are played out, *vieux jeu*. Then why are there so many of the contributions submitted in verse? For the benefit of the ignorant it must be pointed out that what they have been speaking all their lives is prose. Try prose, rugged, stalwart, old prose. Again, we are tired of detention as a subject for would-be humour. Lastly, and above all, what we really need is something new. If we are to get rid of these outworn forms, others must arise. Originality, and more originality. Try something new—it is quite simple, when you try.



## Salvete

**Form Vj.—Stitt :—**Atkinson, W.

**Form IIIa.—Stitt :—**Griffith, C. E.

**Upper Prep.—Westminster :—**Mooring.

**Lower Prep.—Atkin :—**Garrett, R. T., Renison, F. D.



## Valete

**Upper Vlb. and c.—Atkin :—**Johnson, R. G., *Matric.*, 1935. *School Swimming Champion*. Winter, H. E., *Prefect*, *Matric.*, 1935, *Vice-Captain Rugby*. **Stitt :—**Goodwin, L., *Matric.*, 1935. Matthews, F. J., *Matric.*, 1935. Simms, L., *Prefect*, *Matric.*, 1934, *House Captain*, *House Representative of Visor*, 1st XV. *Rugby*, *Captain 2nd XI. Cricket*. Smart, T., *Prefect*. *Matric.*, 1935, 1st XV. *Rugby*. **Tate :—**Mayo, J. R., *Matric.*, 1935, 1st XV. *Rugby*, *Member Chess Club*. Snell, D. L., *Matric.*, 1935. Theobald, A. G., *Matric.*, 1935, 1st XV. *Rugby*. Tweedle, F., *Matric.*, 1935. **Westminster :—**Kendrick, W., *Matric.*, 1935. Woolman, W. J., *Matric.*, 1935, *Member League of Nations Union*, *Member Literary and Debating Society*.

**Vis.—Atkin :—**Manley, A. W. **Westminster :—**Moore, J., *S.C.*, 1935.

**VIa.—Stitt :—**Leighton, A., *Chess Champion*. Fallon, J.

**VI.—Atkin :—**Martin, P. S. **Stitt :—**Lewis, F. J.

**Rem j.—Stitt :—**James, A.K., *Member League of Nations Union*.

**Rem. a.—Atkin :—**Rawsthorne, M.

**IIIa.—Tate :—**Griffith, O.

**IIIb.—Stitt :—**Parkinson, A.



## Prize List

### ATTENDANCE CERTIFICATES.

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

S. Bunting, A. T. Capes, M. Forshaw, J. M. Freckleton, O. Henry, A. K. James, L. W. Jones, D. M. Moffatt, A. J. Taylor, J. A. Thornton, W. S. Williams.

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

G. R. Bell, A. Dalziel, L. Goodwin, R. Henshaw, W. S. Hurst, E. E. Hutchinson, G. A. Wetherell, A. C. Williams.

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

C. V. Bell, H. L. Davies, J. R. Sarginson, T. Smart, C. H. Stuart-Brown, K. Taylor, F. Tweedle.

## NEITHER LATE NOR ABSENT—FIVE YEARS—

G. H. Stelfox, H. E. Winter.

## NEITHER LATE NOR ABSENT—SIX YEARS—

H. J. Bozier, R. E. May, D. L. Snell.

## SCHOLARSHIPS.

## EDUCATIONAL TRAINING GRANT TO LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY—

G. H. Weston.

## STITT EXHIBITION TO LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY—

£20 a year for Three Years—W. W. Aslett.

## INTERNAL SCHOLARSHIPS.

HENRY TATE £10—C. A. Alldis, H. J. Bozier, J. Gallagher, R. E. May.

DUKE OF WESTMINSTER £5—W. Kinnear, L. Simms, J. Stott, G. A. Wetherell.

ATKIN £5—W. Clare, H. A. Nava.

## PRIZE LIST.

## 1ST PRIZE:

## 2ND PRIZE:

## 3RD PRIZE:

Form IIIj. ....	K. I. Vincent.	W. F. Wol'holme.	D. Kirkland.
Form IIIb. ....	C. N. Thompson.	D. O. Griffith.	R. H. Howell.
Form IIIa. ....	I. D. Harris.	H. C. Grice.	J. F. Pearson.
Form Vj. ....	E. Williams.	K. Bell.	A. D. Kennedy.
			R. H. Davies.
Form IVb. ....	C. W. Cooper.	A. Davies.	K. F. Mackay.
Form IVa. ....	W. S. Williams.	L. H. Gallagher.	W. A. Wright.
Form VI. ....	A. R. Pierce.	R. S. Robinson.	R. L. M. Hill
Form Vj. ....	P. P. Simpson.	R. C. Lowson.	J. Edelman.
Form Rem.1. ....	J. Shandley.	H. B. Evans.	
Form Rem.a. ....	A. D. Turner.	K. Mortimer.	W. R. Taylor.
			R. E. Thomas.
Form Rem.j. ....	G. E. Powl.	S. Bunting.	H. O. M. Bryant.
Form VIb. ....	G. R. Colenso.	D. Robey.	
Form VIA. ....	K. Evans.	R. M. Bennett.	F. Tweedle.
Form VIs. ....	H. E. Winter.	I. S. Melville.	D. L. Snell.

## SPECIAL PRIZES.

Drawing—(Senior), I. S. Melville; (Junior), M. Forshaw.

English—C. V. Bell.

History—J. Gallagher.

Geography—H. N. Laver.

Latin—W. Kinnear.

Mathematics—H. J. Bozier.

Chemistry—R. E. May.

Physics—G. A. Wetherell.

Accountancy—J. E. Turner.

Statistical Mathematics—J. E. Turner. Headmaster's Prize—G. H. Weston.

## THE GEORGE HOLT PRIZES—

Languages—H. N. Laver.

Mathematics—G. H. Weston.

Physics—W. W. Aslett.

Chemistry—J. N. Robinson.

SOLLY HISTORY PRIZE—C. A. Alldis.

CONNACHER MEMORIAL PRIZE—C. A. Alldis.

## OLD BOYS' PRIZE—

J. Stott.

H. A. Nava.

T. Heys.

W. C. Bray.

L. Simms.

G. H. Stelfox.

**Medals for Drill and Gymnastics (Champion Four)**—J. Collinson, J. N. Slinn, W. W. Aslett, H. N. Laver.

**Free Exercise Medal** (Presented by Mr. Clague)—G. A. Wetherell.

**Colours, Caps—Cricket**: J. F. R. Evans, K. Mortimer, K. Wheat;

**Football**: C. A. Alldis, C. V. Bell, I. Jones, R. C. Lowson, K. Smedley, H. E. Winter.

**Silver Cup for Games**—(Senior), J. Collinson; (Junior), R. C. Lowson.

**Cross Country Run**—(Senior), H. E. Winter; (Junior), A. J. Taylor.

**Victor Ludorum**—(Senior), K. Wheat; (Junior), H. R. Bawden.

#### HOUSE TROPHIES—

**Athletics**—Tate.

**Football**—Tate.

**Cricket**—Tate.

**Cross Country**—(Senior). Atkin.

(Junior), Westminster.



## *The Mystery of the Lost Detention-Sheet*

"IT is lost," said the Prefect.

"What?" asked the Master.

"One of the detention-sheets."

"Please, Sir!" said several boys.

"Silence!" said the Master.

The door opened and a burly, middle-aged man entered. He had a painstaking, official look. "I am an Inspector," he said.

"You will find the registers in the office" said the Master, "but I fear the Secretary has gone home."

"I am not from the Board of Education but from Scotland Yard. I happened to be passing and heard of the crime. Here is my card, Inspector French. No one will leave the building. I intend to take a statement from every member of the school, including the Janitor and cleaning staff. May I use your telephone?" He strode off with purposeful step.

A minute later the door was again opened and three men entered.

Dr. Thorndyke came first. He sank on his knees and carefully examined the floor through a powerful lens. An eager look passed over his face. He scraped up some dust, placed it in an envelope which he marked "Dust" in his neat lettering, and departed in search of the laboratory.

He was followed by Lord Peter Wimsey who held in his hand a bottle of Grand Marnier Château la Pompe, without which he never travelled.

"Hello!" said he, "Sheet missing? Dear dear!" He felt the radiator, blew on his fingers to restore the circulation, and wandered off to the back of the room, where he stood gazing through the window.



Hercule Poirot entered last. The little Belgian held in his hands his egg-shaped head, inside which the little grey cells were furiously revolving. "I must think" he said, and collapsed into the Master's desk.

Steps were heard descending the stairs and slowly approaching the door. Thorndyke entered. "This dust responds to no known reagent" he said. "It is unique, and yet it lies thickly on every part of the building. I have never seen such dust. I must seek again."

Once more he sank on hands and knees. He found a paper pellet, a broken nib partly embedded in the floor and two pieces of orange peel. These he placed carefully in suitable retorts.

Suddenly he gave a loud cry. "There is a body under the hot-water pipe" he gasped. Willing hands dragged forth the body. It was Lord Peter, rather cold.

"What were you doing there?" asked Poirot.

"Looking for a corkscrew" replied Lord Peter.

"Did you find one?" asked Poirot, his eyes flashing with intelligence.

"No, but I found this." Lord Peter held out a piece of crumpled paper, covered with figures. On top were the words: "Long Tots." "Nom d'un nom," said Poirot, "a cryptogram."

"I will solve it" said Lord Peter. "I am rather good at these things. I remember—"

He was interrupted by a mild voice. "It's all wrong, you know. Twenty-five boys in the room and no one in the dark corner. It doesn't make sense."

They turned. Sitting in the waste-paper basket behind the blackboard was a little Roman Catholic priest.

Father Brown struggled painfully to his feet. "There is a strong personality at work here and yet it is not in the room. Find the reason for the empty desk and you have solved the mystery." He turned to the door. "Look," he said.

In the threshold stood a boy, in his hand the missing sheet. He placed it on the desk and walked to the vacant seat in the corner.

"Nom d'un nom d'un nom!" said Poirot.

"He wouldn't postpone that detention" whispered the boy to his neighbour.

### *Revenge!*

THERE were four of us lounging on deck in the sunshine and watching the most fascinating "talkie" imaginable—that vociferous non-stop human tragi-comedy which is played all day and every day on a 'set' thousands of acres in extent—Liverpool's dockland. The other three, the mate, boatswain, and "deckie," respectively of the steam trawler 'Elvira,' were smoking and yarning, pending the arrival of the engine-room crew; the Old Man had ordered steam for 'five sharp,' and it was now nearly three.

Suddenly, Ben, the little Cockney boatswain, removed his pipe from his mouth and, pointing with it in the direction of the dock road, said. "'Ere's old Mac."; a pause ensued, during which he surveyed the distant figure with a shrewd eye, then, spitting meditatively, "Tight agen, 'e is," he announced. "Still tight, ye mean," amended the mate, "allus tight, that bloke." "'Specially wen yer arskes fer the loan of 'arf a quid!" chuckled Ben, reminiscently. Idly we all turned to watch the engineer as he came along the dock wall and down the ladder to the deck. You could not have said he was unsteady, but there was that intense concentration about his every movement which usually bespeaks the empty bottle.

"'Arternoon, Mac," sang out Ben, favouring me the while with a broad wink. 'Mph!' was the answer. "Steam fer five, ole cock!"—"Goo, aye?!" ("Talkative, that's wot 'e is," said Ben, aside). Then Mac disappeared below, and we heard him descending the iron ladder and carefully picking his way across the plates to the stokehold. "Goin' ter fire up, 'e is," said Ben, "come an' 'ave a look; good as a bloomin' pantomime, 'e is, trying to 'it the furnace wiv a shovel of coal wen 'e's tight."

Accordingly we shinned up on top of the engine-room casing and, gazing down through the skylight, we watched Mac's attempts with interest. Swinging open the door of the port furnace, he raked out the clinker; then, steadying himself with an obvious effort, he seized a shovel and rammed it into the bunker. When he drew it out again there reposed upon it in solitary state a massive lump of coal. Swinging round he took careful but muddled aim at the furnace-mouth—"Betcher 'e misses," whispered Ben—and missed. The lump struck the lip of the furnace, rebounded, and, still intact, rolled away into the corner, where it came to rest against a bulkhead.

Savagely, Mac went in pursuit, secured the offending lump, and poised it for a second attempt. This time he went wide of the furnace altogether. Five times he tried, and five times he failed, becoming more and more enraged and profane with each failure. His language moved even Ben to admiration, and he can do a bit in that line himself. By now we were helpless with suppressed mirth and were just about to lie back and roar, when Ben hurriedly withdrew his head from the skylight; "'ush!" he gasped, "comin' up, 'e is." Peering cautiously down, we saw Mac, the piece of coal clutched to his bosom, and the light of battle in his eye, ascending laboriously to the deck. Arrived there, flushed and panting, he balanced his burden on the gunwale and deliberately kicked it into the dock. He watched with gloating satisfaction as it sank into the murky green depths, followed by a trail of bubbles which fished and winked in the sun. Then—"D—ye!" he apostrophised solemnly, "if ye'll nae bur-r-n, ye'll droon!" And with this Parthian shot, he was gone, not heeding, if he heard them at all, the roars of mirth which followed him as he essayed once more the 'descensus Averni.'

