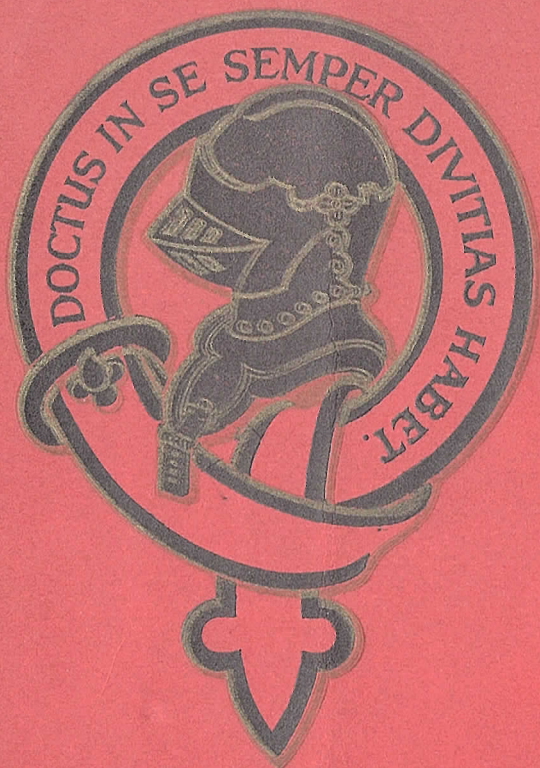


# THE VISOR

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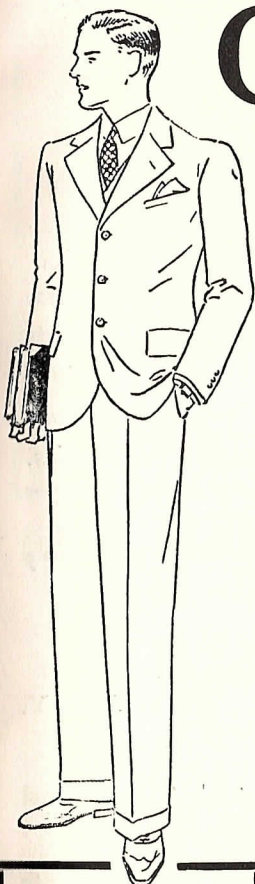


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SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

---

SUMMER, 1936.

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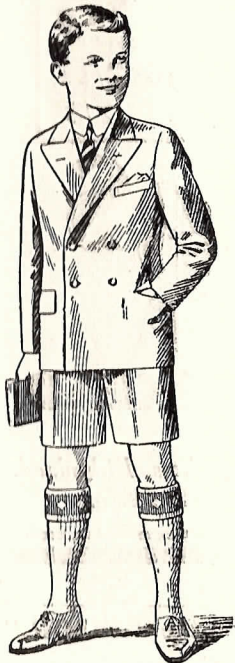
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1ST XI., 1936.



W. J. CLINTON (Scorer), D. JOHN, R. LOWSON, R. KAY, G. POWL, Mr. THACKER,  
J. G. HARDIE, K. MORTIMER, J. F. R. EVANS, R. A. KING, W. KINNEAR (Capt.), C. J. MONTGOMERY, P. H. JONES.





VOL. IX., No. 3.

SUMMER, 1936.

## *School Calendar*

Summer Term ends ... ..	July 28th.
Autumn Term begins ... ..	September 16th.
Half Term ... ..	October 31st—November 4th
Autumn Term ends ... ..	December 22nd.

## *Editorial*

ONCE more we are awakened from our sweet slumbers to prepare our noble magazine for publication, and compose the traditional Editorial.

As usual in the summer term, a number of the committee will be leaving, and will have to pass on their staves of office to the few stalwart survivors who remain. New blood must be introduced into our select midst. Who will be willing to become involved in the soul-tearing struggle of editing such a journal? Again, how many of those who are leaving will continue to support the School by purchasing the Mag. as they have done in the past?

To Old Boys, we would particularly suggest that, not only should they arrange for a permanent order, but that they should contribute articles.

To present members of the School, we reiterate our well-worn plea that contributions should be more and still more spontaneous and original. Surely, some of us are capable of rising above the common things of life once in a term, and producing an article of a certain literary merit and some degree of interest.

Now we have thus politely exhorted our readers, the only task which remains is to bid all farewell, and especially those for whom this term will be their last at the B.I. We take this opportunity of wishing them every success.

## Salvete

**IIIj.—Stitt:**—Hughes, S. K.

**Lower Prep.**—Ward, B. R.

## Valete

**Upper VI.—Stitt:**—Bray, W. C., *Prefect, House Captain, Matric., 1934, 1st XV. Rugby, 2nd XI. Cricket, Member of Rifle Club.*

**VIa.—Tate:**—Warr, S. A.

**Westminster:**—Lowson, G. C., *1st XV. Rugby.*

**Rem.a.—Stitt:**—Jones, L. W.

**Rem.l.—Stitt:**—Casey, A.

## Annual Athletic Sports

**T**HE important event of this term was the Annual Sports, which were held on the 13th June. The weather was slightly unsettled at first, but Fortune smiled on us, and though at one part of the proceedings, rain seemed imminent we were lucky enough to escape such a catastrophe.

Many parents and friends of the School were present and we were also fortunate in having the Mayor with us. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. J. R. Paterson.

P. O. Jones won the Senior Victor Ludorum with 11 points, followed very closely by J. Taylor with 10 points, while Beer won the Junior Victor Ludorum. The House Championship was won by Westminster, with Atkin a close second.

## RESULTS.

**Senior Cross Country Run:** Taylor, A. J.

**Junior Cross Country Run:** Garry, W. N.

**Long Jump (Under 14):** Bartlett, J., Docherty, R. L.

**100 Yds. Open:** Hill, R. L., Jones, P. O.

**100 Yds. (Under 13):** Proudman, H., Huntriss, Bartlett, J.

**100 Yds. (Under 14):** Clarke, L. F., Beer, E. A., Williams, J. S.

**100 Yds. (Under 15):** Morris, W. J., Milne, W., Mackintosh, L.

**80 Yds. Junior School Handicap (Under 10):** Gilliland, O., Osborne, D.

**80 Yds. Junior School Handicap (Over 10):** Despres, Bartlett (dead-heat), Haughton, J. D.

**Throwing Cricket Ball (Under 14):** Griffith, C. E., Clarke, L. F., Strickland, J.

**220 Yds. Open:** Hill R. L., Jones, P. O.

**220 Yds. Handicap (Under 13):** Huntriss, S., Proudman, H., Morrell, H.

**220 Yds. Handicap (Over 15):** Astley, T. G., Shipley, T.

**220 Yds. Handicap (Junior School):** Despres, D., Gilliland.

**Throwing Cricket Ball (Open):** Lowson, R. C., Wood, L. G.

**220 Yds. Handicap (Under 15):** Clarke, L. F., Williams, J.

**High Jump (Under 14):** Beer, E. A., Tressider, W. A.

**High Jump (Open):** John, D. F., Smedley, K. J.

440 Yds. (Open): Taylor, A., Smedley, K.  
 440 Yards Handicap: Milne, W., Bartley, E., Huntriss, S.  
 Long Jump (Open): Jones, P. O., Smedley, K. J.  
 3 Legged Handicap (Senior School): Edlesten, J., Edlesten, W. K.  
 3 Legged Handicap (Junior School): Bibby, Bartlett.  
 Old Boys' Race: Smith, C.  
 One Mile (Open): Taylor, A., King.  
 80 Yds. Sack Race (Under 14): Proudman, H. G., Tressider, W. A.  
 80 Yds. Sack Race (Over 14): Bartley, Pears, R. T., Speed, A. J.  
 60 Yds. Sack Race (Junior School Handicap): Harris, G., Baxter, G.  
 Open Relay Race: Hill's team, Henshaw's team.  
 House Relay (Junior): TATE.  
 House Relay (Inters.): WESTMINSTER.  
 House Relay (Senior): ATKIN.  
 120 Yds. Hurdles (Under 13): Huntriss, S., Whitelaw, R., Bartlett, J.  
 120 Yds. Hurdles (Under 15): Gullan, J. Milne, W., Beer, E.  
 120 Yds. Hurdles, Open: Jones, P. O., Hill.  
 Obstacle Race (Under 14): Tressider, L., Williams, J., Smith, J. N.  
 Obstacle Race (Over 14): Weir, R. A., Sandland, S., Simpson, P. T.  
 880 Yds. Handicap: Clarke, L. F., King, R., Bartley, E. L.  
 Tug-of-War (Open): May's team, Jones's team.  
 Consolation Race (under 14): Norton, Beauchamp, Beckett.  
 Consolation Race (Over 14): Hughes, H., Clarke, J.  
 House Tug-of-War: Westminster.  
 Victor Ludorum (Senior): Jones, P. O. (11 points), Taylor, J., 2nd (10 points).  
 Victor Ludorum (Junior): Beer, E., 6 points.  
 Junior Champion: Gilliland (5 points).  
 House Championship Shield: Westminster, 65 points.

## Speech Day

ON March 30th the School Speech Day was held at the Town Hall. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. J. M. Furniss, and the chair was taken by his Worship the Mayor (Councillor P. Allery), who was accompanied by the Mayoress. The Chairman addressed us first, and spoke of the need for extensions to the School and mentioned that during the present year the preliminary estimates would be prepared. Then followed the Headmaster's report in which he criticised the present over-emphasis on examination results by employers. He also called attention to the long list of Old Boys' Successes, which this year was even more distinguished than usual.

Following the speech of the Deputy-Chairman of the Governors, Mr. W. Jackson (who presided in the unfortunate absence of Mr. G. A. Solly) came the distribution of prizes by Mrs. Furniss.

At the conclusion of this, we had an excellent address from Mr. J. M. Furniss, general manager of Martin's Bank. Mr. Furniss, who is an old boy of the school, stressed the fact that commerce was calling for men with higher qualifications to fill positions which have arisen out of the world-wide operations of commercial undertakings. He also said he was afraid that



many a boy merely drifted into commerce, simply because he had not thought out any definite career for himself. If a boy had a particular bent he should without doubt follow it and put his whole energy into becoming an expert in the career of his choice. Mr. Furniss also spoke of the mechanisation of the clerical side of commerce, which by cutting out a vast amount of routine work opened a short cut for those qualified for responsibility in management. Finally, he said that it was his experience that a man was made, or rather made himself, in the first few years of his business life. Commerce, to a man who had got into it by mistake, might be uncongenial, but that was only the result of drifting into a career for which he was not qualified. A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. J. R. Patterson in a humorous speech in which the various speakers of the evening were given positions in a Rugby team.

### *"A Mid-Summer Night's Dream"*

**T**REMENDOUS activity was remarked during the Easter term among members of the Dramatic Society, which culminated in the presentation on April 25th and 26th of Shakespeare's comedy "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The play was excellently produced by Mr. Towers, who managed the comic underplot, and Miss Dyer, who handled the lovers and fairies. The story of the play is too well known to need further description, so we pass on to the actors.

The party of lovers was very good, their speed and energy rivalling a professional performance. M.T. Jones as Lysander, in particular, gave a really fine performance, although Gallacher as Demetrius came very close to him. The vigour of the former reached a fine climax when he attempted to transfix the prompter behind the curtain! Gullan and Vincent, as Helena and Hermia respectively, admirably surmounted their difficult parts despite cumbersome dresses and deepening voices. One might almost say that these "females" compared very favourably with the galaxy of beauty we saw on Sports Day. This was surely the case with Hippolyta, played by W. S. Williams, who looked very fine in his (her?) flame-coloured dress. Gibson made an extremely ducal duke both in voice and appearance. G. L. Evans, playing Egeus, was unfortunate in having to take the place of L. O. Mackinn at less than a week's notice.

The comic underplot really cannot be praised sufficiently. Ridout, as Bottom, presented his part with great enthusiasm and understanding, while Speed made a magnificently fussy

Quince. Heaps as Snug, Macadam as Snout, Hanman as Starveling, and G. Davies as Flute, all seemed to have a wonderful grasp and comprehension of the comic and farcial elements of the play, while every inflection of word and voice had been attended to by the producer.

The Junior School presented us with a remarkable bevy of fairies, whose dancing was a feast for the eyes. Dorrity and Sparrow as Titania and Oberon not only looked their parts but acted them very well, speaking their lines with great finish. Hirst, as Puck, played excellently and rose from a sick-bed to do so! Archibald stood out among the fairies as a really humorous Peaseblossom.

Now for a word of praise about the costumes, many of which were made by the parents. Lysander, Hippolyta and Oberon were perhaps the best arrayed, while the fairies' costumes were also very effective.

The setting and lighting were admirably managed by Mr. Darlington whose stylised trees attracted much attention. The long scene in the wood (Act III., Sc. 2) was perhaps the prettiest, with the rather mysterious blue lighting and peculiar shadows. The fairies' dance in the last scene was also notable for its wonderful lighting.

