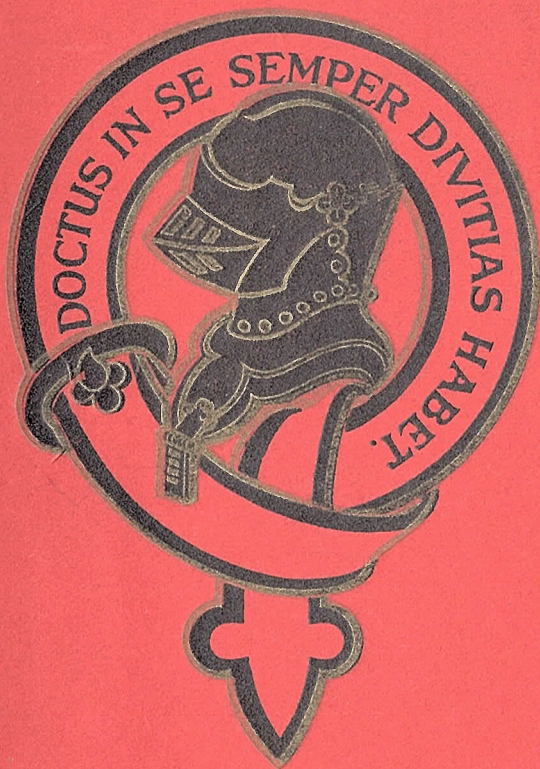


THE VISOR



BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE
SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

EASTER, 1937.

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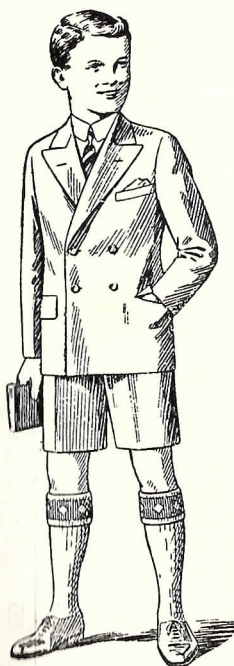
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Contents

School Calendar	57
Editorial	57
Salvete, Valet	57—58
Prize List	58—59
Wilfrid Owen Memorial	60
Poet's Paradise	60—63
The Contest	64—65
The Schoolboy's Best Friend	65
Others as We See Them	66—67
Crossword No. 12	68
Crossword No. 13	68—69
The Gym. at 10-45 a.m.	67—68
Your Surname	70—71
University Letter	72
Varia	73—74
1889	75
House Notes	76—78
Library Notes	78—79
Form Notes	79—98
Junior School Notes	99
Junior School Contributions	99—101
The Sixth Form Literary and Debating Society	101
League of Nations Union	102
Scientific Society	102—103
Badminton Club	103
Chess Club	103—104
Rugby Football	104—106
OLD BOYS' SECTION—	
Notes and News	107—108
O.B.'s Successes	108
Old Boys' A.F.C.	109
Old Boys' Chess Club	109—110
Old Boys' Dramatic Society	110—111
Old Instonians	111—112
Old Boys' Swimming Club...	112

1ST XV., 1936-1937.



Mr. A. D. LEWIS, A. J. TAYLOR, L. HILL, T. G. ASTLEY, W. E. CLARE, G. R. BELL, G. R. EDWARDS, R. WEIR, Mr. D. J. WILLIAMS.
J. EDELSTEN, E. G. WILLIAMS, R. C. LOWSON, I. G. R. JONES (Capt.), K. CARR, L. BLACK, A. C. WILLIAMS.
L. S. FALLOWS. L. F. CLARKE.



School Calendar

Speech Day	March 22nd.
Term ends	March 24th.
Summer Term begins	April 20th.
Coronation Holiday	}	May 12th—May 18th.
and		
Half Term		July 21st.
Term ends	

Editorial

“**H**UMAN nature is the same in all professions,” wrote Mr. Tristram Shandy (may his tribe increase). Thus editors, in spite of superficial differences, are very similar to coal-heavers; and even the collective wisdom of magazine committees has affinities with that of football teams. Thus to demand perfection of editors, and even, may we add, of editorials, is no more reasonable than to ask it of oneself. Editorial omniscience is a fallacy, although not, we trust, a pathetic fallacy.

This is an odd state of affairs; but it is perhaps unprofessional to lay emphasis on the editors and leave the contributors in the shade. A school magazine has this felicity, that it is an index of slow progress from unlettered scribblings to the pontifical publications of the Upper Sixth, where sense becomes necessary and sensibility desirable. Yet we might remark that the form-notes of IIIj. and the Advanced are but different variations upon themes substantially the same, and reveal a unity of content which only a school magazine could hope for.

Salvete

Form VI.—Stitt :—Robbins, P. E.

Form I.—Stitt :—Grant, H. W., James, A. E.

Upper Prep.—Stitt :—Wevill, H. B.

Valete

Upper Vlb.—**Atkin** :—Powl, G. E., *Matric.*, 1936, *Prefect*, 1st XI. *Cricket*, *Colours*, *Secretary of Badminton Club*, *Sub-editor of Visor*, *Vice-Captain of House*. **Stitt** :—Husselbury, W. D., *Matric.*, 1936. **Speed**, A. J., *Prefect* [*S.C.*, 1936] *Secretary of Visor*. **Tate** :—Evans, J. F. R., *Matric.*, 1936, *Vice-Captain of 1st XI. Cricket*, 2nd XV. *Rugby*. **Martin**, F. C., *Matric.*, 1936. **Westminster** :—Davies H. L., *Matric.*, 1936, *Captain of 2nd XI. Cricket*, 1st XV. *Rugby*. **Kay**, G., *S.C.*, 1936, 2nd XI. *Cricket*, 1st XV. *Rugby*.

Vis.—**Tate** :—Shandley, J.

Vla.—**Atkin** :—Wood, I. P., 1st XI. *Cricket*.

Vlb.—**Atkin** :—Tarbuck, D. R. **Westminster** :—Allen, W.

Rem. I.—**Atkin** :—Evans, J. E.

VI.—**Atkin** :—Evanson, N. J.

Form II.—**Atkin** :—Lyth, A. D.

Prize List

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NEVER ABSENT FOR THREE YEARS, 1933-36—

M. Forshaw, J. M. Freckleton, J. A. Thornton, W. S. Williams.

NEVER ABSENT FOR FOUR YEARS, 1932-36—

G. R. Bell, R. Henshaw, E. E. Hutchinson, A. J. Taylor, G. A. Wetherell,

A. C. Williams.

NEVER ABSENT FOR FIVE YEARS, 1931-36—

A. T. Capes.

NEVER ABSENT FOR SEVEN YEARS, 1929-36—

H. J. Bozier, R. E. May.

PRIZE LIST.

	1ST PRIZE:	2ND PRIZE:	3RD PRIZE:
Form IIIj.	G. E. Foxcroft.	J. W. Bryden.	G. A. Thomas.
Form IIIb.	H. G. Proudman.	W. E. Liversage.	J. G. Beckett.
Form IIIa.	R. E. Shimmmin.	A. H. Sargent.	G. H. Anderson.
			C. E. Griffith.
Form IVj.	G. G. Badcock.	W. J. Owen.	A. J. Hales.
Form IVb.	K. I. Vincent.	C. N. Thompson.	D. O. Griffith.
Form IVa.	I. D. Harris.	H. C. Grice.	G. S. Smith.
			J. F. Pearson.
Form Vj.	K. Bell.	E. Williams.	P. Ryan.
Form VI.	C. W. Cooper.	A. Davies.	M. D. Forshaw.
Form Rem.l.	K. Carr.	W. Davies.	H. Austin.
Form Rem.a.	W. S. Williams.	M. Jones.	L. H. Gallagher.
			J. S. Davies.
Form Rem.j.	P. P. Simpson.	R. S. Robinson.	R. C. Lowson.
			A. R. Pierce.
Form VIIb.	A. T. Cook.	J. Shandley.	G. A. Forsythe.
Form VIa.	N. A. Renner.	F. J. Campbell.	A. D. Turner.
Form VIc.	G. Powl.	J. Edelsten.	S. Bunting.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

English—C. A. Alldis.
 Geography—W. Kinnear.
 Physics—W. C. Bray.
 Mathematics—R. E. May.

History—W. I. N. Mercer.
 French—T. Heys.
 Chemistry—J. G. Stott.
 Drawing—(Senior), N. Renner.

Headmaster's Prize—C. A. Alldis.

SOPLY HISTORY PRIZE—J. Gallagher.

CONNACHER ENGLISH PRIZE—J. Gallagher.

GEORGE HOLT PRIZES—

Languages—W. Kinnear.
 Chemistry—G. A. Wetherell.

Physics—G. A. Wetherell.
 Mathematics—H. J. Bozier.

Medals for Drill and Gymnastics (Champion Four)—W. E. Clare, J. Clarke,
 H. B. Evans, G. A. Wetherell.

Free Exercise Medal (Presented by Mr. Clague)—D. R. Robey.

Colours, Caps—Cricket: W. Kinnear, G. Powl, R. A. King, C. J. Montgomery;

Football: W. E. Clare, A. J. Taylor, A. R. M. Weir, R. L. Hill, T. G. Astley,
 K. Carr.

Silver Cup for Games—(Senior): ; (Junior):

Cross Country Run—(Senior): A. J. Taylor; (Junior): W. N. Garry.

Victor Ludorum—(Senior): P. O. Jones; (Junior): E. Bee.

HOUSE TROPHIES—

Athletics—Westminster.
 Rugby Football—Westminster.
 Cricket—Tate.

Cross Country—(Senior): Tate.
 (Junior): Westminster.

Wilfred Owen Memorial

IT has often been felt by various masters that an effort should be made to commemorate the genius of Wilfred Owen and to associate it more closely with the School where he received his education, but hitherto no steps have been taken to put the intention into practice. At last, however, a small committee has been formed, with the Headmaster as Chairman, and Mr. J. E. Allison as Treasurer, to appeal for subscriptions, and to consider what form such a memorial should take.

The same idea, too, has been present in other minds, so that it came as no surprise to hear that at the inaugural dinner of the "Caminstonians," referred to elsewhere in our pages, a similar suggestion was made by Mr. R. V. Gibson and met with unanimous approval.

We feel sure that old boys, present scholars, and well-wishers of the Institute will be eager to help in this cause, so that a memorial may be assured which will befit both our School and one of her most distinguished scholars. Particulars will be announced later.

Poets' Paradise

NOW that the festive season is over, and we are suffering from a surfeit of knock-knocks and Little Audreys, I want to suggest a more intellectual entertainment for the leisure hours, so I will relate what happened one evening during the holidays.

We, that is Jack, Peter, Elaine, and I, were spending the evening at Peggy's, where she was celebrating a birthday.

No sooner had we settled ourselves round the fire, than Peggy, producing paper and badly-sharpened pencils, announced: "Now we're going to have a little literary entertainment."

There was no protesting voice, as Peggy was, after all, hostess, but the reader must bear in mind a saying about looks and daggers.

"Here, paper and pencils. Shut up you two; now all ready? It's really quite simple. What you have to do is to write a question at the top of your paper, fold it down and pass it on. Any sort of question will do, so long as it's nothing personal," with a slight glance in my direction I thought, "and when you've done that, you write a word without looking at the question, on the paper you've been given; fold it down and pass that on too."

"That's quite easy," declared Peter. "What do we do next, think of a number and double it?"

"You'll have every opportunity for being funny in a few minutes, Peter," assured the hostess coldly. "You now," she continued with a bright smile, "unfold your paper, and write a short poem answering the question, and embodying the word."

There was a stunned silence. Then I rose firmly; "I've just remembered that I prom—"

"You know perfectly well that you promised to spend the evening here," said Peggy haughtily.

"Gosh," muttered Elaine, "look at this, Jack!"

"I suggest perfect silence, and we'll read out our efforts in ten minutes," interjected our domineering hostess.

So there was silence for a while, broken only by the groans of souls pursuing the errant muse.

At last Peggy, who had been sport enough to join in, sat up brightly, "I've finished. Two more minutes, everyone."

Some of us seemed to have done not too badly I thought. Peter wore the sunny air of one who has done his duty like a man. Elaine still scribbled wildly; Jack's poem had a fresco of cat's heads round it, and I felt that even mine would not disgrace me. Suddenly Peggy pounced.

"Time!" she said. "Now Charles, you begin."

"Well" I smiled modestly, the question was "Do niggers eat their young?" and the word "shoelaces." You can see how hard it is to combine two quite unrelated——"

"Oh, cut it out, and produce the masterpiece," interrupted Jack.

"Oh, well," I cleared my throat.

"Do niggers eat their young you ask,

To answer this is a terrible task,

I much regret that it is true.

But what's it got to do with you?

When a young nigger's very wee,

They say 'There isn't much for tea.'

They do not eat their guts of course.

The innards are given to the horse—

Except the intestines of these races

Which, being black, become shoelaces."