R.F.B.



### *Quaint Advertisements*

A SEARCH among the files of any newspaper is sure to be rewarded by the discovery of many strange and some humorous advertisements, which show that human nature is to-day much the same as it has always been. Thus a comparison between the old and the new styles of advertising reveals little change. Almost the only difference is that in the older advertisements there appear a directness and a simplicity rarely met with in the modern article. Our forefathers were evidently not afraid of plain speaking. Take, for example, the following advertisement inserted by a gentleman whose wife has run away, in which he expresses his joy in no unmeasured terms: "Ran away from Josiah Woodbury, Cooper, his House Plague for seven long years, Masury Old Moll, alias Trial of Vengeance. He that lost will never seek her; he that shall keep her, I will give two Bushels of Beans. I have hove all the old shoes I can find for Joy: and all my neighbours rejoice with me. A good riddance of bad Ware. Amen."

Again what lady of to-day would address to her slanderers such a letter as the following?—"To My Scandalising



Friends,—I hope that you do not call yourselves Christians, for you are a disgrace to the Church. You know nothing about me: I don't care for your lying tongues; I wonder that they don't fall out of your mouths. You act like fence cats and flying serpents. You have been very busy about me for the last nine years with your meddling; please tell me what you have to do with me. You dare not come to my face with your lies; you keep like a snake in the grass. See if you can keep it up for nine years longer. I know that I can stand it, but I should think that you would get tired of playing snake all the time. If you do not like my opinion of you, prove yourselves something different, you scandalising imps."

Or again, what bachelor now-a-days would fix the date of his wedding before having secured a bride, or would advertise for unmarried ladies, assuring them that "first come shall be first served," as we find a Cumberland bachelor doing in 1797:—"Matthew Dawson, in Bothwell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm Church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide, whenever that may happen and to return to Bothwell to dine. Mr. Reid gives a turkey to be roasted; Ed. Clemenson gives a fat lamb to be roasted; William Elliot gives a hen to be roasted; Joseph Gibson gives a fat calf to be roasted. And in order that all this roast meat may be well basted, do you see, Mary Pearson, Betty Hodgson, Mary Bushley, Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe and Betty Porthouse, give each of them a pound of butter. The advertiser will provide everything else for so festive an occasion. And he hereby gives notice to all young women desirous of changing their condition that he is at present disengaged and advises them to consider that although there be luck in leisure, yet in this case delays are dangerous, for, with him, it is determined it shall be first come first served.

"So come along, lasses who wish to be married,  
Max Dawson is vexed that so long he has tarried."

Although it also relates to matrimony, the following advertisement in the "Times" is couched in an entirely different strain from the former. "A young gentleman on the point of being married, is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from such a step."

The gem of the "Wanted" advertisements is one which appeared in the columns of a provincial newspaper; a modern employer would surely never advertise in such a strain as this: "Wanted—A really plain but experienced governess for three

girls, eldest sixteen. Music, French and German required. Brilliancy of conversation, fascination of manner and symmetry of form objected to, as the father is much at home and there are grown-up sons." !!! One dare not imagine what kind of creature would be forthcoming in answer to such an appeal, but one can only trust that the successful candidate did not give the good lady any cause for anxiety on her husband's or her sons' account. Equally amusing is an announcement from the *Paris Figaro*.—"Wanted—A professor to come twice a week to the house of a noble family in order to reform the pronunciation of a parrot."

Unusual subjects for advertisements are those revealed in the following extracts. In the first case we have the challenge and answer respectively of a woman ass-driver and her opponent, who are to figure as principals in a boxing match for a stake of £10. "Whereas I, Ann Field, of Stoke-Newington, ass-driver, well known for my abilities in boxing in my own defence wherever it happened in my way, having been affronted by Mrs. Stokes, the styled European Championess, do fairly invite her to a trial of the best skill in boxing, for ten pounds, fair rise and fall; and question not but to give her such proofs of my judgment that shall oblige her to acknowledge me Championess of the Stage, to the entire satisfaction of all my friends."—"I, Elizabeth Stokes, of the City of London, have not fought in his way since I fought the famous boxing-woman of Billingsgate twenty-nine minutes, and gained a complete victory (which is six years ago); but as the Stoke-Newington ass-woman dares me to fight her for the ten pounds, I do assure her I will not fail meeting her for the said sum, and doubt not that the blows which I shall present her with will be more difficult to digest than she ever gave her asses."

In a startling extract, we find the landlady of a public-house offering to teach her sex the secrets of Freemasonry. How astonished must Free Masons have been in the year 1770, when the following advertisement appeared:—"This is to acquaint the public, that on Monday the first instant, being the Lodge (or monthly meeting) Night of the Free and Accepted Masons of the 22nd Regiment held at the Crown, near Newgate (Newcastle), Mrs. Bell, the landlady of the house, broke open a door (with a poker) that had not been open for some time past; by which means she got into an adjacent room, made two holes through the wall, and, by that stratagem, dis-



covered the secrets of Freemasonry; and she, knowing herself to be the first woman in the world that ever found out the secret, is willing to make it known to all her sex. So any lady who is desirous of learning the secrets of Freemasonry, by applying to that well-learned woman (Mrs. Bell, that lived fifteen years in and about Newgate), may be instructed in the secrets of Masonry."

The "Agony" column of the "Times" frequently produces something unexpected and interesting. Those advertisements published with the intention of procuring the return of some absentee are full of pleas which often have a humorous aspect, as witness the ensuing:—"Pray return to your disconsolate friends. All will be forgiven, and Charlie will give up the front room." Then, too, appeals and threats are occasionally mingled in curious fashion, as here:—"I entreat you to keep your word, or it may be fatal. Laws were made to bind the villains of society." And one wonders in vain what potential tragedy lies behind.

If ever the following announcement met the eyes of the person for whom it was intended, its curt tone must have given him quite a shock, since it leaves no room for breaking the sad news gently:—"Would Philip like to hear of his Mother's death?" For sheer brevity, however, the three advertisements appended, which appeared on March 24th, 1849, March 28th, 1850, and May 28th, 1851, would be hard to beat. "No Doormat To-Night."—"Doormat and Beans To-Night."—"Doormat To-Night." What these cryptic utterances conveyed to the person for whom they were intended, we do not know, but their secret doubtless will now remain for ever undiscovered.



### *The View from the Top of a tall Building*

**M**Y view was from a tower on top of Selfridge's. This tower had a telescope through which, for a penny, one could watch the seething millions of the metropolis. I had often seen this tower from the roof of the garden café, but the atmosphere had never been clear enough to let me see more than half a mile away. Then, one hot summer's day, I saw that there would be a magnificent view, there was not even a heat haze. So I walked over and started to climb the tower.



At intervals, about every ten steps, there was a little landing and a window through which once could see the ever-broadening view of the "Heart of the Empire." From the first landing I could barely see over the roof garden wall. At the second I could just see the big sign opposite the building which gave the latest news in flashing lights. I remember I was very jubilant when the news flashed out that Britain had won one of the Test matches. At each successive landing I could see further down the opposite building. At last I arrived at the top. Beneath me was spread the greatest city in the world.

It reminded me of an overturned anthill, with all the black dots scurrying to and fro. I put a penny in the telescope, and focussed it to the west. I could just make out the name of Olympia a few miles away. Further still I could see the dome of the Wembley Stadium, but after that the smoke made it difficult to recognise any building. I focussed my telescope on nearer objects. The crowded street offered a good field, so I depressed the telescope.

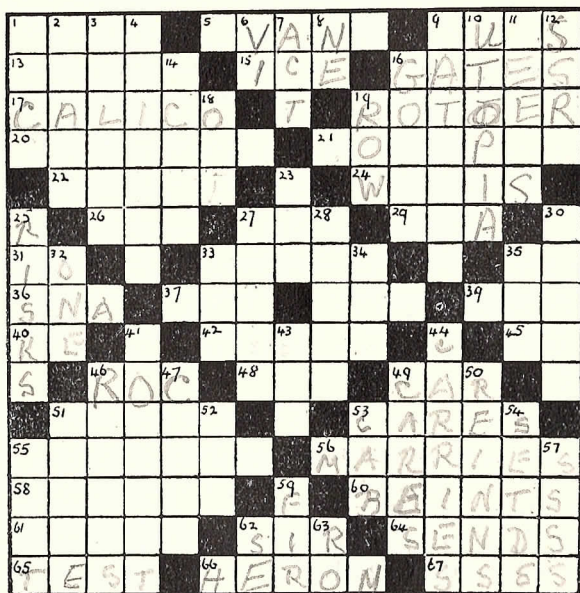
Down in the street, people were hurrying and perspiring, while I stood cool and calm in the clouds above them. I imagined I was Zeus and they were the peoples of the earth, while I watched from the peak of Olympus. Then click! the view was abruptly cut off. As I put another penny in, I wondered if Zeus had been troubled with such mortal things as pennies and telescopes. Refocussing the telescope, I again brought the streets into my vision. There was a man in a straw hat and shirt sleeves; here was one in a panama hat and white ducks. There was a conservative old gentleman in bowler hat and black suit mopping his fevered brow with a handkerchief. I tried looking down without the aid of the telescope. It nearly gave me vertigo. Down in that man-made chasm a cauldron of black and white seethed and bubbled. The roar of the traffic made it more terrifying. I turned to my telescope and began exploring the offices below. Clerks and typists passed in a never ending kaleidoscope, but my time was up, and the view was cut off. Feeling in my pocket for more coppers, I found I had only silver. So, promising myself another visit, I descended the tower.

Next day I was on the train going home, feeling very sorry I had not paid another visit to the tower of the thousand views.

D.B., Rem. I,

## Crossword No. 10

**S**URPRISINGLY few solutions of Crossword No. 9 were received, and unless No. 10 meets with greater approval, judged by results, it will be the last of the series. One prize will be awarded for the correct answer. Solutions to Mr. Hall.



### ACROSS.

- |   |                           |
|---|---------------------------|
| 1.—Decrease.                              | 37.—Annoyed (colloquial). |
| 2.—Collects your Visor money.             | 38.—Of musket fame.       |
| 9.—Tip (Archaic).                         | 39.—Faint.                |
| 13.—You are.                              | 42.—Inferior.             |
| 15.—Summer treat.                         | 45.—Celebrated academy.   |
| 16.—Stage name.                           | 46.—Extinct bird.         |
| 17.—Cotton fabric.                        | 48.—Arid.                 |
| 19.—Rogue.                                | 49.—Modern vehicle.       |
| 20.—Gaining.                              | 51.—Generous.             |
| 21.—The moon is, we are told (two words). | 53.—Worries.              |
| 22 & 23 (down)—                           | 55.—Article of dress.     |
| Kind of philosophy.                       | 56.—Weds.                 |
| 24.—Garments (archaic).                   | 58.—Rising.               |
| 26.—Beaded moisture.                      | 60.—Colours.              |
| 27.—Well.                                 | 61.—Concerning.           |
| 29.—Crafty.                               | 62.—Title.                |
| 31.—Consecutive vowels.                   | 64.—Dispatches.           |
| 33.—In your shoes.                        | 65.—Trial.                |
| 35.—Famous initials.                      | 66.—Wading bird.          |
| 36 & 40.—In the grass!                    | 67.—Four shillings.       |

## DOWN.

- |  |                                |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 1.—Walk through water.                       | 30.—Restrict.                  |
| 2.—On other occasions.                       | 32.—Unit.                      |
| 3.—A mighty hunter.                          | 33.—One circuit of course.     |
| 4.—Journalistic "shows."                     | 34.—State.                     |
| 6, 8.—Climbing plant.                        | 35.—Apron-top.                 |
| 7.—Deed.                                     | 41.—Mental suffering.          |
| 9.—Containers.                               | 43.—Test.                      |
| 10.—Ideal country.                           | 44.—Conveys.                   |
| 11.—Train would soon come to grief on these. | 46.—The Queen had three.       |
| 12.—Maker of well known table sweet.         | 47.—Representative.            |
| 14.—rev. Compose.                            | 49.—Anxieties.                 |
| 16.—Weeds.                                   | 50.—Exercises sway.            |
| 18.—rev. Some.                               | 51.—Irish seaport.             |
| 19.—Rank.                                    | 52.—Suffix.                    |
| 23.—see 22 Across.                           | 53.—Vehicle of yesterday.      |
| 25.—Dangerous.                               | 54.—Germs.                     |
| 27.—Colourless.                              | 55.—Horned ruminant quadruped. |
| 28.—Short-tempered.                          | 57.—Four shillings.            |
|  | 59.—Tree.                      |
|  | 62 & 63.—rev. Got up.          |



## Crossword No. 9

## CLUES.

THE prize for this puzzle was awarded to R. D. Roberts of Rem. j.