In fact, the production was excellent in every way; and a few boys who saw the film of the play this term voted "that Hollywood had got nothing on us." G.L.E.

### *Obituary*

**T**he *Visor* learns with deep regret of the death of Mr. W. A. Deakin, B.A., who was Senior Modern Language Master here from April, 1929, to April, 1931, when he retired on sick leave.

Mr. Deakin was educated at the Waverley Road Secondary School, Birmingham, and Birmingham University, where he took an honours degree in French and German, as well as the Secondary Teaching Diploma. On leaving the University, Mr. Deakin held a post first at Ashfield College, Harrogate, before coming to Birkenhead.

His sudden death at the early age of 30 was all the more unexpected as we had previously heard such good reports of his convalescence from the pulmonary trouble which was the cause of his leaving the Institute.

## ***Scouts want £300***

### **AN APPEAL TO PARENTS.**

**F**OR some time past members of the B.I. Scout Group have felt the need for a building, separate from the School, to serve both as headquarters and as a club room for Rovers, Scouts, and Cubs.

The possession of a 'Hut' of our own would make it possible to extend the excellent work already done by the Group, so as to benefit the boys themselves and raise the general standard of scouting.

The cost of such a 'Hut,' capable of accommodating 50 boys, would be about £400. Of this sum about a quarter has been raised during the last few years by means of concerts, dances, whist drives, jumble sales, and carolling. This result shows that the Group has been active in pursuit of its aim, but unless other methods are adopted, that aim will clearly not be realised for a number of years.

In order to try and obtain the remaining £300 as soon as possible, a committee has been formed to organise a bazaar, which will be held in the School on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, December 5th.

This bazaar will take the form of a sale of work and side-shows. So far six stalls (sweets, fruit and flowers, jams and jellies, fancy-work, household goods, and White Elephant) have been suggested. Teas and light refreshments will be available during the afternoon and early evening.

To obtain the materials and produce for the various stalls a considerable amount of work will be necessary, and the committee hope that all parents who can will co-operate in the task.

From among the parents directly connected with the Scout Group, sub-committees will be formed, each to be responsible for one stall. But there is one way in which *all* parents and friends can help to make the bazaar a success:

Come to the School on December 5th.

Spend as much as you can.

You will need Christmas gifts: buy them at the bazaar. You will bring pleasure to your friends, and win the gratitude of the 23rd Birkenhead (B.I.) Scout Group.

**Remember the date: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5th.**



## *How to pass Matric.*

WE make no apology at all for treading on the corns of *The Weekly Post* on a topic like this. We feel, in fact, that the boot is on the other leg, and that the *Post* has been putting a spoke, so to speak, in our wheel.

This matric. business or bogey, as some call it, is a tricky business, and without in any way derogating from the authority of the august headmasters who have contributed to the series, all past, present, and future matriculants will agree that it is hardly a fit subject to be bandied about, and tossed lightly from mouth to mouth by the lay readers of a non-technical journal.

*The Visor* does not, of course, wish to plume itself, or (a more difficult task) to blow its own trumpet; but living as we do in a matriculated *milieu*, managed as we are by a staff of the post-matriculate, read as we hope to be by hundreds of aspiring and perspiring matriculants, on the ground covered by the Joint Board we stake our claim as confidently as any *Post*.

Doubtless many members of B.I. have had their attention drawn by the parental forefinger to these 'arresting' articles, and have been advised to delve therein for the elusive and exclusive tip. Doubtless, too, they have waved aside such suggestions with the tolerant scorn of champion sprinters declining gifts of artificial legs. They will have already gathered that *The Visor* is not addressing these remarks to them. But many a harassed parents, bewildered by the volume and diversity of the advice offered elsewhere, may perhaps find help and comfort in the following simple instructions:

1. Choose a Good School.

(NOTE:—In a Good School the youngest forms will be asked at frequent intervals, "What do you come to school for, boys?" and will be taught to reply in hearty unison, "To Pass Matric., sir!" This will soon give their little minds the correct bias. If your boy has not heard before the end of his first term what he comes to school for, remove him and send him to another. He has not Got his Foot on the Ladder.

In a Good School there will be lots and lots of homework, especially on Saturdays. If your son finishes his homework in under three hours, remove him and send him elsewhere. He is not at the Right Kind of School).

2. Keep a watchful eye on these points for about four years, long before the end of which, matric., except for university students, will have vanished altogether, and you will have time to worry about something else.

## WATCH THE VISOR!

Look out for the next contribution to our "How to PASS" series!

Further articles, each contributed by an expert, will deal in a simple unaffected style with such pressing problems as How to Pass Seven No Trumps, the Buck, the Salt, Muster, the Frozen Mitt, a Dud Half-Crown, a Five-Litre Bentley, and finally, Out.

Order Your *Visor* in Advance.

*On Visiting a Power Station*

LAST Easter I had the great fortune to visit what is perhaps the largest power station in England, to which even crowned heads might be refused admittance—the Iron Bridge Power Station, situated amidst beautiful scenery on the banks of the Severn.

The building is about two hundred feet high, and from the roof tower three steel chimneys, each two hundred feet high, which remove all smoke and fumes. On entering, one is deafened by the stupendous roar of pulverising mills, which break coal to a fine powder by means of steel balls.

The coal-dust is then blown into the white-hot furnaces by means of slotted nozzles. The furnaces heat steam-generating units, each unit having an evaporating capacity of 270,000 lbs. of steam per hour.

The main steam drums are approximately 4' 6" in diameter and 36' long, being solid drawn from one ingot—a great engineering feat, considering the size.

The steam-tubes are enclosed in steel blocks, as a measure of protection; this arrangement is known as a water-wall.

The generated steam passes through superheaters, which further raise the temperature of the steam to 800° F. Thence it passes into the turbo-generators.

Two of these were in use, and each is capable of an electrical output of 50,000 k.w. It was impossible to detect any movement in the turbines, although actually they were revolving at many thousand revs. per minute.

When I had gained a platform higher up, by means of narrow steel ladders, I was informed that two men had fallen from there and been killed. My courage wavered. It failed me still more when I was told that if anything burst, it meant sudden death.

More awe-inspiring still was the immense size of all the machinery, and the feeling of hidden power which was created. Everything is immense, even the amount of coal used in a day—400 tons. Because of the great vibration, the machinery is supported on springs.

But words are inadequate, and no pen could do justice to this marvellous feat of modern engineering which is terrible in its size and power. L.H.

### *The Ordeal.*

NO patch of sunlight, no sound of the laughter of the outside world, broke in upon the sombre stillness of the dark, dark corridor along which Maschem Graitlee was being led. The footsteps of the small party echoed strangely, uncannily, between the stone walls.

As Maschem Graitlee walked eyes downcast, head bent, he thought. He reflected upon the events leading up to his being brought here. Continually, through his brain, seemed to run those two derisive words: "Too late, too late." Yes, it was too late to go back now.

The room itself! Great beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead as he gazed about him. Slowly, in a pitying way, a tall gentleman led him to the object which occupied the centre of the room: a chair!

The little group of people moved a short distance away, each member of it talking to his fellow in a low, almost awful whisper. The irony of the situation struck Maschem; he could have laughed, although he could have cried. He felt sorrowfully laughing, yet laughingly bitter.

"Is everyone now ready?" asked the tall gentleman of the little group of spectators.

"Quite ready," came the reply.

The tall gentleman raised his hand; he stretched out his finger and thumb, which closed upon a switch. The muscles of his hand twitched slightly—the hand moved downwards—the deed was done, and the little group of people moved forward with an air of anxiety mingled with some measure of relief.

\* \* \* \* \*

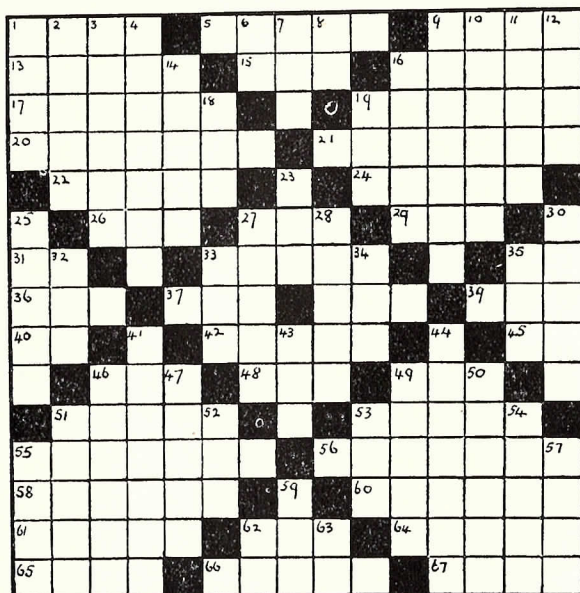
Well, Maschem Graitlee could never make up his mind whether to have a sepia enlargement or a "natural colour" one, for nowadays one can say so much . . . . .

O.H.



## Crossword No. 11

ONE prize will be given for the first correct solution of this crossword which is received by Mr. Hall.



### CLUES.

#### ACROSS.

- |  |                                    |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1.—Dry.                                    | 37.—Permit.                        |
| 5.—Clergyman.                              | 38.—Peak.                          |
| 9.—Strip of wood.                          | 39.—Metal.                         |
| 13.—Ship.                                  | 40.—See 31.                        |
| 15.—Rested.                                | 42.—Renew.                         |
| 16.—Weird.                                 | 45.—See 35.                        |
| 17.—Saws.                                  | 46.—Pawn my parent.                |
| 19.—Fairly, like your sister.              | 48.—Toper.                         |
| 20.—In close order.                        | 49.—Batters with shells (with 66). |
| 21.—Wooden vessels.                        | 51.—Hen.                           |
| 22.—Arena, stage.                          | 53.—Yacht may be a first—          |
| 24.—French river.                          | 55.—Madman.                        |
| 26.—Command (with unchecked letter in 39). | 56.—One skilled in argument.       |
| 27.—Acted.                                 | 58.—Wild ass.                      |
| 29.—See 35.                                | 60.—Canticle.                      |
| 31.—} Preposition.                         | 61.—Less wild.                     |
| } Seized (with 40).                        | 62.—Prohibit.                      |
| 33.—Darling.                               | 64.—Looks evilly.                  |
| 35.—} Large number (with 45).              | 65.—Anag. Difficult.               |
| } Toil hardened (with 29).                 | 66.—Poets.                         |
| 36.—Tree.                                  | 67.—Peaks (rev.)                   |

## DOWN.

- |                                |                                       |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1.—Expresses grief.            | 32.—Trec.                             |
| 2.—Floats buoyantly.           | 33.—Pronoun and Possessive Adjective. |
| 3.—Graft.                      | 34.—So far.                           |
| 4.—Units of measurement.       | 35.—See 33.                           |
| 6.—Part of verb "to be."       | 41.—Travelled.                        |
| 7. & 8.—Unit of weight.        | 43.—Watch pocket in breeches.         |
| 9.—Glancing slyly.             | 44.—Rev.Member of U.S. upper chamber. |
| 10.—Tube.                      | 46.—Hat for canal wear?               |
| 11.—Heading.                   | 47.—With out, come to a slang end.    |
| 12.—Prefectorial exclamations! | 49.—Tower in Shinar.                  |
| 14.—Loins.                     | 50.—Forte.                            |
| 16.—You must not make one.     | 51.—Some months are.                  |
| 18.—Understand?                | 52.—Royal Irish Rifles.               |
| 19.—Comrade.                   | 53.—44 is.                            |
| 23.—Steering organ.            | 54.—Prefix, back—.                    |
| 25.—Bend.                      | 55.—Reluctant.                        |
| 27.—Is passionately fond of.   | 57.—Used in billiards.                |
| 28.—Charge.                    | 59.—7.                                |
| 30.—Pieces of negative advice. | 62. & 63.—Hat, arm, or brass?         |

*Crossword No. 10*

**P**RIZE awarded to A. R. Pierce, Rem.j.

## SOLUTION.

## ACROSS.

- |               |                     |              |              |
|---------------|---------------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Wane.      | 22. & 23. Socratic. | 38. Sam.     | 56. Marries. |
| 5. Evans.     | 24. Weeds.          | 39. Dim.     | 58. Orient.  |
| 9. Vail.      | 26. Dew.            | 42. Petty.   | 60. Beiges.  |
| 13. Alive.    | 27. Fit.            | 45. B.I.     | 61. Anent.   |
| 15. Ice.      | 29. Sly.            | 46. Moa.     | 62. Sir.     |
| 16. Terry.    | 31. Io.             | 48. Dry.     | 64. Sends.   |
| 17. Dimity.   | 33. Laces.          | 49. Car.     | 65. Test.    |
| 19. Rascal.   | 35. B.I.            | 51. Large.   | 66. Heron.   |
| 20. Earning.  | 36. & 40. Snake.    | 53. Cares.   | 67. SSSS.    |
| 21. For sale. | 37. Mad.            | 55. Garment. |              |

## DOWN.

- |                        |                 |              |               |
|------------------------|-----------------|--------------|---------------|
| 1. Wade.               | 14. rev. Write. | 33. Lap.     | 51. Larne.    |
| 2. Alias.              | 16. Tares.      | 34. Say.     | 52. -Ent.     |
| 3. Nimrod.             | 18. rev. Any.   | 35. Bib.     | 53. Cab.      |
| 4. Evinces.            | 19. Row.        | 41. Torment. | 54. Seeds.    |
| 6. & 8. Vine.          | 23. See 22 ac.  | 43. Try.     | 55. Goat.     |
| 7. Act.                | 25. Risky.      | 44. Carries. | 57. SSSS.     |
| 9. Vessels.            | 27. Faded.      | 46. Maries.  | 59. Fir.      |
| 10. Arcady.            | 28. Testy.      | 47. Agent.   | 63.-62. Rose. |
| 11. Irals (rails-anag) | 30. Limit.      | 49. Cares.   |               |
| 12. Lyle.              | 32. One.        | 50. Reigns.  |               |

## University Letters

PETERHOUSE,  
CAMBRIDGE.

