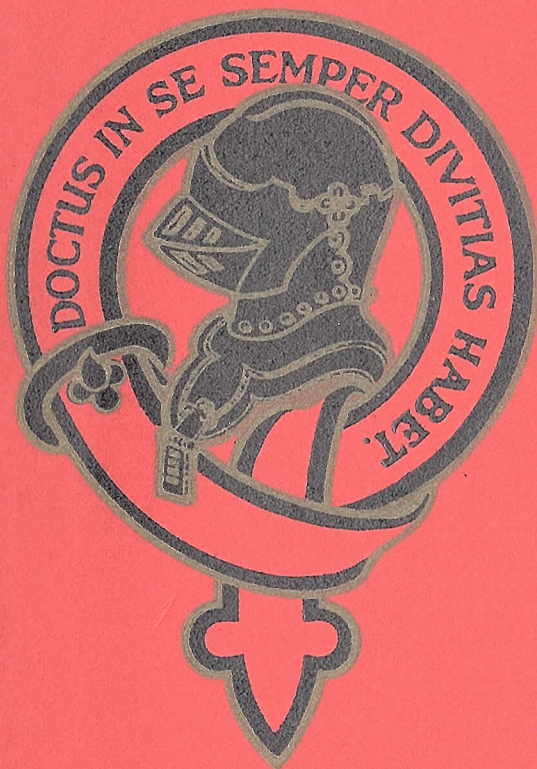


# THE VISOR

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**BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE  
SCHOOL MAGAZINE.**

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SUMMER, 1937.

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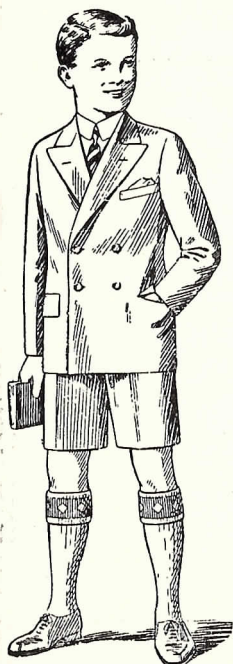
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F. V. Sandland, J. F. Pearson, C. R. Lawless, L. O. Macklin, R. A. G. King, G. R. Bell, Mr. A. R. Thacker.  
R. H. Ccha, P. H. Jones, A. C. Williams, H. R. Bawden, R. L. M. Hill (Capt.)





## School Calendar

Summer Term ends ... ..	July 27th.
Autumn Term begins ... ..	September 15th.
Half Term ... ..	Oct. 30th—Nov. 3rd (incl.)
Autumn Term ends ... ..	December 21st.

## Editorial

SCHOOL magazines, like the British Constitution, continue to continue. This is a conceited parallel to draw, this is illustrious company to keep, but the similarities are extensive and peculiar. Without the antiquity of that monument of wisdom, these periodicals possess a similar capacity to withstand the onslaughts of the malignant. There is, further, an equal readiness to change administrations.

The present consulate is in its last hours, and the time of folding the hands to sleep is fast approaching. True it is, that editing, no less than regular warfare, hath its sorrows, and technical hitches are not unknown. But such matters are trifles at best, and the editor feels that if his reign has helped to liquidate the limerick and send the pun to Coventry, his life will not have been lived in vain.

Editors, it may well be, are a degenerate breed, and it would be unwise to claim verbal inspiration for their red pencils; moreover, critics are always with us, claiming that new *Visor* is but old hash writ large. But if this imperfect planet possesses more Mancunians than Mantuans, the magazine committee is not, perhaps, entirely to blame. They will continue unabashed to invite all manner of contributions, whether caviare to the general or tripe to the particular.

## Salvete

**Prep.**—J. H. Stewart, J. A. Wilsher.

**Form I.**—B. E. Ware.

## Valete

**Upper Vith.—Atkin:—**I. G. R. Jones, *Prefect, Matric., 1936, Captain 1st XV., Rugby Colours, Vice-Captain of House, Member Chess Team.* **Stitt:—**A. S. Duff, *Prefect, Matric., 1936, Vice-Captain of House, 1st XI. Cricket, Sub-Editor of Visor.* **Westminster:—**A. D. Turner, *Matric., 1936, 2nd XV., Sub-Editor, Art Editor, Advert. Manager of Visor.*

**VIs.—Westminster:—**R. C. Lowson, *Vice Captain 1st XV., Rugby Colours, 1st XI. Cricket.*

**Vla.—Atkin:—**A. P. Eyton-Jones, *Canteen Manager, School Certificate, 1936.* **Westminster:—**B. Sparling, *House XV.*

**Vlb.—Stitt:—**J. S. Morris. **Westminster:—**K. Carr, *1st XV., Rugby Colours, 1st XI. Football, 2nd XI. Cricket.* H. G. Hughes.

**Vj.—Stitt:—** J. N. Hughes.

**Prep.—Atkin:—**S. Rennison.

## Speech Day

THE School Speech Day was held on March 22nd in the Town Hall. It was attended by the Mayor and Mayoress, while the prizes were distributed by Professor P. M. Roxby of Liverpool University. The Mayor, who took the chair, expressed the hope that some of the boys would later take part in the work of local and national government. Mr. Solly, Chairman of the Governors, was characteristically humorous in enumerating the large number of speech days he had attended. For this distinguished service he was decorated by the Mayoress.

Presenting his annual report, the Headmaster, after referring to the general health and attendance for the past year, enumerated the examination successes, with special reference to the Higher School Certificate results, which he said were yearly reaching an increasingly higher level. Thus, in 1936, as a consequence of their excellent performances, J. Gallagher won a State Scholarship, with which he will go to Cambridge, C. A. Alldis was awarded a Cheshire County Scholarship and a School Leaving Scholarship of £75 per annum, with which he has taken up residence at Emmanuel College, Cambridge,

while W. Kinnear has gone to Jesus College, Oxford, with a School Leaving Scholarship of £65 per annum. Seven of the pupils who took the Higher School Certificate examination in 1936 had collectively obtained grants of over £3,300 to universities. There were now thirty-seven Old Boys at universities, three of whom had won scholarships of £600 apiece.

By broadening the curriculum for the senior boys, continued the Headmaster, the School was giving the promising pupil every opportunity to develop his talents and to follow his natural bent, whether towards the Classics, the Humanities, Science, Medicine, Engineering, or any other professional career. Many of those who returned to School for a post-matriculation year had obtained excellent positions, while several local firms had expressed to him their preference for boys from the Institute who had taken this course.

The scout troop and the rugby team were maintaining a good standard; the latter owed much to Mr. Baxter and Mr. Paterson, governors, and former internationals. There had been a successful performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

References to an extension of the School were, he feared becoming perennial; yet this extension, which was based on Board of Education recommendations, was definitely to proceed, not for the accommodation of additional pupils, but solely for the purpose of providing fuller opportunities for the present numbers.

In his speech, which followed the distribution of prizes and certificates, Professor Roxby emphasised the necessity of thinking for oneself and of the cultivation of a sense of values. These qualities, which assisted the fundamental aim of education, the fitting of scholars for life, were seriously menaced by the activities of the authoritarian states. Even our own country, through the radio and cinema, was impeding free thought; the misuse of these inventions had made the life of children in the past preferable to existence to-day.

After this impressive warning, a vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Jackson.

### *The School Sports*

**I**T rained heavily on the morning of the great day, June 5th, and things looked black; but the weather-clerk pulled himself together and allowed us to carry on. The ground was graced



by the presence of parents and friends, while the efforts of timekeepers, scoretakers, and bellringers ensured that there should be no technical hitches. The hero of the occasion was Hill, who broke the record for the 220 yards, equalled that for the 100 yards, and became Victor Ludorum. The House Championship went to Tate, whose captain, Clare, went to great lengths with the javelin. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. H. M. Hill, who closed a pleasant afternoon with a charming speech.

## RESULTS.

Senior Cross Country: King, R. A., Weir, A. R., Taylor, A. J.  
 Junior Cross Country: Clarke, L. F., Downing, G., Williams, G.  
 Long Jump (Under 14): Vincent, K. I., Proudman, H. G., Thacker, S. D.  
 100 Yds. (Open): Hill, R. L., Bawden, H. R., Taylor, A. J.  
 100 Yds. (Under 13): Bartlett, J. T., Haughton, J. D., Foxcroft, G. E.  
 100 Yds. (Under 14): Perry, F. R., Huntriss, S. B., Proudman, H. G.  
 100 Yds. (Under 15): Clark, L. P., Beer, E. A., Tressider, W. A.  
 Junior School Handicap (Under 10): Dickman, G. A., Philip, W. D., Osborne, D. A., and Macrobbie, K. A.  
 Junior School Handicap (Over 10): Hill, R. T., Gilliland, D. S., Bryan.  
 Cricket Ball (Under 14): Shimmmin, R. C., Huntriss, S. B., Beckett, J. G.  
 Cricket Ball (Open): Clare, W. E., Bradshaw, A. J., Gullan, J. N.  
 220 Yds. (Open): Hill, R. L., Taylor, A. J., Jones, P. H.  
 220 Yds. (Over 15): Pearson, J. F., Tomlinson, G. M., Bawden, H. R.  
 220 Yds. (Under 15): Clarke, L. F., Sudworth, J. F., Huntriss, S. B.  
 220 Yds. (Under 13): Malcolm, L. T., Dorrity, R. D., Armitage, H.  
 220 Yds. (Junior School): Hill, R. T., Gilliland, D. S., Roberts, J. E.  
 High Jump (Under 14): Darlington, O., Young, B. A., Huntriss, S. B., and Bartlett, J. A.  
 High Jump (Open): Gullan, J. N., Hill, R. L., Lawless, C. R.  
 Throwing the Javelin (Under 13): Dorrity, R. D., Hill, G. G., Roberts, J. E.  
 Throwing the Javelin (Under 15): Roberts, V., Beer, E. A., Clarke, L. F.  
 Throwing the Javelin (Open): Clare, W. E., Jones, P. H., Lidgate, R., and Morris, W. G.  
 440 Yds. (Open): King, R. A., Taylor, A. J., Bawden, H. R.  
 440 Yds. (Handicap): Milne, W. D., Pearson, J. F., Norton, T. L.  
 Long Jump (Open): Shipley, T. E., Jones, P. H., Hill, R. L.  
 Three-legged (Senior): Edelsten and Edelsten, Beer and Proudman, Harman and Bibby.  
 Three-legged (Junior): Hill and Grant, Gilliland and Moring, Bilsbarrow and Buckley.  
 Mile (Open): Taylor, A. J., King, R. A., Bell, G. R.  
 Sack Race (Under 14): Proudman, H. G., Harris, R. G., Roberts.  
 Sack Race (Over 14): Ashcroft, R. H., Peers, R., Little, N. G.  
 Sack Race (Junior School): Hill, R. J., Archibald, I., Peters, K. N.  
 Open Relay: King's team, Shipley's team.  
 House Relay (Junior): Tate, Westminster, Stitt.  
 House Relay (Intermediate): Westminster, Atkin, Stitt.  
 House Relay (Senior): Tate, Atkin, Westminster.  
 Hurdles (Under 13): Bartlett, J. A., Redmond, —, Haughton, J. D.  
 Hurdles (Under 15): Huntriss, S. B., Tressider, Beer, E. A.  
 Hurdles (Open): Hill, R. L., Sandland, F. V., Pearson, J. F.  
 Obstacle Race (Under 14): Bell, J. F., Beckett, J. D., Young, B. A.  
 Obstacle Race (Over 14): Simpson, Williams, J. L., Sandland, F. V.

880 Yds (Handicap): Clarke, L. F., Milne, W. D., Cartwright, R.

Tug-of-War (Open): Bell's team.

Consolation Race (Under 11): Wood, P. N., Smith, G. B., Haughton, M. J.

Consolation Race (Under 14): Bibby, D., Mackintosh, T., Smith, A. E.

House Tug-of-War: Tate.

Victor Ludorum: Hill, R. L. (12 points).

Junior Victor Ludorum: Huntriss, S. B. (7½ points).

Junior School Champion: Hill, R. T.

House Championship: 1, Tate 65; 2, Atkin 54½; 3, Westminster 49; 4, Stitt 41½.

## *The Coronation Decorations*

THE poorer streets of Birkenhead, as usual upon occasions of this sort, displayed an abundant array of bunting, varied with daubs of red, white, and blue paint, as a mark of rejoicing for the Coronation.

Most of these gay signs of festivity had presumably been preserved since the Silver Jubilee of the late King George V, as this was the last time that they had adorned the streets.

The more poverty-stricken dwellings, as I have said before, were the most decorated, but in the streets near the School one saw an occasional Union Jack hanging forlornly from a window—upside down as often as not.