## ACROSS.

- |               |                |              |              |
|---------------|----------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Germ.      | 22. Sling.     | 38. Oil.     | 56. Quarrel. |
| 5. Brick.     | 24. Seine.     | 39. Dee.     | 58. German.  |
| 9. Gape.      | 26. Sns.       | 40. N T.     | 60. Errant.  |
| 13. Avail.    | 27. And.       | 42. Norse.   | 61. Latin.   |
| 15. Ice.      | 29. Sss.       | 46. Ahg.     | 62. Got.     |
| 16. Pared.    | 31. Re.        | 48. Was.     | 64. Mogul.   |
| 17. Lettic.   | 33. Alert.     | 49. Ape.     | 65. Erst.    |
| 19. Daring.   | 35 & 45. Bent. | 51. Avert.   | 66. Babel.   |
| 20. Aneroid.  | 36. Eat.       | 53. Slang.   | 67. West.    |
| 21. Pinnacle. | 37. Awl.       | 55. Onerous. |              |

## DOWN.

- |             |            |              |                |
|-------------|------------|--------------|----------------|
| 1. Gala.    | 14. Lions. | 33. Awn.     | 51. Anear.     |
| 2. Evens.   | 16. Panes. | 34. Tie.     | 52. Tun.       |
| 3. Ratels.  | 18. Cig.   | 35. Ben.     | 53. Sue.       |
| 4. Mitring. | 19. Dis.   | 41. Thermit. | 54. Genus.     |
| 6, 8. Rice. | 23. One.   | 43. Rag.     | 55. Ogle.      |
| 7. Ice.     | 25. Trent. | 44. Sparrow. | 57. Ltl.       |
| 9. Garnish. | 27. Allow. | 46. Averts.  | 59. Cob.       |
| 10. Arians. | 28. Dross. | 47. Groan.   | 62 & 63. Gate. |
| 11. Pence.  | 30. Teeth. | 49. Alarm.   |                |
| 12. Edge.   | 32. Eat.   | 50. Enrage.  |                |



*Double Acrostic*

**M**ATRIC the Sixes' bogey use to be,  
But in its place ere long we this shall see—

1. All do thus  
At a terminus.
2. This county is flat  
As the head of a cat.
3. Imperial city,  
Fell—what a pity!
4. These at school we spend;  
This one's near its end.
5. By me is meant  
A savage regiment.
6. Coming from another race,  
Living in an alien place.
7. Young or old, you must agree,  
Can't solve this, deprived of me.
8. On the hearth or on the green  
I am heard or I am seen.
9. If a pro. you will not be,  
Then, forsooth, you must be me.
10. Two's ideal company  
Can't produce this harmony.
11. My number is sufficient clue,  
And all the help I'll give to you.

*University Letter*

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

March 17th, 1936.

Dear Sir,

Once more you have issued your plaintive plea, and once more, our stony heart submitting to the balmy influence of this vernal equinox, we have responded to that heart-cry. Why we should continue to do so year after year is a mystery which will never be unravelled—probably there is in us some innate strain of altruism whose existence we had never suspected.

Be that as it may (and it serves passing well as an opening paragraph), let us get to business. Tempus fidgets, as Caesar used to say, and time is indeed pressing at the moment, so much so that our colleague Loxam finds it impossible to

concoct any sort of University Letter; so for news of our scientists you will search in vain. We see them at lunch, and very rarely do we hear of their doings, but doubtless they are manfully carrying on the great tradition of the B.I. (although we have not heard of any arrests recently).

The happy family circle in the faculty of Arts remains unbroken; Magee still smokes endless pipes, and studies Italian with a view to getting a good post in Abyssinia; Wood, having higher ideals and a finer soul, studies Italian in order to read Dante in the original. (Viva, il Duce! Viva, Dante!) Comrade Coglan still does Latin unseens, which he hands in with more perseverance than punctuality, but hopes one day to be in a position to announce that he is doing this week's work this week. (Ave, Caesar!) As for your humble servant the scribe, our Teutonic studies go on apace, and we follow after, faint, yet pursuing. (Heil, Hitler!) Having thus disposed of us all, and, we hope, placated our respective tutelary deities, let us turn to the lighter side of life.

Our mutual friend, Greaves, who has been lost sight of for a while, recently swam into our ken by reason of his becoming chairman of the Socialist Society; we understand he is also a prominent member of the Chess Club. Loxam is figuring largely in the accounts one sees of the Boat Club's doings, and last week he stroked the 'Varsity boat which gained third place in the clinker class in the Northern "head of the river" race at Chester. It is with some hesitancy we mention ourself, but some old colleagues may be glad to hear of our promotion to the harriers' first team.

Panto Day, of course, was a great event, but this year the Arts people were stationed in the city and so could not visit the old school. Every form of sport was indulged in, from baiting policemen to kidnapping a blushing bride and bridesmaid. This may sound frivolous, but then "all work and no play—."

And now, of course, the inevitable—finals and so forth. The month of June will see us butchered to make an academic holiday—but most of us cannot help feeling, as we remember the days at B.I., that, after all, we *have* entered an exam-room before now, and lived to tell the tale. And "how can man die better—?"

But of this more anon., and for the present, farewell.

Yours, etc.,

R.I.P.

## Correspondence

MERSEYSIDE YOUTH HOSTELS LTD.,  
CAMBRIDGE CHAMBERS,  
77A LORD STREET,  
LIVERPOOL, 2.  
March 12th, 1936.

Dear Sir,

We should be grateful if you would kindly allow us to use your columns to draw attention to the activities of the Youth Hostels Association (Merseyside Group), a non profit-making body which exists for the promotion of cheap and healthy holidays. The hostels at Delamere and Chester open the way to a chain by means of which it is possible to visit the most beautiful parts of Wales, including Bala, the Dee Valley, the Denbigh Moors, Anglesey and Snowdonia.

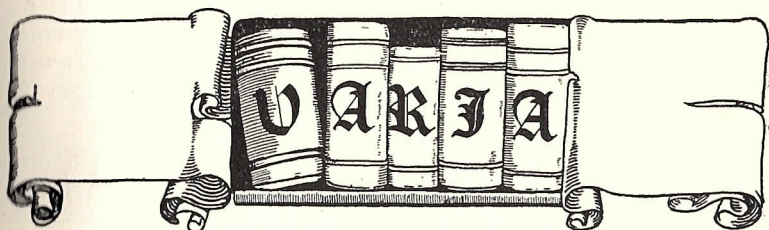
Full membership, enabling subscribers to use all the hostels in England, Wales, Ireland and other countries, costs only 2s. 6d. per annum, for those under 25, and 5s. per annum for others. At the hostels you pay 1s. per night for bed, 1s. each for hot supper and breakfast, and sixpence for lunch sandwiches; there is free accommodation for cycles. If you prefer to cheapen your holiday by cooking your own food, facilities are at your disposal. With the help of the Association's handbooks it is possible to plan walking or cycling tours at rates lower than are otherwise obtainable, and you are free to make up your own parties or to take the luck of the road and travel alone.

It is, moreover, possible for persons between 11 and 18 to register as "juveniles," provided they are accompanied on their tours by full members. In this case registration costs sixpence only; and as the other charges are reduced correspondingly it is possible for such groups to get a week's holiday for as little as 18s., bed and meals included.

Further details may be had from the Honorary Secretary, Merseyside Youth Hostels, Ltd., at the above address. Those who would like to ask questions or to discuss all the possibilities of membership are invited to call at the Office between seven and eight p.m. on Tuesdays or Fridays, when the undersigned would be happy to meet them, provided they have been notified beforehand.

Yours faithfully,  
K. C. BRUCE,  
E. D. MANSELL.





ONCE again we express our warm thanks to Mr. Hirst for giving us a film exhibition. This last show excelled all previous ones by presenting a selection of 'talkies.'

\* \* \* \* \*

A party went from the Institute to the Girls' Secondary School this term, to hear Mr. Allison lecture on 'The Development of Birkenhead' to the Merseyside Geographical Society..

\* \* \* \* \*

The departure of Coughtrie, Simms, Smart and Winter, left gaps in the prefectorial ranks. They have left to take up business appointments—lucrative, we trust,—and our good wishes go with them, and with Turner, Edwards and Melville, who have been elected in their place.

\* \* \* \* \*

When a consignment of coat hangers recently arrived at the school, it was at first thought that they were for use in the gym, to accommodate overcoats when not required by examinees and invigilators. Enquiry showed that it was not the INSTITUTE but the INSTITUTION for which they were intended. The carman, who went away muttering that he did not see much difference, was sternly rebuked by the Janitor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Certain members of the staff found loitering in or near the boiler room, and suspected of sabotage in connection with the heating apparatus, have also incurred the censure of this authority.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to all concerned in the production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Beechcroft on March 25th and 26th. On the eve of the first performance the producers were heard exclaiming that, to judge by the dress rehearsal, it looked more like being a Lady-Day's nightmare. A full account of the performance will appear in next term's *Visor*.

The function of the term, of course, is the annual prize-giving, held on Monday, March 30th. The prizes are being distributed by Mrs. Furniss, and the address is to be given by Mr. Furniss, an Old Boy who is now General Manager of Martin's Bank.

\* \* \* \* \*

At Birkenhead's Memorial Service to His Late Majesty King George V. the School was represented by a member of the staff and five senior boys.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the school was closed on the day of the Royal Funeral, a short commemoration service was held instead of school prayers on the morning of Monday, January 27th.

\* \* \* \* \*

News of extensions to the school buildings has now appeared in the local press, and Old Inhabitants of the Cubby Hole will yet, it is believed, live to hear with mixed feelings that their tiny home has been condemned. Librarians, too, of many generations, may one day read of an ejection order served on their descendants. Forms which have so long been peripatetic (blessed word!) that they have forgotten where they used to live, are already learning to discard one by one the customs of a nomad life in preparation for a return at no distant date, they hope, to the amenities of civilisation. Such is the march of progress.

\* \* \* \* \*





We are pleased to hear that Alderman Solly, Chairman of the Governors, who recently underwent a serious operation, is well on the way to recovery. We hope to see him amongst us again before long.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Visor Committee would like to thank all those who have advertised in the magazine for their kind support, and to urge all its readers to support them in return.

\* \* \* \* \*

Owing to pressure on our space, time, arteries, or what you will, *Others As We See Them* is unavoidably held over till our next issue. The Committee gratefully acknowledges receipt of *Oulton*, *The Inkwell*, *The Cowleian*, *The Caldeian*, *Esmeduna*, *The Quest*, *The Log* (Hobart, Tasmania), and the magazines of Teignmouth Grammar School, Liverpool Institute, and Wirral County School (Boys).

ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

### ATKIN.

**T**HIS term, we decided that just for a change it would be a good idea, if Atkin turned out a full team. As a result of this long overdue measure, under the leadership of our captain, Alldis, we have carried all before us, Stitt were defeated by 20 pts. to 9, Tate, by 25 pts. to 3, and the match with Westminster resulted in a pointless draw after a very keen struggle.

The Bantams have not fared so well, however, and have lost their match against Westminster but have yet to meet Stitt and Tate.

It was unfortunate that the Seniors did not show their present form last term as Atkin would undoubtedly have been second in the House Championship, whereas now we may have to take third place.

In the School teams also we are well represented, Alldis, Kinnear, Jones, Robey, Edwards, and Hill being in the 1st XV. whilst Black and Rowlands are in the 2nd XV.

We must also extend hearty congratulations to Allen and I. Jones on gaining their Rugger colours and to Edwards on being made a prefect.

The great event of the Atkin calendar, of course, was the House Social. The Headmaster was present, and, after a good spread provided by the Janitor, we all retired to the Gym. where competitions were held. Prizes were given to the winners in these and in the games which followed. A very entertaining concert was then given by various members of the House and by our masters, Messrs. F. Bloor, D. J. Williams, H. T. Davies, M. D. Wild, and E. Sorby, with lusty community singing, and on the whole a very pleasant evening was spent.

We have high hopes of success in the coming Cross Country races and Atkin should go far in the cricket championship next term.



**TATE.**

**T**HE first item which we must record is the House Social, ably arranged by Stott, who directed two small plays and procured artistes for the entertainment which followed. The tea was of excellent quality. After this we adjourned to the gymnasium where Mr. Harris led the House in community singing, accompanied by Taylor at the piano. The individual items included Taylor and Williams at the piano, Smith on the piano-accordion, and Mr. Harris, who gave us a comedy number to his own accompaniment. Altogether it was a very enjoyable evening.

We must congratulate Turner on his promotion to prefect.

Although the Senior XV. is not up to its usual standard, we have beaten Stitt by 22 points to 3, but lost to Westminster 0—24, and to Atkin 3—25. We should have had a better team, if we could have enlisted the co-operation of some of our senior members who seem to have a horror of Rugger (purely out of principle, we assure you!) At present we have only three members in the 1st XV., Astley, Clare, and Taylor.

In the three-weekly mark sheets we have done exceptionally well, coming out top every time. W.E.C.

**STITT.**

**E**ARLY in the term we were unfortunate enough to lose the services of Simms, our captain. We should like to thank him for his able management of the affairs of the House.

At the end of last term we held our first House Social for six years. Practically the whole House was present to enjoy a very successful evening.