To the Editor of *The Visor*.

Dear Sir,

A chance arrival at this paradise of Belisha-crossings and one-way traffic streets might imagine that he had strayed into the Garden of Epicurus. Wherever he might go, amid the trim college gardens; along the shady avenues skirting the 'Backs'; by the side of the sluggish Cam; or in the drifting punts; he would alight upon groups of young men and women whiling away the remaining days of term with no apparent cares in the world. Yet appearances would sadly deceive him. He would be but a witness of that enervating complaint—examination convalescence. And while one half of Cambridge rests and forgets, a closer inspection would reveal gowned and stooping figures flitting across College Courts and cobbled passages, laden with bundles of precious manuscript. The "Days of reckoning" are upon us, and our real eyes are not upon the shimmering trees and sunlit walks; they are anxiously fixed upon the knitted brows and cruelly penetrating gaze of a whole army of industrious examiners. Our prayers are that we are not dwelling in a "fool's paradise."

Perhaps the most symbolic event of the past term was the surprising appearance one Monday morning of two large and vivid flags flapping from the lofty and apparently inaccessible pinnacles of King's College Chapel. As Cambridge passed down King's Parade to morning lectures, it stopped and stared. One flag was the Union Jack; the other red and yellow—the Abyssinian emblem. How they got there remains a mystery: the Alpine Club was suspected! But they did symbolise the overwhelming condemnation which the student world has expressed against the barbarous violation of Abyssinian independence. The Cambridge Union responded by electing Haile Selassie to life-membership.

Mr. Editor, my task is completed. Next term you will yourself be adding to the numbers of what His Majesty's Minister for War characterized recently as "a lot of silly boys." So you will in future rejoice in the attentions and flatteries of the editorial staff.

Yours sincerely,  
K. W. WALKER.



EXETER COLLEGE,  
OXFORD.

The taxi sped through deserted streets . . . Another of Oxford's sons was being given to the world—and it all seemed so natural that he'd had neither opportunity nor inclination to consider the full meaning of the event till that moment. Of course, he'd been near to it quite often during that last crowded term. When his degree had been conferred with interminable archaic ceremony, for instance : or when he'd drifted for the last time through the reflections of the drooping willows and stubbly poplars in the sunlit waters of the Cherwell . . . Now, he found unusual satisfaction in the thought that Oxford never seemed to change ; he could come back—often. Or would strange faces, a new youth, chill and repel him ? . . . He felt vaguely depressed.

The last four years had been incredibly good—living, breathing, and talking Oxford. Beautiful surroundings—an existence at once strangely old and wonderfully modern—its keynote freedom—freedom to do, to think, and to say, what one liked.

He had seen the faltering, self-conscious schoolboys of his first year learn to live by themselves, to look after themselves, to handle money without getting into a mess : seen them turn from the extravagances and superficialities of the first year to the more vital, more satisfying pleasures of university life. They'd changed into a pretty self-reliant, self-possessed, sober crowd by their last year—diverse variations of a type on which they had consciously or unconsciously modelled themselves. Perhaps that explained why, alongside a real love of the university, a desire to leave the pleasant backwater and face the broader stream of life had latterly possessed them with increasing frequency and insistence.

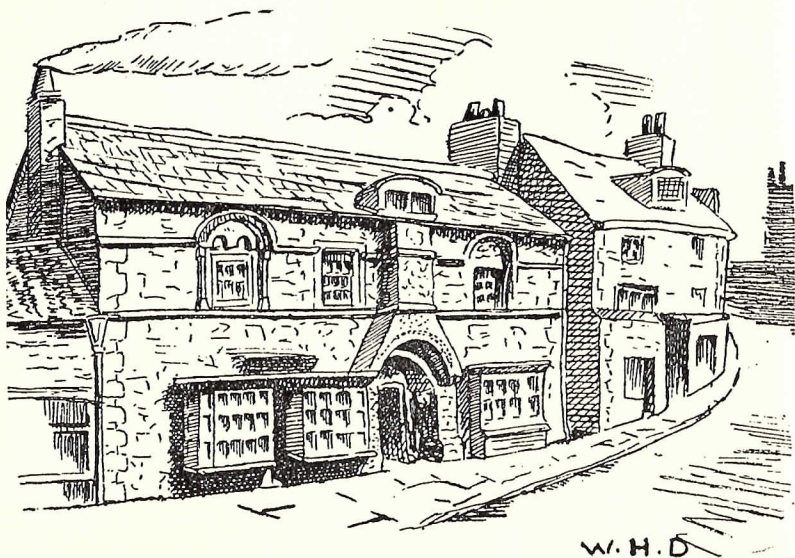
A powerful solvent of prejudices and irrational habits, too, this freedom. Especially when personal contacts were continually revealing new traditions, new principles. How often had he watched the flesh-burner wrestling with the flesh-eater till the small hours. Thus he had learned to be tolerant of all opinions ; to subject everything to searching criticism. The result had not been cynicism—rather integration and more powerful enthusiasms. The Buchmanites had swept through Oxford in his time. The Union had supported the " King and Country " motion in his first year . . .

They arrived at the station. The train didn't leave till two—so off they went to toast the university in coffee." It must be a tough break going down," the taxi-driver said through a mouthful of hamburger. The young man nodded moodily.

### *The Jew's House, Lincoln*

**D**URING the Middle Ages it was customary in the great cities of Europe to confine the much-persecuted Jews to a special quarter, called the ghetto, a custom not abandoned in some countries until last century. In Lincoln the ghetto extended from Doenstall Lock, up Steep Hill as far as the South Bailgate. There are still extant in this quarter two ancient houses, of which the illustration shows the more famous.

It is a two-storied house at the foot of Steep Hill (so steep that there is a handrail to assist pedestrians) and stands where the Old Bull Ring used to be. Built in the XII. century it has several notable features, including a beautifully mounted entrance doorway. Here lived a Jewess named Belaset of Welling-



ford, who was hanged on a charge of clipping the coinage in 1290, the year when the Jews were expelled from England.

The house is closely connected with a legend, of which there are at least eighteen versions, somewhat similar. A group of boys playing hand-or foot-ball were joined by one called Hugh, who drove the ball through a house window. He was enticed into the house by the owner's daughter, a young Jewess, cruelly murdered, and his body flung down a well. From this well his dead body miraculously spoke, so that the murder was discovered and the Jews punished. A contemporary writer (1255) tells the version that the Jews tortured the boy and crucified him in contempt of Christ. The murder was miraculously discovered, and eighteen Jews were hanged. Chaucer's prioress's tale is an elaboration of this theme, which is a stock medieval legend, belonging to many cities and countries. It is still superstitiously believed in several countries, despite the fact that it is an obvious libel on a harmless community.

### *Others as We See Them*

**T**HE *Inkwell* (December 1935) is bigger and better than ever. It runs to 87 pages of reading matter and five of photographs. There is an excellent article describing a recent trip to Russia, and exposing several popular fallacies about life under the Soviets; and another, more 'tendentious' as the Italians would say, and therefore less readable, on the New Germany. These are in addition to descriptions of a school tour to the Rhineland, and of two months' stay in Paris.

\* \* \* \* \*

Further evidence of the increasing interest taken in the affairs of foreign countries appears in *Esmeduna* (December 1931) under the title *In Italy*. This is an account of a mass excursion for a party of 'Fascist Youth' to Italy from—



Palestine. The writer, an English boy living in Palestine, was amused to meet these "Italians" who were going to attend the annual camp of the *Avanguardisti*, with a tour of Italy thrown in, free of charge: they were Arab boys, half of whom did not know a word of Italian. "They were having," he says, "the time of their lives. We were, too." The events described took place in 1934, and the account of the Italian 'education' provided *gratis* among young Arabs in Haifa seems significant enough in the light of recent troubles there.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SPEECH DAY CLIPPINGS.

*Liverpool Institute.*

'It was also gratifying to see the Staff occupying their place on the platform behind the Headmaster.'

*Oulton.*

"Most notable is the increase in the VI. Form, of genuine students—not pupils waiting for posts."—The Headmaster.

*Chester City and County.*

'... an interesting and humorous address, beautifully rounded off by an appeal for a day's holiday.'

*Wirral County.*

'The Joint Matriculation Board of the Northern Universities would cease to issue matriculation certificates from 1937. A long-standing grievance had thus been removed.'—

The Headmaster.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ODDMENTS.

'Immaculately oiled hair.'—

Titled speaker at School Speech Day.

'It provides for him and his ilk.'—*The Inkwell.*

'The weather was ideal; perhaps *too ideal*.'—*The Quest.*

'M. ——— was *accidentally* poisoned.'—

*Liverpool Institute Magazine.*

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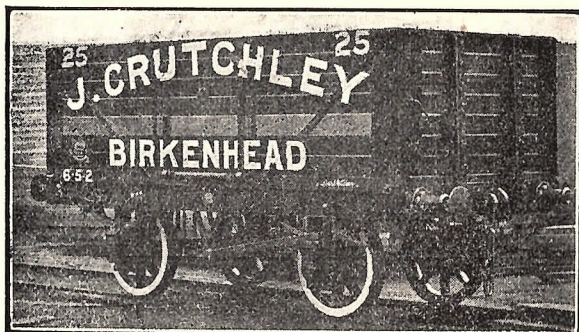
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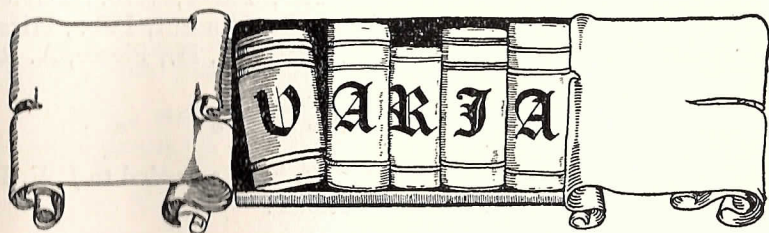
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ONE morning this term we had the pleasure of a visit from Alderman Solly, who is now recuperating after his serious illness. To celebrate his recovery we were allowed an extra day's holiday at Whitsun.

\* \* \* \* \*

The School now has its long-awaited trophy cupboard, complete with a dozen or more silver cups and a key.

\* \* \* \* \*

We must convey very sincere thanks to the Atkin family for renewing the Atkin Grant for a further seven years.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to our new prefects—G. L. Evans, Fannon, Mercer, and Nava.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the Annual Sports we were fortunate in having the company of the Mayor as well as that of Mrs. J. R. Paterson, who presented the prizes.

\* \* \* \* \*

We note with deep regret the sudden death of Mr. Deakin, a former master.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following boys brought parcels of clothing for the poor boys' summer camp:—Edwards, D. C. L., Garrett, R. T., Lower Prep.; Buckney, R., Don, J., Haughton, P., Lyth, W., Peers, W., Form I.; Bartlett, J., Bray, J., Hill, G., Ha.;

Sudworth, Woodward, IIIj.; Morris, Parry, IIIb.; Davies, W. H., IVj.; Schofield, Williams, G., Vincent, IVb.; Hirst, Wilson, IVa.; Thornton, Rem.a.; Ceha, R. H., Pierce, A. R., Rem.j.; Campbell, F., VIa.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cricket colours have this season been awarded to J. F. R. Evans and Mortimer. Congratulations!

\* \* \* \* \*

The total sum collected in the School for the Alexandra Rose Fund this year was £1 3s. 2d.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Weekes recently paid us another visit, and gave us one of his interesting lectures. Since then we have been feeding our athletes on honey.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fire drill was held the other day. Though efficiently carried out, it was disappointing to the many who had hoped for some fun.

\* \* \* \* \*

Though new locks were fitted to the library cupboards as long ago as Summer, 1935, these are all apparently still intact—a feat of incredible endurance. The tops of the same cupboards, in spite of the fact that they were cleaned (what sacrilege!) a couple of months ago, are, however, rapidly becoming once more like the Retreat from Mons. The Advanced even yet live up to the ancient traditions of their kind!