There was a flattering murmur, and Jack took up the tale: "Very political flavour about mine," he said, "'Is Hitler a communist?'" and 'milk.' Harder to connect than your two, Charles—but owing to my knowledge of——"

"Yes, yes," muttered Elaine, and, with a glare John started:

"You ask is Hitler communist
Or what party he follows.
The answer to that question is
He simply stands and hollers.
He hollers loud, he hollers soft,
His heart is aught but tender,
His Nazis bring him anarchists,
And pile them in the fender.
He and Mussolini are
Dictators quite cold-blooded,
They both have parties of their own
And have all others flooded.
They think that independence is
A thing to be sought after.
And silk from milk they try to make
Nor care for Europe's laughter."

"Oh, very natty!" exclaimed Elaine. "Quite a bright effort for such a child," she added kindly. "We'd better have mine next, it's quite short. My word was 'fish,' and the question 'What is a strawberry bush?' Not that I've ever heard anyone call a strawberry thing a bush, but I don't know what you would call it. Anyhow here goes:

"A strawberry bush is a plant,
I know, 'cause I have an aunt
Who has one of these in her flat
Also frying-pans, twins and a cat.
The strawberry bush is the wish
Of the twins, but the everyday dish
Of the cat
Is a fish."

There was a burst of applause at this feat of genius, and it was now Peggy's turn.

When Peggy had forbidden a scurrilous question, Peter had straightaway written "Have you smelly feet?" thinking that I would have to answer this question. Unfortunately for Peter, he had not known which way we were to pass our papers, and Peggy had got the paper with this question, and the word "hypnotism."

After explaining several of Peter's less pleasant characteristics. Peggy proceeded :

“ Have I smelly feet you ask
Have elephants got feathers ?
Do ostriches wear bowler hats ?
Have cherubims got beavers ?

Like as the filmy gossamer
Entwines the twinkling stars,
So do my flat-feet arch supports
Enclose two pearly bars.

Their hypnotism draws the awe
Of coveters near and far,
Because my little fairy feet
Are gems of lavender.”

Peter, to regain lost favour, applauded Peggy's masterly handling of this unpleasant question, and then went on to his own poem. “ My question ” he said was “ Are you a knut ? ” and my word “ cruelty.” This is what I made of them :

“ Am I a knut ?
That I can answer fast ;
Their day is past
With yellow gloves, malacca canes, distinctive strut,
All gone, so, thankless task,
'Tis cruelty to ask
If one belongs unto this vanished throng.
New days are here
With crooners dear,
Tap dance, and strident hotcha song.
And only in the dark,
Stealing across the path,
While autumn leaves swirl mournful on the grass,
Silent and still,
A shadow 'gainst the hill,
Maybe a ghostly knut will quietly pass.”

This dirge fell only just short of drawing tears, and after this exhaustion of our creative faculties, we were introduced to supper, which, we rightly felt, we had earned.

A.D.T.

The Contest

GOOD evening, Everybody. We're now taking you over to the Shambles Sports Arena to hear an account of the series of all-in wrestling matches between Vlb. Throttlers and VIa. Rib-Crackers. Here is the programme for to-night :

Flesh Carr (16-st.) v. Hard Boiled Herbie Black (10-st.)

Cutie Franka (10-st.) v. Ripper Macbryde (9-st. 8-lbs.)

Bull Crail (14-st.) v. Ape Jones (8-st 1-lb.)

Gorilla Tarbuck (20-st.) v. Man-Mountain Mortimer (5-st. 6-lbs.)

The first fight has already started, and at the moment Flesh has a wisdom tooth bite on Herbie's little toe, but with a kick to the stomach Flesh falls. Flesh is up! Herbie puts him down with a body slam. He's up! he's down! He's up! he's down! He's up: he's down! At last, Flesh makes a comeback with a double grapevine on Herbie's eyeball. The crowd sing "It's love again," and Herbie pats the boards to put Flesh one up. Flesh's weight is beginning to tell, but with skilful use of the ropes Herbie nearly strangles Flesh, who is fiercely pulling at his opponent's eyebrows. The referee says if they don't make a fight of it and stop playing he'll call it a no-contest. "Anyone would think it was a nursery school." The boys now settle down to business, and Herbie evens matters with a treble ear pull. It is not long before Flesh wins by two falls to one, by tickling Hard Boiled Herbie into submission. The Throttlers are one up, and while attendants clear the ring of toe nails, VIa. Rib Crackers hope the Ripper will square matters.

The Ripper is wearing a red dressing gown, to match his hair, and the Cutie is in a camel hair coat, and as the gong goes, he throws his comb to an anxious second. The Ripper picks him up by the feet and twirls him round and round, gradually increasing speed. Suddenly he lets go, and the Cutie flies out of the ring to hit the balcony with a thud, and while sympathisers collect for a wreath, the next two playboys are being searched for razor blades.

The bell's gone, and the Bull rushes for the Ape who steps aside and lets him hit the corner post with his head. The Bull's counted out, and the Rib Crackers take the lead. "Gentlemen! no bottle-throwing: please!"

There's a stoppage, as the Gorilla has uprooted his corner post, and an expectant hush follows the sound of the gong.

After the referee has lifted up the Man Mountain to shake hands with the Gorilla, the boys start. The fact that the mortuary slab is near doesn't seem to worry the Man Mountain for he quickly settles down to the business of pulling the hairs out of the Gorilla's legs. The Gorilla sighs deeply, without doubt regretting what he has to do, and the crowd gasp as the Man Mountain topples over. The referee warns the Gorilla that he must give the fans something for their money and not blow so hard. But the Man Mountain can take it, and he gets up full of fight. No, not fright, gentlemen, fight. The Gorilla has slipped, and the Man Mountain quickly takes the opportunity of pulling the Gorilla's tongue. The Gorilla rumbles deeply, while lumbering to his feet and tries to bite his opponent's hand. The Man Mountain shifts his grasp to the end of the Gorilla's tongue and the latter, mad with agony, spins swiftly round with the game little lad hanging on. Tiens ! He's lost his grip, and as he comes down from the roof souvenir hunters rush to the spot hoping to gain some mementos, such as an arm or a tooth, or to plead for a finger-nail.

Well, Everybody, that finishes the series, and the result is two all. We're now taking you over to the Drill Hall to hear Egg Williams and his Six B. Flips playing their first instalment of "Swing." So I'll say good night from the Shambles. Goodnight Everybody, goodnight !

The Schoolboy's Best Friend

WHO is it stops us from our play,
Who is it spoils our fun all day,
And makes us for our sins to pay ?

The prefect.

Who's at the door the lates to greet,
And fills with names the beastly sheet,
Who puts near half the School in dete ?

The prefect.

Who is it, too, so mild and meek,
Who goes and prattles to the Beak,
Of all whose caps aren't worn that week ?

The prefect.

Who steers us gently through the School,
Assisting us to keep each rule,
Applauds the wise and checks the fool ?

The prefect.

Others as We See Them

GLOOMY winter's noo awa'. Now look we forward to the gladsome spring (sing 'ting-a-ling'). Now gentle ewes bleat lovingly to their lambs (ma-a); now business barons speak softly to shareholders (We hope you will vote to the Directors for their services during the year the sum of £1,000); now house captains bully, curse, and cajole their houses. (We must do better. Let everyone give of his best. The disgusting slackness of the many. The long pull and the strong pull).

But above all, now is the time when The Wise (I have forgotten all I ever learned at school), and The Successful (I never won a prize when I was at school) stand up on platforms amid pots and palms and tell us how they did it.

Pause for . . .

SPEECH DAY CRACKS.

"Mr. ———, in the course of his reply, asked the Headmaster for a whole holiday . . . greeted with much approbation."

This ripe old chestnut never fails to bring down the house.

* * * * *

"It is not so many years ago that the whole curriculum (*sic*) of the School was run on the basis that there were things it would be good for the schools to teach, and it was a great pity if it did not fall in with anything in later life that was going to happen to the boy."

Obviously.

* * * * *

"Education should not be a preparation for a mode of livelihood but for a mode of life. If you recognise the significance of that, you will kill vocational training in schools."

A hard saying but sound doctrine.

* * * * *

"If boys worried about their homework, they should be sent to bed . . .

Boys should, of course, work for the sheer joy of working—as their elders did."

Isn't this what the Elder Cato said in B.C. 150?

* * * * *

The Liverpool Institute Magazine (Jan., 1937), fills 14 pages of small type with reports of the Literary and Debating Society. The meetings, which seem to be attended by from 30

to 40 members, are usually pretty lively; there is no lack of able and witty speakers, and the reports make anything but dull reading. When will some member of our Lit. and Deb. Soc. help to popularise its meetings and brighten the *Visor* by sending in chatty accounts of the debates instead of a paragraph of dull 'notes.'

* * * * *

One of the best things in this term's bunch of magazines is a detective story in the *Lion* (Rock Ferry, Dec., 1936).

* * * * *

The most astonishing feature of the Park High School Magazine (June, 1936), is its new cover, which is editorially described as 'effective and original.' We have no doubt as to the originality, and the effect on us was immediate.

* * * * *

The *Log* (Hobart High School, Tasmania, Dec., 1936), prints a selection from the letters of the foreign correspondents of pupils. We quote one or two extracts.

"I am 15 years old. My fiancé who corresponds with your sister studies music.

My hair is a mixture from black, brown, and fair.

My fiancé finds it very nice."

Patchy, but chic.

"I have the obligation to observe you that I do not domineer the English with all perfection, but I hope that you excuse me if I make some mistakes orthographical."

Granted.

"Our climate is very agreeable as in summer as in winter."

Inversely, as in England.

"In Fiji there are many bananas. . . You like bananas? There are many ripe bananas here."

Yes, we have none.

* * * * *

The *Visor* Committee gratefully acknowledge receipt of the above and of the Halton Magazine, Wirral Grammar School Magazine, Teignmouth Grammar School Magazine, and the *Caldeian*.

The Gym at 10-45 a.m.

Silkworms on mulberry leaves may thrive

To yield the world its silk,

But I'm to get my credits five

On a daily gill of milk.

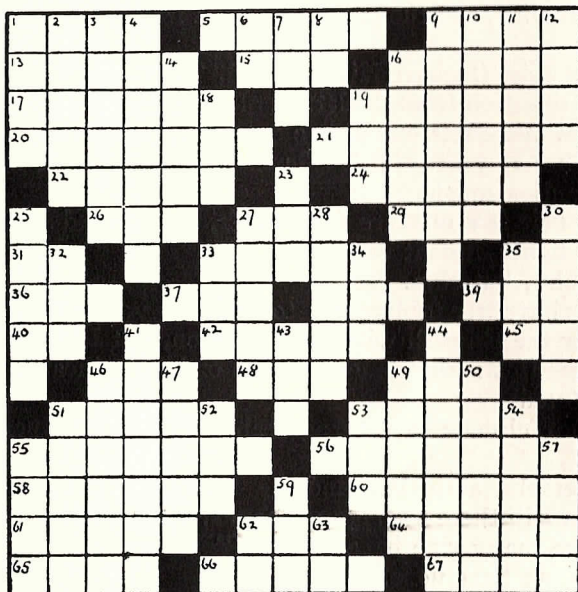
Young Kane on steaks and ale may train
 With other of his ilk,
 But all the fuel for my brain
 Comes from a glass of milk.

Let others mock me, if they will,
 But I will never bilk,
 Nor seek to dodge the weekly bill
 For daily meals of milk.

[Milk is paid for *before* consumption in this School.—ED.]

Crossword No. 13

SOLUTIONS should be handed to Mr. Hall. A prize is offered for the first correct solution received.



CLUES.

ACROSS.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1.—Remainder. | 24.—rev. What the spider did. |
| 5.—Copper (slang). | 26.—“Yon fiery—and eyes of light.” |
| 9.—Nautical bargain offer? | 27.—Backward male. |
| 13.—Shepherds’ pipes are, poetically. | 29.—Colour of leather? |
| 15.—Poem. | 31. and 40.—Caudal Appendage. |
| 16.—Prickle. | 33.—Small light. |
| 17.—Eaten with custard. | 35 and 45.—Become wearisome. |
| 19.—Greek state. | 36.—Ventilate. |
| 20.—Tolerates. | 37.—Not lustrous. |
| 21.—Attacked. | 38.—Sea-bird. |
| 22.—Old spelling of Tate and Lyle? | 39.—Lump of soft material. |

- 40.—See 31.
 42.—Pain.
 45.—See 35.
 46.—Beaded moisture.
 48.—Still.
 49.—Ill-bred person.
 51.—Rot.
 53.—Part of coat-breast.
 55.—More strict.

- 56.—Regards with religious respect.
 58.—Omits in pronunciation.
 60.—We all do from Adam.
 61.—Linear measures.
 62.—Small deer.
 64.—Disjoin.
 65.—Thrust.
 66.—Wild herbs.
 67.—Deep wooded valley.

DOWN.