This appears to be the only success which we are able to report. Our poor display in senior football is perhaps accounted for by the absence from our team this term of several invaluable men whose positions were difficult to fill with reliable players. The Bantam team has shown a slight improvement in its one match this term, nearly holding a strong Tate team. The tackling is on the whole, however, poor and unconvincing.

We still zealously guard the lower positions in the mark sheets, although there has been a slight decrease in the number of detentions recorded against us.

During the first four years of its existence the Senior Cross Country Cup was held by Stitt. It may be ours again, if a determined effort by the House is made; individual brilliance, in which we appear to be lacking, is not essential.

Goods supplied for Parties and Whist Drives  
at Reduced Prices.

Tel.—Upton Road 2143  
Mallaby St. 1960  
Birkenhead.

# J. H. MYCOCK,

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER.

16 Upton Rd., & 16 Mallaby St.,  
Birkenhead.

Fancies, Madeira Cakes, Fruit Cakes, etc.

Only the Best ingredients used in the manufacture of our  
Goods.

Wholemeal Bread. White Bread. Hovis.

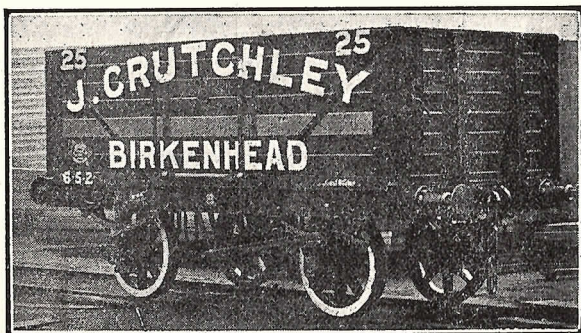
Tel. B'head 647.

## JAMES CRUTCHLEY

Est. over 60 years.

Best Lancashire,  
Staffordshire,  
Yorkshire Coals.

Anthracite, Coke,  
Nuts, for  
TRIPLEX GRATES  
Always in stock.



Only Address—

Price List on Application.

## 2 Argyle St. South, Birkenhead

(Opposite Central Station)

All kinds of Gravel for Garden Paths.

Sand suitable for Gardens, supplied and delivered in Bags  
at 1s. per cwt., special quotations for larger quantities.

Please patronise our Advertisers and mention the "VISOR."

**RALEIGH**

**B.S.A.**



'Phone : R.F. 932.

# **E. COTTRELL**

5s. DEPOSIT.  
Balance Weekly.

**117 Mount Road.**

EST.:1833. Tel. 2006 BIRKENHEAD.

**If you want FLOWERS  
for any occasion,  
you cannot do better  
than go to**

**E. P. BEER,  
FLORIST,**

***South Grove Nurseries,  
Woodchurch Road,  
Birkenhead.***

**ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED  
TO.**

**PUBLIC ADDRESS  
MIKE**

The firm that did the B.I.  
Sports

**ALLANSON'S  
738 Borough Rd.**

Phone 2545

Don't forget also

**D'Allansons  
Dance Band**

when you want a Band

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



Congratulations are extended to Melville who has recently been made a Prefect. Six of our number have received such an honour this year. W.C.B.

### WESTMINSTER.

THE most interesting, most important, most significant event of this term was the House Social. It was held on the second Monday of the term, and was a great success. Over eighty boys and masters attended the Janitorial tea. Then games and sing-songs. A very merry evening.

Congratulations to Smedley and R. C. Loxam on obtaining their Rugger colours. They thoroughly deserve them—prodigious stalwarts both. Once more the House has accumulated a vast store of points from football, owing to heaps of talent. Only one point was dropped, and then we played (for various reasons better left unsaid) short of two men. And so it is with the greatest pride that we announce that Westminster has won the Rugby Football Championship for the second consecutive year.

And we must mention the Cross-Country Run. For the last two years we have not fielded a sufficient number of men even to hope to win the Senior Championship. Therefore it is with a regard to the seriousness of our position that we ask for your support in this most deserving function. H.J.R.



### *Library Notes*

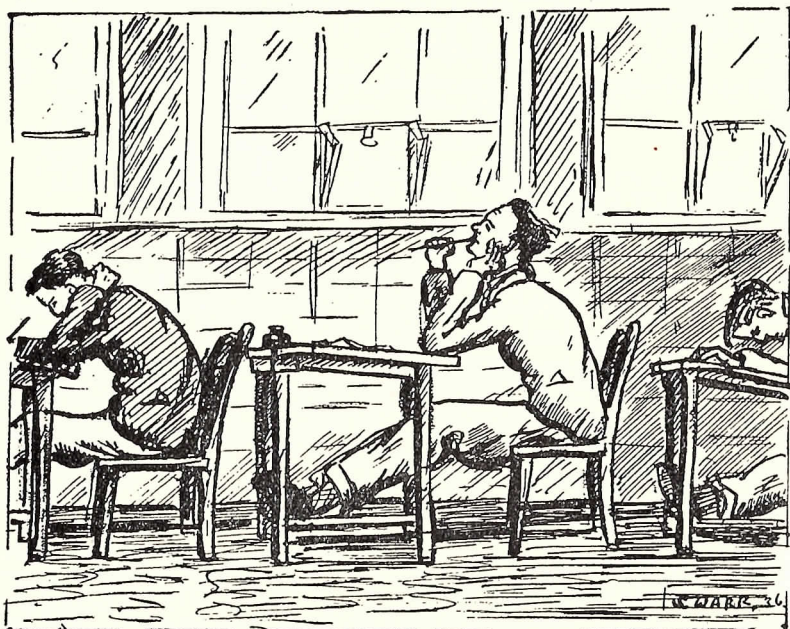
THE Library is drab: gangways in spiral convolutions, littered with attaché cases, gym-shoes, exercise books—owners you know not, good qualities you see not. Junk everywhere—on the floors, on top of the cupboards, on the shelves, in the fire-place. Junk and gym-shoes, that is the Library.

The inhabitants. One question has agitated the rest of the School since the beginning. Do they slack? Not seldom, as the history book says. Well, do they work? Not often. Their function is to inspire their juniors to work by example, by sweetness of character, and by keeping them quiet in detention. Surely this is colossal hypocrisy and fraud? Not quite: admittedly, the Librarians work less than the rest; but the work they do is "advanced." So there you are—all is explained.

Well, who is there in this old Library of ours? There is, of course, Alldis, our captain and compère, guide, philosopher, friend, etc. It is a striking fellow with a splendid Anglo-Saxon

wit. Willie, too, remains, still modest under showers of triumphs, still defending Caledonia stern and wild, his meet nurse. Or again, Davis. Take a bow, unconventional Al, astronomer and performer of handstands, apostle of Kepler, stalwart rationalist! Hypocrisy is the principal thing, therefore, go for hypocrisy, says Al. Others there are, their name is legion: Bozier, the jazz-adict, stout Heys of Tsientsin, who ain't what he used to be, etc., Fannon, the solemn, devotee of Niels Bohn. And then all the host of the first year. It is, we know, the tradition to speak slightly of the first year. Therefore we do nothing of the sort. Indeed, a nicer, more respectable, more ordinary set of lads we never did see.

But viewed as a whole, what to say of the crowd in the Library? Well, they divide, with rather startling ease, into the intelligent and the unintelligent; easily distinguishable, because the intelligent act the fool more than the others. Whether this is from perversity, animal spirits, or boredom, we know not. But we are all one in this: we are lovers of cant. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.



WHAT WAS YOUR POSITION IN THE EXAMS?



## Form Notes

### VI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that our gloomy prison was given its centennial repaint last year, we, ever a progressive form, have undertaken to re-decorate its walls. The standard blue-black colour wash we have been using has produced some exceedingly fine effects when applied liberally on an undercoating of a cream shade. This stippling, however, does not conform to any definite pattern, geometric, algebraic, or even trigonometric. Like soap, we are rapidly becoming "blue-mottled."

As a result of having exams in the gym, we have of late been too blue with cold to pay much attention to interior decoration. [We are hoping to have the scheme finished by the time the hot weather comes along; it will lend the room such a delightfully cool appearance.] Also, in consequence of the "half-yearlies," distinct mental unrest can be sensed in our midst. Feeling has been running high, and many hasty comments have been made upon masters in general. Some have even been set down on paper, these, strange as it may seem, we have deemed it wisest not to print.

May we treat you to a poem—

#### A MASTER TO HIS FORM AFTER EXAMS.

And now I will unclasp my secret book,  
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous  
 As full of marks and underlines and stars  
 As to bewilder your rash bavin wits.  
 Nigh half the form, though I have taught you well,  
 Hath but attained to fifty, or e'en less,  
 Yet this time you need write it out again  
 Once only, for I still am fair,  
 Which, in a master, is a virtue rare.

That's by Bunting, that was.

Zounds, ye chuffs, wot ye not that Springe is in the Ayre!  
 No, we thought you wouldn't have noticed it. Nevertheless,  
 we should like to end with some of our naturalist's notes.



The air was fresh (so was the fish in the chip shop window), and birds were singing. The shrill whistle of the butcher boy as he flitted down the Lane (Whetstone, of course) mingled with the harsh croaks of the black-coated master (not to be confused with the black-shirted Fascist or the black-hatted funeral director) as he sat in his nest.

From far away came the pleasant smell from the fields where the chemist plied his trade. This was closely attended by feelings of violent nausea.

The pleasant noise of spring was interrupted by the soft call of the major Edelsten, or rare "cogger." From the distance came the quacking of the crested Moxley, doubtless calling to the un-matriculated fledgelings dolefully pecking their pens. The rhythmic scratching of chalk was broken frequently by the unmannerly explosion of back-firing buses and the peculiar "Ozzy" call of the Welsh bird, or greater Ifor (which must not be confused with the great-eared Scottish bird nesting next door, commonly known as the "Bu"-bird). So came Spring to VIs.

#### VIa.

**WE** have all gone crazy on Tennyson and Shakespeare this term. Here is the sad result of our attempt to portray some of the form characters in poetic language—

Duff: "That miserable abominable misleader of youth—that old white-bearded satan."

Campbell: "Vizors up a red and cipher face of rounded foolishness."

Lowson: "A huge man-beast of boundless savagery."

Macbryde: "And such a dog am I."

De Croos: "Rough face and voice, brute bulk of limb and savagery."

Robey: "A knightly growth fringes his lips."

Turner: "Often bawls this frontless (?) kitchen knave."

Parry: "A slender-shafted pine."

K. Thomas: "A man of mien wan,"—"his chin new-reaped showed like a stubble land at harvest home."

We shall not disclose the identity of the authors of this piece of work, as none of them wish to die young.

Unfortunately the detention sheet has an amazing habit of wandering off on its own (or has it?) Anyhow, Bates seems to know more about it than he admits—

The master sat upon the desk,  
Scratching his puzzled crown.  
'O where shall I find the long-lost sheet,  
That I may put you down?'

Then up and spake a bright young lad,  
Of noble birth was he,  
'Ernie Search is a fine young chap  
And will find this sheet for thee.'

We still retain our Rugger reputation. Smedley, Robey and Lowson are in the 1st XV. whilst we are represented by Davies and Black in the 2nd XV.

Finally, moving rapidly to the south-west, we find

### RENNER AFLOAT.

While staying in Cornwall for my summer holidays, I decided to take a trip down the river Fal in my uncle's yacht, which lay at anchor in a deep creek running up from the river. A few tactful suggestions soon had their effect, and he promised to take me that very day. I was not long getting ready, and we were soon in the dinghy, rowing across to the yacht, complete with sandwiches and cider.

The boat was quickly made ready, and the sails hoisted, and we were gliding into the Fal with a gentle breeze behind us. As we cruised down stream, I found opportunity to examine many of the vessels anchored there, and among them some training ships. At last we came opposite Falmouth, and I was able to get a glimpse of the town and the steamers lying in the harbour, some getting ready for departure, and others deserted and rather rusty. On the other bank of the Fal amid the rocks stood out St. Anthony's lighthouse a bold, white building, easily perceptible to ships miles out in the bay. After tacking a few times we were soon out in Falmouth Bay, and here the fun began, as a stiff wind replaced the light breeze we had found in the river. The yacht responded to the wind, and we were now enjoying the spray as our craft struck the biggest waves. My uncle threw out a line with a spinner on the end just to try our luck, and though we were moving too fast for ideal fishing conditions, we were able to land a few mackerel.

My uncle relieved me of the tiller, while I ate some sandwiches, and drank some good Devonshire cider, for the sea air had made me very hungry. Cruising south, he showed me The Manacles, a string of rocks lying off the Lizard, and near them the remains of a ship which had been wrecked there.

It was now late afternoon, and so we turned, not reaching home till nine o'clock, as the wind was very light in the Fal, and we had to tack a great deal. At last the creek of St. Feock opened up through the evening mist, and after anchoring the yacht, we returned in the dinghy to my uncle's house, where a hot supper was awaiting us.

### Vib.

**I**T has always seemed very peculiar to me that we Vib.-ites should be thought so tough. You see, we aren't tough. We're as gentle as lambs, or doves, or something like that. But because an occasional book chooses to leave its owner and fly through the door, or a rickety old desk desires to collapse when we sit on it, then people begin to say things. Just listen to this libel.