\* \* \* \* \*

We now have two motor-cyclists in our midst. What with cars and motor-bikes, the drive in front of the school resembles more and more a second-hand motor agency.

The Janitor is thinking of starting a filling station, petrol being supplied by means of a short flexible tube from the muzzle of our battered gun—a war-time relic.

\* \* \* \* \*

The dining-room tables are thinner on top than ever—shoveha'penny is such a destructive pastime.

Further news of the Advanced :—

(i.) A pipe band has been formed, instruments being laboriously fashioned from milk-straws.

(ii.) A requisition has been sent in for modern plush-covered chairs for the library.

\* \* \* \* \*

News of the playing fields :—

(i.) A new mowing-machine has been acquired—a veritable mammoth of the grass-track.

(ii.) Our goal-posts have blossomed forth into a gorgeous array of black and yellow bands. (For those who wish to copy, please note that striped paint can be obtained at a small extra cost from certain manufacturers).

\* \* \* \* \*

To Old Boys—we would bring to your notice the ever-increasing size of the Old Boys' Section. The more matter is sent in, the more we can and shall print.

\* \* \* \* \*





Among the various Old Boys' Clubs and Societies of which reports may be found in the Old Boys' Section, there must be one or more which will appeal to almost every boy who is leaving this year.

In wishing happiness and success to those departing, we would urge them to keep up their connection with each other and with the School by joining the Old Boys' Association, and regularly subscribing to *The Visor*.

\* \* \* \* \*

We congratulate the Scouts on their success at the annual athletic sports of the Birkenhead Boy Scouts' Association, when, although by no means fully represented, owing to illness and other causes, they won the Walter Harding Silver Challenge Cup, for the troop with the highest aggregate of points, with a total of 48 points. Wirral Grammar School, last year's holders, being second with 38 points.



ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

### ATKIN.

AT the beginning of this term Atkin had looked forward to a very successful Cricket Season, and with good reason, too, for there are five of our members in the 1st XI.—Kinnear, Wood, Powl, Robey, and John; and in the 2nd XI. three members—Hill, Rogers, and I. Jones. Unfortunately, however, in their first match the Seniors were out for a meagre 40 against Stitt, who scored 59. This disappointing result was due more to ill-luck and carelessness than to poor individual ability. In their second match, against Tate, the Seniors again lost by the close margin of 3 runs.

The Juniors fared no better, and lost to Stitt in their first match, but the Intermediates kept our heads above water by scoring 38 declared against Stitt's 37.

In the Sports, however, things looked brighter for us. Although we had calculated on winning the House Championship, we now have to take a close second place to Westminster. The Tug-team, reaching the final, lost to Westminster, but the Relay-team, setting up a fine pace, came easily first. Congratulations to P.O. Jones on gaining the Victor Ludorum. In the other events, Hill was very prominent, while in the Junior events Huntriss did exceptionally well.

Finally, we must thank Alldis for his able leadership of the House, and bid farewell to May and Kinnear, who are leaving at the end of the term.

G.R.E.

### STITT.

IN spite of a third change in the captaincy of the House during the year, there is an improvement in most directions. Unfortunately this is still overshadowed by the continued misdoings of several in the middle and lower school.

In fact, it was owing to an alteration in the customary arrangements that we failed to carry off the Senior Cross Country Championship, being second to Tate by 8 points. Nevertheless, R. King finished second, Bray fourth, J. Clarke fifth, and Speed ninth. In all, the Seniors turned out twelve runners. Milne ran well to finish third in the Junior event, but the House did not reach its former standard.

However, the House has excelled in one direction, namely its dramatic ability, having no fewer than six members in the principal cast of the play "A Midsummer Night's Dream," performed by the School.

In the Annual Athletic Sports we did well to gain  $41\frac{1}{2}$  points, the highest total for the House over the past few years, the result of the efforts of a number of members, especially E. A. Beer, who won the Junior Victor Ludorum, retaining it a second year for Stitt.

This season we are represented by Dearnley and King in the 1st XI., and in the 2nd XI. by G.R. Bell, Duff, P. H. Jones, and Bray, who has now left. Up to the present the Seniors have beaten Atkin and drawn with Westminster, still having a match to play with Tate. Although the Intermediates have lost both their matches, they also have to play a match with Tate. After the Juniors had started well by defeating Atkin by a good margin, they lost their matches with Tate and Westminster, though only by a few runs.

May we, in conclusion, hope that next year will see further increase in our prosperity, and that the former dignity of the House will be fully restored.

### TATE.

NO longer can we boast of sweeping and glorious victories, as was possible a year ago, when Tate, pre-eminent, carried all in triumph before it.

As we review the past year, it is evident that we have a more onerous task, for Tate has lost many stalwarts. But we are by no means "bottom dog"; it is the scintillating achievements of last year which seem to make this year's records poor reading by comparison.

The loss of Coughtrie and Theobald rather shattered our hopes of Rugby, but the Bantams—especially Mackintosh—came to the rescue, and we finished second. The Cross-Country Run saw Tate with a good turn-out, and we won the team-race, Taylor being first and Bartley third.

The Athletic Sports brought us no laurels, the verdict being "moderate." We were a close third in the Championship, while the Senior, Intermediate, and Junior Relay teams were respectively second, third, and first. Taylor, as expected, collected most points.

The shining gem of the year, however, has been the Cricket results. With Montgomery, Mortimer, J. F. R. Evans and Hardie in the 1st XI., and A. C. Williams and Astley in the 2nd XI., we have a very good nucleus for the Senior team. To date, the Seniors have beaten Atkin by 35 runs to 32, and Westminster by 42 for 0 against 29, Mortimer scoring 35 and taking 4 wickets for 1 run in the latter match. The Inters. lost to Westminster by 24 runs to 66, but beat Atkin by 55 runs to 24; while the Juniors beat Stitt by 50 runs to 48, and scored 51 for 4 against Westminster's 42 for 9 (declared). Molyneux and Sproat did very well in these two matches.

Some detention-fiends have been getting rapidly into their stride again lately. If they would be more reasonable, Tate would be able to top the mark-sheets as of old. On the other hand, we are indebted to those boys who have done their best, and not left "the other fellow" to do the work. If everyone will follow their example, we can look forward with confidence to the future.

J.G.S.

### WESTMINSTER.

**F**ROM one point of view this has been a very successful term.

At the Sports, we won the House Championship and also the Inter-House Relay and the House Tug. We came in second in the Junior Relay and third in the Senior Relay. Gilliland is now Junior Champion. Congratulations!

In Cricket, the Inters. have done very well, having won all three matches. The Seniors have played two matches, and drawn one, while the Juniors have played three matches and won one.

In the two mark sheets issued this term we have also been very successful, being first and second respectively.

H.J.B.



## Library Notes

### DESPAIR.

**I**T envelops everyone, and particularly me, because I've got to write this; you, because you've got to read it. H.S.C. is at hand—so is the date for the publication of *The Visor*! and nothing done! Ah, woe is us and lack-a-day! Our only hope now is to look forward with bright expectancy to the future. But how? We will dream of passed (and past) exams.; we will—but enough of this. We must meet with grim realism the cold facts of the H.S.C. of the J.M.B.

However, for the sake of *The Visor* (and the morals of the Third Form) we must put aside this note of gloom, and so we have been putting together a gift scheme for those who pass H.S.C. To Gallipot we shall present, amid waving of flags, banging of drums, clashing of cymbals and blowing of bugles, one gold, super-sharp, super-safe, safety razor, complete with one tube of Gibbs' (it's super fatted!). To Mercer, amidst a great silence, we will give a pair of garden shears, with instructions for use. We could give Vesuvius a packet of hair dye or some bleaching powder, only it would rob him of his crowning glory. We hope Fanny will make the best use next term of the "coupla big hooks" we are presenting to him complete with chain! The same applies to Willyboo who will be awarded the consolation prize of an alarm clock.

Talking of alarm clocks reminds me of another singular thing. This year's Advanced has been extremely musical (Yes, musical! Little boys should be seen and not heard!) Apart from several most distinguished vocalists, including "Cecil and Jimmy, our Twanging Twain," we can boast a magnificent choral society, next to our favourite songs (which we daren't name!) we like best an oratorio by Bark "Yo-ho, he cried and waved his wooden leg aloft." Gallipot provides the percussion.

We must now take leave of you. H.S.C. looms nearer and Despair will make itself shewn more and more if I keep on writing. So good-bye till next term. (From Uncle Cecil, Uncle Lance, and Auntie May).

## *Form Notes*

### VIs.

AT this time of the year there are few forms of our age able to withstand the temptation to mention Matric. : we are not among the few. As Bunting so aptly puts it with his usual deadly accuracy :

Matric. is too much with us ; first and last,  
Reading and writing, we overwork, I wot.

But in spite of Bunting's wails, we do not look very careworn to the casual glance. We have our not so occasional interludes of light and mirthful recreation, one of which has been celebrated in both verse and prose. Hardie's version is given first :

The VIs. inventor, Astley, has announced his latest brain-wave : a cider-press. The key-note of the invention is its simplicity, the only apparatus required being four stout walls and a number of innocent children, one possessing an apple. The apple is taken in the off-break grip and despatched swiftly across the room to collide violently with the opposite wall. After a few minutes of this, cider is formed. This wonderful invention is calculated to revolutionise modern industry, the only disadvantage being that the cider so formed cannot be collected. This, however, is a detail.

Here is a verse account by Husselbury :

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
Inside the form-room which is called VIs.,  
Until there scarce remained a single boy  
Who had not once been smitten on the head  
By some such fruity missile as an apple.  
Then, because their wounds were many,  
The boldest fighters hid behind their desks  
And quick removed the varied marks of strife  
Bespattered o'er their grinning visages.  
On one side lay Whetstone Lane, and on one  
The master's room—and the noise was great.

Of the two versions which do you prefer ? What is the difference in spirit between them ?—Sorry, that confounded Matric. habit will not be kept out.

We will conclude in a minor key with an outburst by Bryant, who is obviously feeling rather under the weather : what he arrived too late for we are left to guess ; we refuse, however, to believe that this sob-stuff applies to mere lateness at 9 a.m.

## TOO LATE.

Late, late, so late ! and wet the day and chill,

Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still ?

Too late, too late ! we cannot enter now.

No watch had we, for that we do repent,

And, learning this, the master will relent ?

Too late, too late ! we cannot enter now.

No watch, so late ! and wet and chill the day,

Oh, let us in, that we may go our way.

Too late, too late ! we cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the master is so kind ?

Oh, let us in, though late, to hear his mind !

No, no, too late ! we cannot enter now.

## Via.

THE little old man adjusted his spectacles, and after gazing intently at his audience, he said, " This time my story is rather different,—it's true, although I can hardly expect you to believe it. It was in the year 1935, no. '36, during my last term at school. We took Matric. in those days, and knew what work was, not like this paltry School Certificate of yours. . . . Well, I thought I had a reasonable chance of passing in everything except Geometry,—always was a weakness of mine. At last the exam. came along, French, English, History were all fairly easy, then Geometry. The night before this last exam. I went to bed early, and I had a dream. I was sitting in the Matric. room with its long rows of desks, and waiting boys. The Master in charge of the exam. (he's dead now, poor fellow, although he once gave me a detention I didn't deserve) was giving out papers ; he handed one to me, and I read at the top " Geometry, 1936." Turning to the hard part of the paper I read through the questions, when the dream began to fade, and I awoke to find myself in bed. This dream impressed me, but I was amazed to find that I could remember the wording of the questions. Snatching up a pencil I wrote them out, and then tried to solve them ; by sitting up half the night I was able to do two of the three, while the third was done the next morning with the help of a prefect—the only time that I ever lowered myself to ask a prefect anything. Well, I was soon in the exam. room. and with the paper before me I saw that my dream was correct. When the result came out, people seemed surprised to hear of my distinction in Maths., my form mates made rude remarks, and my Maths. master



said that I deserved a thrashing for bad work during term. But he's dead now, poor fellow, in fact they are all dead, except that prefect, and he won't be long; he's 84 now.

K.T.

And if you can swallow that, you can swallow anything, so have a basinful of Duff:—

Via.

*present*

## VARIETY.

### THE PROGRAMME.

1. Song: "Songs my mother taught me" ..... E. J. Search.
2. Dance Music—  
    Played by Al Renner and his Via. Rattlesnakes.
3. Dancing—Victorian Dances ...The Parry Flat Feet Ballet.
4. One-Act Play ..... "Detention Room Murder."

### THE CAST.

"The Horror" ..... K. B. Thomas.  
 A Burglar ..... L. Black.  
 A Milkmaid ..... F. Campbell.  
 The Detective ..... E. Search.  
 "A Barrel" ..... A. Turner.

Detention Sheet kindly provided by E. Search.

5. Via. Scandals—  
    Chorus....Robey, Campbell, Kay, Smedley.  
    Soloist ..... R. Thomas.  
    Music by Al Renner.
6. The Rhythm Twins—  
    The Two Coghlans singing "Matriculation Blues."
7. Song—"Permanent Waves" ..... R. Kay.