- 1.—Stout line.
 2.—Obtains as reward of merit.
 3.—Artist's workroom.
 4.—Holdings (of office).
 6 and 7.—Square measures.
 8.—Nominative plural of I.
 9.—Hardy.
 10.—Aeronauts.
 11.—Bury.
 12.—Guide.
 14.—Cut up language. Of Nero?
 16.—Fun.
 18.—rev. Roman foot.
 19.—Inflamed swelling.
 23.—Smart slight blow.
 25.—Soil.
 27.—Spruce.
 28.—Intended.
 30.—Long-handled spoon.
 32.—Be ill.

- 33.—rev. Was in session.
 34.—Woollen wrap.
 35.—Friend.
 41.—Withdraws.
 43 after 23.—Sword.
 44.—Frisked.
 46.—Imps.
 47.—Goods for sale.
 49.—Underground dwellings.
 50.—Same as 60.
 51.—Name.
 52.—Affirmative.
 53.—Played first card.
 54.—Loch—.
 55 and 62.—rev. Word from School motto.
 57.—Withered.
 59.—Part of stocking.
 62 and 63.—Part of some musical instruments.

Crossword No. 12

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

SOLUTION.

ACROSS.

- | | | | |
|--------------|------------------|-------------|--------------|
| 1.—Oars. | 22.—Seels. | 38.—See 32. | 55.—Degrees. |
| 5.—Swede. | 24.—Enter. | 39.—Vat. | 56.—Rippled. |
| 9.—Cres—. | 26.—Dr(a)t. | 40.—Ar. | 58.—Orgies. |
| 13.—Brick. | 27.—Sad. | 42.—Trent. | 60.—Tiller. |
| 15.—Are. | 29.—rev. Red. | 46.—Web. | 61.—Filed. |
| 16.—Treat. | 31.—O.M. | 48.—Sag. | 62.—Tar. |
| 17.—Oenone. | 33.—Melon. | 49.—Tat. | 64.—Reave. |
| 19.—Trente. | 35 and 45.—Cent. | 51.—Early. | 65.—Feed. |
| 20.—Easters. | 36.—Nay. | 53.—Tamar. | 67.—Stew. |
| 21.—Cheater. | 37.—Lea. | | 66.—Bored. |

DOWN.

- | | | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|--------------|-------------|
| 1.—Oboe. | 14.—Knelt. | 33.—Met. | 52.—Yes. |
| 2.—Arcas. | 16.—Trend. | 34.—Not. | 53.—Tit. |
| 3.—Rinsed. | 18.—ers. | 35.—Can. | 54.—Reeve. |
| 4.—Scoters. | 19.—The. | 41.—Ferried. | 55.—Doff. |
| 6 and 8.—Wade. | 23.—Pal. | 43.—Eat. | 57.—Drew. |
| 7.—Err. | 25.—Jonah. | 44.—Samples. | 59.—Bar. |
| 9.—Creates. | 27.—Sears. | 46.—Waggle. | 62.—} Tore. |
| 10.—Renter. | 28.—Doing. | 47.—Bleed. | |
| 11.—Eater. | 30.—Letts. | 49.—Tapir. | |
| 13.—Star (anag.
rest). | 32.—Mar. | 50.—Tallat. | |
| | 32 and 38.—Marion. | 51.—Eerie. | |

Your Surname

HAVE you ever given a thought to your surname, or is it another of those many things you take for granted? If it is, a brief treatment of the subject may interest you.

To begin with, there were no surnames before the Norman Conquest, although some important people, e.g., Ethelred the Redeless (sometimes called Unready), were known by a nickname. But, although many of our modern names appear to be survivals of Saxon nicknames, the majority may be traced to a later source.

Fortunately for the enquirer, surnames have been formed along certain fixed and easily understood lines. First is the class which is formed from one's ancestor's baptismal name. Many such end in *—son*, e.g. *Nelson, Robinson, Robertson, Simpson*, etc. In this case, it is necessary to remember that even after the formation of such names some time elapsed before they became hereditary. Thus, one Robert *Simpson* might be the son of Simon *Robinson*, whose father was Robin *Johnson*. Confusing, isn't it? However, in time names became hereditary.

Not all patronymics end in *—son*. Many end merely with the genitive *—s*: thus *Sims, Robins, Jones, Hughes, Thomas, Roberts, Harris, Rogers*. Of these, *Thomas* may be a genitive or merely one of those baptismal names which are used as surnames without any alteration, like *Martin, James, Morris*, and *others*. Many Welsh names belong to this class, and to those mentioned above you can doubtless add others, such as *Williams, Davi(e)s, Evans*.

The second method of name-making gives us our largest class—those which are local, from place of residence. Such a name, in fact, as *Bridge, Hill, York, Street, Ireland*. As far as the first two are concerned, the name indicates that the bearer lived by the natural feature mentioned, while in the case of the others the name would not be acquired till that place or country had been quitted. Thus, one John coming, let us say, from Chester to Birkenhead, would soon be known as John *Chester* to distinguish him from other Johns. *Cornish, French*, and *Devenish* are examples of the name obtained from an adjectival form, as also are *Welsh (Wallis)*, and *Almond (Allemand)*.

The third class of names is derived from the trade followed, or the office held, by the original bearer, and to this group belong many of our commonest surnames:—*Smith, Taylor, Wright, Walker, Turner, Clark, Cooper, Cook, Carter*, etc. You can add to this list at your pleasure. That these *occupative* names were early is clearly shewn by the fact that they have sometimes derivatives of their own, as *Clarkson, Wrightson, Cookson, Smithson*. Some names of this class end in *-ster*, where the suffix denoted an occupation carried on by women; hence we have *Baxter*, (Baker), *Webster*, (Weaver), etc.

The fourth class of names derives from nicknames ("eke," or additional, names), and is a very varied group. Such names as *Earl, Bishop, Prince, Baron, Squire*, belong here, being nicknames bestowed on performers in medieval plays or pageants. Many of the names in this fourth category are derived from the names of animals, birds, and fishes, such as:—*Bird, Best*, (Beast), *Bear, Hawke, Crowe, Heron, Dove* or *Duff, Stott* or *Bullock, Roe, Doe, Whale*. In this classification, too, are to be included all those nicknames based on adjectives which refer to some physical or mental characteristic. Thus, we think we recognise *Moody* or *Mudie*, but this name means "valiant," while *Stout*, too, is rather "valiant" than "fat," and *Sturdy* more "rebellious" than "strong." We can, however, appreciate the contrast of *Mutch* and *Little*. French has helped also, and *Bell* is "le bel," while *Boon* and *Bone* are "bon," and *Grant* is "grand." Adjectives of colour, in their turn, have helped, and we have *Black* (though it sometimes means "pale"), *White, Hoar, Dun*. Red with its French form "rouge," "rousse," gives us *Reid, Reed, Read, Rudd, Rudge, Rush, Rouse, Russell*. Fair-haired people acquired a name like *Fairfax* (Anglo-Saxon "feax," "hair"), or *Blount, Blunt* (blond). Welsh nicknames are *Gough, Goff, Gooch*, meaning red, *Gwynn, Wynne*, meaning white, and *Lloyd*, grey. *Couch* is Cornish for red, and *Murray* is not always Scotch but may be for "Murrey," dark red, or even "Murie," merry.

If you are at all interested in this subject, you should borrow from the Public Library Professor Weekley's book "The Romance of Names," from which the examples given above have been taken.

University Letter

EMMANUEL COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

Sir,

This term has seen the formation in Cambridge of a new and select society, membership of which is restricted to Old Boys of Birkenhead Institute who are, or who have been, resident members of the University.

The Caminstonian Society was inaugurated at a dinner held in the Lion Hotel on February 20th, 1937. Members present were: the Headmaster (Downing), President, Dr. Moelwyn Hughes (Corpus Christi), K. W. Walker (Peterhouse), R. V. Gibson (Gonville and Caius), G. N. Jenkins (Fitz-William House), C. C. Perry (King's), and C. A. Alldis (Emmanuel).

A proposal by Mr. R. V. Gibson to open a fund to commemorate Wilfred Owen, the war poet, who was an old boy of the Institute, was unanimously agreed to.

The dinner was such a success that it was resolved to make a re-union dinner in Cambridge an annual event.

Other important events of the term have been the Lent Races and the appearance of the distinguished ex-convict, McCartney (author of *Walls Have Mouths*) at the Union. Debates at the Union have been particularly varied and interesting, and every motion seems to have produced some effective speaking—as, for example, when Bertrand Russell was opposed by the Dean of St. Paul's.

The Lents were attended with the customary enthusiasm for all rowing matters, and with the usual crop of bad heads after the Bump Suppers. These races naturally remind everyone that the Boat Race is nearly here. The 'Varsity crew have been in training all term, and are shewing their usual excellent form.

As you yourself suggest, sir, most of the term has been taken up with "erudite labours" and "academic slumbers," and there is little else to report. Trusting that the Easter number of the *Visor* will be as successful as its predecessors,

I am, sir,

Yours, etc.,

C. A. ALLDIS.

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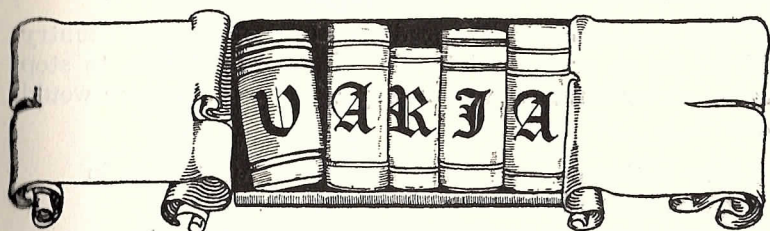
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A COLLECTION made in the School for the King George V. Memorial Fund enabled us to send the sum of £4 10s.0d. towards the provision of playing fields throughout the country.

* * * * *

Congratulations to the members of the 1st XV. who were given their colours at the end of last term,—Astley, Carr, Clare, Hill, Taylor, and Weir.

* * * * *

We look up to the new prefects, Search and Speed.

Later: Speed has sped, but we have not yet given up the Search.

* * * * *

It is no small achievement to win a scholarship in open competition with boys from schools all over the country, and the School is justly proud of the honour reflected on it by Gallagher, who has won an Open Scholarship in History of the value of £100 per annum tenable at Trinity College, Cambridge.

* * * * *

In recognition of this distinction, Alderman Solly, who visited us one morning this term, announced an extra day's holiday at half-term. We hope it will not be too long before someone else provides the same excuse for a holiday.

* * * * *

Once again we express our thanks to Mr. Hirst for the very enjoyable film show he gave us at the end of last term. Our own ciné-projector has been in use several times this term under the able direction of Cook and Search.

* * * * *

Bogus company promoters are extending their operations. Readers are warned to examine very carefully the claims of Broken Windows Inc., a recent Library flotation, before parting with their cash. An earlier attempt to launch this concern privately broke down owing to lack of support.

Extract from a VIb contribution :

" It is therefore to be hoped that the people of this country will not be so prejudiced by the high death roll as to stop buying motor cars, for in this way the British Empire would suffer."

Buy still more cars, John Bull, nor count the cost in
Lives lost to Progress in her Baby Austin.

Know, when pursued by death on roads arterial,
Thy life is given in a cause imperial !

* * * * *

Overheard in the Library :

" Oke. Heads I do IIIb. Form Notes, tails, Remove j."
Thus is your magazine produced.

* * * * *

Martin's departure has removed one of the bosses of the canteen racket. His late partner is anxious to recruit a successor. The job is an excellent apprenticeship for would-be bartenders, and apart from the actual rake-off, which would be a matter of negotiation, offers an attractive opening for a career of service.

* * * * *

Readers of this periodical will be grieved to hear that one of its joint editors has temporarily drawn the line, given up the ghost, and thrown up the sponge. The rest of the staff, having divided the editorial toga and red pencil, are carrying on as usual.

* * * * *

Ours is an age of youth, and youth took the helm when a third-former, J. D. Haughton, read a paper to the Scientific Society. The librarians present were put to shame.

" Ex ore infantium et lactentium . . . "

* * * * *

May we take this opportunity of denying that the meetings of the U. VI. in the dining-room are another example of high life below stairs ?





1889





THIS term, by the kindness of Mrs. W. Jackson, Leighton Court, Neston, daughter of the late Mr. George Atkin, we print what we believe to be the first photograph of the Staff and Boys of the Institute. It was taken in the Spring term of the year 1889, the School having been formally opened by the Duke of Westminster on January the Twelfth that year.

On the extreme left is the late Mr. George Atkin, a founder of the School, and Chairman of the Governors until his death. The Staff included Mr. Connacher (Head Master), Mr. Calder (Secretary), Mr. Crofts, Mr. Thompson, and Miss Farrell (Preparatory Department).

Our thanks are due to Mr. Stanton Campbell, Mr. H. Hamilton, Mr. J. Ravenshaw, Mr. H. E. Stephens, and particularly to Mr. J. C. Band and Mr. W. D. Band for their invaluable aid in identifying the various members of the group. As will be seen from the accompanying key and list, most of those in the photograph have been recognised. Any additional information will be welcomed by the Head Master, who would be pleased to get into touch with the various members of the group.