The pre. walked hp the wooden stair,  
Looking to left and right.

"O' where shall I catch a wrongdoer,  
To put in dete to-night?"

He hadna gone a step, a step,  
A step, but barely one,  
When a book flew out of our goodly room  
And knocked him half insane.

The pre. looked round about him  
"It wasn't us," we cried,  
The pre. looked round about him  
And knew that one boy lied.

"Go fetch the sheet," the prefect said,  
"In dete you go to-night."  
And at the present moment,  
The boy's in dete all right.

That book was probably never ejected from Vib. at all. It probably came from the Chemi. Lab. where the Advanced were enjoying tuition.

And now for a little effort by Weir. I say little, because the poem is small. But the effort must have been tremendous, and its effect on modern poetical thought will be inestimable. It is one of the kind nobody can understand.



“ I intended a hit,  
 And it turned to a mess;  
 It began full of wit,  
 I intended a hit  
 But the ball came my way,  
 The rest you can guess.  
 I intended a hit,  
 And it turned out a mess.”

Good, isn't it!

And now for another thrust, this time at those Olympians, the masters. This poem, by the way, is a parody on “ Base Details ” by Sassoon, with all due and correct apologies to the great man.

“ If I were old and grey, with hefty feet,  
 I'd live like wizened masters on the staff,  
 And speed glum scholars down the stairs to dete.  
 You'd hear me, with my loud and raucous laugh,  
 Guzzling and gorging in the dining-room,  
 Reading the “ Daily Liar ”—“ Poor young chap,”  
 I'd grunt—“ I taught the fool in VIb. room,  
 He was no good, never wore his cap !”  
 And when the day is o'er and boys half-dead,  
 I'd toddle slowly home—to beer and bed.”

Not too complimentary! But then von Loewenstein, who wrote this poem, bases his observations, no doubt, on many years of actual personal experience!

Well, since we have given you three pearls of poetry, a mess and a satire, VIb. will now put down their bone dry pens from out their exhausted hands, and go to bed to recuperate for the next issue!

#### Rem. j.

ALTHOUGH you know already what form this is and that it is the best in the school it might do your stagnant brain good to work out this enigma by Simpson—

My first is in Spirit, but not in Ghost;  
 My second's in Guest, but not in Host;  
 My third's in Woman, and also in Man;  
 My fourth's in Commenced, but not in Began  
 My fifth is in Woven, but not in spun;  
 My sixth is in Rifle, but not in Gun;  
 My seventh's in Jester, but not in Fool;  
 And my whole is the best form in the school.

When you have exhausted yourselves upon that knotty problem, here is a little tit-bit of gossip. You've all heard of Pierce? Well, he's aging! Senile decay must have set in because for a whole term we have heard none of Pierce's Priceless Punning Pearls of Peerless Wisdom! Perhaps he has a secret worry on his mind. He is, of course, famed in another sphere, as this limerick shows—

There was a young fellow named Pierce,  
Whose war cry was terribly fierce,  
When fighting in battle,  
He would swing his big rattle,  
And scatter his foemen in tears.

To show you how happy we are in Rem. j., just listen to this paean of praise—

This term has been a jolly one,  
In spite of troubles all;  
We go each Monday to the field  
To kick the oval ball.

This term has been a jolly one;  
We've lost our Albert Ken;  
The Masters miss the knowledge,  
From his very able pen.

This term has been a jolly one,  
The exams are over now;  
The papers have not yet been marked:  
'Tis later comes the row.

This term has been a jolly one;  
Speech day is coming near,  
When we all go to the Town Hall  
To sing and clap and cheer.

### Remove I.

**WE** are as lawless as ever. If any proof of this fact were needed, here is an extract from H. Austin's recently published book, "Life in Remove Lower":

"We often have visits from masters and prefects, but no one takes any notice of them—we just eject the bodies, pick the pictures of the floor, right the desks, and go on playing cards.

Occasionally the silence is broken by the pleadings of the master whom we have hung by his gown from the electric light, because masters are such a nuisance. As the day progresses, more cigarettes are lit, and more money is slammed down on the desk. After a while Davis calls Carr a cheat; Carr walks quietly to the door and closed it. Immediately after howls of agony are heard, mingled with the roar of guns and the clash of knives. Then the uproar dies away, the door opens, and Carr emerges from the smoke-filled room. Rolling down his sleeves, and cramming fresh bullets into his smoking guns, he calmly tells Janny to clear away the bodies."

And now a slight story poem by Bryan. Mark well, reader, the delicacy of Mr. Bryan's ear for rime. Others would have allowed "thunders" to rime with "wonder." Not he. Relax the rules of grammar a little—and all's well. A striking example of sacrificing reason for rime—

Glum looks to right and left of me,  
While the master threatens and thunders;  
We're trying to write articles,  
But I sits here and just wonders.

Inspiration have I none,  
(Neither have the others),  
"I'll never finish all this work,"  
Said I to all my brothers.

'This article's too hard for me.'—  
But said our angry master,  
"Just come on, now, there's not much time,  
Work faster! faster!! faster!!!"

An inspiring note to close on.

### Vj.

**EXAMINATIONS** are over, gentlemen, spring is almost  
with us, so rejoice and be glad with Heaney—

### JOY.

We've started making whoopee, though we have to hide the  
fact,  
Now the long exams we've had are really over.  
And one surely could not wonder if our brains were not intact,  
Now the long exams we've had are really over.



In the past we've had our worries and our troubles, there's no doubt,

As we tried to write on subjects which we knew nothing about;  
But now we only look for lists to see where we've come out,  
Now the long exams we've had are really over.

As a statement of joy, that is quite satisfactory; but we have yet to see the whole subject of examinations dealt with properly (i.e. savagely) in a piece of verse. It will probably be done by someone who worked in the gym during a cold spell. It is noticeable that all this brings us no nearer the subject of the next effort, which shall therefore be abandoned to introduce itself—

### LET NATURE BE YOUR TEACHER.

We started on the hike at eleven in the morning, beautiful day, destination unknown. As the freshness of rural settings was beginning to filter through to us, we remembered that we had forgotten our food, being preoccupied with the tent. It was rather a set-back, and we wondered whether or not to turn back. But one of us had an idea: why shouldn't we be independent, and find our own food? The proposal was welcomed, and we continued on our way in high spirits at the thought of adventure and high romance.

In course of time we reached a field containing what were apparently turnips. Here was our first meal. We cautiously pulled up one. But somebody suggested that it might be a mangel-wurzel, and, not being quite sure of the difference between turnips and mangel-wurzels, we left the prize.

We pitched camp by a stream. A fire was needed, but there were no matches. It was then suggested that we make fire in the good old primitive way. Everybody took two pieces of wood, and began to rub them together. This went on for five minutes. No fire, no light, no spark. We gave it up.

We became thirsty. Well, there was plenty of water in the stream. But someone remembered that it had to be boiled before being drunk. So we abandoned hope of a drink. But no! Civilisation came to the rescue. We found a match in an abandoned box behind a hedge. We soon had a fire going. There would be drink, even if there were no food.

But when we went for water, we remembered that we had nothing to boil it in.

We returned home in the deepest dejection.

That was sung by 'Appy 'Arry 'Eaps! He's a nice fellow is our 'Arry. Other poets, glad to have finished the exams, open their lungs, or rather, wet their pens in order to write startling poems such as this—

Exams are o'er, exams are o'er,  
There ain't no more this term;  
Perhaps our papers may be poor,  
But there ain't no more this term.  
We've taken our books and set to work  
And plugged our ears right firm;  
We've swotted hard from morn till dark,  
But there ain't no more this term.  
The lists are up! the lists are up!  
But my marks are low I hear;  
And although there's no more exams this term,  
There's more to come this year.

#### IVa.

**T**IME being, on the best of authority, an ever-rolling stream, it has rolled along another demand for form notes, and as there is here a boom in talent, we are embarrassed for choice.

Prominent among our offerings is a delightful little thing about masters by Pearson. It possesses, we think, two points which entitle it to your esteem: it is not a limerick; it views the breed of masters with a broad, a tolerant eye, which is, at least, a change. Here it is—

#### THE MODERN MASTER.

Within yon walls which many a secret hide,  
With dirty gun and scanty bush beside,  
There, in the ancient classroom, stiff and hot,  
The Modern Master taught his rowdy lot.  
Around the walls were hanging pictures nine,  
With mangled wooden frames of crude design.  
And on the floor brave mice did often creep,  
And crawling round the room would often peep  
To see this place of learning, where, in truth,  
They had their sport in watching many a youth  
Who, shuffling, stamping feet, was swift brought out,  
That he might get a sharp, a sudden clout.  
But though you see a tyrant intellectual,  
O Modern Master, do boys not hen-peck you all?

We pass on, and like a swift rush of air comes Bibby's comparison of three sets of speeds. But reflect well, reader, before you swallow it. There is an arrogance about these speed fellows. They take it as a matter of course that one hundred years hence speeds will still be flying up, and up, and up. There is another theory: that by then people will have returned to sanity. But that's just our spleen. So read on into this brave new world.

### LEEDS TO YORK.

1736. We did set off from ye "Pig and Whistle" in Leeds at ten of the clock, our coach good, though it cost dearly. For ten miles ye accursed road was very rough, and we went no faster than walking. But it improved, ye deepest rut being no more than ten feet by twelve inches. Thus we managed a better pace. Ye town of York we reached in three and a half hours.

1936. We started out in the Lagonda from the "Pig and Whistle" at about ten o'clock, after a rather merry night there. The road was rather bad over the first ten miles, and owing to pot-holes and the speed-limit, our average was kept down to about forty miles an hour. But things improved, and our average rose to seventy. York was reached in about half-an-hour.

2036. We started off with rather a jerk in the rocket 'plane setting out from a field at Leeds. The first ten miles were not done under one and a half minutes, owing to air pockets and a damp rocket-charge. But later the air improved, and the damp charge was exhausted, so we did the second stretch in about a minute, that making three and a half minutes in all. Rather a plodding speed, of course, but we were out of luck.

### IVb.

**H**ERE we are, back in print, a form of singing birds, it would appear, for all our efforts this time are in verse. Moreover, all rimes are full-blooded, not half-hearted. (We mention this fact not in any boastful spirit, but just to show how good we are). Thompson, one of our betters, if not our best, is first on the list with a few complaints; not carping criticism, of course. but still complaints—



## SCHOOLBOY'S LAMENT.

Up in the morning—early too—  
Scramble through his breakfast quickly.  
Getting to school in time—'tis true,  
It's very hard. When he gets there,  
His books aren't placed where they should be,  
P'r'aps they've been left at home—but where?  
Could he return home to find out?  
No fear! The bell goes in a minute.  
He's in the soup without a doubt.  
Later—a thundering: "Get the sheet."

That done, we turn to Griffith's grim little narrative—

Through the school-room window  
We can see green leaves and wide,  
While we poor lads  
Are rotting here inside.

We imagine lucky blighters  
Who are playing games, quite near,  
While we poor lads  
Are rotting inside here.

We can see the 'buses passing,  
And can picture rich folk yachting,  
While we poor lads  
Inside here are rotting.

Then we turn to face the master,  
Self-styled comforter and guide  
To us poor lads  
Who are rotting here inside.

That makes two poems on dissatisfaction, and there is no reason why we shouldn't finish off with another. The more the better. But to please the optimists, this one, by Alderson, shall not be quite so dissatisfied—

## IF.

If I was Wishbone Wuzzy,  
I would rub the Wishbone well,  
And wish to be in some land,  
Where they have no sums to tell.

Where History and Latin  
And other things as vile  
Are never rammed into you,  
And you're merry all the while.

But that can never happen,  
So I will wait till when  
I am an ordinary, bright, young man—  
I'll do the bossing then.

#### IVj.

THIS is the IVj. weather forecast and news, copyright reserved by *The Visor Press Association*: A deep depression (need we say what it was?) has just passed over us. Here is a gale warning: a furious storm is fast approaching in the form of the results (see above). Heavy casualties are likely. Here is the news: This term we number only twenty-four. We began the term by going without detentions for a week. This omission (which was due to a technical hitch) has since been rectified. Several of us have learnt the secret of "make-up": Owen can impersonate Hitler, Dorrity looks like a Fairy Queen, Lacy, like nothing on earth. The Black Hood gang is still at work, defying the law with great success.

The above was handed in without signature, and the author therefore loses the ecstasy of seeing his name in print—

And here is a short poem by Bell:

Who rideth through the blinding rain  
At such a headlong speed?  
It is the famous Two-Gun Pete,  
On his equally famous steed.  
  
He rides for miles without a halt,  
But not a bit tired is he;  
He was told by his wife: "Go, rob the coach,  
And be back in time for tea."  
  
When he reached home, his wife she nagged  
And nagged, till Pete got sore,  
So that he rode away from home,  
And she never saw him more.