### GOD SAVE THE KING.

Davies gives us some film titles applied to members or customs of Via or B.I.:—

King of the Damned: The Guv'ner ..... Mr. Allison.  
 The Veteran ..... Thomas, K. B.  
 Daddy Longlegs ..... Campbell.  
 Curly Top ..... Kay, R. W.  
 The Melody Maker: Our Little Girl ..... Renner.  
 The Thin Man ..... Parry.  
 Iron Fist ..... Duff.  
 Treasure Island ..... Search.  
 It Happened One Night ...Search did his homework.  
 Grand Exit ..... 4-30 Via.  
 The Bowery ..... Back Row Via.

Crime Unlimited ..... Detention Sheet Mystery.  
 Hell Below ..... Remove J.  
 Crime and Punishment ..... No cap. . . .  
 Dare Devil Dog of the Air ..... Smedley.  
 Where's George ..... Lawson has just left.  
 Turner has turned (!) poet :—

### SONNET TO MATRIC.

When we were young, and entered first this school,  
 "Some day a great exam. you'll sit," they said;  
 But then the day was very far ahead,  
 And gambolling infants hearing this were cool.  
 But now the day looms near, when we must pool  
 Our knowledge, all that we have read,  
 And trembling seek the room whence hordes have fled,  
 And sit for hours upon that fateful stool.  
 Then afterwards, when all is done and o'er,  
 With nervous breakdowns cured, we'll come back here,  
 To estimate our credits and our fails  
 And answers will not coincide we're sure,  
 But past and gone will be all time of fear,  
 And merrily we'll play with bats and bails.  
 Campbell has been to Hastings—we suffer in silence :—

### A VISIT TO HASTINGS CAVES.

These caves stretch right under Westhill, and are hollowed out of sandstone. To enter them you are led by a guide down a narrow passage, hewn out of the rock, and lit at frequent intervals with candles. At the bottom of the passage, astride its mouth, is the figure of a man in the costume of a smuggler, carved out of the rock. Then you come to a bust of a man about twelve feet above your head. This is believed to be Napoleon, although some people say it is the bust of the employer of the gardener who re-discovered the cave. Further along, opening on the cliff face, is the old door that the smugglers used. These caves seem to be of great antiquity, for the guide points out in one corner a kind of bath, which he declares was used to baptise the Early Christians, and to support this evidence there is the half figure of an early Christian bishop carved into the rock beside it.

After wandering through more chambers and arches, the guide will point out the image of a Roman urn, carved on the wall, showing how old the caves are. At one place on the roof it is possible to see wave marks like those on sand, which are

believed to have been formed by the sea, when the cave was submerged. After walking on a sandy floor for half-an-hour in the dead silence of the cave, with your way illuminated by a plate of candles, carried by the guide, you are glad at last to stumble out into the sunlit busy world above.

### Vib.

NOW that our school-life is nearly finished, some of us begin to grow melancholy—on paper, at all events, if not in fact. This sob-stuff is nearly too much for us, but we print it for what it is worth.

This is how Hamilton thinks of it :—

Our school-life at the Institute is moving swiftly towards its close. The examinations loom ever nearer, and we look back and review our school activities during the past years.

Each of us has memories of happy, care-free days, when we were “Those cheeky little third-formers,” and perhaps at times we are rather apt to smile and say, “Those were the good old days.” Life was sweet, and our path was rarely beset with the cares of the world. Thus we spent our youth.

Time has since elapsed, we have become those “Enlightened sixth-formers,” and during the process we have aged considerably, and life has become a bore. Matric. is now our by-word, and our outlook on life has altered completely.

Now, with the exams. upon us, we look to the future, prepared to use to the utmost the knowledge and training we have received at the old School, and to carry on the old B.I. traditions.

Queer that we should never have suspected Hamilton of such feelings, isn't it?

Then Rowlands, too, becomes lyrical (!) at the thought of separation—wonders will never cease :—

### THE SONG OF THE SIXTH FORMERS.

(To be sung to the tune of “Old Ship o' Mine.”)

It's good-bye to the old School,  
 For no more we'll learn its rule;  
 Now, our days are thro', it is sad, but true,  
 Good-bye to the old School!  
 When we pass thro' the front gate  
 Never more to enter it late,  
 It will break a part of a schoolboy's heart,  
 Good-bye to the old School!  
 Our books from the School we will treasure,



And the prizes we've won at it, too,  
For to leave the "grey walls" for ever  
Is an act we shall always rue.  
No good-bye to the old School,  
For over in Liverpool  
We'll apply for a job for a measly few "bob,"  
Good-bye to the old School!

P. O. Jones, whom we heartily congratulate on his running feats, which gave us the honour of claiming the Victor Ludorum as a form-mate, P. O. Jones, we say, is more matter of fact, and records his impressions of a trip to the Motor Show.

Whilst in London, I was fortunate enough to see the Motor Show at Olympia.

When you enter the building you are at once struck with the busy atmosphere. Each make of motor car has a stand to itself. The most attractive was that of the Morris people, who not only displayed their different types of cars, but were also demonstrating Dunlop tyres. At the Vauxhall stand, there was an engine running to demonstrate the different types of petrol.

The other stands were very much alike, but at the rear of the building there were a few motor launches. These were most interesting, but time was getting very short, so we had to be content with just looking at them.

Hughes has been to York, and finds it reminiscent of Chester—both, he tells us, have Roman walls, a cathedral, narrow streets, etc. We're not thrilled, but we seem to remember that both are in the 3rd Division and have been known to visit Prenton.

#### A SHORT VISIT TO YORK AND DISTRICT.

The first impression one has of York is a very picturesque one, for opposite the station is part of the ancient walls. These are very well preserved, and in places where they have collapsed, modern engineers have re-erected them. There are the four original gateways, at the North, South, East, and West of the city:—this is typically Roman. York resembles Chester in many ways, both having Roman remains, and both having a Cathedral, as well as narrow streets and old buildings, which are picturesque almost to grotesqueness.

York Minster is a magnificent piece of architecture in the perpendicular style, and has one of the largest windows in

England. Outside, facing the entrance, is a large square, which has seen much pageantry.

The town itself is, however, very relaxing, and after a short stay there one feels that the more bracing air of the wolds would be beneficial. These wolds are of vast extent, with many places of interest and historical importance. Probably the most interesting is the Roman road, which is situated near Goathland. It has been completely uncovered, and the stones set in their original positions; and one can even see, in places, ruts formed by iron-wheeled vehicles.

The Yorkshire part of the East coast is also particularly inviting. Here is to be found Robin Hood's Bay, where many sea captains live; curiously, the only place where captains seem to have congregated.

Yorkshire is truly a great place for people who wish to see historical sites, architectural constructions, and rural beauty all together.

As no self-respecting form will publish notes devoid of a leg-pull, here is one by Dean, which is well representative of the species:—

### THE HUNTER.

Tensely crouched he waited, weapon in hand, for the first appearance of his prey. From his eyes, peering into the emerald green depths, shone the eager gleam of the ardent hunter. Soon now—ah, there! Gliding slowly along the bottom.

Striking-muscles taut, he rose slowly, carefully—then lunged with vicious speed. A gasp of triumph escaped him, quickly succeeded by a mournful sigh.

"Dashed if I know," he complained, pushing away the bottle, "if I want an onion, I get a gherkin, and if I want a gherkin, I get an onion!"

### Remove j.

**H**ANGING round the form-room door in search of contributors I was fortunate enough to meet Professor Heaps. The great man shook my hand with easy bonhomie. "Something for *The Visor*, my friend?" He smiled tolerantly and then, suddenly ferocious, "What do you want?" he bellowed. "Information about form cricket teams, limericks, form alphabets, and such doggerel? Not from *me*, I think." A majestic wave of the hand consigned all such trivialities to perdition. "There is practically no gossip," he went on sadly. "Franka has long ceased to be the target of our wit; he leads

a blameless life, and the only relaxation he allows himself from his studies is the perusal of the *Strand Magazine*. Even P<sup>er</sup>ce shows signs of returning sanity. Since the beginning of the term only two additions have been made by Recorder S<sup>imp</sup>son to 'P<sup>er</sup>ce's Pearls without Price,' a collection of the little man's classical gems. The rest of the form are a parcel of dull dogs, who spend their time collecting marks, a vice which has unhappily got most of us in its grip. Bah!" And with a last toss of his mane he shambled off darkly muttering.

A slip of paper is thrust into my hand from behind, and as S<sup>imp</sup>son disappears round a corner, I read:

THURSDAY MORNING.

The bell rings—

As if on wings

The form arises as one.

Then a noise

Of rushing boys:

In the form-room there are none.

The road resounds

With heavy pounds

As the mob sweeps down the hill.

Excitement's intense,

The pace is immense,

And spectators get many a thrill.

Two dozen splashes;

Two dozen free washes;

As the crowd gets into the water.

Then back again,

To Whetstone Lane.

(But their wind seems to be much shorter).

There are many poets in Remove j. Moore tells a sad tale of the temptation that ensnared a

slowly working lad,

Who upon a scarred seat

May not talk or eat a sweet.

and points the moral:

Let this be a warning, chaps.

Don't you have, like this, a lapse.

Archie has had a try, and found at the end of fourteen lines he'd

Intended an ode, but it turned to a sonnet.

And Halliday has sung of the Scouts' return from Char-mouth

Full of sun and suet pudding.



There is much more, but it does not all run so sweetly, and I broke away from the poets' circle, and caught Macklin by the sleeve, for I thought his wise and secret look gave promise of a story. At last it came.

"Mowgli," he said, "did not cause as great a sensation on his appearance at the Council Rock as did the mystic Chinaman when he first revealed himself." "Chinaman?" I ventured, "What Chinaman?" "That we cannot tell you. But he is no ordinary Chink: not a mere coolie, or even an obliging brigand who removes ears and noses to demonstrate the keenness of his knife. His appearance? There is something curious about it; something uncanny, which eludes one for a while. Then it dawns: *it is his sneer*. And what a sneer! Not the stock sneer of melodrama. It fascinates, ignores, imparts inferiority to those who stare at him.

The most sceptical among us do not doubt his reality, but there is some divergence of opinion as to his identity. Some hold that he is one of the two nocturnal visitors, masquerading in borrowed plumes and an Atkin cap; others that he is one of a celestial race that feeds on salads of detention sheets chopped neatly into small pieces; and yet others that he is a creation of divine justice, fashioned for the annoyance of superiors. My own private opinion is that He Who keeps the Chalk could tell us something—if he would." "Where can I get a glimpse of him?" I asked incautiously. "You cannot, you poor fish," he said simply, "he has disappeared." A lofty scorn was in his eye, and I said no more; but later I had a few words with Williams of the C.I.D., who scoffed at the notion that the Chinaman (about whom I failed to pump him) was connected with the burglarious enterprise referred to. "Chinaman my foot!" he said in his bluff way. "No, sir. We have a very definite theory on that business. At the moment we are following up a clue—just ordinary routine work, which points unmistakably to a certain member of the staff who was actually heard to say on the day before the attempt 'I am prepared to *go on* after ten o'clock.' You may have heard that it was not a one-man job, and the words 'go on' prove that the gang was working in relays. And it was *just after ten* that the burglar was interrupted at his work. That is all I can say at present, and don't let it go any further."

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## Rem. a.

THE form took a great interest in the attempted burglary earlier in the term. The details of the evidence of the only witness were carefully collected and compared by Detective-inspectors Peers and Ridout. The statement that one of the marauders was "a lad with red hair" aroused sinister suspicions in some quarters, and heated protests in others. "*Imaginer* chap from this form bungling a job like that!" one member was heard to remark. "Makes it altha more likely in *my* opinion," replied another.

Taylor has spent some time on research into the nature of his fellows, and has contributed the results under the title

## A FORM IDIOT.

I do not think there is a form in a large school that has not among its dunces, duffers and dunderheads at least one person who makes himself the butt of the masters' jokes, and who invariably gets in with one of his own, often spontaneous and very funny.

There are many kinds of form comedian, but the chief of them is the specialist in make-up and facial expression, who is able to make himself up to resemble Hitler with a comb for a moustache, and careful manipulation of the hair. This jester also creates a disturbance by appearing in class with his hair dishevelled. The two favourite modes of freak hair-dressing are to comb it to a long thin point, which causes much laughter; or to make it stand up as if the owner has had a fright.

There is another type of idiot who gets his laughs by doing startling things, such as walking out to the waste-paper basket in the middle of a lesson, and by 'cheeking' the master. This person has usually a deeper sense of humour, and his jokes are more subtle and less crude than the other's.

Of the two main types, the more appreciated is the make-up and facial expression expert; for although a master has to put an end to the antics of both in due course by strong measures, the cheeky one ends up worst; and to see someone suffer is not a comedy, but a tragedy.