- 1—Mr. Geo. Atkin.
- 2—Mr. Thomson.
- 3— — Jones.
- 4— — Pugh.
- 5—
- 6—Miss M. K. Farrell.
- 7—H. S. Johnston (Ma.)
- 8—H. Johnston (Lt.-Col., D.S.O.)
- 9—F. McDonald.
- 10—J. Swift.
- 11—H. Hamilton.
- 12—
- 13—O. Bratt.
- 14—D. Legg (Ma.)
- 15— — Eldridge.
- 16—H. Steele.
- 17—J. Ravenshaw (Ma.)
- 18—M. Henderson.
- 19—T. Ravenshaw (Mi.)
- 20—S. Richardson.
- 21—
- 22—L. Pitt Taylor.
- 23—C. E. Guthrie.
- 24— — Mines.
- 25— — Calder.
- 26— — Legg.

- 27— — Roberts.
- 28— — Mashiter.
- 29—
- 30—E. Johnston (Mi.)
- 31—S. Montgomery (Ma.)
- 32—T. McQueen.
- 33—J. Ledsham (Mi.)
- 34—
- 35—W. B. Pitt Taylor.
- 36—W. D. Band (Ma.)
- 37—Adam Cloat.
- 38—D. Montgomery (Mi.)
- 39—W. M. Robinson (Mi.)
- ("Wayfarer," Cycling Journalist).
- 40— — Bainbridge (?) (Pennock?)
- 41—W. Delaney.
- 42—A. Ledsham (Ma.)
- 43— — Robinson.
- 44—J. C. Band (Mi.)
- 45—Mr. Calder (Sec.)
- 47—D. Robinson (Ma.)
- 48— — Lord.
- 49—Mr. W. S. Connacher (Head Master).
- 50—T. Postlethwaite.
- 51—Mr. Crofts.
- 52— — Carter (?)

ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

ATKIN.

THE House has so far experienced a tolerably successful term, a phenomenon which has not occurred with monotonous regularity in recent years. As far as football is concerned, the outlook, which was at one time extremely unsettled, is now quite favourable. The Bantams completed their fixtures by defeating Tate and Westminster, and altogether have won four matches out of six. The Seniors lost the only match played to date, but their defeat by Stitt might, with luck, have been a victory.

The House Social, held at the end of last term, was, as usual, a very cheerful gathering. A tea was provided in the Janitor's incomparable style, and we were then entertained by games kindly arranged by Mr. Davies, by some excellent singing by Mr. D. J. Williams, and by a series of "turns" given by some of the boys.

We might have gained first place in the mark sheet of this term but for the activities of certain junior members, who frequently honoured the detention room with their presence. But for all this sad tale of crime and punishment, we remain as optimistic as ever, with high hopes of the summer term.

I.G.R.J.

STITT.

BEGINNING in a cheerful key, we must record the lingering pleasures of the House Social held at the end of last term. According to all reports, it was the "best ever." What more could one wish than a groaning board loaded with all the popular schoolboy delicacies, some games to rub the corners off the currants, and tip-top entertainment provided by a body of enthusiastic members? Especial thanks are due to Miss H. M.

Dyer and Mr. A. D. Lewis, in addition to our Housemaster, Mr. A. O. Jones, for their great toil and trouble in arranging the programme, also to the Social Secretary, A. J. Speed, the House Captain, J. S. Melville, and all the others who volunteered to take active parts in the festivities. We were also very pleased to welcome back two old boys, T. Smart, and N. Renner, who rendered very skilfully several rhythmic songs (the piano falling over and disintegrating into its component pieces in the process !)

We are beginning to shine, too, at Rugby. So far, the Seniors have this term played one match and won one, and the Bantams won one and lost one. Things are indeed bucking up !

We still continue to make history in a scholastic direction. Our own champion, J. Gallagher, has this time pulled off a Scholarship in History at Trinity College, Cambridge. Congratulations ! Incidentally, the School was given an extra day's holiday at half-term in celebration of his success.

Again, Stitt must express its regret at the departure of our own " Wee Speed " into the realms of commerce. He will long be remembered for his Trojan work in every way, for who does not recall him as a Prefect, or as the mainstay of the Bantams, and the Dramatic Society, as the backbone of the *Visor* Committee, or even as the busy individual responsible for our morning milk ?

Finally, while we cannot yet tell of any great success in ordinary school work, we seriously believe that the crisis is past, that the status of the House is improving, and that the new attitude of its members is to be commended.

I.S.M.

TATE.

THE first thing we must mention is the House Social. About fifty members attended, and we passed a very pleasant evening, winding up with a treasure hunt, which exhausted any dregs of energy which anyone might have happened to conserve.

As regards football, it has not been an exactly wonderful term. The Seniors played only one match but were trounced by Westminster. Still, two matches remain to be played, and with any luck we should finish second. The Bantams have played twice, losing to Atkin (3—17) and beating Stitt (11—3). While on the subject, we must congratulate Clare, Astley, and Taylor, on being awarded their rugby colours.

Let us close with a few pious hopes. If our runners have kept their wind, there is no earthly reason why we should not win both Senior and Junior Cross Country events. And on this note of quiet confidence we close.

W.E.C.

WESTMINSTER.

ONCE again we have good news for you : the House has won the Rugby Football Trophy. The Seniors have won all the games played to date, and the Bantams all but one. This, incidentally, is the first match lost by the House since we took up the game, and the defeat was caused by an unhappy combination of bad luck and slackness.

Turning to the brighter side, we congratulate Carr and Weir on joining the happy throng of those who have received their colours.

Mention must be made of the House Social ; after weeks of careful preparation by various stalwarts, it turned out to be a genial evening and a complete success.

And finally a word of appeal. The detention room is always swarming with crowds of happy Westminster boys ; as a consequence, Tate have twice pipped us on the post in the mark sheets. Will the individuals concerned kindly mend their ways ?

J.R.S.

Library Notes

“SUMMER is icumen in . . .”

Don't you believe it. Winter still is with us weary ones borne down by years of hard and patient graft. So strenuous, in fact, have our labours been that our numbers have been sadly reduced—obviously the rest couldn't take it. Gone from our sanctuary are such legendary figures as Bultsh (alias Slab), the Pole, Ghandi, Jeffer, and last and also least Speed.

Those, nevertheless, that are left carry on nobly, going from “ strength to strength ” (do they?—ED.) The majority of us are Rugby enthusiasts, except for that small but influential sect whose attitude to life is gloriously indefinite, and who, like the Duke of York's men, are neither up nor down, not in the ethereal strata of scholarships, and not as yet descended into the bottomless pit of barbarism.

The tenor of our life, however even, does not take its course without occasional incidents to enliven the proceedings. Naturally these can not here be repeated—for reasons best known to ourselves. We merely make casual mention of weird and wonderful doings behind closed doors both in the gym and the

library, some seriously silent, as, for example, our experiments in telepathy and the effects of the will of the mass upon that of the subject individual, others—as you might say, otherwise. Even intelligentsia have their off moments.

Another matter which deserves at least some comment is the end of the traditional inter-tribal feuds. Once upon a time (when “men were men,” etc., etc.), conflicts between the different Setts—The Litz, The Sciences, and The Khoms (a lesser tribe under the suzerainty of the King of the Litz)—were fierce and frequent, but now the old clan spirit is extinct, and comparative peace reigns.

Having filled a considerable space, we will now shamelessly conclude by bringing to your notice a few strange advertisements in which you might perchance be interested.

Au 'voir.

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I.S.M.

Form Notes

VIs.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that we have now been on the same floor as the Library for two terms, and that Matric. looms large, the Black Gang, headed by ‘Spike’ Williams and ‘Slim’ Edelsten, is still active, and there are still many unsolved crimes in the annals of VIs.

However, we must proceed to the business of the day, that is, to give the reader some idea of the wits and coming authors who adorn our form-room.

To start with, our Puny Penman, P. Simpson, gives you a study of that personification of pranks. Pierce:

Pierce pauses pensively; patiently perpetrating pedagogic portraiture passably pencilled. Perceiving Pierce passing pal

piquant painting, Perdition plots playfully. Pierce's passing provokes perusal. Professor promptly procures punishment. Pierce pens prodigious penalty.

Macklin has now got a Spanish correspondent who has expressed a wish to write an open letter to the *Visor*:

Senor Tortoise,
Wine Lodge Pl.,
Spain.

My Dear Most Miserable Men,

It gives me great pleasure to invite you to sojourn a while in sunny Spain.

We offer unparalleled opportunities. Come, join our war; make it your war—make it anybody's war, but always remember that pea-shooters are strictly 'verboden' (See Timbuctoo Treaty, Article 9, Paragraph 33, Part D.1).

Come, learn to tango, fight our bulls, suck our oranges, for our terms are unique. One rises at 10 a.m., consumes a grape, rests for an hour to aid digestion, and then goes to seek the enemy. If by some mistake the foe is spied, the correct thing to do is to draw one's gun, discharge the cork, and continue on one's way: but if by accident it strikes anyone, be sure to apologise.

Please do not come to learn Spanish, for I am afraid that in these parts a Spaniard is a *rara avis*; but there is plenty of opportunity for German and Italian conversation. Also remember to state the colour of shirt required, for they are stocked in all shades; there is also the much-in-demand Aston Villa pattern with bed-socks to match for two half pesetas extra.

Yours terribly terrifyingly,
TERRANCE TORTOISA.

Lastly, a running commentary, on I. Roberts doing his *Visor* article:

As usual I don't know what to write for the *Visor*, but (to get in a few extra words) as the saying goes, too many cooks gather no moss in a silver lining.

Good, twenty-seven words already, and I've only been at it an hour. It will only take me a week at this rate (to quote a famous mathematical instructor). I thought of drawing a graph $b \cos x = \sin y$. But I'm not much of an artist, so I'm thinking of trying to try to do something else. (Note the hypallage, or is it oxymoron?) Why shouldn't I copy something out of something?

could Baldwin do it ? ~ No!
could Mussolini do it? ~ No!
could HITLER do it? ~ NO!

do what ?

~ find better food than

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To continue (two more words), I think I'll ring up Mac to see what he's done. "Hullo. What! You've written an article on work! Why not choose something you know more about? I'm doing a poem—have you any *Visors* of 1928 or thereabouts? Good, I'll be round in five minutes."

Finally, if any gym shoes, revolvers, or machine-guns are found round the building looking lost, please return to VIs.

Vla.

ANY form deserves form-notes, and particularly this form; but this time it was the deuce of a job, although a labour of love, to put them together. Still we must be fair. *Visor* articles take some writing, occasionally re-writing; and perhaps most of the form were engaged on Higher Things. Yet some contributions did turn up: Peers sent one with more wit than wisdom (we must think of the censors); several others had too much wisdom (we must think of the circulation).

Things looked desperate; but fortunately there was Sandland to save his form from dishonour and the editor from despair. Listen while the poet sings:

Since to give you a strain I'm requested,
My storehouse of songs I'll unbar;
For; by troubles and cares unmolested,
We are jolly good fellows, we are.

Let us drink to each other together,
Let nothing our revelry mar;
For, sunshining day or foul weather,
We are jolly good fellows, we are.

Here's to myself, a wonderful poet,
With Horace himself on a par.
But why should I speak when you know it?
We are jolly good fellows, we are.

This accomplished form write in prose as well as verse; so let us lay aside the lyre in favour of the truth about the forthcoming Jamboree:

Towards the end of July several scouts from our School troop will set out for the World Jamboree, to be held in Holland. It will be the fifth event of its kind, and Jamborees are always a memorable experience, as scouts in general and the inhabitants of Birkenhead in particular are well aware.

This Jamboree will take place on the estate of Vogelenzang near the village of Bloemendaal. Thus, scouts will find themselves amidst the typical scenery of Holland, the canals, sand dunes, large expanses of water, and low, undulating hills. They will be quite near to the large town of Haarlem (nine minutes by train), and Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague will be within easy reach.

Displays will be given throughout the Jamboree, which will be enlivened by the appearance of a daily paper, containing all sorts of material. It will need to be a cosmopolitan affair, for scouts are coming from all the European countries except Germany and Italy, whose rulers in their wisdom have seen fit to dispense with the movement. We may congratulate ourselves that the British contingent will be a strong one. And now——all we need hope for is good weather.

For that we are indebted to Williams. And now we must close; but there is just space enough for this gem, this pearl, this little marvel by Lidgate:

Don't feel too happy.
 Don't know what to write—
 But I must find something snappy
 Before I stop to-night.
 Can't find the right word;
 This ain't so good at all!
 It's not the first time I have found
 Pride comes before a fall.

Vib.

GOOD afternoon! Children!! This is Egg Williams and Auntie Booth presenting their first series of programmes for sixth formers. We hope we won't frighten you with a poem written by Ken Porter. This is Ken's first broadcast, and naturally he's a little shy. Well, I won't say any more, but will leave Ken himself to tell you all about his terrible adventure. Come along Ken:

A "Thing" awakened me in the night
 It was an awful, horrid sight,
 And though I tried with main and might
 I could not stop a scream of fright.
 The "Thing," he pulled me from my bed.
 I saw a cowl upon his head,
 And through his tight-clenched lips he said
 "Follow me to the place of the dead."