Walking through streets, lined on either side with red, white, and blue apple barrels, and with scores of multi-coloured pennants hung out like washing, more showy than artistic, was apt to become rather monotonous. There was only one scheme of decoration which the writer thought at all artistic (excepting, of course, that in the School gym, complete with balloons), this being near the lower end of the town. Here the inhabitants had obtained a large quantity of gilded waste paper, and this combined with countless ceiling laths, plus the inevitable apple barrels, produced an artistic effect. This effort must have taken an enormous amount of energy and time.

One would like to think that the patriotic spirit is responsible for this display, but the presence of numerous collecting boxes would lead one to believe that the energy is expended more for lucre than for loyalty.

J.F.P., Rem. A.

## *Seeking Information*

JUST now, the all-important topic is Matric., so, as I have never taken the exam before, I decided to ask different people about it.

I asked my cousin first, who passed last year. "Matric? Oh! that's a cinch. Now the Civil Service Exam's different . . ." and he told me all about the C.S. exam.

Next I asked Weir: "Oh, Matric's all right if you swot hard enough." Then Moyes:—"Well, it's all right if you don't use all your brain for swotting . . ."

Having received no satisfaction from my brother students, I decided to make use of the Staff. Magister Haime was the first to be interrogated. Said he:—"Well, there are several ways in which we can regard the matter. Now, let's see what we've got . . ." "But I have to be in the house by ten o'clock:" so I excused myself. Now chemistry is my weak subject, (or should I say "one of my weakest?") so I confidentially asked Mr. Jones. "What? Matric? You'll be all right if you swot the record book. Learn it all up. See?" Then I decided that my form-master was the one to ask. "The great thing," said Mr. Morris, "is not to get the wind up. But if you learn a bit of vocab., you might be all right, if you don't get the wind up." Mr. Allison told me:—"Well, I've not gone into all the facts, but if you use your common sense it's possible that you might scrape through." I then sounded Mr. Wild, mathematical teacher. "Well, it's a very easy exam, if you remember to go into sines and cosines, and that the factors of that are this and that." Lastly, Mr. Hall told me I'd probably be all right if I worked conscientiously, learned grammatical rules and the Oxford Dictionary, and read the question properly.

And so, having received the advice of the best informed people of the Institute, I decided that I had better get down to work. But I couldn't that day, because there was a good film that night, which reminds me there's another good one to-night . . . I've just finished this in time . . . What use is Matric anyway? . . . But I'd better start swotting next week.

A.M., VIs.

### *A Holiday in France*

ON Monday the 5th of April, we all assembled at Woodside Station bound for France. On the train we spent the time playing cards, telling jokes, and reading, but at last we reached London. The wait of three hours was passed by having tea and walking as far as Buckingham Palace. At 8-20 we



boarded the Newhaven boat-express, and some of us, during the journey, had the opportunity of testing our French on two Parisian students. At Newhaven we boarded the "Worthing." Having reached Dieppe we passed through the customs, but, luckily, there was no examination of luggage for us. We clattered through the streets at two in the morning, and got to bed at 4 o'clock.

The next day, after a late awakening, we had breakfast (rolls and coffee) and went for a walk to view the town. After a short time we learnt that our French was not very good. That night some of us went to see a French film, but after it had dragged on for about three hours we decided to leave. During the next few days we went several walks to villages near at hand. Then the great day came, and we rose early and took train for Paris, where we spent a very full day. During the rest of our stay we visited Rouen, a French School, a lighthouse, a football match, a tobacco factory, and another cinema. We returned to England by the night boat.

### DIEPPE

Dieppe is a quaint little town with narrow, cobbled streets and high old fashioned houses, many of which have five or more storeys. Even the main street is cobbled, but this does not daunt the motor driver, for in Dieppe, as in Paris, the cars are driven at a reckless speed, and, as it seems, on the side of the road which is most convenient.

The children go to school at half-past seven in the morning, and it is then that the noise and bustle is at its height. Water is being fetched, and everyone seems to be buying the long rolls at the baker's shop. After school the children play in the streets, at games with coins, or down on the "Plage," the long grass space behind the stony beach. A curious fact is that football can be played there only in the winter, although it is a public ground. At one end of this 'Plage' is the usual 'casino,' in which is the town cinema.

Cliffs run along the coast from both sides of the town. The country behind these is rolling, very green pasture-land, where here and there little hamlets are found. The old château stands on a little hill overlooking the town, and has had a most interesting history; for it was the only building that was not destroyed when Dieppe was bombarded from the sea.

## A VISIT TO A FRENCH SCHOOL.

While the party was staying in France, we arranged to go to a French High School, which was called the "College Jehan-Ango." On Saturday we went down to the school after breakfast, and the Headmaster showed us where we had to go. A few of us went into a class where boys of about fifteen were having French.

After a short break of five minutes (during which we were the centre of attraction), we went and had French with boys about twelve. I happened to sit next to a boy who had gone to live in France from England, and he was very interesting and helped me very much. During this period we read both English and French and also answered questions in French. At the end of the lesson all the French boys said 'God save the King.' At the end of the morning we went back to the Hotel with some of the French boys.

On Monday we again went to the school. As before, we had French with the boys about twelve and answered questions. After the break we went into a History class and got our first taste of French temperament. The master must have walked a couple of miles during the period, a little lock of hair which kept bobbing up and down did not seem to worry him, his voice could have been heard over half the town, and his arms were shooting all over the place incessantly. When we left, I went away thinking of the peace and quiet of an English schoolroom.

## PARIS.

On the Thursday of our stay in France we visited the French capital.

At about 6-30 a.m. we were kindly, or perhaps unkindly, awakened by Mr. Darlington, who, by the way, was the chief "Rouser" during the whole tour.

After the customary coffee and rolls for breakfast we walked to the Dieppe station, the Gare Centrale, where we boarded the train, and after a very rowdy but pleasant journey (the train made the row, I should mention) we arrived at the Gare St. Lazare in Paris.

We looked round the station, bought some English newspapers at one of the bookstalls, and then walked down to the Opéra, and I have never seen such an imposing and majestic building. The façade was beautifully decorated with fine statues and magnificent sculpture.

Next, we turned down the Avenue de l'Opéra, watching with interest the traffic rushing along and stopping dead in a way that made us gasp with amazement when what seemed to us an inevitable accident was averted. We continued along the Avenue until we came to the Rue de Rivoli, which we crossed to enter the square outside the Louvre, which is now a museum containing mainly great works of art.

After spending some time there, we went into the Tuileries Garden, and we could see in the distance the Arc de Triomphe and the great Eiffel Tower. While we were in the gardens, we saw a French fire engine. It resembles the English Royal Mail van but is larger and has a few ladders on the top. As a warning of its approach, it has a very noisy signal.

From the gardens we went along the Quai des Tuileries by the River Seine to the Pont Neuf, which we crossed to reach the Ile de la Cité and Notre Dame Cathedral, passing the Palais de Justice on our way. The outstanding feature of Notre Dame was the magnificent carving over the West door. The interior was very dark and could not be seen to full advantage, but fortunately the sun was shining outside, and we were able to see the beautiful stained glass windows clearly. The most interesting part of the interior is the treasure-house where can be seen the jewelled goblets used in the cathedral on special occasions, and the robes worn by former dignitaries of the Church. We next passed L'Hôtel de Ville and took the Métro, the underground railway, to Les Invalides. Here is the most wonderful collection of arms, including every type of weapon and all material used in warfare. There are even some of the aeroplanes used in the Great War. Napoleon's tomb is also in Les Invalides. The tomb is built of solid marble and round it are twelve white marble figures representing the Emperor's campaigns. In a different part of this building is the tomb of Marshal Joffre, who was buried there a month or so before we visited it. His tomb is also a magnificent structure, with statues of four soldiers in war uniform bearing a coffin.

From Les Invalides we started for the Eiffel Tower, which could easily be seen. As we approached, we could admire the proportions of this marvellous feat of engineering.

Unfortunately, we could not see the bottom of the tower properly, as buildings for the International Exhibition, which is now on, were being constructed.



To go up the tower it is necessary to change lifts at each platform, making three changes in all. The view from the top was magnificent. We could see all over Paris and its suburbs. Right below stretched the Champ de Mars, and farther off the River Seine looked just like a silver streak, while such large buildings as Notre Dame and the Louvre seemed like miniatures. That completed our day's tour of Paris, and we went into a restaurant to have dinner before returning to the Gare Saint Lazare.

### TRIP TO ROUEN.

We rose early, as usual, and about 9 o'clock had breakfast. An hour or so later a charabanc arrived to take us to the famous cathedral town. It was a glorious day, and we were in high spirits.

En route we stopped at a small village called St. Saens, and went into the church there. After about twenty minutes' stay we were again passing woods and fields to Rouen, and arrived there soon after noon.

Rouen lies at the foot of a hill, and from this hill, as we descended, parts of the town were seen between the numerous trees and residences. Finally, we stopped before the Town Hall, a large building, over the entrance of which fluttered the French Flag. After leaving the car, our first visit was to the Cathedral of St. Ouen. The lofty height, the intense quiet, the magnificence of this place were indeed wonderful. As we were about to leave, the organ began to play, and so we listened awhile.

Once outside, the party split up into small groups. Some of us wandered along the narrow streets. Over one street, Rue de la Grosse Horloge, was the famous clock, which it is said, has kept time for four hundred years. We took our snaps and proceeded to other parts of the town, stopping here and there to buy books and souvenirs. Soon we came to a wide street which ran at right angles to the Seine, the Rue Jeanne d'Arc. In it was a monument of victory. The Rue Jeanne d'Arc is one of the main streets of Rouen, and has shops on either side. We walked on until we caught a glimpse between the trees of the Rouen museum, which is another beautiful building, and of the house of Diane de Poitiers. We now turned into another road, thus returning in the direction of the river. None of us knew the direction, but we walked on. At last we were about to ask an "agent" the way, when we noticed the spire of the Cathedral. Thus, we soon found the Cathedral and easily made



our way to the Town Hall, where three of us got into difficulties with the French police.

We were playing football in front of the municipal buildings when suddenly there came the roar of an engine, and into the square shot a policeman on a motor-bicycle. He tore across the square and skidded to a standstill in front of us. He then dismounted and said in a very gruff voice: "Comment vous appelez-vous?"

Wishing to avoid difficulties, we told him that we were English, and hoped for the best. The car park attendant then came across, and they had a rare old talk, after which the policeman gave us a good "telling off," most of which we could not understand. We did gather, however, that it was against the law to play football there, but when he had finished, he gave us back the ball.

Soon we left for Dieppe. We returned along the coast route and naturally passed along the river-side. Here was the importance of Rouen. There were tugs, colliers, and other vessels, huge cranes, trucks, and everything that makes a busy port, including the smoke and dirt. It was on this river-side that we saw two British ambulances, "Valid for Spain."

Gradually the road swung away from the river-side, green fields took the place of industry, and villages took the place of town, as we sped on our way to the coast.

Our last stop was to view a lighthouse, where we climbed to see the powerful lantern and reflectors.

### ON FRANCE.

The general impression received was that the people are not so very different at heart. They, like so many of the English, are tired of their mode of living, and like a "good grumble." Of course, the French are much more emotional than we, and their form of grumbling appears rather dramatic sometimes. For instance, in the neighbourhood of the harbour was chalked up "Mort à Blum" with adequate drawings.

However, the most striking disappointment we had was the first meal. It began with hors d'oeuvres. Everyone was famished. Faces lit up at the sight of the full dish, and there was, I might say, a scramble for places. Plates were filled, and with one accord everyone set to. With bowed heads and intent faces they piled up their forks, and nearly simultaneously thrust them into their mouths. There was a full stop. Everyone look at everyone else with motionless jaws, then with faces

indicative of extreme nausea, they managed, with the aid of much bread and water to force it down. You see, everything was soaked in olive-oil. We were careful from that moment.

On the homeward voyage, however, the disturbance of the constitution was marked by one groan from all—"O that I had never been born"—and the ship's officer offered us fat pork.

### *Food and the Man*

CANNED, potted, or just cut off the joint, food is always the same, apparently necessary, and eminently respectable. True, the topic is dull, but few seem to find it so. Nevertheless would any self respecting Englishman be prepared to forfeit permanently so much as one meal a day? We think not. It would be novel and certainly healthy to institute a rigorous diet for the nation, yet would any Englishman of circumstance consider for one moment a hermit's fare? We believe not.

That there may be explanations for the present chronic superfluity of eating is perhaps possible. That the majority of reasons which might be put forward would not bear investigation we are convinced. Sooner or later the defender of gorging will blunder out with his inevitable excuse "man has to eat to live." We fail to see why man should live. Why should we labour to bring up another generation of gobblers in this tortured, fantastic world of Hitlers, Mussolinis, and pâtés de foie gras? Man's struggle to survive on this sphere must of necessity be futile; he is born, and eventually he dies, leaving behind him another like weed to toil in his place. However, it is hardly enjoyable to philosophise on this dismal theme; better to return to the unlovely subject of food.