Lidgate is responsible for the following:—

## THE SCHOLALR'S LAMENT.

Much have I listened to the master's words,  
And many proofs and ancient theories learned.  
In many diff'rent form-rooms have I turned  
The leaves of books on cosines and on surds;

And through the window seen the wheeling birds,  
That 'gainst the bright-blue sky can be discerned,  
And to be outside in the sun I've yearned ;  
And pictured cattle roaming fields in herds.  
And then I've thought of walks in pouring rain,  
Of work lost on a field of rotting grain.  
I've paused as thinking of all labours lost,  
In crops just caught by winter's bitter frost.  
I've thought : " My worries here are very slight  
To theirs who toil, to feed us, day and night."

### Rem. I.

**WE'VE** been goin' places and seein' things just lately. Heritage and his Music (Swinger Maddocks) have gone to the docks (yes, and the dogs, although we shouldn't really tell, you know—ED.), whether together or alone, who knows or cares.

Right ; let's switch over to the East Float, Birkenhead, England. We're through. Change of atmosphere, please.

Moored to the busy wharf, a graceful three-masted wind-jammer was unloading grain from Australia. She was Finnish-owned, the Pamir, of Mariehamn, built in 1905, at Hamburg.

To-day she is used as a training-ship for officers. Like most of the sailing-vessels now in existence, she is fitted with auxiliary engines. These, three in number, are of Diesel type, mainly for providing power for working the winches. She is also fitted with motor launches (an unusual luxury), as well as rowing life-boats.

Aboard her, the most prominent object is a narrow bridge running fore and aft the full length of the ship at a height of about ten feet from the deck. On this is mounted a small cannon, for firing signals.

The crew's quarters in the fo'c's'le are bare, but scrupulously clean, the officers on the poop living in a state of comparative luxury. Notices on the doors are written in German, though that tongue is not spoken aboard.

The crew consists of young men, already husky and weather-beaten by considerable experience of the sea, and wearing little more than their overalls.

The holds have been emptied, and it is now time to leave this stately vessel, after an interesting tour of inspection.

Next we turn to the modern ship. Williams, ever our precocious "Egg," describes the launch of a new flotilla-leader. But no, on second thoughts, we can't stand it,—that waste of champagne is too terrible for words. In any case, we've never known anybody knock a ship over with such a little bottle as that.

Nor must it be omitted that Booth has paid a visit to the Austin Motor Works.

To conclude, our orchestra, featuring "Little Willie Allen and his Coal-Heavers," will render a suitable lullaby, the vocal by Florence Carr, supported by the Triplets,—Dickie Davies, Sonny Jeffries, and Hot Hayes, all of Rem. 1.

## Vj.

LAST term saw the formation of the "Nash" gang, a society so secret that the names of its leader and its members, its 'mysterious' objects, its victims, and the methods of branding and dealing with them we dare not reveal. Some say that its members have now been paid off, but do not know at what rate; funds are believed to be very low. On the other hand there are strong rumours that the gang is still in being, and would be active but for lack of victims; its existence is held to be a safeguard against possible liveliness from the direction of IVa.

Mention of IVa. reminds us that we have played them four times this term, and won all but one match. Some say we won all four, but ask IVa.

On Empire Day a number of us rode to Sealand for the air display. A collision occurred between a motor cycle and a car, but this was just a common road accident, and happened outside the aerodrome. No. 5 Training Squadron performed various evolutions in formation, and certain machines were open to inspection. All sorts of questions were asked as people examined parachutes, and all the varied contents of the armoury. It was interesting to learn that yellow is the easiest colour to see from the air, and that for this reason wind indicators are painted yellow: so also are the machines used by learners. All spent a very enjoyable afternoon.

There are some queer lads in our form.

The noise we make is like a storm.

To masters walking miles away

It seems as if Old Nick has sway

In our form-room.





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hanging by his stomach from a large meat-hook, which was revolving, and as it did, red ink was slowly dripping from the gash in the man's stomach.

After I had spent about an hour there, I decided it was getting late, so back I went to prepare for Margate.

Grice has aeronautical interests, and accordingly went to Sealand on May 23rd, as also did J. N. Smith. This is Grice's account.

Empire Air Day was on May 23rd, when over fifty aerodromes in Great Britain were open to the public. At Sealand the weather was cold and dull. There was a good display of flying, but the hangars were the greatest attraction. Here were planes in different stages of assembly, so as to show the controls, engine, and framework. Two Hawker-Harts were being built by mechanics, and officers showed to the crowd the inside of the 'planes. Other sheds were for the armoury, bomb-aiming teacher, repairs, mess, guard-room, and parachutes.

On the tarmac was a Handley-Page-Heyford night bomber which could be inspected from a ladder. Hawker-Harts, Audax, and Furies did the usual aerobatics. There was as well a flight round the aerodrome by a squadron of Audax. Among the sheds were Avro-Tutors in which one could sit and work the controls, and camera guns which could be sighted.

In spite of the changeable weather, there were many people there.

Pearson contributes something to thrill even the most blasé among us, but he can't pull our leg twice, so he had better mend his ways in future.

All around him stern faces seemed to frown, as he buckled on his armour. Before him lay the scene of the conflict. It was a vast arena, where an epic warfare was being waged. Even now, as he watched, a stout gladiator took up an ancient bludgeon and advanced to the field of destruction. The armour on his knees clanged with a deep booming sound, as he shivered with fear. Soon it would be his turn and then —. Surely there must be some means of escape from this dreadful fate! He looked round and met the gaze of his fellow gladiators. One look, and he saw there was no hope. He heard a crash, and he knew that it was his turn. Grasping his trusty weapon, he made one or two preliminary swings with it and advanced slowly forward. We all wonder if he made a duck.

Shipley has evidently designs on the Grand Prix at least!

Oh, hello, there's the signal! I must be at the line prompt, those officials are pretty hard. Who's this fellow in the green car? Don't remember him, must be a new chap. Oh, well, we've all got to start sometime. Here's the signal, left hand ready for the gears; must remember that hairpin, near the hill. Here's the flag, off we go! Must remember that green fellow, he might turn out to be dangerous. Here's the first corner—mind the grit, place the tyres near the kerb; mind those sandbags; out along the straight; draw out to pass this chap, looks as if he's having some trouble. Huh! no wonder, it's an old Bugatti; you can't beat these E.R.A.'s for speed. Whoops! forgot that bump, must remember it next time. Hullo, here's the hairpin, over to the left. Funny, steering not too good. Huh! she won't do it, better take the escape-road, good job there is one. All right, ease her up; that's right! Better get out and see what's wrong. Huh, main steering rod gone! Must have been that bump. Oh well, better luck next time.

Then Malley records impressions of a visit to a power station.

When we enter, we are first impressed (and also half deafened) by the noise of the generators. These monsters revolve at thousands of revolutions per minute. The switch boards on one side of the room are massive insulated affairs with huge switches and meters mounted upon them. At these boards attendants are handling the huge amount of energy to supply light and power to the town. Notices reminding one of the danger are posted up all over the room. At the foot of each turbine-driven generator is a rubber mat, whilst round the generator itself is a handrail. Greatly impressed by the huge transformers and convertors, etc., we reluctantly leave the building.

Milne describes a cycle trip into Wales.

#### A TRIP TO MOEL FAMMAU.

During the Easter holidays I cycled to Moel Fammau. It was a very pleasant ride, though in some parts very hilly.

The first part of my journey was to Queensferry. This was done in record time, for the roads are fairly flat. After Queensferry, riding became more difficult, because hills were much more frequent. Up to now the view has often been spoilt by collieries, but when we had passed Mold and reached the Loggerheads these disappeared. After branching off the main

road along the Old Ruthin Road, we reached the foot of the mountain.

The climb was not very difficult except in certain parts, but these were forgotten when one was looking at the wonderful view. From the top Wirral could be seen, also many noted Welsh mountains.

The ride back was much easier, as it was mostly downhill. When I came to the Wishing Gate, I looked round to have a last look at the pleasant mountain which allowed me to have such an enjoyable day.

Since we had only one limerick handed in this term, we can't help giving it. Don't blame *The Visor*, blame Harris.

There was a young chap of Carlisle,  
Who had such a nice beaming smile—  
The mouthful of teeth,  
That gleamed underneath,  
Would light up the road for a mile.

We finish with a lyrical effusion from the pen of Muir.

On Thursday morning after prayers,  
We take our towels and run  
Up from the gym and down the stairs,  
To have our weekly fun.

For IVa. form are very quick,  
More so than any other:  
We're at the baths in half a tick,  
And in, in half another.

We dive and swim, and tumble in  
With no pretence of rhythm,  
But even I will testify  
That that's the stuff to give 'em.

#### IVb.

**WE** are proud of our cricket team.

We've started cricket lately.  
Oh Boy! We sure are hot.  
We lift the ball out of the ground  
With all the strength we've got.

We've only lost one match yet.  
We've played four—that's enough.  
The way we slam the ball round  
Proves that we are tough.



There's Docho,—he's the captain,  
And Sproat, a useful chappy.  
The way he sends the ball down  
Is clever and so snappy.

And there's Jenks, a brawny fellow  
Who often makes a catch.  
So you see the team that we've got  
Would do for a Test Match.

W.F.W.

We also find time to read "fourpennies."

#### HOME AT LAST OR HOMEWORK LAST.

When the snow is falling fast,  
And I have got home at last,  
There I sit with "bloods" at hand,  
Reading of a far-off land.

And the hero has trekked far  
Through the desert, for a bar—  
Of gold, that shines with yellow light;  
And so he goes on in the night.

Then he finds he has no water;  
But he does not care a quarter.  
Next day, beneath the blazing skies,  
He just lies down and quietly dies.

So I sought another book,  
And only then I chanced to look  
On the table, and there I saw  
A pile of homework—I read no more.

A.W.C.

At times we find trouble.

Close by the threshold of a door shut fast  
A master stood and listened, all aghast.  
Slowly and carefully he oped the door:  
We saw him, and the tumult was no more.

A voice came booming from this master now,  
"What boy was making that unearthly row?  
If you don't own up, you'll all be kept in.  
Now, who was making all that horrid din?"

But everyone was silent as could be,  
And—have you guessed it?—they were late for tea.

R.D.

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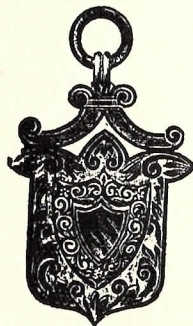
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## IVj.

CANDIDLY, we must admit little worthy of note has happened this term, probably because we are such perfect little angels, but possibly, bear in mind, only possibly, we are such little ———, that familiarity with the Evil One has long ago bred contempt among us for the commonplace.

Owen, our crack (or cracked?—Ed.) jester, suggested that, as the population of the prairies is two per square mile, the inhabitants must be big eaters. He also asserts that the English 5 o'clock meal is "knocking-off time."

Another wag, Dorrity, when asked for the best cricketer in IIIa. bawled out "Beer is best."

Shining Light, No. 3, in the form is Clarke, who won no less than five prizes in the sports—a very creditable achievement.

As a direct contrast to such worldly matters, let us turn our thoughts to the unknown and listen to a short thrill by Thompson.

All around me was suffocating blackness. I was almost overcome, but I struggled forward. Weird forms closing in on me cut off my escape. There was no retreat now. I had to go on. There was a persistent noise of shuffling and grunting, and sounds of laboured breathing and rasping oaths. (Even in that desperate moment, I could not help being reminded of the lion-house at the zoo just on feeding-time).

A vague white form came in sight of my peering eyes, as I grew accustomed to the gloom. I lunged at it. Meanwhile, I sensed others groping madly for a hold on my flimsy clothing. I bit savagely at a certain part of one figure's anatomy. A muffled yell issued from the inky darkness. I was relieved to find these wraiths human after all.

Tackling one of them in correct rugger style (at least, what I thought was the right manner), I suddenly burst out into brilliant day-light on top of my opponent.

I was through. The tarpaulin had been negotiated safely, and the obstacle race was as good as won.

Finally, not having anything else to offer, we crave indulgence for a poem by brother Chalkley. He claims it to be original. We have no doubt of that.

## THE SEASONS.

I strolled through the park one morning,  
Spring was in the air.

I hummed a tune as I walked along  
'Twas "all in a garden fair."

I went again, it was summer.  
The birds sang a wonderful lay.

I hummed a tune as I walked along  
'Twas on a summer's day.

I went again, it was winter.  
The scene did not call for mirth.  
The trees in the frost made a wonderful host  
So I whispered, "Peace on Earth."

## IIIa.

J. S. Williams is obviously one of the "air-minded," and he records for our benefit his experiences on a recent flight.

Our aeroplane started out from Speke aerodrome against the wind. The plane taxied over the Aerodrome for 350 yards before lifting up its tail into the air. Then, gathering speed, it began to rise, and circling the Aerodrome we made off in a north-westerly direction down the river Mersey. Passing over Garston and Sefton Park, we reached the Liver Buildings. Looking below we saw thousands of little dots which we knew were cars and people. Just then the pilot banked steeply to the left, now heading up the river, and looking down we saw Hamilton Square and the Town Hall, Birkenhead. Going on we saw on our right the entrance to the Manchester Ship Canal, and then we caught sight of the Aerodrome, and the plane began to glide down for the landing.