I then was whisked clean off my feet
O'er hamlets, towns, and fields of wheat,
Wondering who on earth I'd meet
At the King of Death, his country seat.

I found myself inside a room
Which seemed to me more like a tomb
And, on the walls, dim in the gloom,
Were racks and instruments of doom.

And heating there in boiling water
Were Boris Karloff and Tod Slaughter,
A mummy stewed with Dracula's daughter,
And others chained in setting mortar.

I uttered then a piercing scream
And bumped my head upon a beam,
Then awoke I from my dream
My stomach sick with soured cream."

Thank you, Ken! And before I continue, Auntie Booth has asked me to thank you V.I.B. boys for your suggestions for this programme. We can't read all the entries, but we do hope to present some next time, and besides those announced we want to thank Kennie Carr for his suggestions on "The best way to paint wooden soldiers" and also Eric Shipley for his delightful story, "The Storm," which we hope to make into a serial. We do hope Kennie likes his new cute little nursery, and that he and other V.I.B. toddlers will have many happy games together. Birthday congratulations to Samuel Franka and Isaac Williams.

And now, children, listen to what happened to Ronnie Ashcroft and his nurse when they went on "An exciting Mediterranean Cruise."

"We left Liverpool on October 1st at 11-0 p.m. bound for the Mediterranean and steamed down river with the aid of a pilot and four tugs. These attendants left us at the Bar, and we sailed away into the darkness.

On waking the following morning and going on deck we could just see the faint outline of Land's End far behind us. What troubled the passengers most was what sort of weather we should experience in the Bay of Biscay, but the ship crossed the Bay in brilliant weather.

With Civil War raging in Spain we hoped to see some warships, and we were not disappointed, for, on rounding Cape Finisterre we saw three Insurgent (Don't let Franco hear that name.—ED.) destroyers steaming, full speed ahead, towards Gibraltar and from then onwards the sea seemed alive with armed craft of every description.

One of the most interesting parts of the cruise was passing through the Mediterranean Sea Gateway and seeing that high pinnacle of rock which guards the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. From the Rock of Gibraltar and onwards we enjoyed a most magnificent cruise; calling at Marseilles, Nice, Naples, Tunis, and Algiers, and then we came homeward past Gibraltar again.

Just after we left Gibraltar, a gale sprang up, and after battling against it for two days we picked up an S.O.S. from a cargo steamer which was in distress twenty miles S.S.E. of our position. We immediately changed our course and steamed to her aid. After battling for two and a half hours, we reached the cargo boat to find an oil tanker pouring oil on the sea. We made numerous attempts to get a life-line across, and at last were able to take the crew off, leaving the steamer to sink.

We had now resumed our normal course and battled against the storm until we were off Oporto, where the storm abated for us to run into a thick fog off Cape Finisterre. With sirens hooting every minute we picked our way across the Bay and up the coast of England.

Outside the Bar a pilot was waiting for us but said that it was impossible to proceed any further. We were held up for two days, and when the fog lifted slightly felt the familiar throb of the engines. After crawling up the river for an hour we felt a shudder run the whole length of the ship, and knew that we were aground.

At high tide we were refloated with the aid of three tugs and proceeded to Princes' Stage, where we disembarked. We were three days late but had enjoyed a marvellous and exciting cruise."

Well, kiddies, it's time for Uncle Egg and Auntie Booth to say "Goodnight. Goodnight, children, goodnight."

Remove j.

ONLY one thing is more welcome in form notes than gossip, and that is slander. And so, ever ready to oblige, we offer you some of each. We begin with Bryan's contribution to the mirth of nations—here goes one reputation :

THE "GERMAN MACHINE."

This term has seen the invention of another marvel of mechanical science. As all wonders have to be named, we decided to call this one *BELL*. It consists of two microphones, through which one bawls : " What's the German for ' anthropoid ape ? ' or such such question. After a good deal of internal rumbling and speaking, an aperture opens, and a voice booms the reply. Sometimes there is a technical hitch and one gets no answer, but you can always try your luck.

Many guesses have been hazarded as to the secret of this monster. The prevailing theory is that its strength and wisdom lie in a wonderful mass of thatch, projecting like straw out of a dust-bin. In a special interview the marvel said in German . . . (A few lines of ungrammatical German have here been omitted.—*ED.*) He went on to say that he was engaged in learning the language of Chemistry, a very difficult tongue, and next term will answer (for a small fee) all questions asked him on that subject.

Our second slander is more cautious, for he hides his guilt under the name of Joe Mouse—this name is probably not genuine. Here goes another reputation :

" Our old side-kick, Jimmie Smith, has a new gag to pull : he breaks his gig lamps (specs, you fool) on Monday, and takes three days to get them mended, all ready for the cinema on Wednesday afternoon."

Another crack like that might land the editor in the police court, so we pass hastily on to a fantasy :

One day, as o'er chemistry problems we bent,
We were told to begin on an experiment,
The master explaining to us where we sat,
To add one part of this to just eight parts of that.
But, as I these words of advice chanced to miss,
I put one part of that to just eight parts of this.
The result was surprising. It fizzed with such zest
That after a minute the test-tube went west.
And then, with a horrible, mouldering smell,

It started to eat through the lab. bench as well :
The bench disappeared, leaving only a pool !
The floor went ! The walls went ! and then the whole
school !!

" No more school for me ! " I exclaimed with a scream ;
But—then I woke up. It was only a dream.

Heaney must wait until he is in the Advanced Science
set before thinking of burning down or blowing up the School.

Even that does not exhaust our resources, for here, as
erescendo, *epilogue*, *afterthought*, or what you will, is an effort
by Cooper.

Feverishly he hunted, throwing objects to either side. The
strain began to tell, the sweat to stand out ; imprecations
poured from his lips. And now his eyes were glazed, his hands
clammy, his clothes disordered ; but still he searched. A bell
rang, rending the silence. It was followed by a scuffling and
banging as people near him stirred about restlessly. And still
he had not found it. Then, in a corner, in the shadow, he saw
it, just the edge of it. Savagely he seized it, dragged it out,
waved it on high. In his shaking hand it nestled. He was
saved ! But was he ? Doubt attacked him ; he turned to the
calendar, and it was confirmed. It was Saturday morning. And
you don't need a hymn-book on Saturday.

Rem. a.

HELLO, Cads, we are now taking you over to Twickenham
Stadium to hear Captain Vincent Muddleham giving a run-
ning commentary on the contest between Ford Neusel and
Walter Perry for the Worlds Snooker Championship. Over to
Twickenham.

" Good evening, everybody, it's a very wet afternoon. The
sun is shining in a moon-lit sky, and everybody is waiting in
tense anticipation for the fight to start.

Here they come at last. Perry is wearing a red sweater,
pink shorts, and nigger boots, while Neusel is looking very
elegant in white ducks and a scrum-cap. Perry has won the
toss, and he starts by dropping out from the Welsh twenty-
five, but the ball has gone into a bunker, and the referee blows
his whistle for off-side. Square Two. Now Neusel is trying a
centre-line service, but he goes in off black, and the referee
separates them from a clinch. Square Five. Perry now tries a
left hook to the jaw, but Neusel sidesteps and does a very nice
shallow dive. End of Round One.

Neusel has been batting very confidently indeed, but Perry's long range kicks for touch look like giving him the victory. Perry is now taking a shot at the Arsenal goal, but the ball has hit the bar and rebounded off the diving board. Neusel is coming down the straight, but his horse stumbles at the water jump. Square One.

The fight is now reaching its climax, and the referee has ordered a scrum down ten yards from the touch line. Perry has it and sends the ball for a six through the covers, but Neusel is on the alert and with a lovely backhand has found touch near silly mid-on.

The match is getting really rough now, and just as Neusel is breasting the tape, Perry does a swallow dive for his legs and brings off a superb tackle. No side.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the end of one of the most exciting bouts in the history of cricket. The score is now going up and Perry is the victor by 2 tries and a penalty goal (9 pts.) to 8 frames."

That is the end of Captain Muddleham's commentary, and we are now going back to the form room, ahem, studio to hear Creepy Hudson reading one of his famous horror stories.

"Why must he haunt me? Why had he to trail me, wherever I went. His leering face seemed to hover over me when I tried to sleep my fears away. No matter how I tried to elude him, I could not escape from his clutching grasps which drew nearer every day. The sweat stood out in cold beads on my brow, as I thought of parting with that cherished possession, but it made no difference to this unnatural fiend. He ignored my pleadings and my promises of yielding on the morrow and threatened me with a horrible punishment if I did not give in to his desires.

How could I possibly part with that dear possession? What could I do? Should I hand over the cause of my woe and be a free man to go where I pleased or should I hold out and wait till he had forgotten me? But it seemed as if he would never forget. He had been on my trail for weeks, and he still insisted upon haunting me with his fearsome demands.

How many times had I thought myself secure, when I heard his horrible shout calling me back, and I would meekly return and give some weak explanation, whilst my knees trembled as does an aspen leaf in the breeze.

I was often on the point of succumbing to the wishes of this loathsome creature, but always my hold on what he so desired forced me to be stronger and resist his efforts.

But now he is adopting more subtle methods to overcome me, and I am giving in rapidly. My treasure is slipping from my grasp, and it seems as if I shall have to give in. Oh, hang the fiend. I'll have to pay that blessed subscription, after all."

Remove 1.

THOSE who make history must expect historians; hence General Gurney and his select band of assassins figure prominently in the chronicles of this form. These are very informative. Did you know:

That we have had only one games period this term?

That we possess the original travelling detention sheet?

That our crooners are louder and finer than ever?

Rowlands informs me that "swept by the paths (*sic*) of 'flu, many of our worthy members have been kept from their studies, to the relief of themselves and the masters," but this, I am sure, is only a wicked libel. Another chronicler says that "the gang" has been building canoes, the best of which is Gurney's; the writer of this is, strange to say, Gurney. The form has many virtues, but its members are no angels; as Waller puts it: "most of the lads are going to be commercial travellers when they leave school, for they take orders from no-one."

And now to business, where we show what we can do. First, see Malley's by no means slender talent going into action:

A GENERATING STATION.

Entering the station, we are shaken by the terrific noise which broods over the place. We examine the switch-room, a huge chamber containing the massive switchboards which control the electricity supply of the whole town. We push on to the boiler room, which is sunk below street level; inside we see sets of huge boilers, which produce steam for use elsewhere in the station. All the stoking is done mechanically, and only cleaners and mechanics are about.

But the main part of the building is composed of the rooms housing the turbines and dynamos. Here we are in an atmosphere of danger: the ground is carpeted with rubber six inches thick; railings covered with rubber go round each dynamo; everywhere there are warning notices.

We make our way to the transforming yard, walled round to discourage unwanted visitors. It is here that lie the five or six gigantic transformers which supply the current to sub-stations. Then on again through the service department, testing-rooms, stores, offices, and garage, and out into the fresh air, thrice welcome after the pandemonium.

Limericks are poor stuff and puns are worse, but no form notes are complete without one or the other, so we, through the kindness of Thompson, give you both :

An elegant dandy named Frank
Had the notion of swindling a bank,
But 'twas he got the "cheque"—
For along came a 'tec,
Who wrecked Frank by a check on his prank.

V I.

MELODRAMA and poetry have come into their own again, and V I. attempts to prove this point. We present to you Jenk's famous version of "Blood on the Wall," or, giving the production its better-known title, "The Nightmare." This will be followed by a few verses of soothing poetry by Hales and Docherty respectively, which we hope will help to relieve you of your palpitation.

THE NIGHTMARE.

The candle guttered spasmodically, flared up, and finally expired. The hut was plunged into darkness, and the occupant, who was lying on a bunk, stirred uneasily and shivered. He stared about him as if trying to pierce the gloom. Suddenly he stiffened, his attention was riveted on a green, glowing object moving slowly towards him. As the horrible glow came nearer, he was able to make out that it was a human arm. The arm hovered above his throat, and then began to descend slowly, the fingers opening and closing like the jaws of a mechanical shovel.

A terrible clanging split the silence, the cause of the noise being an alarm-clock, which was quickly silenced when a pillow sailed across the room. The occupant of the bed sat up, groaned, and began wondering why such fantastic dreams are experienced after visiting a cinema.

And now we present our promised cures for shattered nerves.

I cannot concentrate at all,
 I've left the light on in the hall,
 The book I chose, I have not read,
 My eyelids feel like lumps of lead.
 All through my dreams, scarce out of sight,
 I think of Monday's wretched plight,
 When masters utter that dreaded text :
 " Go in detention on Wednesday next."

Ah ! We see you are responding to the ' Slow heel raising in time,' so here goes once more :

We grumble at the bell,
 That calls us every day ;
 We grumble at the work,
 That swots our lives away ;
 We grumble in the forms.
 We grumble on the stair,
 But to miscall our dear old School
 Is more than man would dare.

Vj.