From the aesthetic point, it scarce bears consideration. For a nauseating sight there can be little to surpass that of an elderly chop, hot, black, sizzled, enthroned on a plate garlanded with a handful of limp chips and a spoonful of half-cooked peas, the whole liberally anointed with tepid grease and kitchen-slush. Again, seldom is the artistic eye so revolted as by the appearance of over-florid pastries coloured with tints borrowed from obscure corners of the animal and vegetable kingdoms; when every day we read that true art admits no disguise.

Thus man offends his sense of sight. In a similar manner he destroys the tender innocence of his nose by subjecting it to vile wafts from boiling cabbages and frying fish.



Not only does man indulge in the horrible—that alone is unforgivable—but he does so with the maximum of regularity—and that is intolerable; potatoes, bacon, nay worse, even eggs; staples they may be, but what is the result of it? Individuals entirely lacking in originality, individuality, artistry, in fact in all those qualities which go to make Men out of Man. Does the average Englishman let pass even one day without his bacon or his flabby eggs, or does he ever dispense with his bread, or potatoes, or mouldy cheese? Why, the poor fellow would die of starvation;—but, we say, why should he do otherwise?

Consider, now, where his food comes from. Methodically he puts to death other creatures which have at least as much right to live as he, mauls them, cuts them, roasts them, puts his ear close to the pan to listen to the final sparks of decay being singed out of their miserable carcasses, and in the end devours the product with what he is pleased to term relish.

One should not be diverted by braggart mumblings of Charles Lamb concerning pig—"the best of saporis." If one would have everlasting fame, a stand must be made against all custom and tradition, if necessary as far as martyrdom in the cause of the amelioration of the condition of cattle, sheep, and porkers, or again, of longer life for cereals, spuds, and beans.

Nor is the Englishman the only one guilty; what of the Scotchman, sitting gloating over his glutinous porridge befuddled by the reeking potency of his whisky, or the Irishman bloated with vast quantities of soda-bread, or the Welshman who lives on the smell of his neighbour's dinner? Bear in mind also the gross German with his beer and sausage, the Russian and his cuddling of the samovar, and the Italian with his ice-cream and spaghetti.

In the place of this, gourmets would have us esteem the luxuriance of a truffle, the exquisite flavour of a pot-roast, and the subtle bouquet of a good wine. Ah! masters, to what an extent vulgar sensuality holds sway!

For how many years more will gluttonous stomachs override all sense of the ethical and the aesthetic? We can but hope the time will be short. Then will come the millenium, when the gobbler will no longer retire to bed under the weight of a bursting paunch, but man will sleep calmly in the knowledge that, should the animal in him gain the upper hand, there is a tube of concentrated vitamin capsules beneath his pillow.

I.S.M.

## *Empire Air Day, 1937*

THIS year Empire Air Day was on May 29th. I was fortunate enough to be able to go to Sealand aerodrome. It was an ideal day for flying and the sun shone brilliantly most of the afternoon. Great crowds were attracted to see the air force "at home."

There were many different types of machines on view to the public. One of the most popular of these was a Handley Page "Harrow" heavy bomber, which was notable for glass gun turrets in the nose and tail. As this machine was one of the newer types, no one was allowed to enter it.

There was also a Fairy "Swordfish" torpedo spotter reconnaissance biplane (complete with torpedo), and a Vickers "Vildebeest" also of the same type.

Two old veteran aircraft were also on the tarmac, the Vickers "Virginia" and the Handley-Page "Heyford" night bomber.

The two machines which aroused the greatest interest were the Avro "Ansons" used for coastal reconnaissance.

There were also many flying events, which, one was told, were not specially rehearsed, but just the normal duties of the squadron. These included the picking up of messages by Hawker "Audax," army co-operation machines, flight aerobatics, a demonstration of meteorological observations, and the towing of a "drogue" or sleeve target.

Some of the many other interesting things included the engine repair shops, the armoury, the camera obscura, a parachute section (with a very humorous demonstrator) and the firing butts. It became apparent that the B.I. was a very air-minded School, to judge by the number of boys there.

The display closed at 7 p.m. with a fly-past of all the heavier aircraft, including the Handley Page "Heyford" and "Harrow," two Avro "Ansons," and a Vickers "Virginia," which one R.A.F. rigger referred to as "that there kite."

A. McL., V.D.

## *Visor Criticisms*

LAST term we invited various forms to give us their opinions on the magazine and to make suggestions for our future guidance. As a result, we have learned something, but not very much!



Thus we are interested to know how popular the Form and House Notes are, particularly the former. But you will sympathise with us on our inability to improve the lot of those gentlemen, who when asked "Which features should be longer?" reply "Our form notes," and when asked "What should be reduced or cut out entirely?" answer, "Other people's form notes."

We have no sympathy whatsoever for those people who complain of the lack of original and/or amusing articles. The remedy is in their own hands. Let them produce the interesting matter, and we will guarantee to print it. We agree that a succession of accounts of visits to various places is not enthralling, but if *you* contribute nothing else, you must not complain.

Finally, to those who implore that a serial "thriller" from the pen of a member of the Staff should be included as the main attraction, we would point out that if you took a keen interest in your own magazine you would so deluge the editorial staff with contributions that no "padding" by masters would be required.

### *University Letter*

RHEINISCHE FRIEDRICH WILHELMS UNIVERSITÄT,  
BONN-AM-RHEIN.

Dear Sir,

In our last letter we attempted to give a picture, sketchy but true to life, of a German university and its student life as it appeared to us. The sketch was by no means complete, but, we hope, sufficient. As that kind of life is quite normal, and varies little from day to day, it would be tedious and pointless to describe it again. We must therefore turn our eyes beyond the confines of *alma mater* and seek inspiration in extra-mural events.

This, fortunately is an easy task. By far the most interesting experience of our stay here was the celebrated "Fastnachtszeit" or Karneval, which one must come to the Rheinland in order to see in full swing. It is the sort of function which has to be seen to be believed, but an attempt at description will not be amiss.

In the first place then, what is Karneval? It is ultimately connected of course, with the old pagan Spring and fertility festivals, but in its present form is a church feast, a direct descendant of the mediaeval Fastnacht; so familiar to students

of German through the works of Hans Sachs. To put it plainly and colloquially, it is a final spree before the restrictions of Lent come into force. It occupies the whole of the three days preceding Ash Wednesday, and its after-effects reach a considerable distance into the ensuing weeks.

How, then, is it celebrated? The best description was that of the German student who told us: "The whole town stands on its head for three days and shouts 'Hurrah!' with its feet." That, roughly, is the general impression with which one is left.

Sunday afternoon opens the round of merrymaking with a huge gathering of the populace on the market in front of the town hall. Music, laughter, and paper streamers are everywhere. Small boys dart here and the letting off fireworks among our feet (a practice which is *verboten* by the police, but, then, this is "Fastnacht"), and the very spirit of Karneval is in the air. We find ourselves laughing uproariously, chatting, and exchanging repartee with total strangers: for in these three days everyone is expected to address everyone else as "Du," a proceeding which at any other time, between strangers, is a mortal insult, or at all events a bad breach of etiquette. But, by order of the Karneval prince and his consort, no one is allowed to take anything as an insult during the three days of his reign. For now, the "princely" coach has drawn up before the town hall, and the Prince and his lovely consort the "Bonna," flanked by an impressive bodyguard of the old Bonn militia, in their gay red, white, and blue uniforms, have ascended the steps of the town hall among the cheers of their devoted 'subjects.' They are met on the balcony by the mayor, who hands over to them the key of the town, and solemnly delegates his authority for three days to his successor, His Foolishness Prince Karneval (wild and sustained cheering). The Prince then makes a speech to his subjects, intimating that all laws, bye-laws, rules, regulations, and restrictions are herewith removed for three days, and expressing a wish that under his congenial rule his people will be well content; he concludes with the password "A good time to all, and none miserable!" and a command that folly shall be unconfined. (Louder and more sustained applause). The militia then charge the crowd, and everyone is arrested and taken in custody to the town hall, to be released only on payment of a ransom. The proceeds of this 'round-up' are given to the poor of the town. There are parades of the militia, brass-band concerts in

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the streets, and in the evening a variety concert. All night long there is music and revelry, and very few of us expect (or get) any sleep until Ash Wednesday.

Monday continues Sunday's programme. All work is at a standstill, and all shops, except the bakers' and the cafés, are closed, and everyone is really in the spirit of "Fastnacht." The afternoon is taken up with a huge procession through the town—the Prince and the "Bonna," the militia, horse and foot, with two antiquated pieces of brass ordnance and a field kitchen of period *circa* 1750, all the clubs and other organisations of the town in their uniforms, hundreds of nondescript individuals in fancy dress, and various carts and lorries bearing tableaux of all sorts. Imagine a vast Panto Day, embracing not merely students but fifty per cent. of the population, with the other fifty per cent. looking on and yelling encouragement to the accompaniment of bursting balloons, exploding crackers, waving flags, and the throwing of paper streamers. A statistician would have a wonderful time assessing the number of miles of paper streamers flung in Bonn during Karneval. Two or three hundred, we are convinced, would be a very modest estimate.

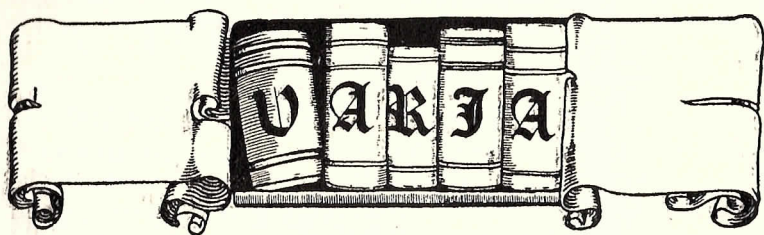
There is "something on" at every café and inn, every cinema has special Karneval programmes, concerts and fancy dress balls jostle one another in their efforts to attract our patronage. Three truly "crazy days," during which everything but pleasure is forgotten. But what of Ash Wednesday?

Our friend the statistician would have another fascinating study, if he were to count the number of "thick heads" in town during the next two or three days. The pawnshops, which have been officially closed for several days beforehand, re-open, and do a brisk business, and everyone lives more or less from hand to mouth for many moons. But not a soul seems to regret it.

There are many things in connection with a visit to the Rheinland which live in the memory, but none so vividly as those three crazy days of Karneval. You can understand now, perhaps, why it is that those who have seen and shared the experiences of this unique occasion permit themselves a reminiscent grin when people say "How did you find the Germans? A bit stolid, aren't they?" Or are they?

Yours, etc.,

R.F.B.



ON May 11th, a Coronation Tea was held in the Gymnasium, which was suitably adorned. The occasion was improved by the presence of Mr. Solly and the spectacle of the prefects as hewers of cake and drawers of tea. Prodigious amounts were eaten, and lashings of tea were drunk; then came a variety show, which made everyone hoarse, hearty, and very happy. A very enjoyable evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

To those entering for Matric. or H.S.C. we extend heartfelt sympathy and best wishes, trusting that this stepping-stone, goal, obstacle, or what you will, may be crossed, attained, or scrambled through, as the case may be.

\* \* \* \* \*

The meetings of the Advanced in the Dining Room continue, and recently they assumed the real atmosphere of a séance, when one of the tables rose six feet in the air. Mrs. Russell, it is feared, is so sceptical as to suspect more material agents.

\* \* \* \* \*

To Miss Dyer, a valiant worker for School dramatics and a regular contributor to this magazine, we would express farewell on her departure from the School. She has been succeeded by Miss Pickering, to whom a hearty welcome must be expressed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The new assembly hall has now been officially approved in principle. This, it will be appreciated, is definitely a Step in the Right Direction; reformers may well feel that their main demand has now been satisfied and that a period of consolidation of the ground won is called for.



Good causes deserve the practical ounce of help no less than the plausible pound of pity, and the scheme to make weekly collections for the evacuated Basque children has met with general approval and wide assistance.

\* \* \* \* \*

To remove the Swimming Gala from the glacial to the gladsome, it has been transferred from the Christmas to the Summer Term, and will take place on July 20th. This concession to the elements is confidently expected to make longer the plunges and faster the times.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cap-raids continue to occur with the regularity of continental "purges." Observers who have watched the head prefect at his stern task have been greatly impressed, and prophesy a brilliant future for him as a farmer, where his great talents at separating sheep from goats and wheat from chaff would receive more legitimate employment.

\* \* \* \* \*

His comrades having been removed by H.S.C. and other attractions, Daniel was lately thrown to the lions when one prefect was left to take lines. But the Philistines were finally defeated, and marched into school in good order; several of the sons of Belial were chastised in the process.