Underwood is commercially inclined, and lectures us very learnedly on the many uses of a dead ox.

Of all animals the ox is the most useful when dead. The flesh is utilised chiefly for food. The blood is employed for food and for manure. The horns are used for combs and umbrella handles and in out of the way places the manufacture of lanterns and cups. The hoofs are used for buttons or are boiled down into glue. The bones are chiefly turned into manure, though cutlers also use a certain amount. Hides and skin are turned into felt. The fat is used for tallow. Thus every part is utilised.

Another member of the form is a keen zoologist—

A very interesting day may be spent at the Liverpool Zoo. The Zoo has been open now for about three years, and has grown enormously since then. Immediately inside the gates on the right is a small enclosure, inside which are tigers, lions, a bear, and two hyenas. Straight in front of the gates is the cage of Mickey the monkey, who is a film star. To the right of this cage is the cage of Nero, the lion which killed its trainer while it was in Manchester. Behind the main part of the Zoo is the place where the elephant is housed. A ride on the elephant is very much like one on a camel, for the elephant rocks like a ship.

The ever-popular form alphabet appears in a new guise.

One afternoon a Sargent of a well-known regiment, stationed at Darlington, went to a public-house for some Beer, as he was excessively thirsty after some hot Currie. He then took a walk in the adjacent country, but was warned to keep out of the extensive forests there, as the Underwood was full of Lyons. After passing a lake, where he saw a Turtle Anderson swimming about, he saw some large Barnes, in one of which he lay down to rest, but was soon disturbed by the labourers, who were Downing tools for the night. As he went out he saw a Young Sparrow with a Seed in its beak fly into the eaves of the Smith's cottage.

As a little of that goes a very long way, these notes may be concluded with a selection of the less rubbishy limericks submitted by this talented form.

As with railways he was not content,  
A fat boy once by aeroplane went.  
He fell, by mistake,  
Into Windermere Lake,  
And they thought it was raining in Kent.

A.S.

There was a young lady called Molly,  
Who went for a ride on a trolley;  
There came a big bend,  
And that was the end  
Of the trolley and poor little Molly.

S.T.



**IIIb.**

**L**ISTEN in everybody, you are about to hear " IIIb. News," which is being radiated from Station Cubby Hole on a wavelength of .000 centimetres.

C\*h\* is still our comedian in chief—if he isn't any more humorous, at least he grows funnier every day. His latest nickname is Mrs. Gibson. He is not our only celebrity though, as we have also our Flotsam and Jetsam, in the persons of Davies and Couch.

We did not manage to supply the Victor Ludorum at the recent Athletic Sports (although Proudman, Beckett, and Davies *did* win prizes), but Davies is victor in another little sports of his own by reason of his possession of a magic weapon. If you want more information, apply to " Davo."

Campbell is rumoured to employ most of his time and general note-book in the drawing of aeroplanes. If he doesn't do something to check his outrageous appetite, he will find himself presented with a stationery bill.

Lastly, in future Evans will not be so ready to simulate a nasty, grave-yard cough. He did so once, and received, not sympathy, but a very powerful and unpleasant cough lozenge, which he was made to eat.

That is the end of the " IIIb. News " which will next be radiated from Station IVb. in December next. Goodbye, everybody—goo-oo-oodbye !

**IIIj.**

**W**E have had a very jolly term, with plenty of fun to brighten it up in spite of the weather. Holford has invented a new car, which he calls the Holford Autocar. It auto go, but we think we prefer the old Ford to the Holford. There are many stories about Simple ' Bright-eyes ' Simon, but we must not tell them Or(r) 'e'll be annoyed. And there's one about Bryden who fell into the Bryne at Byrne Avenue. . . .

But we turn to bigger things.

One stormy night in the year 1492 a pitifully small sailing ship named the *Santa Maria* is being battered and buffeted by the waves far out in the Atlantic. The crew are

on the verge of mutiny, and go about their tasks very sulkily, for they have given themselves up for dead men. Then comes a hail, "Land ahoy!", and with a glad cry the men stream to the rail, and see a fringe of palm trees on a rocky, unfriendly coast. But anything is better than the ship, and a boat is launched, and the captain is rowed ashore. He kisses the soil of this new land. "These are the West Indies," he cries. Columbus has found America.

It is a morning in 1936. A great liner, smoke pouring from her funnels, is steaming into a harbour, which has tall buildings in its background. Sirens are wailing, people cheer, and aeroplanes flying aloft create a smoke-screen about the mighty vessel's upper works. Now tugs have taken over the job of hauling her in, and she reaches a quay-side decked with flags. "Welcome to New York" a banner reads. Nearly four hundred and fifty years later the *Queen Mary* has reached America.

M.

The good ship *Queen Mary*,  
With breezes so airy,  
She crossed the Atlantic.  
Her power is gigantic.  
Shall the *Normandie* beat her?  
No, not by one metre!

J.W.

Another contrast between past and present—

### THEN AND NOW.

#### I.

The stage-coach rattled as it lurched down the road,  
Its wheels stuck in many a rut.  
It passed by meadows, woods, and fields,  
And the lonely cottager's hut.  
The horses were sweating, could hardly pull,  
They'd come many a weary mile.  
Now they draw up at the wayside inn  
Where they will rest awhile.

#### II.

It was the latest streamlined car.  
Like a slim and silver bird,  
It covered the miles with graceful ease,  
And sped by the lights unheard.  
It skimmed along the hard white road,  
Where factory chimneys tower,  
Speeding past in a cloud of dust,  
Its watchword "speed and power!"

G.T.

After these journeys by sea and land comes

### A TRIP IN AN AIR LINER.

On Whit Monday I travelled by motor car to a famous holiday resort. I walked down on the sand, and to my delight in an enclosure was a De Haviland Fox-Moth Air Liner. I heard an official shouting that he needed only one more to go up. It was flying from Southport to Blackpool. I thought it would be fun to go, so I paid at the box, and ran along to the plane. I found the interior of the plane comfortable and warm. I glanced at the mechanics and found they were pushing the blocks away. Then came a shattering roar, and we knew the pilot had started the engine. Up we went, roaring into space. Looking down I saw the railway and the fair looking like toys. We soon left these, and were travelling over the sea. From above it appeared like a tablecloth of blue with a green border. On the horizon a solitary steamer puffed its way along, but the height we were at dwarfed it considerably. Soon we circled over Blackpool and round the tower, afterwards making a three-point landing. J.S.

### *Junior School Notes*

THE summer term always sees a revival of "nature" interests. Those unaware of this may shew some surprise at what appears to be a collection of well-kept graves in the garden. Our amateur gardeners, with rulers as their chief implements, have laid out small plots; there was great excitement recently when a cornflower produced a solitary bloom! One form has an aquarium of fish caught in field ponds, and we are hopeful that these will survive the rigours of school-room life.

Lessons and out-of-school activities are carried on in the garden during the summer term. The Cub Pack makes full use of it for camp training and weekly meetings. We might mention that the Cubs have obtained an unusually high number of proficiency badges this year.

Though the weather has been unkind on cricket days, some matches have been played. The sight of the teams in action has inspired this verse:

### JUNIOR SCHOOL CRICKET.

B is for Bibby, who captains the side;  
Also for Baxter, who always bowls wide;  
D is for Davies, who often gives sitters;  
G is for Greatrex, who's one of our hitters;



H is for Hassal, his bowling's not bad ;  
Also for Harris—his condition is sad.  
L is for Little, a very slow chap ;  
P is for Parton, who bowls the leg trap ;  
Also for Pugh, who always keeps wicket ;  
R is for Roberts, who plays very good cricket ;  
V is for Vicary, a batsman most cool,  
And this is the team of the Junior School.

D.B., IIa., and R.G., IIa.

Though it is somewhat unseasonable, we include the description of the Hunt by our " rider to hounds " :

### THE HUNT.

Halalo ! Halalo !  
The hounds are our clue,  
To where the fox lies,  
Our coveted prize.  
Off we set in the early dawn,  
The sun is rising, and soon comes morn ;  
Away we ride at a steady trot,  
Up the hill, on his trail we're hot.  
Then down the side, and o'er the plain,  
Then away we fly o'er field and lane,  
Past the spinney and through the glen  
The fox is making for his den.  
We leap the stream, and jump the stile,  
We have ridden over many a mile,  
Thro' the wood, and past the gate.  
And never our flying speed abate.  
We're nearing our foe, the hounds run fast,  
O'er hills through vales, the farm we're past.  
Over the hedge with reins pulled tight  
Halalo ! Halalo ! our quarry's in sight !  
Quicker we gallop, the hounds all bay,  
We will win our prize to-day  
The hounds pounce on him, and dead is he  
He has given a fine day of sport to me.

A visit to Gloucester in the Easter holidays enabled Haughton (IIa.) to visit some interesting Roman Remains which he describes for us.

## ROMAN REMAINS AT CHEDWORTH.

I recently visited a place called Chedworth in Gloucestershire and saw a Roman camp and villa. The camp is in an arena with a hill in the centre on which the look-out sentries were stationed. Outside the arena there is an open space where the soldiers pitched their tents. From this camp there runs an old Roman road to the villa, which consists of three apartments, a dining hall, a solar, and a bathroom. The bath is box-shaped with a pipe leading to the ground outside. The solar has wooden settees and a mosaic floor. In the dining hall there is a stone table which was capable of accommodating forty people. Outside in the garden the walls are made of peat, and some bushes are supposed to be nearly a thousand years old. This Roman camp and villa are very ancient and interesting. The whole scene is quiet now, and no bugle notes are heard waking the soldiers in the morning; but as you stand there, you seem to hear the tramp of a Roman legion with a centurion at their head, the bugles blowing, and the standard glittering in the sunlight.

J.D.H.

Of more topical interest perhaps is Bibby's account of a visit to the Aldershot Tattoo :

## THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.

On a fine day in June my Uncle said he would take me to the famous Tattoo. We set out and soon were in the streams of traffic. We arrived at Rushmore Arena half an hour before the Tattoo started, so we could have a really good look round. It is a vast open space with an almost natural arena. At one side stands an imitation full-sized fort. The Tattoo starts with the march past of most of the soldiers taking part. Then come the massed bands marching out of the fort. It is very complicated as the different regiments cross and recross. Two noticeable features in this are the drum major swinging his bâton and the Welsh Fusiliers' Mascot, which is a white goat. Then the soldiers present scenes from British fighting history, from the times when armour was used to modern days. We see English fighting in Africa, India, England, and France. The " naval battle " is interesting to watch. There are two " ships " about a quarter of a mile from the arena. Then tanks pulling field guns, and trailers full of men, followed by two-man tanks, loaded with ammunition, machine-guns, and stretchers, come

into the arena. Then come the ambulances. The heavy tanks with no men showing crawl up in formation, stop, and seemingly come to life. The guns are loaded and fired. Immediately a gun is fired a charge of explosive is ignited by one of the ships, giving the impression that a live shell was fired. Then a ship is hit and appears to sink slowly. The audience is entranced by the brilliant spectacle. It seems no time before the end, when the bands march past. I was lucky enough to be by the Royal Box and saw the Duke and Duchess of York take the salute.

D.B., IIa.

Form I. sends in the following :

### NIGHT IN THE ZOO.

Around his cage  
The fierce wolf prowls,  
And mad with rage  
At the morn he howls.

The hyena screams  
At its silver light,  
The tiger dreams  
Of the jungle night.

The lions roar,  
As the shadows creep,  
They pace the floor,  
And cannot sleep.

The animals all,  
Far away from home,  
Hear the forest's call  
From lands o'er the foam.

G.B., I.

We like to end the summer term by inviting parents and friends to tea in the garden. IIa. have made a play from Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," and we may present again the wood scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," since these are so charming when played on a natural stage with "green sward" and "hawthorn brake."

In conclusion, we would like to congratulate Bilbarrow, Tresidder, Hill, Malcolm, and Haughton, who have won scholarships to the Senior School.

H.M.D.



## Cricket

OUR tame pessimist looked around at the beginning of the season, and saw few or none of the giants of last year's XI. ; nor was he much comforted by his elders, who told him that school cricket is a long succession of departed giants, and that teams never are as good as they used to be. But the first few matches proved that the elders were, as ever, completely right ; and if, in later games, the 1st XI. has not always distinguished itself, the interruptions in the season resulting from the sports and the exams. together with illness and a certain lack of keenness among some of the seniors, are more responsible than any lack of cricketing ability.

Montgomery and Kinnear have been the mainstay of the attack, while John and Dearnley have occasionally bowled well. The old firm, Mortimer, Evans, and Powl, have usually fulfilled expectations in batting ; Mortimer has had a good season. Kinnear, King, Dearnley, and Montgomery have also scored many runs. Fielding has been good ; even opposing teams have remarked on it.