## IIIa.

PEACE hath her sorrows no less than examinations, and Lyons has, we think, grasped the truth of this in his version of the well-known song—

School lads arise, the exam time now is o'er,  
Now we can lounge and freely breathe once more;  
Silence for frenzied swotting now shall cease,  
Mouths now can open—one can rest in peace.

But in this paradise we are not left for long:  
Slowly from school we trudge our homeward way;  
Masters with homework end the hour of bliss,  
Instead of giving extra time for play.

Apparently all normal boys adore limericks—we therefore bow to public opinion and include one, by Shimmin—

There was a young fellow named Jones,  
Who, on entering his house, heard weird groans,  
He announced: "Oh, I bet  
That's my old wireless set,  
Oscillating in very loud tones."

Finally, we have some grand verses by Sargent on the various subjects he has the misfortune to take—

Of all the subjects which I take,  
Physics makes my poor brain ache,  
Arithmetic would not be bad—  
If it were just subtract and add.  
But when my gloomy eye surveys the rest,  
The difficult, the vile, those tried in jest,  
I feel my heart fail, thick sobs swell my chest.  
I shut my book with rage unspeakable—  
These subjects form a nut unbreakable.

## IIIb.

THE microphone is yours, Mr. Beckett:  
"This is IIIb. of the Underworld, otherwise the big broadcast of 1936. One of our number, Parkinson, has left, to travel with his parents on the stage—amusement, not coach. Couch, I understand, has invented a new type of safety-valve for the school—if thrown into a pit, it will blow the world up. But even more sensational is the news that Ceha held up Mr. ——— with an automatic!



Here is a poem, short and sad, by Williams—

Thousands and thousands of marching feet,  
 To detention room are tramping  
 On, ever on, till the end doth come,  
 Thousands and thousands of mouths soon shut,  
 As the master their mirth soon is damping.  
 Darker and darker the day soon grows,  
 And the boys are longing to chatter,  
 And, at last, out to freedom they scatter.

At Rugger we have done very well; at Soccer we have done—well, not so well. Lately we have been making strenuous efforts to blow our brains out by practising songs for Speech Day. Ceha, by the way, claims to be a bass.

### IIIj.

**T**HIS is IIIj. calling, but for a short time this term we were promoted to the rank of Olympians, and inhabited VIa. room. But, alas for ambition: most of us were lost in the huge desks. Lately we have come back to earth, or the ground floor. This is not all: we claim to have solved the great football argument—by playing soccer with a rugby ball. We finished off by having a cricket-score.

Now to the articles. Here is Bryden with an advertisement for a well known establishment—

### THE TUCK SHOP.

There's a tuck shop in the basement  
 Where we spend our time and cash;  
 It's run by a chap called Janny,  
 And he never sells us trash.  
 The service there is of the best,  
 The goods are all okay.  
 There's ginger snaps and chocolate,  
 And very little to pay.  
 When we've been chasing round the yard,  
 And we're feeling very dry,  
 Straight into Janny's shop we march,  
 His ginger pop to try.  
 We're thinking of the morrow,  
 When we can promptly dash  
 To buy some eats and ginger pop,  
 Provided we've the cash.

For  
*Better Service*

Try  
**'THE EDINBURGH.'**

TELEPHONE — — 1097.

**THE  
EDINBURGH LAUNDRY,**

**BOROUGH RD.,  
BIRKENHEAD.**

**Experts in Dry Cleaning.**

---

Please Patronise our Advertisers and mention the "VISOR."

# ALLANSONS STORES Ltd.

FOR

## Boys' & Youths' School Wear.

### BOYS' and YOUTHS' SPORTS JACKETS.

In Brown and Fawn, small check designs.

All sizes 12/11.

### YOUNG MENS' FLANNEL TROUSERS.

Medium and Light Grey.

6/11 & 8/6.

### BOYS' NAVY GABERDINE TRENCH COATS.

Belt all round. Oilskin lined. 4" Hem on Sleeve  
and Hem.

17/11 & 22/6.

### BOYS' GREY SLIPOVERS.

In self colours and coloured V necks.

2, 11.

### BOYS' BLACK INSTITUTE BLAZERS.

Extremely good black and guaranteed fast dye.

(including Badge) 14/11.

### BOYS' INSTITUTE CAPS.

To Match. Stocked in House Colours.

2/11.

### BOYS' GREY and BLUE FLANNEL SUITS.

Hard wear and smart appearance assured.

10/6, 12/6 & 14/6.

### BOYS' COLLAR ATTACHED SHIRTS.

Woven poplin in smart blue, grey & fawn designs.

2/11.

**GRANGE ROAD.**

**BIRKENHEAD.**

Please patronise our Advertisers and mention the "VISOR."



Next, some verses on food, feeding, and the effects of feeding by Roberts—

### THE HOUSE PARTY.

A crowd of boys all famished, and ready for the fray,  
For most had only had one meal, or maybe two, that day;  
A table full of life's good things, and groaning, so they say,  
But soon the hunger-maddened boys removed that load away.  
And after all the fun was o'er, we went to bed that night;  
But soon we were in Terror Land, and how we had to fight!  
We may have fought wild crocodiles, with rows of teeth to bite;  
And thankful, too, indeed, we were, when we saw the morning light.

Lastly, a fantastic little work by Thomas. Is it true, think you? Do Americans visit this town of ours? And if they do, what on earth for?

Birkenhead forms a delightful sight,  
A delightful place, when seen at night,  
And to this town in flocks they come,  
Americans with their chewing-gum.

They file on the ships in rows and rows,  
And never they care if it rains or blows,  
They just sit on a chair, and twiddle a thumb.  
And chew their American chewing-gum.

They go to see our grand Town Hall,  
And boast about skyscrapers tall,  
And all the time you can hear the hum  
Of Americans chewing chewing-gum.

Then they go back to the U.S.A.,  
And to the folk out there they say:  
"Birkenhead's all right, we made things hum,  
But we'd be lost without chewing-gum."



## Junior School Notes

THE chief event of the Junior School year, the annual prize distribution, was held on December 19th, when the prizes were presented by the Mayor, Councillor Philip Allery, J.P. By request, the play presented was our dramatic version of "The Wind in the Willows," which had formerly been acted by Juniors who are now important fifth-formers. This charming play was enthusiastically received by an audience of parents and friends.

This term, too, some of the Juniors are taking part in A Midsummer Night's Dream, which is to be presented shortly; the task of turning our noisy, heavy-footed little boys into dainty fairies who "creep into acorn cups," presents obvious difficulties!

During the term, a party of boys went to a lecture given by "Grey Owl," the famous North American Indian, when he described his animal friends. A prize was offered by Miss Bowers for the best account of the lecture. This was won by Brecknell, but all the essays showed how "Grey Owl" had interested and impressed his audience.

The Cub Pack has enrolled so many new cubs recently that it is now full. They have been busy collecting material for a Jumble Sale in aid of Hut Funds, and they are now making preparations for their part in the Group Social Evening on March 20th.

In this issue of *The Visor*, the Junior School is allotted more space than usual. All the Juniors, with the exception naturally of those who have brothers in the Senior School, buy *The Visor*, and they will be encouraged by the inclusion of their contributions. The feelings expressed in the following dirge are fortunately not general, and we have not noticed that the author is unduly depressed by the cares of this life!

We rise unwillingly from bed,  
And then a hasty meal we eat.  
The wind is cold, cloud overhead,  
And raindrops on the window beat.

We leave the house, and then we seek  
That road of doom called Whetstone Lane,  
Where, looms a building grim and bleak  
In which our life is filled with pain.

We suffer tortures all the day  
 From masters, 'cause we are not bright;  
 And at the end we go our way  
 And run till school is out out sight.

G.H., IIa.

Some of us—true moderns—scorn rhyme!

#### THE LONE HUNTER.

He was a warrior bold and a hunter.  
 He gripped his rifle old, for he the prey was near.  
 His ancient musket thundered, and the game dropped.  
 It was a small brown deer with large soft eyes.

G.B., IIa.

Inspiration is varied, as will be seen from the verses below, which include an interesting—if unseasonable—attempts at the triolet form.

#### A NIGHT SCENE.

“ Too whit too whoo,”  
 Calls the owl from his branch,  
 In the moon's ghostly hue,  
 His soft feathers blanch.  
 The silver frost gleams  
 On the pine needles green  
 The trees have their dreams  
 Of the years that have been.  
 The forest is hushed,  
 Sleeps man and beast,  
 But see faintly blushed  
 The sky in the East.  
 Soon will be dawning  
 Another new morning.

J.H., Form IIa.

#### MY GARDEN.

In my garden green there grows,  
 The tulip, daffodil, and the rose,  
 Fragrant stocks, and sunflowers tall,  
 Bloom in the bed by the old grey wall.  
 Fishes gleam in the fern-fringed pool,  
 Swimming slow in the water cool,  
 Sheltered by the spreading tree,  
 Where the robin sings enchantingly.

L.T.M., IIa.



## PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

I crouch on the rug by the fireside,  
 And in the fire I see  
 A dragon with a great big tail,  
 As long as you and me.

Out from the chimney shadows march  
 An army, guns and all!  
 A halt was called for there appeared  
 A Roman fortress wall.

As I watch the fortress,  
 It changes to a ship,  
 With all its lights a-glaring  
 As it rumbles down the slip.

As the ship glides into the water  
 A great black whale up-heaves.  
 Its cruel tail is quivering  
 As the ship in twain it cleaves

As I crouch on the rug by the fireside  
 Wonderful visions I see,  
 And my fancy is lost in the glowing flames  
 Until it is time for tea.

L.H., IIa.

## AUTUMN.

Autumn leaves are falling fast,  
 Carpeting the forest floor.  
 Comes November, and the blast  
 Autumn leaves are falling fast,  
 Summer now alas! is past;  
 Soon comes winter cold and hoar;  
 Autumn leaves are falling fast,  
 Carpeting the forest floor.

L.T.M., IIa.

We conclude with Brecknell's account of a visit to Rhos Fynach Monastery.

## RHOS FYNACH MONASTERY.

One of the oldest ecclesiastical buildings in North Wales is the Rhos Fynach Monastery, founded in 1185 A.D. by the

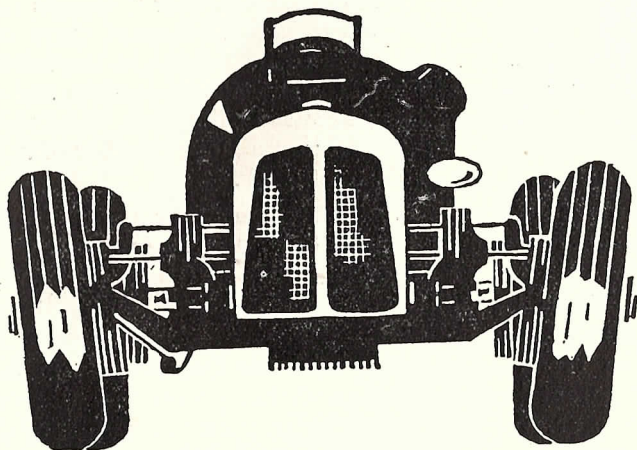
Cistercian Monks, who guarded the two weirs on the west of the pier. This ancient monastery is a quaint low-roofed building consisting of twelve rooms and extremely narrow passages, and rickety old stairs which creak when one ascends. Very little daylight penetrates the interior as the few windows are exceedingly small. The various rooms are full of antiques of all descriptions. Here are chests, tables, mirrors, tapestries, pictures, china and glass-ware, cooking utensils, and hundreds of ancient and modern weapons of different nations such as rapiers, cutlasses, rifles, spears, and pistols, particularly interesting to small boys.

K.B., IIa.



### *Solution of Double Acrostic*

1.	C	h	a	n	g	E
2.	E	s		s	e	X
3.	R	o			m	A
4.	T	e			r	M
5.	I	m			p	I
6.	F	o	r	e	i	N
7.	I		d		e	A
8.	C	r	i	c	k	T
9.	A		n		t	I
10.	T		r		i	O
11.	E	l	e	v	e	N



LINO-CUT. A. D. TURNER, VIA.

## *Chess Club*

**T**HIS term we lost our captain, Leighton, and fourth board Mayo. As the term before, the first three boards had left, the team was considerably weakened. Against Liverpool Institute we lost by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  pts. to  $4\frac{1}{2}$ . The Rock Ferry match is not yet decided, as the first board remains to be adjudicated. We lost to Merchant Taylors and Liverpool Collegiate by 1 pt. to 6, and 2 pts. to 5 respectively. The present team is:—Davis, A. L. (capt.), Sarginson, Moore, Mercer, Blackburn, Lowson, G., Lowson, R., and Bunting, reserve.

In Division I. of the tourney Blackburn and Moore are leading, with equal scores. Lowson, R., has won Division II. by gaining all seven points, Bell being second with five. Division III. is a knock-out tourney, Welch and Vick remaining to fight it out. A.L.D.



## *Scout Notes*

**S**couting is essentially an out-of-doors game so that the bad weather has curtailed any activities outside the four walls of the School gymnasium. During the Christmas holidays, however, two rambles and a cycle run were held, but not many Scouts could persuade themselves to rise early (?) and brave the elements.