\* \* \* \* \*

The corridor has, this term, been bare of *Visor* posters, those banners with the strange devices. This absence is due, not to the decline of modern art, but to the world's being too much with the art-editor, who is preoccupied with Lower Things.

\* \* \* \* \*

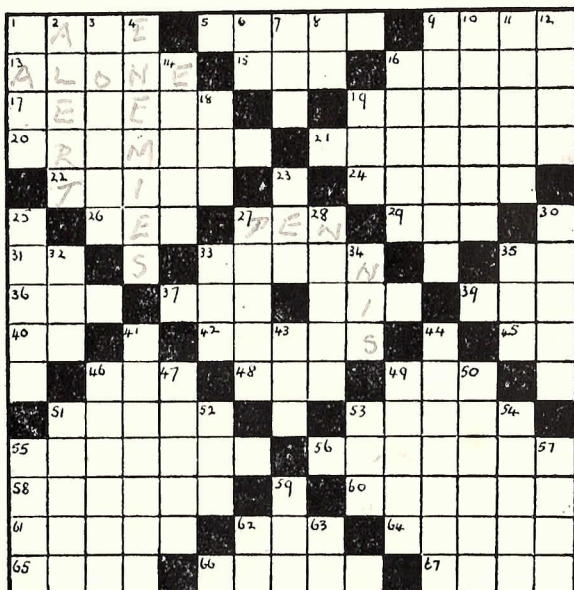
Boys leaving School this term are asked to note that associate membership of the Old Boys' Association is open to them for the first year without subscription, apart from that due to any club or society they may like to join.

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Visor* Committee gratefully acknowledges receipt of the Liverpool Institute Magazine, Alsop High School Magazine, Higher Tranmere High School Magazine, Wirral Grammar School Magazine, *The Wallaseyan*, The T.G.S. Magazine, *The Quarry*, and *Esmeduna*, and apologises for any omissions from this list.

## Crossword No. 14

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



CLUES.

ACROSS.

- 1.—Now dead.  
5.—Sunburnt?  
9.—Neglect doing.  
13.—Solitary.  
15.—Reverential fear.  
16.—Strike.  
17.—Sea nymph.  
19.—Process of dressing.  
20.—Mediaeval ship of war.  
21.—Put yours on your solution.  
22.—I must (anagram).  
24.—Drinks of spirit and water.  
26.—Foreign coin.  
27.—Small enclosure.  
29.—Three vowels.  
31 & 36.—Cylinders for cotton.  
33.—American Indian.  
35 & 45.—Colour.  
36.—See 31.  
37.—Guard.  
38.—Passing through.  
39.—Ventilating apparatus.  
40.—Typographical unit.  
42.—Small children.  
45.—See 35.  
46 & 53.—Possessing.  
48.—Depression in mountain chain.  
49.—Small cask.  
51.—We have one of these this month.  
53.—Small arm of the sea.  
55.—Cooked on a gridiron.  
56.—Smiled derisively.  
58.—Least polite.  
60.————does it!  
61.—Corpulent.  
62.—Put.  
64.—Vertical piece of panelled door.  
65.—Backward river.  
66.—Additional clause.  
67.—Tax.

## DOWN.

- |                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1.—Country.                           | 33.—Character in "David Copperfield."           |
| 2.—Vigilant.                          | 34.—rev. Offence.                               |
| 3.—Muscular.                          | 35.—Spirit of Nature.                           |
| 4.—Foes.                              | 41.—Hardest to believe.                         |
| 6.—Egyptian deity.                    | 43.—Member of the body.                         |
| 7.—Be in debt to.                     | 44.—Gives way to compassion.                    |
| 8.—The persons speaking.              | 46.—Eastern name.                               |
| 9.—Inauspicious.                      | 47.—Dance.                                      |
| 10.—Distance travelled.               | 49.—Joints.                                     |
| 11.—Things enumerated.                | 50.—Do not pronounce the German poet like this. |
| 12.—French head.                      | 51.—Rummages larvae.                            |
| 14.—Confused sound.                   | 52.—Clique.                                     |
| 16.—Sorrowful Irish devil.            | 53.—See 46 (across).                            |
| 18.—rev. Heed around the vowel of 30. | 54.—Relates.                                    |
| 19.—Tow.                              | 55.—Grotto.                                     |
| 23.—Pronoun.                          | 57.—Colours.                                    |
| 25.—Colour of a School House.         | 59.—Colour.                                     |
| 27.—Belonging to Carthage.            | 62.—} Position.                                 |
| 28.—Hitherto unknown.                 | 63.—} Position.                                 |
| 30.—Declines.                         |   |
| 32.—Tree.                             |   |

*Crossword No. 13*

**PRIZE** awarded to P. Simpson (VIs.)

## SOLUTION.





## ACROSS.

- |              |                  |              |             |
|--------------|------------------|--------------|-------------|
| 1. Rest.     | 22. Sirop.       | 38. Auk.     | 56. Revers. |
| 5. Brown.    | 24. rev. Re-try. | 39. Wad.     | 58. Elides. |
| 9. Sail.     | 26. Oes.         | 40. See 31.  | 60. Derive. |
| 13. Oaten.   | 27. rev. Man.    | 42. Sting.   | 61. Miles.  |
| 15. Ode.     | 29. Tan.         | 46. Dew.     | 62. Roe.    |
| 16. Spine.   | 31. & 40. Tail.  | 48. Yct.     | 64. Sever.  |
| 17. Prunes.  | 33. Taper.       | 49. Cad.     | 65. Pass.   |
| 19. Sparta.  | 35. & 45. Pall.  | 51. Decay.   | 66. Weeds.  |
| 20. Endures. | 36. Air.         | 53. Lapel.   | 67. Dene.   |
| 21. Stormed. | 37. Mat.         | 55. Severer. |             |

## DOWN.

- |                |               |                       |                       |
|----------------|---------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Rope.       | 14. Nero's.   | 33. rev. Sat.         | 51. Delia.            |
| 2. Earns.      | 16. Sport.    | 34. Rug.              | 52. Yes.              |
| 3. Studio.     | 18. rev. Pes. | 35. Pal.              | 53. Led.              |
| 4. Tenures.    | 19. Sty.      | 41. Recedes.          | 54. Leven.            |
| 6. & 7. Roods. | 23. Rap.      | 43. after 23. Rapier. | 55. & 62. rev. Semper |
| 8. We.         | 25. Stain.    | 44. Capered.          | 57. Sere.             |
| 9. Spartan.    | 27. Natty.    | 46. Devils.           | 59. Toe.              |
| 10. Airmen.    | 28. Meant.    | 47. Wares.            | 62. & 63. Reeds.      |
| 11. Inter.     | 30. Ladle.    | 49. Caves.            |                       |
| 12. Lead.      | 32. Ail.      | 50. Derive.           |                       |



ATKIN	STITT	TATE	WMINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

### ATKIN.

THE advent of the summer term has seen no startling change in our fortunes. We have gone neither up nor down. Yet, though success has so far evaded us, there has been no decline.

Last term saw the end of the Rugby Football season and Atkin was placed a close third to Tate, a position identical with that of the previous year.

Black is to be congratulated on his Rugby colours.

The only other event of importance was the Cross Country run. Atkin won the Junior event, but as for the Seniors, the less said, the better.

Though both 1st and 2nd XI. captains, Hill, R. L., and Williams, W. S., and Pearson who is also in the 1st XI. are in the team, the Seniors have lost two matches, to Stitt and Tate, respectively, while the Intermediates have lost one and won one. The Juniors have lost one and drawn one.

The Annual Sports, after a very bad start, finished with Atkin placed third to Westminster and Tate, though both Senior and Junior Victores Ludorum, R. L. Hill and S. B. Huntriss, are in the house. Hearty congratulations to both. Our Intermediate Relay team finished a very close third, Clarke (Westminster) beating Huntriss on the post. The result of the Senior relay was singularly similar, Taylor (Tate) after a very fine effort passing Pearson on the last lap. The Senior tug-of-war team lost in the final to Tate.

The only other important event will be the Swimming Gala at the end of July, and we hope to maintain our reputation as Champion House.

G.R.E.

## STITT.

THE cricket season started well for us ; the first two matches played were won, but, unfortunately, we have suffered a relapse. It is as yet too early in the season to prophesy our final position in the House Championship, and so we are justified in looking ahead with hope and confidence. We have some very useful men this season, notably King, P. H. Jones, and Bawden (in the Seniors). Beer and Griffiths have now been promoted from the Juniors to the Inters, leaving the Juniors at the moment rather demoralised. It must be said in their favour, however, that they have won one out of the two matches they have so far played.

Mark-sheets have as yet caused us neither joy or sorrow, as no results have been issued. (Should we say just as well ?) Nor, for that matter, can we grumble over the question of detentions. Notwithstanding the fact that we have some very enterprising youths in the middle school, we still have the consolation that the House as a whole does not receive many more detentions than any other.

In the Sports, we did very well,—yes, but not as well as our opponents. Half-a-dozen or so valiant lads managed to pull off brilliant individual achievements, but as usual the House was not up to standard from the point of view of athletic ability—perhaps we may be allowed to reverse the old North Country phrase—“ Strong i’ the arm, but weak i’ the ’ead.” Nevertheless, without casting any aspersions upon our athletes, we are proud of King, especially for his steadiness in the open mile, also Bell, and P. H. Jones for his successes in the 220 yds., open, and the long jump. Bawden, of whom we were expecting great things, was handicaped by a wrenched muscle, and was forced to ‘ retire hurt,’ not before he had put up splendid performances in the 100, 200 and 440 yds. races. We continue to ‘ blow our own trumpets,’ this time over Milne and Beer, the first for winning the 440 yds. Handicap and coming 2nd in the 880 yds. Handicap, the other for his sprinting and hurdling. In a few years’ time, too, we shall be in a far stronger position, if the Junior School can only turn out such brilliant runners as Hill, who seems to have a flair for handicaps.

Thus, we reach the end of another School year, and so to those departing we say farewell ; for those who will be coming back we quote a famous line : “ Hope springs eternal in the human breast.”

I.S.M.

### TATE.

**A**T the end of the Rugby season, Tate finished second in the championship. In the Senior Cross Country we again finished second, Taylor, running with a sprained ankle, being third.

The Sports were held on June 5th, when we regained the championship which we lost last year.

The cricket team have not fared too well. The Seniors have played two matches and won one. In the latter Atkin were all out for 9 runs. Clare and Dent each took 5 wickets for 4 runs. In the 1st XI. we have A. C. Williams and Lawless, and in the 2nd XI., Gullan and Dent. The Inters. have played one match, which was drawn. The Juniors easily defeated Stitt, owing to Mosely's bowling and Molyneux's batting. We hope to round off our successes by winning the new cup. As usual, we have been placed high on the mark-sheets. A.C.W.

### WESTMINSTER.

**I**N the School cricket team, Westminster is represented by Macklin, Sandland, and Ceha.

The House matches have not been a great success from Westminster's point of view, only two being won out of five played. The Seniors are, however, to be congratulated on putting up such a good show against the strong Stitt team. This is the only match the Senior team have played, and it is hoped that they will beat Atkin and Tate.

The Inters. have the best record this term. They have won both their matches, their success being mainly due to the bowling of A. E. Smith and L. F. Clarke, and the batting of Norton.

The Juniors failed miserably in both their matches, the bowling and fielding being very poor.

In the Sports, Westminster was second. Here also the Inters. excelled themselves, winning the house relay. In the other events Clarke and Sandland ran well.

We have hopes of doing well in the Swimming Gala, and equalling our last year's success. J.R.S.



## *Library Notes*

ONCE again Libraria greets Barbaria. With this little bit of dog-Latin, we open fire, first of all with a question—

“ Brother, why work ? ”

Is anyone prepared to answer ? (All answers to be written on newspaper ; it's best for lighting fires—and accompanied by a 1d. stamp and a P.O. for 1s. 11½d.

N.B.—Please remove fish and chips before sending).

\* \* \* \*

Thank you, we have received several replies. We will now recapitulate and offer criticisms.

- (a) One works because one loves one's work.  
We cannot defend vulgar romanticism.
- (b) One works because of economic necessity.  
Fie, a base reason !
- (c) One works because other people do.  
Forgive us, but we are more original than that.
- (d) One works in order to consume one's inherent energy, physical and intellectual.  
An insult, who suggested we had any ?
- (e) One works because it is one of man's primary functions as a member of a co-operative group.  
Oh, yeah !

Comrades, brothers, gentlemen, be advised by us, the people who know—don't work ; down tools now and for ever !

But seriously, why should the intellect of the School be sapped by the atrocities of soulless examiners. Perhaps you have gathered what is coming—yes, you're quite right, we said “ To———\* \* \* with H.S.C.”

\* \* \* \*

Incidentally, we might mention that just because our style is somewhat unconventional, there are no grounds whatsoever for associating us with the producers of that inferior rag commonly known as the “ Shrimps,” published by a confederation of scandal-mongers in Hrounlo B'il, L'ij-er-puhl.