DON'T sigh. You aren't forced to read these notes. We've tried our best to make something out of nothing, and the nothing is obviously Vj. form notes. In this connection a special prize should be awarded to L. F*ll*ws for his heroic attempts at rhyming.

" When up came hoof
 With a dirty big poof."

I'm afraid this worthy has taken full advantage of the poetic licence awarded to (men) of his rank.

E. J. R*b*rts has also turned to verse, to express his sufferings.

" I sit in a little corner,
 Where all the masters peek,
 And all the time I'm sitting there,
 My desk does nought but squeak.
 I've wedged it and I've jammed it,
 But all to no avail,
 It never will be any good,
 Till fixed by screw or nail.
 I've looked around for a new one,
 That doesn't do these tricks ;
 That doesn't moan or squeak or groan,
 Or need a nail to fix.

To date I'm unsuccessful,
But, one day I might find,
A better desk to suit me,
And ease my harassed mind."

L. Tarpey, Public Enemy No. 1, who was front-page news after postponing his own detention, has turned form-fool, and in the words of new-comer Dorrity "enlivened the term with a spot of wit."

Master: "What are potatoes used for except food?"

Tarpey: "For making chips, sir!"

And now allow me to present Carver:

"Last July I went to camp with the 10th Birkenhead Scout Troop (St Catherine's), to Windermere, for two weeks. We started from Exchange Station, at 10 o'clock one Saturday morning, arriving at Windermere at 2 p.m. From there we walked to Troutbeck, four miles away, and here we camped. The weather was very changeable but did not prevent us from visiting Ambleside.

At a later date we climbed the hills near Windermere, and, as it was a clear day, obtained a fine view of the shining lake. We lunched and played games on the hills, and it was a very tired troop that settled down for the night.

At the end of the first week we were flooded out, and a neighbouring farmer kindly lent us his barn. Despite the flooding and the advent of a few very adventurous cows who disturbed our sleep and ate our food, our enthusiasm was not damped.

The three duties we had to perform were those of cook, orderly, and water-carrier. After burning the bacon, I was detailed for water-carrier. Near the barn was a stream about four yards wide and one foot deep. At one point it was four feet deep, and here we used to bathe. Every time we played football, we played with our gym-shoes on, because we frequently had to retrieve the ball from the stream. The current often carried the ball more than a hundred yards downstream. At the end of the two weeks I was sorry to leave, because we had had some fine fun."

IVa.

SPRINGTIME awakens bears and *Visor* editors; hence IVa. have rushed to their neighbours' pens and scribbled all kinds of stuff from puns to pedantry, and from verse to worse.

Out of this prodigious mass of paper these form notes were painfully evolved, on the principle used in making Irish stew—the lumpier pieces have been thrown out, and the tastier bits left in.

Sparrow has been making hay out of history by jazzing-up Oliver :

CROMWELL.

At Edgehill a fellow named Cromwell,
Who fought against Royalist foes,
Was sad in his visage and ugly—
For he had a large wart on his nose.

And then this old fellow named Cromwell
Returned to his Huntingdon home,
With a quill he exhorted his shiresmen
To come and be drilled at his home.

With pistols and swords they came rushing,
Clad dourly in tall hats and hose;
Which pleased the old soldier immensely,
Who stood rubbing the wart on his nose.

Towards Marston Moor they went riding,
And with dashing Prince Rupert they closed.
With Fairfax they fought with great gusto—
But Oliver still rubbed his nose.

And then, as ' Protector,' old Cromwell
Struck a highly remarkable pose,
For dismissing the Commons in anger,
He still rubbed the wart on his nose.

If the author continues to treat history like this, he can make a highly luxurious living by writing film scenarios.

Turning from English history to Irish geography, we find Rands bursting to give his impressions of :

THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

An electric railway took us from Portrush to the Causeway Head, and then there was a short walk over the hills, where swarms of gypsies, armed with souvenirs for sale, were lurking. To the right, across a small bay, was the " Devil's Organ," a series of stone pillars which was (strangely enough. —ED.) very like an organ. On the left were the wishing-well and the caves, while directly ahead of us lay the " Witches'

Cauldron," perpetually bubbling and swirling. The Causeway proper is formed by pillars of pentagonal shape fitted together rather like a jigsaw puzzle. Giants used the Causeway to cross to Scotland, but they have not made any excursions for some time past. One can fish from the Causeway, for limpets abound in thousands on the rocks. But we were no anglers, and after having armed ourselves with souvenirs, we set about returning. We meant to hire a boat, but the fisherman said it would take him three hours by himself, because "Andrew's havin' his tea." So we left it at that, and took a train.

It is only fair to our national poet to include a rehashing of him in IVa. form notes; accordingly Liversage will strike up:

Fear no more the risks thou hast run
Of the furious masters' rages;
They their termly task have done,
Home are gone, and ta'en their wages.
All the lads and prefects roam
Like masters to their peaceful home.

Fear no more the gowns of the great,
Nor detention and its dread sheet;
Fear not work nor coming late,
Thou hast finished lines and "dete."—
For all the lads and prefects roam
Like masters to their peaceful home.

A soothing note to close on.

IVb.

"NO Form Notes means disgrace," is the thought which is first imprinted on the mind of a reader of our efforts. But, after going through the material with a very coarse riddle, an incident is unearthed, which is best described on the front page of the latest edition of the "Daily Hot Dog."

Headline:

FAMOUS DETECTIVES BAFFLED BY WRECKER CASE.

After the deliberate destruction of four or five priceless desks in IVb. classroom, famous detectives were called in from Scotland Yard to investigate this baffling case. After several weeks of careful investigation, they have discovered, by a very remarkable show of brilliance, that the desks were being ran-

sacked and destroyed by a gang of cut-throats composed of five to ten members. When the criminals are caught, heavy sentences of fifteen to twenty years' 'hard' are expected. (All penalties deserved).

IVj.

AS we have lost only one match this season, we salute you as equals. Foxcroft and Bryden are still at it, hammer and tongs, while Dale sits in the corner writing articles on ice-hockey. Hughes still supports soccer, while Parry shows admiration for life-boat crews.

We cannot print all our efforts, so a choice few have been chosen. We begin with a (very) short story by Huntriss:

A WARNING.

Greedy boy,
Lovely cake;
Silly boy,
Tummy ache.

And now a super-sensational story by Campbell:

THE KILLER.

He came staggering into his room with the thought surging through his brain. He was a killer, a killer! He had never even touched a fly before. He sat on a chair with his head between his hands. He had committed a crime! The thought of a rope round his neck was horrible. He expected the police any minute. The door opened slowly. "Hullo Bill. What's wrong?" It was his friend who had spoken. "I— I'm a killer," he blurted out. "Who've you killed?" asked his friend, "I don't know the name," he replied. "It was a fly."

Foxcroft has written a poem; here it is:

THE MONKEY.

Up she goes light as a feather,
Till she gets to the end of her tether,
Does her tricks in all sorts of weather,
The monkey of Old Bimbo.

She turns a somersault in mid-air,
She misses her death by the breadth of a hair,
There is no trick she does not dare,
The monkey of Old Bimbo.

Up climbed she to the top of a pole.
She slipped, and Heaven claimed her soul,
Now her master gets the Dole,
Broken-hearted Bimbo.

And please remember that the crack in the door is our own personal property.

IIIa.

HAVING no particularly entertaining news concerning ourselves, we choose first to delight the reader's ears with a sad story of a Lancashire lad who—yes, gentlemen, definitely a very sad story :

T'sun were shinin' brightly
A boy stood i' t' lane—
When suddenly't all went black
And it began to rain.

T' boy 'e 'ad nor 'at nor coat
An' 'e feared a cowd 'e'd get
But 'e were wrong, as you shall 'ear
Although t'were very wet.

This little lad got pneumonia—
A thing what's awful bad
'E were i' bed for couple o' months
An' 'e thowt as 'e'd go mad—

Not goin' to school nor playing no games,
So up 'e went an' got out o' t' bed ;
An' when Ma come t' call 'im next morn—
Why— t'poor little lad, 'e were dead.

Still having no news to fill the pages, we must continue with matter of a purely literary character. Hence Little's description of that famous stream, the Mersey :

The River Mersey runs deep and wide,
And the ships swing round at the flooding tide.
The ferry boats run on their ceaseless beat
In spite of fog and snow and sleet.

The ships they come from many lands—
From Northern ports and coral strands,
Full laden with their many wares,
Safe home in port from ocean's snares.

At last, we have something concrete, something to give ballast and balance to these notes. Vicary has actually 'been and gone and done' something. He now returns hotfoot from Plymouth to tell you of his visit to H.M. Dockyards:

While on holiday at Plymouth, I went to the Naval Dockyards to see the ships. At the entrance were bluejackets selling souvenirs—I bought one, a penknife on which was inscribed the name H.M.S. *Leander*. Inside, on a large cricket ground, massed bands were playing.

The first thing we saw was a placard advertising films of Night Manoeuvres, which proved to be very interesting. After this, we boarded the *Malaga*, a ship which at the time was under repair. From this ship, we watched operations on board H.M.S. *Royal Sovereign*, whose many guns were firing at half a dozen low-flying aeroplanes. Leaving the *Malaga*, we visited the *Leander*, where we saw a canteen, a hospital, and a galley.

Next we had a look at the divers working in the basin. I spoke to one through a telephone, hearing all the time the sound of the bubbles rising from his air-valve.

Soon we had tea on the aircraft carrier *Eagle* in one of the aeroplane hangars which had been converted temporarily into an immense dining saloon filled with tables and chairs. At the far end of the vast space was a great lift for the planes. The hangar itself was about fifty feet in height and was decorated with many flags.

Later on we saw the great, flat, unobstructed top deck where the aeroplanes land and take off. There was, too, in the dockyard a show entitled "The Battle of Jutland." Inside the building where it was held was a platform on which were small model battleships. In the corner was a desk from which a man lectured about the battle, accompanying his talks by moving the models to illustrate the positions of the British and German fleets.

When we came out, we heard a great deal of noise proceeding from the ships and the aeroplanes. Many people were rushing towards them. We saw a mock battle, in which some submarines were sunk, but the crew fortunately escaped in safety.

Before departing we inspected a collection of war relics in a museum, grim but not lacking in historical value. Though I then had to leave the Display, I hope sometime to see another.

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IIIb.

THE term has been quiet, too quiet ; nothing has gone wrong—more's the pity. The window has now ended its career of crime, and since it was mended we have to open the door for ourselves—which, as Amass points out, is very tiring. But the Janitor still cheers us up by coming in quite often—for a wash, it seems.

Well, we have stacks of articles by staffs of writers: Campbell has been to the Zoo, Dean has inspected the " City of Auckland." But the *Visor* is a magazine, not an encyclopaedia, so here is a thrill for you, manufactured out of eyewash by Bartlett :

NIGHTMARE.

One night last week I had a dream :
 Attacked by fear I gave a scream,
 For I heard deep and horrid moans,
 Then out of the sky dropped a cowed monk
 And I heard my tea reply with groans.
 That put me into a frightful funk.
 There followed a giant, as strong as an ox,
 Who, facing the monk, began to box.
 They battled, swaying to and fro,
 Hammering home blow after blow.
 I honestly thought that I should die
 But then— I woke up with a cry,
 To find myself tucked into bed.
 And that, I believe, is all to be said.

We pass on to a thrill that really happened, provided by Owen, our special investigator into the mysteries of history :

A KING'S HIDING PLACE.

When in Shropshire I visited Boscobel, which served as a place of refuge to Charles II. when the Roundheads were seeking him.

We carefully tapped the walls, but we could discover no hiding-places. However, in the Chapel, on the ground floor, there is a false window, really a door. It was used by King Charles during some anxious moments.

On the second floor is a chimney, which conceals a trap door. Charles went through this and into the garden ; an underground passage brought him out at the famous oak-tree, from which he saw the soldiers who sought him. The smallness of the various trapdoors and passages suggests that it must have been a tight fit.

We have a learned man among us in the shape of Professor Haughton, who has lectured to the Scientific Society. But let him speak for himself:

Gleaming with brilliant lines of light,
Which thrill your eye and cause delight,
A wonderful, mysterious sight
Are ships on the Mersey at night.
Warships grimly prepared for fight,
Tiny tugs which strain at the might
Of liners—what thoughts they excite
The ships on the Mersey at night!

There's just one other thing—a heart-cry from a nameless poet:

B.I. is not a bad old place—
But there's the awful stick;
And when some subjects come along
They nearly make you sick.

IIIj.

WITH shame in our hearts we put pen to paper, for we know that IIIj. houses no budding poets; we have no ear for metre, rhyme, or rhythm. Thus, our form notes are certain to be short, but what there is is good, definitely good.

Our one bright spark is Bennett, who will now tell you a sad story of one who aimed too high.

There was a young fellow named Boon
Who wished he could go to the moon.
A bull came behind him
And now they can't find him,
They think he got there pretty soon.

And again:

There was a young rollicking rajah,
Whose waistcoat grew larger and larger,
He increased his size
By eating pork pies,
Upon his galloping charger.