Perhaps the most successful "out-door" Scouts during the festive season were the carollers who spent three nights before Christmas hiking around Birkenhead in the snow and descending in a body on the houses of parents and other friends of the Troop. They received altogether the handsome sum of £8 14s. od., not to mention a large number of suppers (very welcome in such cold weather!).

We are pleased to say that the money collected from last term's concert, from a Jumble Sale, and by the carollers has, together with the result of a Whist Drive kindly given by Mrs. Wetherell in aid of the Group, brought our Hut Fund up to £100.

The Troop is combining with the Cub Pack in holding a second parents' social, which will have been held when these notes appear. We hope to entertain parents and other friends with games, cinematograph films, and songs round the camp fire.



his chest. Don't forget that we are not attached to the League of Nations itself, in fact you will find the strongest critics in our ranks, but what we do represent is the desire upon the part of the British people to make the machinery of collective security work. We think this method is good and that you should know about it. If you have a better idea let's hear it. You can come to every meeting, if you like, without joining.

We are making the Institute L.N.U. conscious. From being the burial ground of the school cranks we are becoming the place that puts the 'ope in Europe!

If your friends are far too few,  
You feel that you need pastures new,  
Please just come and take a pew,  
At the B.I. L.N.U.!

If your brains are in a stew,  
Think you've got a touch of flu,  
That's the time to come unto  
The B.I. L.N.U.!

When your income tax falls due,  
Or rising rates make all things blue,  
There's just one place that will suit you,  
The B.I. L.N.U.!

H.H.

### *Scientific Society*

FOR several reasons the activities of the society have been curtailed this term.

Mr. Watts had promised to come to school to give us a talk but we are given to understand he has been too busy settling down in his new home in Southport. We hope he may find happiness in his retirement there.

Mr. Piggott had also promised to give a talk on Television, but this has had to be postponed owing to the non-arrival of a photo-electric cell which has been on order for some time.

Mr. Jeffery is to give his first paper to the Society on March 24th. He is dealing with light and colour, and we understand that he will perform an interesting and novel series of experiments.

Everyone looks forward to the finer weather and lighter nights, when we can enjoy the main part of our Scouting out-of-doors. One of the Assistant Scoutmasters, Mr. Magee, is taking three patrol leaders on a cycle tour to London and back in the Easter vacation. Best wishes for a pleasant time! There are also whispers of another cycle tour and perhaps week-end camps—roll on warmer weather!



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

THE Society continues to exist, in spite of the fact that some of our most active members have left. This term, our programme has been disorganised by the mid-term examinations, and we have been able to have only one meeting. (Before the end of term, however, we hope to arrange three meetings). This meeting took place on February 4th, in the Gymnasium. Mr. Allison gave the second part of his lecture on "The Development of Birkenhead" and, as on the occasion of the first lecture, there was a good attendance. We were extremely fortunate to have the opportunity of hearing the lecture at School and of seeing a most valuable set of slides.

Our thanks are due to Mr. W.E. Williams, who continues to occupy the chair, for the time he gives up to the society and the patience with which he endures our efforts.

Our next meeting will be a debate on the football pools controversy.



### *League of Nations Union*

THIS term opened upon its usual depressing note. We held two meetings on international peace topics, both very badly attended and showing lack of spirited discussion. So after the third discussion, on the subject of Peace Councils and how interesting they are, we decided that we need a bigger, brighter society. You have informed us by your non-attendance that our meetings have been dull. We thank you for the information, and our biggest brains have been busy preparing a 100 per cent. interest programme. We intend to place before you everything from film shows to bun-fights (even the greatest pacifists among us don't object to the latter, they say, "big guns butter no buns.") Since debates are more interesting than discussions on this imperfect planet, we should like anyone who does not agree with us to come and get it off

This term has seen the inauguration of a junior section of the society. Whilst the lines on which this section will be conducted are not entirely settled yet, one experimental meeting has been held. This took the form of an informal talk on electricity. Malley of IVa. brought along some home-made apparatus, and demonstrated its use; he also explained the action of a car ignition coil.

The only other event of note was the visit paid by several of the senior members of the society to the University on the occasion of a paper on Cosmic Rays by Professor Chadwick, the new Professor of Physics at Liverpool, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for his discovery of the Neutron. In his paper, he made a comprehensive survey of the research that has been carried out on Cosmic Rays during the last twenty-five years. He demonstrated the use of the Geiger Muller counter in the detecting and counting of these mysterious rays which reach us from outer space. He also showed some remarkable photographs, taken by means of the Wilson expansion chamber, shewing the paths of these rays in powerful electromagnetic fields. He told us the greatest problem in connection with Cosmic Rays is to account for their phenomenal energy. They seem to be endowed with a quantity of energy a hundred times greater than that of any previously known particle, some of them being actually capable of penetrating several hundreds of meters of water.



### *Rugby Football.*

THE first four fixtures this term, involving fourteen games, were cancelled owing to snow and frost. The first matches played were against Oulton School. The occasion found our 1st XV. unfit, and they lost by five points to fifteen, but the 2nd XV. just managed to win by thirteen points to twelve, and the Bantams won by twelve points to six.

The matches against St. Mary's College, Crosby, were all lost. The first team might well have won had there not been so many infringements. There was a notable misunderstanding of the rule referring to a man on the ground interfering with the ball. The result was seven points to nil in favour of St. Mary's. Last term we defeated this team by eight points to nil. The other defeats were more decisive. But our fifteens were very much depleted by injuries and illness.



Last week, events took a more cheerful turn. We saw an excellent display by the 1st XV. against Wallasey Grammar School seconds. One wing accounted for no fewer than four tries, the collaboration between Smedley and Robey being worth watching. Lowson Junior found the ball coming out on his side very frequently, and he and Clare served their three-quarters well.

But all the honours did not go to the backs. There were some excellent forward rushes, and both Lowson Senior and H. M. Jones scored tries.

It was fitting that Jones should play such a fine game on this, his last appearance for the school. He is now building houses in Eastham.

The second team game against Wallasey thirds also brought a victory by fourteen points to eight, but our Bantams on this occasion found more than a match. They lost by forty-two points. There is some consolation perhaps in the fact that the Wallasey Bantams have dropped only half a dozen points in the whole of the season.

There are crowded into the last fortnight of term three important fixtures: Oldershaw, Park and Rock Ferry. It would be unwise to speculate on the results. All we can say is that we shall give them better games than those of last year.

This is the term in which School Colours are awarded, and we have to congratulate the following on achieving this distinction: Alldis, Bell, Winter, R. C. Lowson, Smedley and I. G. Jones. There is a possibility that one or two more may be awarded before the end of term.

We should also like to extend hearty if belated congratulations to Taylor, Smedley and Alldis who played in the Public Schools games during the Xmas holidays, Alldis securing the special distinction of being chosen for Liverpool and District against Manchester.

### RESULTS.

	1st XV.	2nd XV.	Bantams.
Feb. 19—Oulton .....	5	—11...13—12...12—	6
Mar. 7—St. Mary's, Crosby .....	0	—7...3 —36...3 —20	
11—Wallasey .....	33	—5...14— 8...0 —42	
18—Oldershaw .....	8	—34...3 —27...41—	0
25—Park High .....			
Apr. 1—Rock Ferry .....			

	Junior Bantams.
Jan. 29—Park High School .....	24—0

# OLD BOYS' SECTION

## *Notes and News*

THE meeting held at the School on December 14th, to re-constitute the Old Boys' Association was attended by nearly a hundred enthusiasts. A provisional committee was elected under the chairmanship of Mr. Watts on which the existing bodies of Old Boys were represented. Suggestions for the formation of other subsidiary organisations to be affiliated to the Association were made, and enquiries were set on foot to find out what support could be found for a choral group, a swimming club, and other activities.

\* \* \* \* \*

A great deal of hard work by the Secretary, Mr. H. A. Wilmot, and the pioneers in the new groups was reported at various meetings of the committee, and culminated on February 24th in the first general meeting of the new Association at the School, at which about 80 Old Boys were present.

\* \* \* \* \*

The chair was taken by the Headmaster, who welcomed the revival of interest among Old Boys in each other and in the School, and promised his hearty co-operation and that of the staff, who were well represented.

\* \* \* \* \*

The rules drafted by Mr. Noel Lewis and the acting committee were adopted with some amendments, and the following officers were elected—

President : The Headmaster ;  
 Chairman : Mr. Watts ;  
 Vice-Chairman : Mr. Noel Lewis ;  
 Treasurer : Mr. L. Berkson.

The constitution of the committee was so arranged as to provide for the representation of Old Boys of all ages.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several vice-presidents were elected from among the older Old Boys, and the first name to be proposed was that of Mr. Hugh Grice. Mr. Grice, who gracefully acknowledged the compliment, was the only Old Boy present who has a son now in the school.

Meanwhile the Choral Society has come into active being, and held a successful inaugural meeting on March 9th. A fund of talent has been discovered to exist; weekly rehearsals are in progress, and next season the society expects to have enough members to embark on a definite programme. Those interested are invited to communicate with the Secretary. Mr. A. Niblock, 279 Borough Road.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Swimming Club met on March 12th to elect officers and a committee, and a membership of over 40 enabled them to proceed with their arrangements. Tuesday at Byrne Avenue is the night agreed upon, when the baths will be reserved from 9-0 to 10-0. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. A. I. Jones, 11 Primrose Road, Cloughton.

\* \* \* \* \*

On April 18th it is proposed to hold another Hot Pot Supper, this time at the Queen's Hotel; and at this function a report of all activities and progress will be given. Announcements of future arrangements will also be made, and these, we understand, include tennis matches for the summer, and a literary and debating society for the winter months.

\* \* \* \* \*

Make a note of the date—April 18th. This is a preliminary announcement: notices with full details will be sent out in due course.

\* \* \* \* \*

Any Old Boy, of any year, who has not yet joined the Association, or one of the affiliated societies, should do so at once, if not earlier. Application may be made to the Secretary of the society in question, or to the Secretary of the Association, Mr. H. A. Wilmot, 'Glyn Wood,' Helsby, Cheshire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Marriage—At Rhyl, 30th January, 1936, N. Boote (1916—20).

\* \* \* \* \*

J. H. W. Haswell, who served in the R.A.F. during the War, and later joined the Methodist ministry, sailed from Southampton on March 17th, to take up an appointment as staff chaplain to the Royal Air Force in Iraq and Palestine.

\* \* \* \* \*

J. Platt, who contested the Wavertree Division of Liverpool in the last election, has been appointed Sheriff of Flintshire.



## *Old Boys' Successes*

### UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Degree of B.A. with Honours in History—Class II., G. Jellicoe.

### UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

#### FACULTY OF ARTS.

Degree of B.A. in General Studies—First Year Examination—L. Coglan.

#### FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

Ordinary Degree of B.Sc. Intermediate Examination : R. Mackinder.  
STUDENT'S PRIZE—Institution of Electrical Engineers (Liverpool Centre) : L. B. Wood.

DIPLOMA IN PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE—Dr. J. F. Galloway.

INTERMEDIATE SOLICITOR'S EXAMINATION—W. A. Bennett.

INCORPORATED INSTITUTION OF SECRETARIES—Intermediate Examination—W. E. Boston, J. C. Mason.

CITY AND GUILDS—Intermediate Examination—E. W. A. Brewster.

NATIONAL CERTIFICATE IN PRACTICAL ENGINEERING—W. A. Brecknell.

DIPLOMA OF PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION—E. A. Connell.

#### FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Degrees of M.B. and Ch.B.—Second Examination : G. C. Tweedie.

#### FACULTY OF ENGINEERING.

Degree of Ph.D.—L. B. Wood.

Degree of M.Eng.—H. Collins.

#### FACULTY OF EDUCATION.

Degree of M.A.—H. Price.

### SCHOLARSHIPS AND AWARDS.

#### UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

DAVID REW MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP (Renewed)—L. B. Wood.

LEVERHULME CHEMISTRY PRIZE—R. H. Roberts.



## *The Hungry Footballer*

RETURNS are rarely happy. Even on birthdays the welcome present of a fiver is all too frequently borrowed by the donor immediately the time-honoured expression has passed his lips. Sherlock Holmes's come back practically cleaned out what little intelligence was left to the medical profession. And only the returning delegates from conferences on naval limitation are happy in the knowledge that nothing to limit their freedom of action has occurred since their loud-trumpeted departure.

No man (said the oldest player)—certainly no footballer—is justified in coming back unless he goes away on a return ticket. To continue is an infinitive outside the vocabulary of a man who has once stopped. Look at Napoleon. Look at Enoch Arden. Look at——.

The Oldest Player, with distance in his eyes, looked at a player who had recently become a grandfather. The sniffs and polite sarcasms were mere catarrh and approbation to his wizened ears as he brooded and pondered on the brink of reminiscence. And as he dredged the channels of his memory, his audience dressed at the speed of actors in the films of thirty years ago.