\* \* \* \*

A note of sadness here creeps in. Tearfully we remember the touching departure of Tubby, and how he was soaked while going down the path as we wept upon him from the window above.

No, the good old days are over. Let us hark back to the Coronation Tea for a while. How joyfully then did we besport

ourselves, how charmingly, how efficiently we passed plates . . . (Voice from back of hall—"Only when they were empty") . . . oh gracious, did you hear that? Let us pass on a little quicker. Ah, the Sports. Now there we did shine. For after all, our Willie takes a lot of beating at throwing the javelin, and no one distributes prizes better than the worthy 3rd year set. Consider, also, the School photograph—how noble a group we look as we, the Bureaucracy, in company with Authority, sit undaunted amidst the hordes of the Proletariat and even lower orders.

Enough of idle frivolity and talk; now is the time to work—or is it, and can we? It is time, too, for a little more sorrowing and weeping—for many of those who have managed to attain a certain degree of culture will shortly vanish from the Library for evermore. (Who said "Slum Clearance?")

May we next express our complete failure to understand:—

(i.) How prefects manage to contrive periodical cap-raids without being assassinated;

(ii.) Why our interest in the Junior School seems to have increased;

(iii.) How there came about . . . (Ed.—You mustn't tell 'em that one);

(iv.) Why

"A thousand chop-sticks in Tientsin,  
A thousand cranes all picking up tin,  
A thousand devils wallowing in sin  
Don't equal th' Advanced at making a din."

But now our pen is dry, our story told, and the spirit is no longer willing; thus, we gently lie back and breathe our last.

I.S.M.

## Form Notes

### VI.

**M**ENTION of the July bogey is obligatory in the summer-term form notes, so pride of place is given to Simpson:—

With monotonous regularity for the past five years we have taken up our *Visors* at this time of the year, turned to the Lower Sixth form notes, and with the same regularity found the inevitable lament on that forthcoming attraction, the Matric. We've come to regard it as a sort of tradition, or as a last resort to somebody who ran out of ideas for his article. But now the hour has come, and we see that it is not all a

myth; there was some sincerity behind it all. Everywhere we go, we find opulent old boys who say to us with kindly tolerance: "Well, you'll be taking it soon, won't you? But don't worry, just stick to a steady five hours' work every night, and take Sunday off, and you'll get it in your stride—with a bit of luck." Or, alternatively, as we stroll past the Labour Exchange with an eye for the future, we meet an old acquaintance, who steps out of the queue and furtively whispers such words as—"My advice to you is to get down to it while you can; I've had my lesson. I started working only in the fifths, and then I did only three hours a night, and look where I am."

Indications of this state of affairs are already present—no longer can merry prattling be heard from masterless form-rooms, just a subdued whisper as students ask their neighbours what time it was when the 15th battalion of Napoleon's third army sat down to tea after Austerlitz, or some such elementary fact. No longer do the noble sports of ear-biting and shove-halfpenny flourish as of yore; for the former collapsed when Edelsten withdrew his patronage, and the latter followed suit, when Williams, who shoves as pretty a halfpenny as you could wish to see, withdrew his name from the Open Championship.

From all of which you see that all is not well in VIs.

Moyes, too, has some premonition of his doom:—

Ye happy boys o' lower forms,  
How turn ye not a hair,  
How can ye laugh, ye little boys,  
And I sae fu' o' care.  
Thou'll break my heart, thou lucky boy,  
That at the ball doth kick,  
Thou minds me o' the happy days,  
When I wist na Matric.  
Thou'll break my heart, thou lucky boy,  
That plays beside thy mate;  
For sae I played, and sae I larked,  
And wist na' o' my fate.  
Aft hae I roamed in yon school-yard  
Basking in bright sunshine,  
And Sixth-formers groaned o' their cares  
As now do I o' mine.

The emotion of Roberts, R. D., is awakened, however, not so much by thoughts of Matric. as by the idea that he will soon be leaving school.



Schooldays now are nearly o'er,  
Matric is drawing nigh,  
And soon for good we'll leave the door  
Of friendly old B.I.

Five years we've spent in this fine spot,  
Among our masters dear,  
And they have taught us quite a lot  
Which we've forgot, I fear.

In future years we may return  
With pipe and "How d'you do?"  
Then shall we watch while others learn,  
But now, adieu, adieu!

Moore seems to have benefited a good deal by his classical studies, and in his goodness of heart he is willing to instruct others.

### A LESSON IN LATIN.


*Nouns.* Nouns sometimes agree with their adjectives in gender, number, and case. If you see a noun which is quite incomprehensible and bears no resemblance to anything you have ever seen or heard of at any time in the past, it belongs undoubtedly to the first declension. The endings for nouns of the first declension is 'a' in the singular in all cases except the genitive and accusative. All nouns in this declension are feminine except those which you know are not. All nouns which you know do not belong to the first declension belong to the second, and are all masculine except those which are neuter; but these have the same endings as the masculine nouns, so it doesn't matter.

*Adjectives.* Occasionally adjectives agree with their nouns in case, and sometimes (according to a great professor) they agree in number; but usually this part of speech exists only in the masculine nominative singular. All adjectives belong to the second declension.

*Verbs.* Sometimes verbs have passive form but this is used very rarely. All verbs are irregular (according to the same great professor) except a few which are regular, but are called irregular, because there are so many irregular ones. A safe rule is that all verbs you do not know belong to the first conjugation.

Here are some constructions which should be known:

# “england expects—”

nelson said it, everyone knows it, but what does england expect? that's the point of this advert. every man has his job to do, and he can't do it if he isn't well-fed. that's where our job comes in  to feed england.

not that other people couldn't do this, but we can do it best, remember that!

of course you will know who we are, but so that you won't forget us we'll sign our name at the bottom in the usual respectable manner...

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First is the nominative and indicative. This is a most important construction and should be known thoroughly. The subject is always in the nominative case, and the verb is always in the indicative.

Another important construction is the accusative and infinitive, in which the subject is in the accusative, and the verb in the infinitive. The verb is always in the present infinitive, unless you know the perfect, in which case that is the form to use.

Now you know enough to pass any exam. By the way, talking of exams., can anyone tell me what Matric is?

### Vla.

**I**N this form we are too preoccupied with more weighty matters to think seriously of form contributions to the *Visor*, so we ask your pardon for the brevity of our notes this term.

First, we have the saga of the broken door-latch:

Somebody broke our latch. Some person or persons unknown did feloniously tamper with the lock of the door in a large room in the upper storey of a gloomy, prison-like building in Whetstone Lane, to wit, a school, on the morning of the 23rd of May, etc., ad infinitum.

Between ourselves, it is rumoured that one of the masters knows more about it than he cares to say. That, however, is a digression. What is of interest to us is the result, not the cause, of the accident.

The door had to be kept shut by some wedge or other machine. The articles employed were very varied and included: a general note-book (very satisfactory, until it dropped on the cranium of a certain exalted personage), the blackboard (convenient except that Miss Cooper couldn't get in), a desk (banned for the same reason), and a miscellaneous collection of dusters, chunks of paper, bits of wood, and even that lonely, suffering implement of torture, the dete. sheet. As the satisfactory fixing of the door could usually be made to occupy several minutes, any interruption and all visitors were very welcome, especially if the craftily-placed wedge dropped at the right time.

This went on, until one Monday morning a fortnight later an ill-omened person came to repair the lock. With a malicious gleam in his eye he would start to hammer just as Mr. Bloor

was getting nicely warmed up. We'd have passed the hat round for him, if only he'd managed to stay during English !

Now Thornton is allowed to indulge in a little history :

### THE HISTORY OF THE BICYCLE.

The term ' bicycle ' was first used about 1870, but the ' Celeripede ' a crude and cumbersome vehicle, came into being in 1816. It was ridden in the Luxembourg Gardens by Niepce, the father of photography. England's first ' bicycles ' were introduced three years later, and it was a great craze for young men to go about on them.

Gompertz was responsible for the use of the legs for propulsion, and he created the first ' free-wheel.' On September 11th, 1819, the journey to Bath from London was done in seven hours. In 1830 France created the first cycling postmen by using Jameson's invention. The English hobby-horse was used regularly till 1850, and many can still be seen in museums. Dalzell of Lanarkshire produced the first machine which was propelled without the riders' feet touching the ground. Then came Macmillan's famous rear-driven Safety of 1840. He was fined at Gorbals Police Court, Glasgow, for driving ' to the danger of the public.' His machines were beautifully made, one being shown at the 1896 Crystal Palace Show. The bicycle cost £7. In 1870 appeared the " bone-shaker," in 1883 the " ordinary," and in 1890 the Raleigh Racer.

What will the bicycle of 1950 look like ? This is an interesting subject, and some people have drawn diagrams showing their ideas of bicycles of the future.

Murray Jones voices his dislike of one of the authors of this year's " set books " for matric. :

### OUR OPINION.

Of Kinglake they talk :

Why cannot they see  
We've masters who are  
More witty than he ?

His cynical quips  
Delight not our ears ;  
We don't see the point,  
When at others he jeers.

So, in case you may think  
 That we say he's a "wit,"  
 You can take it from me  
 That "heathen" would fit.

#### Vib.

**E**VEN Wordsworth is not always perfect, even the poetry of Vib. is not always up to scratch. Indeed, it was hardly there to see, and consequently is not here to read. Only one poem, a fragment by Porter, turned up, and this, though full of spirit, had not the right flavour. Thus English literature must struggle on without any contributions in verse from this talented form.

But we have some prose for you. Here, for a start, is a description, from accounts by Maddocks and Crail, of how they gate-crashed on the silent service:

#### MINESWEEPERS.

The first minesweeping flotilla consists of seven unarmoured ships of 815 tons apiece, each vessel having two four-inch guns and one four-pounder. On board the "Harrier," I found the deck covered with a variety of gear, including a pinnace. Down below, the men's quarters are very comfortable—incidentally, they have a first-rate radio set. Later, I climbed into the superstructure, where I found two signalling search-lights, semaphore signals, and a rangefinder.

Talking with the bo'sun, I learnt that the Flotilla spends most of its time near Portland. Mines are not swept with brushes kept for the purpose, as one joker assured me, but as follows:—a steel hawser is secured between two ships which proceed at full speed ahead. Should they come into contact with mine-hawsers, which lie about ten feet down, these are cut. The mines rise to the surface, and are promptly blown up by the two-pounder.

Tomlinson has been in search of one of the outposts of empire: this daring expedition involved a crossing o'er ocean's wave-beat shore, and the explorer, who fortunately returned unhurt, will now describe his adventures:

#### A TRIP TO HILBRE.

It was early, horribly early, when we left home, and while cycling along we could hear the different tunes played by various alarm-clocks—or were they egg-boilers? We left our bicycles at West Kirby, and pushed on on foot. On the prom-



enade we took off our shoes and stockings, and rolled up our trousers (what is Vīb. coming to?) We walked over flat sand, we walked over rugged sand; our feet told us that the Dee possessed excellent oyster-beds.

We went on to the farther end of Hilbre Island. Slipping through a gap in a line of weather-beaten, sun-struck and rusty railings, we crossed prohibited territory, and chose our "spot"—a comfortable ledge on the cliff face. The obvious thing to do was to go for a swim, so in we dived. The waves were up to Atlantic standard, and we emerged rather battered about.

Then followed a tour of the island, which included views of the lifeboat and the Lady's Cave. The locals tell a blood-curdling tale about the latter, but it's not up to the standard of a Vīb. yarn. We also saw a school of porpoises, but this was the last thrill, and wearily we cycled home.

### Remove j.

"VERY uninteresting" is Clinton's verdict on the term as it concerns this form, which by the way, he thinks is on the down-grade. But Bryan, who intended a sonnet which turned out an ode, after asking in ringing verse:

"Which form, oh B.I., is thy best?"

decides that Remove j. leaves the others cold. Before such debaters as these, lesser mortals can only hold their peace, and listen to Mackay:

### MILK.

Although we have milk at a halfpenny a gill,  
 Most boys do not understand why;  
 Perhaps it helps masters, new life to instil  
 Into boys who from weariness sigh.  
 Perhaps it gives labour to unemployed cows,  
 Or makers of milk-bottle tops  
 Or even—who knows?—to the chap with the axe,  
 Who the straw into drinking-lengths chops.

The mood changes into tragedy, the author changes into Miller, and here is his latest blood-freezer:

He was trapped! The thought hammered at his brain as as he stood there, up to his neck in water. The fiends, sinister and heartless, advanced on him, their hands outstretched. He looked about him, looked for a way out. No escape. He shrieked for mercy, but those devilish faces showed only grins of glee. They seized him and he felt the waters close above his head. "Duck him, boys," said one of his school mates in the baths.