Weird attraction about limericks—isn't there—nearly all our contributions were limericks, and one Br*gg*r of IIIa. has started asking "Did your mother come from Ireland?"—we resent this.

Now, we fear we must bid you "Adieu" and we sincerely hope that next term your maths. books may be devoid of blots.

Junior School Notes

ALTHOUGH this term is so short, we are not sorry to see the end approaching, for there has been a dismal record of epidemics and colds. The weather has been so bad that we have missed nearly all our Tuesday games periods; perhaps this accounts for the sad fact that in every match the Juniors have been beaten by the third forms.

The plays presented at the Prize Distribution last term were much appreciated, though at the last minute there was some alarm, as "Robin Hood" developed a severe cough and cold and seemed less inclined than usual to play tricks on the Sheriff of Nottingham.

The Cubs have been working steadily all the term in an effort to gain more proficiency badges, so they have nothing of special interest to report.

H.M.D.

Now for our "original" contributions! If you wish to run a poultry farm, Nicklin in Form II. will give you all the information you require, for he takes a real interest in the subject.

LOOKING AFTER POULTRY.

The main thing to remember in looking after fowls is to keep them from eating eggshells, for if this is allowed, there is a danger that they will eat their own eggs. Hens and bantams need two meals a day, about a handful each time. They also need grit to help to digest the meals. The poultry sheds must be cleaned out every day, and the nesting boxes need new hay or straw every week. If you are looking after ducks, you feed them on Indian meal in hot water. Geese feed on grass, and need fresh water daily. If you keep turkeys, you must not let them out till they are six weeks old, for if a spot of rain touches them in the first six weeks, they will die. They live on hard-boiled eggs and boiled nettles for morning meal, and for evening meal two handfuls of corn. Hens' and bantams' eggs take three weeks to hatch, and those of geese and ducks take four weeks. When the chicks hatch, you feed them on chick meal. If a chick is going to be a good bird, it will have a bold eye and a sharp-looking face. The rearing of poultry can be an interesting occupation.

Groom (Form II.) tells us that the rearing of racing pigeons can be an interesting hobby, and gives some idea of the methods of training and rules for a competition.

RACING PIGEONS.

My father's hobby is racing pigeons. On the 30th April he takes some of his pigeons down to Town Station, Birkenhead, where they are equipped with a rubber ring which is put on the foot by a "ringing" machine. The secretary of the Racing Club makes a note of the number on the ring, and the pigeon thus can be identified on its return. Then the birds are placed in baskets, the cocks and hens being kept separate, and they are despatched by train to one of the following places each week: Craven Arms, Hereford, Severn Tunnel, Dorchester in England. Then in France, Dol, Vitre, Nantes. The best pigeons go to San Sebastian in Spain. When a bird returns from the race, we take the rubber ring off its foot and put it in a little box, which is put in a funnel in a "timing clock." Then you pull a lever and a needle punctures the dial. This is the official check on the pigeon's arrival.

The limerick seems to be the schoolboy's favourite form of verse, if we are to judge by its prevalence among *Visor* contributors. Here it is once more:

LIMERICK.

There was an old woman from the Ruhr,
Who rode on a bike, and it threw her;
The butcher passed by,
And said "Mrs., don't cry,"
And he made her secure with a skewer.

W.R.P. (II.)

In spite of February squalls and March blizzards,
Bilsbarrow (Form II.) evidently feels Spring in the air:

THE SKY LARK.

Sky lark soaring in the sky
What do you see as you fly by?
Far above river, field, and tree
Tell me, sky-lark, what do you see?
As I'm downward glancing,
I see a brown horse prancing,
And a little stream a-dancing
Like a child at play
In the sunny meadows gay.

In conclusion, Haughton (Form II.) sets you a puzzle in verse.

PUZZLE.

My first is in great but not in small,
My second is in rise but not in fall,
My third is in arch but not in bridge,
My fourth is in pass but not in ridge,
My fifth is in medicine but not in pill,
My whole is a thing you eat when ill.

Answer: "Grape."

P.H. (IIA.)

The Sixth Form Literary and Debating Society

TIME is notoriously ever-rolling, and it has now ended the work of the Society for this School year. We may claim a tolerably successful record: meetings have been well attended; controversy has been keen and even sparkling. Support from the Lower Sixth has been wholehearted, loudly so; but the talents of the Advanced have been rather dishonoured in the breach.

The Society opened the term with a motion, proposed by Ridout and Jones, opposed by Macklin and Edelsten, that conscription should be introduced forthwith. The House, which is radical at heart, rejected the proposal overwhelmingly.

The second meeting ended for a moment our exclusiveness, for the whole School was invited to hear a paper, entitled "Over the Sea to Skye," which was read by Woolman and Melville. Prodigious numbers turned up, and the lapse into democracy was a great success.

Another debate followed, of somewhat lighter tone than most of our recent discussions. Eyton-Jones and Gallagher proposed that the B.B.C. should provide listeners with entertainment and not instruction. Search and Cook opposed, but not even their arguments could convince the House, which carried the motion.

We hope to round off the session with a final debate: the committee are at present searching for a topic controversial enough to ring down the curtain in fine style.

Perhaps a grateful secretary may make his acknowledgments here. He is deeply indebted to many stalwarts, eager and reliable, who have made it a pleasure to seek their co-operation; and to Mr. W. E. Williams, whose kindness in taking the chair, and whose serene pronouncements therefrom, have earned him the gratitude of the whole Society.

J.G.

League of Nations Union

UP to the time of writing we have held two meetings. The first was simply for business purposes; at the second Mr. Jeffery led a discussion on the topical problem of recruiting. The attitude of Christian Pacifism was considered, and the amount of ground covered made the meeting a success. This term has naturally seen decreased activity on our part, but we hope to hold another discussion before Easter. Our sole anxiety is concerned with attendance, which might be increased to the advantage of all. We are quite prepared to listen to hostile criticism of the League. Any newcomer—reactionary, pacifist, or revolutionary—will be welcomed. H.H.

Scientific Society

SINCE the last notes were written the Society has held three well attended meetings.

Search gave a lecture on Television. He traced the rapid progress from the crude Baird apparatus of ten years ago to the modern high definition cathode ray system. He illustrated his lecture with several well chosen experiments including a demonstration of the magnetic deviation of the electron stream in a cathode ray tube. He also shewed a number of lantern slides. Mr. Piggott, a former member of the society, said a few words of appreciation at the end of the lecture and drew attention to some of the apparatus he himself had constructed whilst still at school.

Cook lectured on Electrical Distribution. He explained the "Grid" system whereby electricity at high voltage is produced at a few large generating stations and transmitted over great distances to transformer stations which distribute at low voltage to consumers. He illustrated his lecture with some exceptionally good lantern slides shewing the great generators, transformers and transmission lines of the "Grid." He also described some of the appliances which have given to electricity its key position in modern civilisation.

The third lecture was an innovation. Haughton of Form IIIb. talked about "Railcars." The lecture was primarily

intended for the third and fourth forms, but many seniors attended to be greatly impressed by the high standard reached.

Haughton gave a general talk on the Great Western Railway System which he has obviously studied in detail. He then made special reference to the A.E.C. Railcars—one-carriage motor trains—specially designed for high-speed service on branch lines. The impression the lecturer gave was that he was speaking from personal experience all the time. So many lecturers tend to become catalogues of undigested book facts that it is quite refreshing to be treated to first-hand information. Haughton admits to being “mad on trains.” In congratulating him, we would say that we saw method in his madness.

At the invitation of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, a party from the society attended the Faraday Lecture at the Liverpool Central Hall. The lecturer, Mr. R. Whipple, outlined the recent contributions of electrical research to medical science. He gave a number of practical demonstrations including one of electrical diathermy, bloodless surgery, performed by an electric knife, on a piece of raw red meat. He also gave a vivid account of the new million volt X-ray tube at St. Bart's Hospital.

E.J.S.

Badminton Club

ALTHOUGH there are fewer members this year than last, the standard of play has improved. Half of the present members have been playing only one term, so there are great hopes for the future, if the Sixes will give us their support.

By the time these notes are in print, a match will have been played which, if a success, will be the forerunner of more games next season.

The Club thanks Mr. Thacker for his able organisation, and also Hamilton for painting the lines one Wednesday afternoon.

L.O.M.

Chess Club

OUR record is quite creditable to date, for if we have not covered ourselves with glory, neither have we plunged ourselves into disgrace. The team has played seven games and

won three, beating Rock Ferry High School, Merchant Taylors', and Birkenhead School. This, we submit, is tolerably good. Now for the individual scores. Moore and Jones (I. G.), have each won $3\frac{1}{2}$ games, Bell $2\frac{1}{2}$, Lowson, Jenks, and Sarginson 2 apiece.

This year the School championship has gone to Simpson, with Moore as runner-up. Williams (A.C.), headed the second division, where the second place went to Hayward.

The Chess Social will be held early next term.

J.R.S.

Rugby Football.

LAST term's notes expressed the pious hope that the tide was turning. Subsequent results have proved even better than we expected. Since November 21st the 1st XV. has played 16 matches and won 13. This proves that our poor success early in the season was due more to lack of mutual understanding than to scarcity of individual talent.

The School was well represented in the Public School games during the Christmas holidays. Hill and Black played at Birkenhead Park, Taylor at New Brighton, and Lowson, Clare, Edwards, Black, Jones, and Astley at Aigburth. No fewer than five of the tries scored at Aigburth came from Birkenhead Institute.

Of individual matches there is little to be said. The scores speak for themselves. Our victories were in most cases decisive. Our narrowest margins were against the University and Oldershaw. When we remember the weight in the University pack, we should feel reasonably satisfied. The victory over Oldershaw was an outstanding event. We have vivid recollections of the days when Oldershaw piled up half a hundred points against us. That was three years ago. The score this time was 9—6 in our favour; only three points to spare, but, at least, we did win.

Our old friends from Wirral County School again proved too good for us, but we find some consolation in the fact that we played them during the 'flu epidemic and had to bring in no fewer than six players from the 2nd XV. Wirral were not at full strength either, but they played sound, fast rugby and scored 18 points against our 8.

Our games with the Conway seem to be under a spell. Last term we played in a torrential downpour; this term in a howling blizzard. It was most unfortunate, for we have come to regard Conway as formidable opponents from whom we should learn a great deal. The conditions were so bad that the score gave no indication of what might have happened in happier circumstances. The Conway forwards were, if anything, heavier and more persistent than our pack, but our backs appeared the livelier. On a good day, with a dry ball, we should certainly have troubled the Conway defence. As it was, the game developed into a glorious scramble in the mud, and sheer brawn had its way.

Injuries have hampered us considerably this term. Both Carr and Gullan have been absent from the pack for some weeks. And two very useful players, G. Kay and H. L. Davies, have left.

We are nearing the end of our second year of serious rugby, and we have every reason to feel that we have made sound progress in the time. Next term, we shall be losing some of our best players. We hope that they will take away with them a love for the game, and that they will find opportunities to keep it up in other spheres. The attention of boys leaving is drawn to the Old Boys' Rugby Club, which is building up for itself a sound reputation. Every player remaining in Birkenhead should feel it his duty to support the club.

The names of those who were awarded School colours last term are announced elsewhere in the *Visor*. We offer them our heartiest congratulations. There may be others at the end of this term.

The results of the 2nd and 3rd team games suffer by comparison with those of the 1st. Since November 21st, the 2nd team has won five and drawn two out of thirteen matches, and the 3rd XV. has won two out of five matches. Due allowance must be made for inroads made on the teams to fill vacancies in the 1st XV. The most impressive performance by the 2nd team was their victory over Collegiate by 24 points to 9. They also did well to beat Oulton by 18 points to 8.

Of their last eight matches, the Bantams have won three and drawn one, losing two other games by very narrow margins. The actual standard of rugby in the Bantam XV. is probably superior to that of the 3rd XV., and there are signs that in a year or two there will be some very useful recruits for the School XV.

The Junior Bantams are to be congratulated on winning their four matches.

RESULTS.