Perhaps you won't remember (he went on) but many seasons ago we had a right-half-back called Famish—Eaton Famish. A good player under normal conditions, but if he could be kept hungry until after the match he would play like an accomplished fury. A remarkable man. Nothing dirty about him—at least, not under the old rules. Of course, nowadays, it's a foul for kneeling on a man's neck. With Famish, though, the eyes were the queer part about him. He would tackle his man and trample him underfoot a bit, just like any other player. But in addition a look would come into his eyes, as though he would like to make a meal of him as well. Not mere ferocity, but the regretful gaze of a tiger at the zoo at the sight of all the people on the other side of the bars.

I wasn't by any means the only person to notice this phenomenon. Eaton Famish won many a game for us because, at crucial moments, opponents didn't like the way he looked at them, and got out of his way. Actually we received no complaints, apart from the grumble of an occasional player who found teeth marks in the lobe of his ear or the nape of his neck.

And then one day Eaton Famish left us. He just disappeared. Some time elapsed before we discovered that his unnatural appetites had incited him to attack plate glass windows in Grange Road. He apparently chewed with bulimic voracity every atom of glass from one large shop front in half-an-hour. His activities aroused consternation in the breasts of the honest tradesmen. And the authorities decided that he should be removed to an environment where his talents might be practised with less inconvenience to his fellow-creatures.

The years went by. Teeth marks turned to scars and scars to barely perceptible discolourations. And Eaton Famish be-

came a myth, a legendary figure whose prowess was the peg on which old-timers hung their memories.

When I next saw him, I was standing with the Secretary and nine of my fellow-players at Pier Head. We were playing an away game and had been waiting half-an-hour for the eleventh man to turn up. Famish saw me, dashed across and wrung me by the hand. I gasped the name. The Secretary, a young fellow whose knowledge of Eaton was limited to a tradition which eulogised his football skill and ignored his digestive proclivities, was overwhelmed. He insisted that Eaton Famish should play for us. I murmured a tentative "but." They would not listen to me. No matter his exile from football, his former dangerous vices. No matter the likelihood of his consuming, not only the opposing eleven, but the referee, linesmen, goal-posts, and corner-flags as well. And as I watched the Secretary beaming with enthusiasm upon the famous Eaton Famish, I sympathised for his spectacles.

We managed to collect the necessary football gear, and Eaton Famish appeared on the field with his old club once again. I observed with relief that the gluttonous fire, the ravenous ferocity of former days, had left him. He was subdued and short of wind. He was so mild that he allowed himself to be tapped on the ankle half-a-dozen times before he even attempted to break the outside-left's leg. And when he succeeded in doing this the fracture was only very slight. The mighty Eaton Famish had come back and, Ichabod, the glory had departed.

And so the game went on. No goals had been scored. We were desperate to win this match to gain the championship. And yet, so sorely conscious were the Old Boys of Eaton's failure, they were practically overplayed.

The climax came five minutes from the end when an opposing forward took a flying kick at the ball and made contact with Famish's head. The spectators, warming to the home team's superiority, were encouraging their favourites with such injunctions as "Eat 'em," "Bite 'em," "Chew 'em up." I happened to look at our hero. And my tongue nearly bolted down my throat as I saw the old voracious expression stealing into his eyes. In consternation I sought the object of his scrutiny. Famish was licking his lips hungrily and his gaze was fixed on a huge, meaty fullback whose flesh would have proved



irresistible temptation to anyone with the slightest cannibalistic inclinations. I managed to voice a half strangled shriek of warning. The full-back looked up, saw Famish, and started. So did Famish—after the full-back.

Just at that moment our outside-left was tearing down the wing with the ball at his feet. The goal-keeper was advancing to intercept him in case he made for goal. The full-back was also beating a hasty retreat into his own penalty area, and Eaton Famish was streaking up the field in pursuit. There was a deathly stillness in the air. The referee had one glimpse of Eaton's face and dropped his whistle. Even the spectators seemed to sense the tension of the situation.

The outside-left cut in, beat the goal-keeper and shot. The ball hit the inside of the post, rebounded to the opposite post, and remained stationary on the line. The full-back, suddenly recalled to duty, dashed across to clear. He reached the ball and raised a beautifully-fatted limb to boot it into the next field. Too late! With a snarl like a blooded wolf, Eaton Famish dived forward and inserted his fangs in as juicy an expanse of human calf as ever graced the board of a man-eater. Shrieking in the tones of a punctured bag-pipe, the full-back proceeded off the pitch like an unshaped thing to come, leaving behind him a mouthful of much-relished protein.

Having gorged this delicacy, Eaton Famish turned to the ball. We implored him to kick it into the net. In vain. He sank his dentures in the leather as though he were gnawing a chicken-bone. One bite and the ball had burst. Four bites and what had been a football was now being absorbed into Eaton Famish's unnatural digestive system.

They took him away again, and he played for the Old Boys no more. Eaton Famish! What an appetite! Referees would miss their whistles, and Famish would whistle every time he breathed. Linesmen would lose their flags and shreds of cotton could be seen trailing from his jaws. The ravages he perpetrated on the Old Boys' goal nets may be seen to this day.

The Oldest Player's concluding sigh was answered by an ambiguous grunt from an Old Boy who had just slipped in to collect his shoes. And as the intruder crept out, the Oldest Player, alternately sipping his tea and crunching a biscuit, stared happily ruminative into the gathering dusk.

• B.W.

AWARDED 30 MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS.

High-Class Bakers, Confectioners,  
Caterers.

**W. Y. HODGSON & Co.,**

381 & 383 Borough Road,  
48 Upton Road,  
**BIRKENHEAD.**

Also at **BROMBOROUGH & CHILDER THORNTON,**

Telephone : **BIRKENHEAD** (Borough Road) 1789 (Upton Road) 81.  
**BROMBOROUGH** 37, **CHILDER THORNTON** 9.

---

**Claughton Travel Agency**

(ERIC FLINN)

**6 Upton Road, Claughton, B'head.**

Telephone 1946.

**OFFICIAL RAILWAY and STEAMSHIP AGENTS'  
BOOKING OFFICE.**

**L.M.S., G.W.R., CHESHIRE LINES & L.N.E.R.**

Tickets Issued & dated in advance (No booking fees).

**SEAT RESERVATIONS and LUGGAGE IN ADVANCE.**

**BELFAST & DUBLIN** Tickets also issued by direct Steamers & berths reserved

**CRUISES, TOURS (British & Continental); CROSVILLE  
and RIBBLE MOTOR COACH SERVICES; KARRIERS  
PARCEL DELIVERY; BAGGAGE INSURANCE and  
LONDON THEATRE SEATS BOOKED.**

**If you travel by Rail, Coach, Steamer or 'Plane  
ARRANGE YOUR HOLIDAY BOOKINGS  
Through Our Agency.**

---

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

**SHORTHAND,  
TYPEWRITING  
AND  
BOOK-KEEPING**

THOROUGHLY TAUGHT.



PROSPECTUS:

**Mrs. McDONALD,**  
F.C.T.S. INC.,  
24 Balfour Road,  
Birkenhead.

Tel.: Rock Ferry 1013.

**G. S. WILSON,**  
M.P.S.,  
DISPENSING and  
PHOTOGRAPHIC  
CHEMIST.



**KODAK CAMERAS and FILMS  
DEVELOPING, PRINTING  
ENLARGING  
RAPID SERVICE**



**PATHESCOPE Home Cine  
Supplies**



**Have a Cine Show at Home  
Just the thing for a Party**  
*Apply for Terms.*

**The STATION PHARMACY,  
176 Bebington Rd., Bebington**

---

Tel.: 21 Rock Ferry

**E. A. MURRAY & SONS, Ltd.,  
Printers and Stationers.**

---

**437 NEW CHESTER ROAD, ROCK FERRY**  
(A few doors from Bedford Road),

---

**39 THE VILLAGE, LOWER BEBINGTON.**

---

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



# MOTHERS

do you realise the part you play  
in helping your boy to gain his—

## . . MATRIC ? . .

**I**N order to cope with the tremendous mental and nervous strain which this examination imposes, a boy must be in good fettle, and this depends to a great extent upon a reasonable supply of good wholesome food.

FOR sixty years we have specialised in selling foodstuffs of high quality, at reasonable prices. The service we give is second to none! May we call for your order? A postcard or 'phone call will bring our representative.

## NIXON'S

*The Old Established Modern Grocers,*

**50 Market Street, Birkenhead.**

Please patronise our Advertisers and mention the "VISOR."

# DR. TEASDALE GRIFFITHS

FELLOW, ROYAL COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.  
FELLOW, TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.  
FELLOW, INCORPORATED STAFF-SIGHT-SINGING COLLEGE.  
ASSOCIATE, ROYAL MANCHESTER COLLEGE OF MUSIC.  
LICENTIATE, ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.  
MEMBER, ROYAL SOCIETY OF TEACHERS.

REGISTERED TEACHER,  
LECTURER, ADJUDICATOR, RECITALIST,  
CONDUCTOR, EXAMINATION COACH.

PREPARATION for all recognised Musical Degrees and Diplomas, and for Music as a subject in Arts Degree or Matriculation.

TUITION given in Pianoforte, Organ, Voice Production, Aural Culture, Form in Music, Harmony, Counterpoint, Fugue, Orchestration, etc., etc.

*For Terms and Interviews, apply :—*

**17, Christchurch Road, Oxton, Birkenhead.**

*Or 'PHONE : BIRKENHEAD 1977.*

---

## F. J. NICHOLS,

*Pharmacist.*



A large assortment of TOILET  
ARTICLES kept in Stock . . .

Along with all PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES



Sole Maker of the Original Elder's  
Winter Cream.

**104 Woodchurch Lane,**  
**PRENTON.**

Tel. : Birkenhead 988.

Tel. : Birkenhead 4350.

## Plaza Sports Co.

FOR

---

**THE BEST GOODS AT  
REASONABLE PRICES.**

---

**Camping, Cricket, Golf,  
Hiking, Tennis, etc.**



*Wirral's  
Leading Scout Outfitters.*



*Adjoining*

**PLAZA CINEMA,  
BOROUGH RD.**

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

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

A SUCCESSFUL Hot Pot was held at the Woodside Hotel on February 9th, when the Headmaster presided, and a large number of members enjoyed an excellent meal followed by a remarkable entertainment. The guests included representatives from the leagues in which we play, and these gentlemen paid high tributes to the standard of football maintained by the Club for many years.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have enjoyed a better season than last year, though the 1st XI. did not fulfil their early promise. They have lost three of their four last matches, and with them all chance of promotion to the First Division.

The four junior teams show a definite increase in playing ability, and this has been reflected in an improvement on last year's results.



## *The Old Instonians Rugby Football Club*

SINCE the last issue of *The Visor* there has been much done in laying the foundations of a really succesful Old Boys' Rugby Club; the Old Instonians are, undoubtedly, making a name for themselves in district rugby.

The initial step was the obtaining of an excellent pitch in Bidston village, in the private grounds of Mr. H. E. Griffiths, a vice-president of the Club, who deserves our very sincere thanks for afcording us the use of his land, in days when good grounds, within reasonable distance of the town, are so scarce.

Various enthusiastic members having put the ground in order and erected the posts, fixtures commenced on Feb. 15th, with a match against Oldershaw G.S. Old Boys. This match was lost by 18 points to 3, the only encouraging features being a grand try by our stand-off half, H. E. Winter, and, to quote the press, 'the rugged wholehearted work of the pack.' A fortnight later, Bidston 3rd XV. visited the ground, and on that memorable day. the Old Instonians won their first match by 36 points to nil. The game proved that we have the making of a fast, mobile side, and it was especially pleasing to note that



eight separate members of the team scored tries. Cammell Laird's were the next team to be met, when an evenly-contested game resulted in a win for Laird's by 18 points to 8.

Further regular fixtures have been arranged to the end of the season, our next match being against the School XV., whom we intend to defeat by a substantial margin. As a further activity, we are hoping to take part in the local 'seven-a-side' games at the conclusion of the season.

The form shown in matches already played has been surprisingly good, and promises great things for next season. Our captain, G. G. Wilson, whose long experience has been invaluable, has done much to hold the pack together—his advice, both on and off the field, is encouraging and stimulating. H. E. Winer, A. G. Theobald, and C. T. Coughtrie, all of whom have joined our ranks from those of the School, since the beginning of the season, have been of great assistance, and the whole team though lacking experience, has shown great enthusiasm and enterprise.

The Club has found an outlet for its social energies, in running a series of very successful dances, on Saturday evenings, at Pax Hall. These dances are to continue until the end of April. Come along, and bring a partner, tickets are only 1s. 3d. In connection with these dances, we should like to express the deep gratitude of the Club to Miss D. Rice and friends, who have so kindly looked after the catering arrangements.

In conclusion we urge every boy who will be leaving school at the end of the school year seriously to consider joining the Club. Complete fixture lists have been arranged for two teams next season, and all that is needed is the support of boys leaving school to enable us to carry on the fine traditions of the Institute and to foster the reputation of which the School is so justifiably proud.

P.B. (Hon. Sec.)



## Obituary

WE learn with regret of the death, following a motor accident, of Henry Hill Fisher (1917-21), who, since his marriage last year, has resided in Newcastle.