We hate to remind you of the grim facts of life, but when they are put into such verse as this by Lawless, who could pass them by?

## STUDENT LIFE.

Every morning, with groans and signs,  
The schoolboy rubs his sleepy eyes,  
Then to his mother's fifteenth call  
Wearily out of bed doth crawl.

Then off to school he tramps, and swots,  
And learns much wisdom. Lots and lots  
He reads all day till his head is sore—  
And this goes on till half-past four.

Then swiftly home he makes his way:  
Has work now ended for the day?

Far from it—now it really starts

With crosswords and football and movies and darts.

Which brings us to our poet-laureate and principal poet-taster, Bryan, who submitted pages of closely-written libel, some of the less unprintable portions of which appear below:

## MULLIGATAWNEY.

Pat Ryan is a stubborn lad,  
So stubborn, he really makes me mad;  
He really has no taste.

Each thing the bounder says is right,  
And though you argue all the night,  
You'll never make the rogue see light,  
And will retire disgraced.

For instance, he insists on wearing  
His tie, which we obtain by tearing  
From round his silly neck.

He's got a thing he calls a bike,  
No pen can picture what it's like—

But even then he has to hike,  
It's such an utter wreck.

This is a painful note to close on, so we shall pay a compliment. The editor would like to thank Bolton for the following lines:

D's for the Davies's, A. and R. H.

And also for Duncan, backward for age.

Rhymes such as that make an editor's lot easier to bear.

**Remove 1.**

**T**HE famous visitor from Mars would be shocked to read Waller's form-gossip: "This has been a very quiet term except for a few fights, one war, and other minor disturbances . . . Rowlands has started to be a 'gentleman crook' . . . One day Malley brought a lead pipe to school . . . The form detention sheet has been badly chewed, proving the presence of mice as well as men." No stranger could guess from this that we are really young gentlemen. The whole affair is as confused as Davies looking for his bicycle among the 20,000 others at Sealand Aerodrome—but that's another story.

This form is crazy over aeroplanes, so here is another on the same theme, written by Woodhouse:

**THE SEAPLANE TEST TANK.**

Seaplanes, like ships, have to be tested. When a new design appears, a full-size model is made in wax and sent to the testing establishment to be put through its paces. The model is suspended from an arm belonging to an electrically-driven car, standing by the side of a hydro-dynamic tank, 500 yards in length. Into this tank is lowered the model: then the engineers on the control bridge press switches which cause the car to move along its track, and to reach a speed of seventy miles per hour. Inside the car, a man is photographing the model as it rushes along the tank. As the end of the track approaches, the car is automatically braked. Speeds at take-off and landing may now be calculated, while instruments have made a permanent record of the behaviour of the model.

It is an easy step from record-breakers to time-pieces, so here is Kavanagh's account of an extraordinary clock:

At Wells Cathedral they have a clock which is as interesting as anything I have ever seen. It is six hundred years of age and was designed by Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury. Angels bearing the four winds are perched in the corners of the dial, which is a mass of lines and numbers, and contains two circles, for hours and minutes, respectively. Around these circles travel two stars, which point to the time. The days of the lunar month and the age of the moon are also indicated, while in the centre of all is a copper disc, bearing a figure upright while the disc revolves.

To see and hear this clock strike the hour is an event. To the left of the clock, high up on the west wall, sits a little



wooden man in early Stuart costume. His name is Jack Blandiver, and his heels are close to two bells. At the hour Jack Blandiver kicks his wooden leg against one bell, then against the other. After this has been done eight times, there is a whirring sound from the clock dial. From a black cave above sally forth four mounted knights: two gallop to the left, two to the right, and at every revolution, one of them is knocked back on his horse's crupper by the sword of an adversary. Then the tournament comes to a standstill: the hourly struggle at Wells is over.

### Remove a.

IT is rumoured that M\*ff\*t actually went all day Wednesday and got only one detention, but when Thursday evening came round, and he had only three to work off, his delight knew no bounds.

If Vincent does not stop making those fearful noises with his desk, something will have to be done about it, because it is slowly ruining the School furniture. Besides he is disturbing Heritage's daily siesta.

Heritage still tells us that he refuses to go in detention, but when 4-30 arrives, he decides that he may as well go in, because he would otherwise have nothing to do.

Although May has been removed from the back corner to a special seat of honour at the front, peculiar noises and incoherent mumblings are still heard to come from him in Maths lessons.

Hirst's memory seems to be getting shorter every Geometry lesson, as he still "leaves his book at home." It is a good job he does his homework before he forgets to bring his book to school; otherwise some catastrophe might overtake him.

This time there is a dearth of attempts at verse, and all we can offer in that line are efforts by J. L. Smith and Hudson, respectively.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,  
And doesn't know where to find them.

They crossed the road  
When the red light glowed,  
And a lorry came up behind them.

A schoolboy in Latin so quick  
Could decline all the nouns in a tick,  
But quadratics and roots  
Put his heart in his boots,  
And tangents and sines made him sick.  
Hallam evidently is a "rhythm fan."

### THE MUSIC OF THE NEGRO.

It was from the United States of America that "jazz" and later "swing" music were introduced to England and Europe.

These two types of very light music owe their origin to the Negro, who, although having lived all his life in America, still dreams of his real home in the dark continent of Africa.

It was from the west coast of Africa that the Negro was brought to America by the slave traders, and it was in this part of Africa that the music of the jungle could be heard.

The average negro, till recent times, found his real pleasure in beating a drum or improvising melodies which were generally played to suit the mood that he was in. If unfortunate enough not to possess a musical instrument he would simply try to imitate one by blowing through his fingers.

A group of men, each having a different instrument to play, would give concerts in a clearing of the forest to the rest of the native village. Each performer would keep in time with a leader who would most likely play a "tom tom," and then at a given signal each player would render as a solo the particular tune the band had been playing before the signal was given, taking it in turns to stand up and play the melody in his own style.

The modern negro orchestras are arranged in no different manner from those primitive jungle ensembles, except that they are more polished, play a modern instrument, and have the score before them. Although the performers play up to date instruments like the saxophone and clarinet, the same kind of music is created as in Africa.

Perhaps this unusual type of music, which is gradually becoming popular with the younger generation but remaining still "unbearable" to the older and more sensible people, will just disappear as all crazes generally do, but as Sir Richard Runciman Terry, the well known choral conductor, prophesied in a talk which was broadcast some time ago, "jazz" music

may eventually take the place of classical music. This may yet happen in this age of miracles, but not without an uproar from the musical public. One could not imagine such an orchestra as that of Duke Ellington's, one of the best "swing" bands in existence, playing at Queen's Hall.

There must be, however, something in this jazz and "swing" music craze for a man of Sir Richard Terry's standard to take a lively interest in it.

Moffat was one of two of our number who went to Town for the coronation, so we put his experiences on record as a matter of history.

### THE CORONATION PROCESSION.

I was lucky enough to go to London and see the complete procession without any trouble. I stayed at Wimbledon at my brother's house, and he got me a seat on a stand in Hyde Park just in front of Grosvenor House. We left Wimbledon at about six o'clock and got to our seats at about seven o'clock. After waiting till about half-past-three, we heard tremendous cheering in the distance, and in a few minutes we were rewarded for our long wait. The head of the procession was in sight. The first part consisted of contingents of troops from every part of the Empire. It was a wonderful sight to see the contingents from, first, Burma, then Rhodesia, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, etc. The Indian contingent was marvellous and consisted of old native chieftains with huge grey beards and uniforms of every colour imaginable. After these had passed came the Prime Ministers, and then the Royal Family. The first carriage contained the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent, the second carriage Queen Mary and the two princesses, both waving and looking at the huge crowd with amazement. Then came the King's Beefeaters and Bargemen walking in front of the wonderful golden coach of the King and Queen. As soon as the crowd saw the coach, they burst into such a frenzy of cheering that you couldn't hear yourself speak.

It was a wonderful experience to see the King and Queen in this procession, and I saw it all with as much clearness and ease as could be wished for.

And, finally, Grice gives us a peep at one of our local industries.



## PRICE'S CANDLEWORKS.

The candle works are situated by the river at Bromborough, and consist of several large metal sheds on either side of a rail used by the trolleys for carrying the boxes of candles about.

The first stage in making the candles is to prepare the wax from various chemicals. These are melted in large metal containers and the shed in which this is done is always filled with a hot, rancid smell. When the wax is prepared, it is put in barrels and taken to the moulds.

A process which goes on at the same time as the preparing of the wax is the making of the wicks on long benches with machinery rather like spinning-machines. It is impossible to talk in this room, because of the noise produced by the large steam-engine which drives the looms.

The candle-wicks are taken next to the moulds, where they are arranged in lengths in a machine with hundreds of metal containers the shape of a candle. Liquid wax is poured into the moulds, and when it is hard, the moulds are opened, and the candles are given their first shape. The candles are of various colours and shapes, and are taken to a packing room where they are rolled into bundles, and covered with paper by hand.

The last stage is making wooden boxes to send the candles away in. Long strips of wood are cut to the right width, length, and thickness by machinery. Another machine nails these lengths together, taking about one minute to join the five sides. The candles are then packed in these boxes and the sixth side is nailed on.

Although the firm produces candles, it also makes motor and bicycle oil, which is got from the chemicals which make the wax.

## VI.

**T**HIS term we have been too busy working to think of the magazine, and hence our contributions are neither numerous, valuable, nor of undoubted originality. Since, however, to exclude the worthless and the (possibly) plagiarised would leave us no form notes at all, the Editor is showing his usual consideration in publishing the following :—

## TORTURE.

Of many tortures thrust on man  
 The vilest, I assert,  
 Is to wear a fifteen collar  
 On a number sixteen shirt.

## DISASTER.

Little Tommy's dead and gone,  
 Call an undertaker ;  
 Tommy never should have sat  
 Inside the sausage-maker.

## ON EXAMS.

O day of despair  
 What results do you hold ?  
 Have we passed, have we failed,  
 As we've done of old ?

## DISASTER AT NEW BRIGHTON.

Harold Lacey,  
 Stretch of sea,  
 Big splash—  
 Dearie me !

## THE LESSER YELLOW-BREASTED RUSHER.

This bird can be seen, as its name implies, rushing up or down Whetstone Lane at 8-55 a.m. or 2-10 p.m. every day. On hearing the School bell it finishes its meal, utters a squawk of horror, and flies down the lane. This bird, although common in this district, is seldom seen during 4-30 p.m. to 5-15 p.m. when it stays in a secluded spot.

It has a black body with a golden breast, grey legs, and a yellow black band round its head. During winter its beak is a bluish-red object. When August comes, it migrates for a few weeks. The old birds are too exhausted to come back, but some fledgelings come along to take their places.

## Vj.

TO write a *Visor* article  
 I'm trying all I know,  
 But I find not any particle.  
 And so have nought to show.

So writes one unfortunate, but the term appears to have been better appreciated by others.

The form did well at the Sports, Clarke winning the Junior Cross Country Race, and other events also. We do not appear to be a cricketing form, as three out of four matches have been lost.

We have one or two humorists who now and again make funny remarks, but what was it that caused Dorrity to return a day too soon after the Coronation holiday? Was he dazzled by the decorations? It was one of the funniest 'incidences' (Oh! our spelling) of the term.

A beautiful piece of typewriting from Carver gives us a shock and the following information:—

#### OVERCHURCH, 19TH AND 20TH JUNE.

A Jamboree camp was held this weekend, during which the Mayor and all the parents were allowed to visit the camp. There were present about forty scouts, including officers, who are representing Cheshire at the Jamboree in Holland.

We had our meals very promptly indeed. Breakfast 8 a.m., Dinner 12 noon, Tea 5 p.m. On Saturday we had our tea at 6 p.m. and at 8 p.m. we had a good feed (how these scouts eat.—ED.) We went to bed at 10 p.m., but we in our tent did not go to sleep until 11-30. We arose at 7-30 a.m., had our wash, and were ready for breakfast at 8 a.m. At 10 o'clock we had our kit inspected by Mr. C. A. Wilson. At noon came dinner, and an hour later most of us were in the baths having a good time. At 4 p.m. we had another kit inspection, during which the Mayor came round and afterwards wished us the best of luck in Holland. At 4-15 tea was served to the visitors, and an hour later we had our own.

Afterwards we cleared up and went home, having spent a fine weekend.

Again we burst into song. Dean, in an age of miracles, with himself as headmaster, carols:—

The masters all were changed to fags

The prefects into boot-boys;

When I was nigh, they used to cry,

"My hat! We'd better scoot, boys!"

And Fallows, whom someone called a florist, because he's likely to "floor" anyone, shall finish for us:

If I were a poet,

I might make something rhyme,

But as I'm not a poet

It takes up too much time.



## IVa.

LIVERSAGE is of a rooted opinion that the Siamese are of a "ruddist" religion, and that "aunts" are crawling creatures.