1st XV.				For	Against.
Nov.	21—v.	Old Boys	H.	W. 11	3
	25—v.	Liverpool University IV.	H.	W. 15	0
	28—v.	Grove Park, Wrexham	A.	W. 19	3
Dec.	2—v.	Wallasey Grammar School "A" XV.	A.	L. 3	17
	5—v.	Caldy Grammar School 1st XV.	A.	W. 6	0
	12—v.	Old Parkonians	H.	W. 13	9
	16—v.	Rock Ferry High School	H.	W. 8	0
	19—v.	Old Boys	H.	W. 11	3
1937.					
Jan.	20—v.	Liverpool Collegiate	A.	W. 17	3
	27—v.	Oldershaw	H.	W. 9	6
Feb.	3—v.	Wirral Grammar School	H.	L. 8	18
	6—v.	St. Mary's College, Crosby	A.	W. 14	4
	13—v.	Old Boys	H.	W. 27	0
	17—v.	Oulton High School	H.	W. 19	0
	24—v.	Liverpool University Extra	A.	W. 10	8
	27—v.	Conway	H.	L. 0	8
"A" TEAM.				For	Against.
	v.	Liverpool Institute	H.	W. 27	8
2nd XV.				For	Against.
Nov.	22—v.	Old Boys 3rd XV.	H.	W. 17	15
	25—v.	Birkenhead School 3rd	A.	W. 10	8
Dec.	2—v.	Wallasey Grammar School "B"	H.	L. 8	18
	5—v.	Caldy	H.	Abandoned.	
	16—v.	Rock Ferry High	A.	W. 12	6
	21—v.	Wrexham	H.	D. 15	15
Jan.	20—v.	Liverpool Collegiate	H.	W. 24	9
	27—v.	Oldershaw	A.	L. 3	27
Feb.	3—v.	Wirral Grammar School	A.	L. 3	27
	6—v.	St. Mary's, Crosby	H.	L. 3	27
	17—v.	Oulton	H.	W. 18	8
	20—v.	Hawarden Grammar School	H.	L. 6	9
	24—v.	Conway	A.	L. 0	22
	27—v.	Wrexham	A.	D. 0	0
3rd XV.				For.	Against.
Dec.	16—v.	Rock Ferry High School	A.	L. 8	11
Feb.	3—v.	Wirral Grammar School	H.	L. 0	9
	17—v.	Oulton High School	A.	W. 25	3
	24—v.	Park High School	H.	W. 10	9
	27—v.	St. Anselms 1st XV.	H.	L. 6	11
BANTAMS.				For	Against.
Nov.	21—v.	St. Anselms College	A.	W. 25	0
Dec.	2—v.	Wallasey Grammar School	A.	L. 0	28
	16—v.	Rock Ferry High School	H.	D. 6	6
Jan.	20—v.	Liverpool Collegiate	H.	L. 18	21
	27—v.	Oldershaw	A.	W. 3	0
	30—v.	Caldy Grammar School	H.	Cancelled.	
Feb.	3—v.	Wirral Grammar School	A.	W. 6	0
	6—v.	St. Mary's College	A.	L. 4	23
	17—v.	Oulton High School	A.	L. 7	9
JUNIOR BANTAMS.				For	Against.
	v.	Birkenhead School	A.	W. 11	6
Feb.	17—v.	Oulton	A.	W. 6	0

OLD BOYS' SECTION

Notes and News

THE Association has suffered a heavy loss in the departure of its late Secretary, Mr. H. A. Wilmot. It was mainly owing to his enterprise and enthusiasm that the old, and almost defunct Society was saved from extinction and re-organised in its present form. His services will long be remembered with gratitude, and we wish him and Mrs. Wilmot many years of happiness and activity in their new surroundings.

* * * * *

The secretaryship of an Association which is seeking to establish itself and enlarge its activities is not a sinecure, and we ask all members, and especially secretaries of clubs and societies, to give all the help in their power to Mr. David Archibald, who has undertaken to fill Mr. Wilmot's place. What Mr. Archibald doesn't know about the job doesn't matter, but the heavy demands already made on his time caused him some hesitation in accepting it.

* * * * *

Mr. Archibald's address is 21 Bryanston Road (Tel.: Birkenhead 4456), and he will be delighted to hear from prospective members.

* * * * *

The Annual Dance was held at St. Saviour's Hall on Saturday, January 23rd. The Head Master and Mrs. Hughes were the guests of honour, and Mr. Gordon Wilson acted as M.C. Foul weather prevented as large an attendance as we should have liked, but as a social event the dance was voted an unqualified success.

* * * * *

A very pleasant evening was spent at the School on January 28th, when Mr. Joseph Roberts, an Old Boy, gave a talk on his work and experiences as Coroner of Birkenhead. Juries, stipendiaries, the police, and motorists all came under the genial but discerning eye of Mr. Roberts. Coroners too. He warned us against tamely submitting to the rule of the bureaucrat, who is insidiously destroying the hard-won liberties of the free Englishman. A feast of humour and good sense. Mr. Watts was in the chair, and musical items by Christine Evans and H. Niblock rounded off an enjoyable programme.

R. C. Loxam (1923-33), rowed at No. 2 in the Liverpool University crew which beat Manchester University by two lengths in the U.A.U. rowing championship at Henley recently. He will also be in the 'varsity eight which will compete in the Head of the River Race at Chester on March 20th.

* * * * *

Members are asked to make a note of April 3rd, when the Old Boys' Dramatic Society are providing a Crazy Programme of an unspecified nature. The day is a Saturday, and the time evening. Details will be announced later.

* * * * *

BIRTH. On March 6th, at Grange Mount, Birkenhead, to Kathleen, wife of G. W. D. Wright (1928-30), a daughter.

Old Boys' Successes

1936-37.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Degree of D.Phil.—Dr. E. A. Moelwyn Hughes.

Diploma in Education—G. Jellicoe.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

ECONOMICS TRIPOS—P. and I. Class II.—R. V. Gibson.

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

SCHOOL OF CHEMISTRY—Degree of M.Sc. (Bio-Chemistry)—G. N. Jenkins.

Ordinary Degree of B.Sc.—Final Examination—Third Year.

SCHOOL OF DENTAL SURGERY—License in Dental Surgery (L.D.S.)—B.H. Reid.
(School Dental Officer, Nottinghamshire Education Committee).

SCHOLARSHIPS, AWARDS, ETC.

ROYAL SOCIETY RESEARCH SCHOLARSHIP (£600 per annum)—Dr. E. A. Moelwyn Hughes.

OLIVER LODGE FELLOWSHIP—V. Stanley.

FELLOWSHIP OF THE INSTITUTE OF CHEMISTRY (F.I.C.)—G. Walley.

CHARTERED INSURANCE INSTITUTE EXAMINATION—

Intermediate—R. W. A. Spencer.

Associate (A.C.I.I.)—W. Ruston.

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT EXAMINATION—

Intermediate—G. W. Smith.

INCORPORATED INSTITUTE OF SECRETARIES EXAMINATION—

Final—J. C. Mason.

DIPLOMA IN PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION—W. E. Hosker.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTURE—

Intermediate—E. R. Collister.

ROYAL SANITARY INSTITUTE EXAMINATION—A. C. Horne.

ASSOCIATE MEMBER INSTITUTE OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERS (A.M.I.M.E.)
—J. N. Cartwright.

£50 SCHOLARSHIP INSTITUTION OF BRITISH LAUNDRISTS.—R. M. Bennett.

BIRKENHEAD CORPORATION TECHNICAL SCHOLARSHIP TO LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY—F. H. Lilley.

Old Boys' A.F.C.

DURING the first few weeks of the year, the Club suffered a great loss through the resignation of H. A. Wilmot, who had been Chairman for fourteen seasons. He has removed to Bristol for business reasons, and it is rather difficult to imagine the Football Club without his guiding influence. Percy Evans, one of our oldest members, has taken over his duties, and is proving a capable successor.

A Hot-Pot Supper was held on February 13th, when the opportunity was taken to present to Mr. Wilmot a compactum wardrobe, and to Mrs. Wilmot a silver tea-service, in appreciation of their services to the Club. The Headmaster, President of the Club, was unable to attend on this occasion owing to other engagements, but all members were pleased to meet once again two old friends, Mr. J. Smallpage, who was given a most enthusiastic reception, and Mr. Watts, an ever welcome visitor to these functions. Officials of the Zingari and Old Boys' Leagues were among the guests.

The Club was again honoured by the selection of J. D. B. Thornton for the Zingari League team against the Lancashire Amateur League, and he proved his worth in this game by scoring two of his side's three goals.

The 1st XI's. run of success in the Zingari Cup Competition was brought to a close by Port Sunlight, who won by the only goal, after a very good game. Their League fixtures have been greatly upset by cup-ties and abandoned games, and they have still a stiff programme, including several night matches, before them. The 2nd XI. are still shewing good form, but they, too, have several hard games yet to play. The results of the 3rd and 4th XI's. are disappointing, but there is still time for improvement before the end of the season. K.M.

Old Boys' Chess Club

AFTER a promising start in our programme for this session in the Liverpool and District Chess League, Division 2, we have lately been suffering reverses, owing mainly to the fact we are unable to raise a full team.

Our results so far have been :

Won $1\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{1}{2}$ against Aintree.

Won 4—3 against Liverpool Central 2nd.

Lost $\frac{1}{2}$ — $6\frac{1}{2}$ to Victoria Settlement.

Lost $1\frac{1}{2}$ — $5\frac{1}{2}$ to David Lewis.

At this last match we could muster only five boards, thereby presenting two games to our opponents.

Where are the Champions and "Wright Challengers" of recent years?—There must be dozens!

Kindly pass the *Visor* round and ask your victims to present themselves at the Dining Hall each Friday evening, or alternatively to write to:

Mr. G. WALLEY (Capt. and Sec.),
11 Irvine Road,
Birkenhead.

The two remaining fixtures are:

Friday, 5th March—St. Helens Y.M.C.A. (at Liverpool Chess Club).

Friday, 19th March—Wallasey 2nd (away).

We shall be pleased to see any member of the School Chess Club.

Yours hopefully,
R. H. DAILEY (1924).

Old Boys' Dramatic Society

AFTER a break of two years the Old Boys' Dramatic Society reappeared with "Distinguished Gathering," a play by James Parish, at Beechcroft Theatre, on March 5th and 6th.

The play was released for Amateur production only a few months ago, and this was its first presentation in Birkenhead.

The Society welcomed Mr. Fred Ferris of Hoylake, who undertook the production for the first time, and who is to be congratulated on clever and artistic presentation of a play which contained certain difficulties, the most notable of which were lack of action in the plot, and the manipulation of crowd scenes. By delicate timing and well-contrived grouping, Mr. Ferris succeeded both in keeping the play alive, and also in giving a natural air to the scenes. Under his direction the somewhat featureless characters were individualised so that the audience was able to take a real interest in their varying fortunes.

The cast showed several changes from the usual team, and it is interesting to note that the Society has, without effort, been able to attract a number of Old Boys who previously have displayed their talent in other circles.

The success attending this revival has emboldened the committee to plan a very full session's work for 1937-38, and members are wanted who are interested either in actual stage work or in such important auxiliary crafts as joinery, electricity, etc.

It might well be emphasised here that lack of experience should not prevent any one from joining the Society. If there is sufficient interest, a series of play readings will be held, and in addition to two main productions, there will be scope for playing parts in some excellent minor shows in which sound experience may be gained.

The Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. B. Evans, of 6 Linwood Road, Higher Tranmere, will be pleased to receive enquiries from any old boy who may be interested.

Old Instonians

AT the end of its first year, the Old Boys' Rugger Club has every reason to reflect with satisfaction on the winter's activities. Success socially and on the field of play has been achieved, but let there be no smug complacency; the future should hold much for the Club, provided enthusiastic support, in the form of a regular influx of members, is forthcoming from the School.

The Club has fielded a consistently successful 1st XV., and of the twenty-two matches played fifteen have been won and one drawn. The chief strength has been in the pack, composed of a pleasing blend of youth and experience. G. G. Wilson, the skipper, has led the forwards very ably, while the enthusiastic services of Mr. A. D. Lewis have been of the utmost value. Behind the pack, C. E. Davies has developed into a stand-off half of considerable promise—incidentally, he is the

chief try scorer—while G. Tweedie and G. Nixon have scored many tries by determined running on the wings. The 2nd XV. have suffered from lack of experience and weight, and from many injuries, and have not such a successful record.

In the social sphere, two very enjoyable dances have been organised during the course of this winter. The Club would like to take this opportunity of thanking all Old Boys and other friends of the School for their hearty support in this direction.

No sooner is one season over than another opens. In a few months' time play will begin again on what will, undoubtedly, be a much improved ground at Bidston. By that time many boys will be Old Boys, and, we trust, keen members of the Club. We extend a very hearty invitation to all leaving School this year to reinforce our ranks. Application can be made to the Hon. Secretary, P. Burrell, "Uplands," Gilmour Mount, Birkenhead, but a word with Mr. A. O. Jones, our Chairman, will put you right in this respect. P.B.

Old Boys' Swimming Club

THE Old Boys' Swimming Club has enjoyed reasonable success in its first season, which was concluded by the contribution of a new feature to the School Gala, an Old Boys' Squadron, won by Atkin. The Club also inaugurated an Annual Dance, and held a very successful function at the Kingsland Hall. It has been suggested that we hold a Flannel Dance early in the coming season. Arrangements have not been made as yet, but full details will be forthcoming later.

At the end of the last swimming season, the membership of the Club was about forty, including a number of senior schoolboys. It is hoped that a few more of the senior swimmers of the School will join up for the coming season. A nominal subscription only is payable by schoolboys. Activities are due to commence at the beginning of May, and a good season is hoped for. Anyone wishing to drown himself after the 'Matric.' should attend a graduation course with the Old Boys' Swimming Club, individual tuition. Intending members should give their names to Mr. Clague, Mr. A. J. Jones, 11 Primrose Road, or to me at 38 Cressington Avenue.

Hubert Hope, F.Z.S.

(late Superintendent Animals' Hospital,
London)

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