The second XI., under the captaincy of H. L. Davies, has done well. All its members have distinguished themselves on one occasion or another ; and it has been pleasant to see that substitutes, brought in at the last moment, have often completely justified their inclusion, and have established themselves permanently in the team. All have proved themselves capable of getting runs ; Duff has bowled successfully throughout the term, and has been well supported by Hill, Kay, Davies, and Carr.

The Junior XI., a new departure, has not won many of its matches, but has played free and attractive cricket. Ball has kept wicket and batted well, Bolton and Clarke have been the most successful bowlers, and the keenness of the team as a whole gives reason to hope that cricket in the School will not yet give place to baseball, tennis, golf, or other social pursuits.

### RESULTS.

#### 1ST XI.

						For	Against
May	2—	St. Mary's College (H.)	...	...	...	96-4—	108
		Mortimer 27, John 3 for 8.					
	6—	Alsop High School (H.)	...	...	...	62 —	67-7
		Evans 37.					
	9—	Wirral Grammar School (H.)	...	...	...	55-6—	54
		Kinnear 29, Montgomery 6 for 16.					

	13—	Liverpool Collegiate School (A.)	...	55	—	80-6
	16—	St. Edward's College (H.)	...	61-2	—	Rain Dearnley 28*.
	20—	Bootle Secondary School (A.)	...	62-4	—	56 Evans 23, Dearnley 4 for 7.
	23—	H.M.S. "Conway" (H.)	...	126-6	—	122-9 Mortimer 51*.
	27—	Park High School (A.)	...	145-6	—	135 Mortimer 63.
June	6—	St. Mary's College (A.)	...	47-8	—	74 Montgomery 6 for 16.
	20—	Neston C.C. 3rd XI. (H.)	...	27	—	98
	24—	Waterloo Grammar School (H.)	...	52	—	29 Montgomery 5 for 13.
	27—	St. Edward's College (A.)	...	67-8	—	70 King 26*.
July	1—	Aldop High School (A.)	...	29	—	127-3
	8—	Holt High School (A.)	...	21	—	65-9
		2ND XI.		For	Against	
May	2—	St. Mary's College (A.)	...	32	—	44 Duff 6 for 10.
	6—	Aldop High School (A.)	...	102	—	65 Kay 35.
	9—	Wirral County School (A.)	...	46	—	30 Duff 5 for 14, Hill 5 for 14.
	13—	St. Edward's College (A.)	...	45	—	23 Duff 4 for 7.
	23—	H.M.S. "Conway" (A.)	...	85	—	22 Duff 6 for 11.
	27—	Park High School (H.)	...	85	—	84 A. C. Williams 30, P. H. Jones 28.
June	6—	St. Mary's College (H.)	...	27	—	29-8 Robey 4 for 11.
	24—	Waterloo Grammar School (A.)	...	97-9	—	37 Davies 21, Hill 3 for 5.
	27—	St. Edward's College (H.)	...	58	—	103
July	1—	Aldop High School (H.)	...	44	—	52 Carr 6 for 11.
	8—	Holt High School (H.)	...	79	—	39 Duff 6 for 20.
		3RD XI.		For	Against	
May	9—	Wirral County School (H.)	...	38	—	66 Bolton 5 for 8.
	27—	Park High School (H.)	...	54	—	20 Clarke 5 for 8.
July	4—	Quarry Bank School (A.)	...	35	—	57 Lawless 2 for 9.
	8—	Holt High School (A.)	...	23	—	47 Sproat 3 for 3.

## OLD BOYS' SECTION

### *Notes and News*

A THOROUGHLY enjoyable Hot Pot Supper and Smoking Concert was held at the Queen's Hotel on Saturday, April 18th. The fare provided by both the management and the artistes was excellent; all that was lacking was a full house. Will every Old Boy do his bit by supporting every function he can? In this way alone can the Association become of value to him and his fellow Old Boys.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was decided at this meeting to arrange a number of tennis matches, and to organise a golf tournament. We understand that both are in progress.

\* \* \* \* \*

The annual cricket match against the School will be played on Saturday, July 25th, on the School ground. This is one of the few occasions in the year when re-union is possible on a large scale, and we hope the event will become increasingly popular as time goes on. Every O.B. is specially invited to be present.

\* \* \* \* \*

The grouse is sometimes heard that there is no point in joining the O.B.A. because it offers nothing to interest the grouser. There is a fine moral lecture bearing on this, but we cannot deliver it here. And anyway the grouser has the remedy in his own hands. Let him gather together such O.B.s of his own generation as have some hobby or whimsy in common, and apply to form a club for the joint pursuit of such hobby or what not. Every encouragement is given to groups to form affiliated clubs of this kind. Address enquiries to the Secretary, Mr. H. A. Wilmot, "Glyn Wood," Helsby, Cheshire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Apart from the doings of the various clubs, the activities of the Association are necessarily limited. Its main purpose is to unite O.Bs. as a body, and to foster and co-ordinate subsidiary societies. But such functions as the annual general meeting, the annual dinner and the cricket match with the School are of general interest. Here rugger hearties and chess addicts can meet on common ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

The O.Bs. A.F.C. is losing its Secretary, Mr. G.F. Longman. In congratulating him on a successful term of office, and



on another count (referred to later), we welcome his successor, Mr. K. Maxwell of 9 Athol Street, Birkenhead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those who remember R. G. Whitfield, who left in 1922, will be interested to hear that he lives at 21 Oneida Street, Lynn, Massachusetts; that he still plays football and tennis, but has given up cricket—he finds it too slow. He would like a trip to England, but thinks he would find the climate ‘tough to get used to.’ (It can’t be done: you have to pretend you don’t notice it.—Ed.)

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### MARRIAGES.

At Buxton, 23rd May, G. W. D. Wright (1928-30), to Kathleen Quinny.

At Birkenhead (?) 20th June, W. R. Powers (1923-27), to M. James.

At Moreton Parish Church, 25th July, G. F. Longman (1920-24), to Gladys Dowdeswell.

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A. S. Cooper (1916-22), who sent us a letter from Cambridge two years ago, has been ordained into the ministry of the Presbyterian Church.

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G. Bowen (1922-28), whose distinction is recorded under O.Bs. successes, is sailing for New York in the “Scythia” on August 1st on his way to California, where he is to conduct research into the irrigation settlements of the Western States.

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### OBITUARY.

We regret to record the death on February 13th, 1936, of James Kennedy Bell (1916-21), of cerebral haemorrhage, at Adra on the Bengal-Nagpur Railway.

As Assistant Engineer in charge of a difficult survey preparatory to the opening of some manganese mines, he was working in a very unhealthy district when the news arrived of his father’s death. He was taken ill the same day, and died in hospital three weeks later. As a member of the Indian Auxiliary Force he was buried with military honours. He was 30 years of age and leaves a widow and child.

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We are indebted for the above details to Thomas Bell (1913-1918), brother of the deceased, who writes from Khargpur, also on the B.N. Railway. He wishes to be remembered to all O.Bs.

of his time, and adds: "I am always very interested in the school magazine and consider that it is a very great achievement. We had nothing like it when I was at the School."

### **Old Boys' Successes**

#### UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Historical Tripos, Part I., Class II., Division I.: K. W. Walker.

Theological Tripos, Part II., Class II.: A. S. Cooper.

#### UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

Degree of M.Sc. (Agric.): A. J. Low.

#### UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

##### FACULTY OF ARTS.

Degree of B.A. in Special Studies—

School of German, Part I.: R. F. Broadfoot, J. Wood.

Degree of B.A. in General Studies—

Second Year Examination—Mod. Hist.: L. Coglan; Med. Hist. and Mod. Hist.: D. Magee.

##### FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

Ordinary Degree of B.Sc.—

Final Examination, Third Year, Class II.: R. C. Loxam.

Second Year, Class II.: F. Richards.

Subsidiary Subject—Physics: T. W. Goodwin.

School of Chemistry, Degree of B.Sc., 1st Class Hons.: L. S. Clarkson.

##### FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Degree of M.B. and Ch.B.—

Final Examination, Part I.: H. Angelman, G. C. Tweedie, A. H. Williams.

##### SCHOOL OF DENTAL SURGERY.

Degree of B.D.S. Second Examination, Part A.: G. H. Lees.

##### FACULTY OF ENGINEERING.

School of Electrical Engineering—

Degree of B.Eng., 1st Class Hon.: F. L. Hamilton.

Intermediate Examination: T. W. Hunt.

##### SCHOOL OF COMMERCE.

Hons. in Geography, Part I., E. Todd.

##### DIPLOMA IN EDUCATION.

J. W. Piggott.

#### ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

M.R.C.P.: Dr. M. Pappworth.

### FELLOWSHIPS, SCHOLARSHIPS AND AWARDS.

#### COMMONWEALTH FELLOWSHIPS.

G. Bowen, M.A. (1922-28), University of Liverpool and Glasgow, Assistant Lecturer in Geography at Glasgow, elected to a Commonwealth Fund Fellowship of £600 for two years, with residence at the University of California.

E. R. Bartlam, M.Eng. (19 —21), University of Liverpool, Principal of Technical School under Ceylon Government, elected to a Commonwealth Fund Fellowship of £600 for two years with residence at Harvard and Yale Universities for research in education.

Liverpool University Graduate Scholarship and Leverhulme Chemistry Prize:

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

L. S. Clarkson.

THE past season is one to look back upon with satisfaction in more respects than one. Our results have been raised from a state of mediocrity by our success in winning the Old Boys' Senior Shield. This was our second final in the history of the competition, the previous occasion being 1931-2, and we are proud of our success on these two occasions.

The season also ends our tenure of our present headquarters. For some years the Senior and Junior Elevens have used different grounds, and this has been the main cause of the disappointing results of the latter Elevens during this period. There has been a lack of co-ordination, and a common bond of interest amongst all members. Increased activities at School necessitate our withdrawal from Ingleborough Road by the end of next season at the latest. Both the School and the Old Boys must ultimately benefit by this step, and we take up our new quarters next season at Heath Hey, Woodchurch.

Rugby is now the recognised School code, but our future still lies with the School. We are at the moment, and always have been, the strongest branch of our Old Boys' Association. We hope to continue so, but whether or not this is to be depends on the School. May we hope that the loyal support we have received in the past from boys leaving School will continue undiminished. G.F.L.

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

CLEAR skies, bright sunshine, green fields, white flannels—and yet for one brief moment we would bid you think of other things—of bleak, cold days, of black and gold hoops, and of the oval ball.

Our club was founded in November, 1935, under the presidency of the Headmaster, and the chairmanship of Mr. A. O. Jones. Fixtures commenced late in February, 1936, and though the season was then drawing to its close, the team shewed great initiative and four matches, of the eight played, ended in victory.

Good fixture lists have been arranged during the 1936-37 season. A sub-committee has been formed to look after ground-improvement schemes. Practice and training will begin early in September at the ground in Bidston village, and all old boys will be welcomed. Membership forms may be had, on application, from the Secretary, Mr. P. Burrell, Uplands, Gilmour Mount, Birkenhead, or from any other member of the committee. Boys leaving school at the end of the present school year are urged to join the club, and ensure its successful future. P.B.

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

IT has been felt for some time among the members of the Old Boys' Association that we should have some branch of activity in the musical sphere; and it was to satisfy this demand that the above-named society was formed.



Our primary object is to gather together all Old Boys interested in music and then apply our interest practically. A Choral Society was the obvious way of achieving this end, and we have formed a choir under the direction of Mr. T. H. Richards, who is very hopeful of making an entertaining and useful chorus out of us.

The Headmaster has kindly accepted the position of President of the Society, whilst Dr. Teasdale Griffiths has honoured us by accepting the position of Vice-President and helped us with his advice.

We have endeavoured to establish the society on sound lines and have an ambitious programme planned for next season, which we hope to begin in the early autumn.

Through the courtesy of the Editor, I am here enabled to appeal to all interested, to join at once. We particularly invite boys in their last term at school to join.

The society is not limited to vocalists, and if sufficient instrumentalists join up there is no reason why we should not have our own orchestra. We already have members interested in orchestral music, but such work is not possible unless our membership is increased.

Any further information may be obtained from Mr. A. Niblock, Hon. Secretary, 279 Borough Road, Birkenhead.

### *Old Boys' Swimming Club*

**T**HIS Club has so far not had the support anticipated, but every hope is entertained that next year will see the club well established. To this end the support of Senior boys at school is earnestly sought.

Meetings are held every Tuesday evening from nine to ten p.m. at Byrne Avenue Baths (No. 1 Plunge), and the charge is only sixpence per head. Boys at school, or in their first year after leaving school, are allowed a special reduction of membership fee, paying only one shilling instead of the usual four.

The Club Captain, Mr. J. Ellis, is one of the best known swimmers in Birkenhead, and, along with one or two other Old Boys, a member of the Birkenhead Swimming Club; therefore, any boys wishing to prepare for the Annual Swimming Gala will be given expert attention.

Forms of application for membership may be had from the Honorary Secretary, Mr. A. I. Jones, at his home, 11 Primrose Road, Birkenhead, or at Byrne Avenue Baths, any Tuesday evening between nine and ten o'clock.