We are sky high in the literary world with Hans (Jock) Anderson, who amused us with a fairy tale last geography lesson.

Lane thinks that "bamboo shoots are delicious as Asparagus."

Some strange round objects have been noticed after baths on Monday morning. Are these buns??

Warning: Don't come near our form room: Jones has started throwing his weight about.

This is by the president of our form cycling club:

## LATE.

He urged his "bike" to greater speed  
And wished that he had oiled it,  
For little did it know his need  
That he would now be for it.

No prefect there would heed his plight,  
So he was doomed to spend  
Two hours of Wednesday in "dete,"  
Without a single friend.

So gloomily he sat in form  
Brooding upon the "dete,"  
When suddenly to him there came  
An inspiration neat.

As soon as e'er the bell had rung,  
The pre. he went to see;  
An excuse into his ears he poured,  
He hoped would set him free.

"Well, all this so-called evidence  
Quite alters all the matter,  
Bring to me the offending sheet,  
And your name with ink I will splatter."

Then joyfully the boy went home  
Quite thankful it was over,  
But resolving in future to oil his "bike,"  
Then he would be in clover.

G.A.

## A LIMERICK FROM CORK.

There was an old native of Cork,  
 Who set out on a very long walk,  
     When he got to Tralee,  
     He climbed up a tree,  
 But slipped and fell down with a squawk.

A.S.

## IVb.

OUR form is now fully aware of something called the "sub-conscious mind," except that we can't spell it. It appears to make people do things ten minutes too late, and is not much use in a tussle with Pythagoras's Theorem. It also appears to have caused someone to translate "Bulla" as "iodine locket!" Most of the boys seem to think Birkenhead docks must be very busy just now, as the bridge is always up about 8-30 and 2 o'clock. The rest only think that Ceha now has a new hobby—"waiting for the bridge to go down."

Inspector Morrell of the IVb. I.D. reports another crime wave after the defeat of the "Wreckers." After preliminary investigation, it is reported that the rogues, who "borrow" pencils and plant them in other people's pockets, are almost unmasked, "Golliwog" being named as the ringleader.

Rogers gives us an account of a holiday visit:

Pistyll Rhaiadar is a waterfall in the heart of the Berwyn Mountains, which falls over a shoulder of Moel Sych. The main cascade is one hundred and twenty feet, and then the water, after passing under a rocky rim called the "Bridge," spouts over into a pool at the base, the total fall being two hundred and thirty feet. Set against a background of fir-trees, its silken, lace-like cascades look beautiful.

A soulful, heartfelt elegy by Woodend follows:

## ELEGY WRITTEN ON DETENTION.

The det. room is a funny place  
 For all our crimes we there do face.  
 Thinking of the games we miss,  
 While we sit in silent bliss.  
 Then the prefect calls the roll  
 And on us wreaks a heavy toll.

On this doleful note we'll end. Note: This should appear in next term's *Visor*, but we'll put it in advance. By the non-inclusion of our other poems, we conclude that the Editor believes there are no poets in IVb. (Agreed.—ED.)

## IVj.

THIS term we have been seized as a form by "versomania." In case you are not acquainted with this disease, we must point out that its cause is a surfeit of lessons in English verse, and the chief symptom a morbid desire to perpetrate more verse. We each handed in an article for the *Visor*, as in duty bound, and all but two were in alleged verse; so, as these two were poor efforts, even compared with those reproduced here, our notes this time are purely poetical (?). Also, although we know the theory of such things as Iambs and Anapaests, our practice is not nearly so good, and we have probably annoyed the Sub-Editors charged with the task of mending our rhymes and scansion even more than we are going to annoy you.

Thus, D. H. Jones has inflicted a limerick upon us, but its rhyme misfires:

There was a young fellow, named Tom,  
From a plane in the sky dropped a bomb.  
When the explosive went off,  
A silly old toff  
Thought that Tranmere Rovers had won!

Bryden relates:

## A FISHY TALE.

Hurrah! Hurrah! it's holiday time,  
I'll bring out my fishing tackle including the line;  
There's hooks, and rods, and floats by the score,  
A fine assortment, all spread on the floor.  
With critical eye I pick out the best,  
And then pack them up and leave all the rest.  
I journey by train to a place that I know  
That's full of good fish, to make my cheeks glow;  
Then sit there for hours with never a bite,  
Far into the morning with the sun at its height.  
Then, lo, there's a ripple just near to the float,  
When I haul this one out, I surely shall gloat!



It's hooked ! What a thrill ! It's a large one, I know ;  
 I'll play him a little, back and forwards, just so—  
 Now, I think it's time to haul him ashore,  
 Then I'll pull very gently, it weighs near a score.  
 Nearer and near I draw in my prize ;  
 It's a shark or a whale to judge by its size.  
 Then one mighty pull—he's out on the bank,  
 And in a short time, he'll be safe in my tank.  
 I approach with great care to the spot where he lies  
 My fingers are itching, but what a surprise—  
 Instead of a fish (I seem to take root),  
 Disappointment is mine—I've fished out a boot !  
 He also indulges in a limerick :

A young native who lived in Calcutta  
 Rubbed himself all over with butter.  
     He thought he was swell,  
     But, believe me, the smell  
 Was utter, too utter, too utter !

Here is Huntriss—we knew he was good at athletics, but  
 we never suspected him of learnings towards verse :

#### HIS VISOR ARTICLE.

A boy once tried to devise a  
 Pithy few lines for the *Visor*,  
     He puzzled his brain,  
     But all was in vain—  
 If published, said Ma, 'twould surprise her.

Hayward is responsible for the two following :

#### LIMERICKS.

There was an old person whose habits  
 Induced him to feed upon rabbits  
     When he'd eaten eighteen,  
     He turned perfectly green,  
 Upon which he stopped all those habits.

There was an old person of Chile,  
 Whose conduct was painful and silly,  
     He sat on the stairs,  
     Eating apples and pears,  
 That silly old person of Chile.

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Rowlands is to blame for this :

AN EASTERN ROMANCE.

In the street of a Thousand Cod-fish  
Stood a beautiful Chinese gal :  
Her eyes were green like cats' eyes,  
And her name was Shanghai Sal.  
She was waiting for her lover,  
A sailor to whom she was true ;  
But her father was making her marry  
A man called I Chew Stew.  
When he came back, Sal told him :  
In his duty he did not falter,  
He said he'd be sure to save her  
And lead her to the altar.  
The two jumped into his mo'car,  
It banged, and all went west ;  
The wheels, they flew off backwards,  
And blew to bits the guests.  
Sailor Jack and Sal went sky-wards,  
And, just by a lucky chance,  
They landed safe in Paris,  
And so got married in France.

Foxcroft shall conclude with his moral story :

BEWARE.

There was once a boy, named Sandy Clare,  
Who was nicknamed so because of his hair.  
This boy was rude, and greedy, and fat,  
Everyone living near knew that,  
Till someone came to live in the town,  
Namely, a Mr. and Mrs. Brown.  
They invited Sandy out to tea,  
Wishing his manners and ways to see.  
He was placed on the right of the host,  
Of the cakes and pastries, he ate most.  
He never replied with a " thank you," or " please,"  
He just said, " Yes," or " Can I have these ?"  
Sandy ate till he could eat no more,  
He walked unsteadily through the door,  
He wobbled home and climbed into bed,  
And the morning after, Sandy was dead.  
So those who are like Sandy Clare,  
Take an early warning, and beware !

## IIIa.

WE are nothing if not twentieth century. Pemberton has ambitions towards motor-cycle racing, while Bibby in imagination is almost the finished pilot. Let him describe his experiences for our benefit:

## FIRST SOLO.

Am I nervous! Exactly twenty-five minutes ago I was told the plane would be ready in half-an-hour for my first solo. The engine is ticking over nicely, and the wind isn't too bad.

There goes the instructor's hand, open the throttle a bit. O.K., away with the chocks. Now wide open the throttle, that's all right the tail is lifting. Back with the stick, just a slight bit. Oh blank, she won't lift, and the so and so boundary is getting near. There she goes, she's going to hit—no, we've cleared. Back with the stick and up to three thousand feet. Now a left-hand turn. Left rudder and slight left stick, that's easy enough. Might as well try a right hand one. Boy, am I good! Now have a loop. Forward with the stick and full throttle. Let's see 200 m.p.h. Back with the stick, up we go, over at the top. That didn't feel too good. Better go down now. I have yet to land.

Down to three hundred feet, circle round, losing height rapidly, one hundred feet, fifty feet, glide in now. What the deuce is the matter, the port wing's rising like the devil? She's sideslipping now. Oh, blank! Left stick, rev up, and now up again. Mad thing to do, didn't look at the wind sock. In again, stick back again. The ground's rushing up. Phew! what a bump—five bumps, in fact. What the dickens is up with me, trying to land at 90 m.p.h.? Not too good for the undercarriage! Anyway, thank goodness that's over. Taxi in now.

Bray is evidently leaning towards the writing of sensational prose:

## A DRAMATIC STORY.

It was 7-30 a.m., and Detective Simpleton gazed across the gleaming, bubbling water through a thick bluish smoke. It reminded him of the time of 7-33 a.m. one year ago. He kept staring at the dull glint of steel across the water, and often he gazed at his watch and gave long sighs. Then he gave one last look at his watch, took a deep breath and—fished his boiled egg out of the saucepan.

Couch is practising to follow in the footsteps of the famous Herlock Sholmes :

### CAN YOU SOLVE IT ?

A man once went out leaving a five-pound note under one of the ornaments on his mantelshelf. When he came back, he found it gone. He at once called his butler and two maids. He first questioned the two maids, but neither of them had touched it. He then questioned the butler, who at once replied that, thinking it might blow away he had put it between pages 99 and 100 of a library book, which the chauffeur had taken to the library. The man at once ordered the car and went to the library, asking for the book which had just been brought in in his name. He received it and looked through it, but there was no note. He went for a detective at once and went back to the house with him. When the detective had questioned the staff, he at once arrested the butler. Why ?

Answer : 99 and 100 are the two sides of the same sheet of paper.

### IIIb.

**A**LTHOUGH we hate to admit it, we really will be sorry to say " Goodbye " to the " Cubby Hole," and the mysteries of the disappearing duster, the wayward window and the very coy cartoonist who prefers to work in privacy.

We can boast a budding Paderewski in the person of Osborn who has done trojan work in accompanying French Songs : while another generous soul, who prefers to remain anonymous, is ready to exchange 240 pence for a shilling. We wish there were more like him in this hard world.

Now let us introduce to you our Flying Expert, Hassal.

### THE R.A.F.

On Empire Air Day I paid a visit to Sealand Aerodrome, which is an R.A.F. base on the Welsh Road. This base is supplied with all the latest types of planes, and when I was there there were several squadrons of Hawker " Harts " and Gloster " Gauntlets " stationed in the hangars and on the tarmac. The Hawkers are driven by 200 h.p. Rolls Royce engines, and travel at over 200 m.p.h. These planes are fitted with the new Bren machine-gun, which is taking the place of the Lewis gun. It can be folded up and used as a sub-machine-gun by infantry.



After an interesting tour of the hangars, I visited the armoury, where pistols, machine guns, bullets, shells, and bombs were on show. I spent a long time here, handling the guns and inspecting the bullets.

The next place I visited was a room filled with parachutes. To my delight I discovered that a demonstration was taking place. Standing on a long table, an airman pointed to the ripcord, counted three, and pulled it. After this he demonstrated how to fold the parachute ready for use. The folds were held in position by bags of lead pellets, and then folded neatly into the bag.

I visited many more sheds, including the engine sheds, which contained several Hawker and Gloster planes under construction. There were also a number of Rolls Royce "Kestrel" engines.

After a whole afternoon there, I went home, saying to myself: "The end of a perfect afternoon."

Amass is among the many who have soared into the realms of poetry. Don't let the gloomy title put you off:

#### A SAD TALE.

He lifted the hammer with deadly intent,  
To make it descend on the head that was bent—  
Now please do not weep at this sorrowful tale,  
For the head that was bent was the head of a nail.

And since we don't want to trespass on IIIj's space, we shall stop just there.

#### IIIj.

WE have had to put aside our two hobbies—"those confounded twopenny bloods" (as Mr. ——— calls them) and detentions, in order to write some notes for the *Visor*. This is Whitmore:

There was once a very famous hunter who had a special billiard table made for him. When this table was finished, he asked the firm to keep it for a time. The reason was that he was going hunting in the Oozulam Jungle. The firm consented.

After three months the firm received a letter asking them to keep it a little longer, as the hunter was enjoying hunting the Opakioko, a savage beast in Hoozoo Land. A month later the firm received another letter which was very different, so the firm had to ask someone else to buy the table.

Now for some verses (?) by Williams and Hales :

Johnny wondered which is louder,  
Dynamite or blasting powder ;  
He bought some powder, struck a light,  
But hasn't yet tried dynamite.

An Eskimo who strolled by the sea  
Met a bear and attempted to flee.

He set up a rare pace  
But the bear won the race  
And had quite an enjoyable tea.

A leopard with ninety-nine spots  
Complained half-a-score would be lots.

" With so many, oh dear,  
I am looking, I fear,  
Like a blotting pad, covered with blots."

Old Man : " Are there any slick crooks in this city ?"

Young Man : " Slick crooks ! Why one stole my trousers

### *Junior School Notes*

" IT has been such a long term " cry Form II., in spite of plenty of diversion from school work. Perhaps their drooping spirits will revive when rehearsals for plays in the garden are in full swing.

We went to print too early last term to include a note of the visit by Form II. to the Meccano works, where they spent a very enjoyable afternoon. They were given a wonderful tea to restore them after an exhaustive tour, and apparently it was a most memorable meal to all who partook of it !

This term there have been excursions to the minesweepers, and the " Royal Oak." Form I. wound up their visit to the battleship with a picnic on Waterloo sands.

The Cubs are taking advantage of the light evenings to practise tracking and tent management. Preparations are going on for a " Camp Fire " scene, including songs, jungle dances, and a sketch, to be performed in the garden at the end of term.

Wootton Fitzpaine has been chosen once more for the Camp, and appears to be a very popular spot with the Cubs.

We must not forget to mention the Jam and Sweet Sale, which has augmented Cub funds by £1 13s. 5d.

We have been fortunate with cricket weather this year, only one game having to be cancelled. Form I. appear to have some budding county players in their midst, while the Preps. are showing great keenness, and are progressing rapidly. Form II., however, are not quite satisfied with their performance, but this, of course, may be due to innate modesty.

The gardens are looking very attractive. We are wondering if Miss Booth's offer of a prize for the best garden has provided an incentive to work.

There is no dearth of poets in the Junior School. Forsyth envies the Gypsy, Shields longs for 'Old Ireland,' while Roberts (II.) perhaps has a great thirst for adventure.

#### IF I WERE A PIRATE.

If I were a pirate  
So bad and so bold,  
I'd wreck all the ships  
And plunder the hold;  
And laden with treasure,  
While praised by my men,  
I'd return for to measure  
The swag in my den.

I'd sack Panama  
And collect all the treasure;  
Watching my men  
I'd sit at my leisure.  
With my trusty first-mate  
I'd wallow in gold,  
If I were a pirate  
So bad and so bold.

Bilsbarrow voices his admiration for the heroes of by-gone times in the following verse:

#### THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

In good old stirring days of yore  
When men on horseback hunted boar,  
When falcons soared in the deep blue sky  
And killed any bird that there did fly,



When fly-rods flashed  
 And salmon thrashed  
 The water into foam,  
 When gallant horsemen felled the deer—  
 In those old days men knew no fear.

Peers (II.) has deserted limericks for a puzzle in verse :

### CONUNDRUM.

My first is in lead but not in bed,  
 My second is in kidney but not in Sydney,  
 My third is in vision but not in decision,  
 My fourth is in ale but not in pail,  
 My fifth is in ram but not in jam  
 My sixth is in pool but not in stool  
 My seventh is in boot but not in suit,  
 My eighth is in bought but not in taught,  
 My ninth is in lips but not in tips,  
 My whole is a city ; thus ends my ditty.

Answer : " Liverpool."

Now for Form I. contributions ; quite a nautical touch this time. Ware was the fortunate spectator of the Naval Review.

### THE NAVAL REVIEW.

At 3 p.m. on Thursday, May 30th, King George VI. left Portsmouth Harbour to review his fleet and the warships of seventeen foreign nations. This great naval pageant was seen by thousands of people both ashore and afloat.

As the King's yacht began her journey along the lines, she was greeted by the thunder of the Royal Salute. Each ship was decorated with flags, and the crews cheered lustily as the yacht slowly steamed by.

As darkness fell, the whole fleet was illuminated and remained so for half an hour. The lights were then switched off and a searchlight display, followed by fireworks from all the ships, completed a memorable occasion.

Here is an account by Yates of an interesting visit nearer home :

### MY VISIT TO THE MINESWEEPERS.

In the week ending June 5th, I went over the first flotilla of Minesweepers, stationed in the Albert Dock, Liverpool. There were seven ships, of which three were open to the public.

In the bow of each ship was a gun which could be moved in any direction, and which could be used for anti-aircraft purposes.

There was an iron stairway which led up to a telescope and a signalling tower. The mast was very high. I saw someone climb up to the look-out at the top. I looked into the captain's cabin and saw a couch, a wireless set, and a typewriter.

The gun at the stern was smaller than the one in the bows. Towards the stern of the vessel there was a companionway leading to the lower deck, where I saw tea being prepared.

I came up on to the top deck and walked forward, where there was a gangway leading off the boat. This was not very steady, but it held out. So I ended my visit to the minesweepers.

And here is one of the ever-popular limericks, contributed by R. J. Hill. We are hoping he will not emulate the appalling behaviour of his namesake.

There was a young fellow named Roger,  
Whom an old lady took as a lodger.  
When she asked for the rent,  
He said "It's all spent,"  
And henceforth decided to dodge her.

### *Badminton Club*

**T**HE club restarts in September, when it is hoped that there will be an increase in the membership.

Although last season was a successful one, it was notable for the lack of interest shown by the senior boys in this very excellent game.

Those who play tennis in summer will find badminton a pleasant substitute which the weather does not affect.

If the membership is large enough, fixtures can be arranged with local clubs, so will those interested please see Mr. Thacker as soon as the term begins?

Last season, when two matches were played, and won, both Mr. Darlington and Mr. Thacker played regularly. Will the other members of the Staff please note, and lend us a helping hand?

L.O.M.

## *Cricket Notes.*

THE Cricket XI. commenced the season at a decided disadvantage, for only one of last year's successful team was left at School. It was only to be expected that, unless other schools were similarly placed, results this year would not be brilliant, but that expectation has not been fully realised. While, up to date, only one match has been won, four have been drawn (three of them clearly in the School's favour) and four lost, a fairly satisfactory average.

The 2nd XI. naturally suffered when its 'possibles' were needed for the 1st team, but, as it happens, their results are decidedly better, four matches having been won, one drawn, and two lost.

The Colts' (under 15) XI., after four matches, show an even sheet, having won two and lost two.

The same points in criticism may be made as in previous years. Not enough use is made of practice at the nets. A fast ball is never a good ball unless it has length and direction, but to bowl fast seems to be the only ambition of many boys. The ideal boy would, of course, discuss with his team-mate the latter's weak points in batting, and would then, without doubt, be able to bowl the very ball to give him practice and help in overcoming his weakness. But the ideal boy has not appeared yet, and so we get the ball projected in the general direction of the stumps at as high a speed as possible, and the batsman doing his best to keep out of the way. Here and there, admittedly, there are genuine attempts at bowling and batting, but the criticism remains true upon the whole. After all, ideal boys would be difficult to live with, and no complaints seem to be made when bowling appears to be fast, or even when the keeping-out-of-the-way is not altogether successful.

### CRICKET 1ST XI.

The 1st XI. have not had a very successful season so far. They have played 10, won 2, and drawn 3. Ceha played well in the last match scoring 39 not out. King has played very well during the season. He has made 150 runs, which include 51, 33 and 24. Pearson has bowled very well in the last few matches, having an average of 5 for 18 in one match.



## RESULTS.

Date.	Ground.	Opponents.	SCORES.		Result.
			For.	Against.	
May	1—(A.)	St. Edward's College ...	23	97	L.
	5—(A.)	Alsop High School ...	119	84—8	D.
	8—(H.)	Wirral Grammar School..	43	144—5	L.
	22—(A.)	St. Mary's College...	30	46—1	L.
	29—(H.)	H.M.S. "Conway" ...	58	84—9	L.
June	9—(H.)	Park High School ...	76—6	104—5	D.
	19—(H.)	Neston IV. XI. ...	154—8	161—9	D.
	23—(A.)	Wirral Grammar School..	54	88	L.
	26—(H.)	St. Edward's College ...	55	53	W.
July	3—(A.)	Quarry Bank School ...	107—4	101	W.

## 2ND XI.

The 2nd XI. have had a more successful season than the 1st XI. They have played 7, won 4, and lost 2. Ball has made 74 in one match, and 122 all the season. Williams bowled extremely well in two matches, taking 8 for 7, and 4 for 3. Bolton also bowled well in one match, taking 4 for 9.

## RESULTS.

Date.	Ground.	Opponents.	SCORES.		Result.
			For.	Against.	
May	1—(H.)	St. Edward's College ...	127—7	30	W.
	5—(H.)	Alsop High School ...	141—8	46	W.
	8—(A.)	Wirral Grammar School..	48	107—8	L.
	22—(H.)	St. Mary's College ...	60—9	60—7	D.
	29—(A.)	H.M.S. "Conway" ...	84	19	W.
June	23—(H.)	Wirral Grammar School..	50	55—2	L.
	26—(A.)	St. Edward's College ...	75	43	W.

## 3RD XI.

The 3rd XI. have played 5 matches, won 2, and lost 3. Smith bowled well in the first match taking 5 for 7. Griffiths made 41 against Wirral Grammar School.

## RESULTS.

Date.	Ground.	Opponents.	SCORES.		Result.
			For.	Against.	
May	8—(H.)	Wirral Grammar School..	15	24—8	L.
	(A.)	Shaftesbury Boys' Club...	76	26	W.
June	23—(A.)	Wirral Grammar School..	68	119—4	L.
	(A.)	Shaftesbury Boys' Club...	49	30	W.
July	3—(A.)	Quarry Bank School ...	86—9	35	L.

# OLD BOYS' SECTION

## *Notes and News*

THE Annual General Meeting of the Old Boys' Association was held at the School on Monday, April 26th, at 8 p.m., the Headmaster in the chair. The Treasurer's report showed that the Association was just solvent, and that a substantial increase in membership was needed to put the finances on a sound basis. There was some discussion on the contributions of affiliated societies, and it was resolved to allow boys leaving school to become Associate Members for the first year without payment of a subscription other than the fees due to any constituent club or society they might join.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pressure of work had compelled the Secretary to ask for some help, and at his request the office of Assistant Secretary was created, and filled by the election of E. Parry. His address is 6 The Ridgeway, Higher Bebington.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the recommendation of the Committee the following were elected Vice-Presidents: Messrs. F.S.Allen, J.P.Almond, Henry Cohen, J. M. Furniss, Robert Galloway, G. W. Grice, S. J. Hill, Dr. A. Moelwyn Hughes, Messrs. J. Roberts, R. E. Roberts, J. Smallpage, Ald. G. A. Solly, and Mr. Theo. Williams.

\* \* \* \* \*

In recognition of his valuable services to the Association, H. A. Wilmot was elected first honorary life-member.

\* \* \* \* \*

Officers for the year were appointed as follows:

Chairman: Mr. Watts, Vice-Chairman: Mr. Harris, Secretary: D. Archibald, Assistant Secretary: E. Parry, Treasurer: L. Berkson, Committee: E. E. Betenson, P. Burrell, Mr. Haime, A. Niblock, D. Wallace, G. G. Wilson, together with representatives to be appointed by the constituent societies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several suggestions for the winter programme were considered, including a debate with the School and one or two lectures. The hope was expressed that members would do all they could to make the Annual Cricket Match with the School a successful social event.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Change of Address.* Will all interested in the Choral Society please note the new address of the Secretary: A. Niblock, 9 Rowland Avenue, Bebington.

\* \* \* \* \*

A welcome visitor at the School this month was L. Eric Darch who was at the Institute 37 years ago. He has come over from the Argentine—his first visit in 24 years—and is touring the country with his family.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BIRTHS.

On May 30th at Annandale Nursing Home, Prenton, to May, wife of Eustace E. Betenson (1910-15), a daughter.

On July 2nd, to Gladys, wife of George F. Longman (1920-24), a son.

\* \* \* \* \*

### MARRIAGES.

Richards-Maxwell. On June 5th, at St. Catherine's Church, Higher Tranmere, Trevor H. Richards to Kathleen Isabel Maxwell, both of Upton.

Hallett-Napier. On June 12th, at Christchurch, Bebington, E. Maurice Hallett, L.D.S., of Prenton, to Eva Grant Napier of Bebington.

Jenkins-Cregeen. On July 3rd, at the Parish Church, Woodchurch, Donald Wynne Jenkins to Mollie Cregeen.

\* \* \* \* \*

H. P. Meadows has been appointed manager of the Worcester Branch of Martins Bank.

\* \* \* \* \*

J. C. Price (1910—), of the Birkenhead Police has recently been promoted to the rank of Inspector. He attended a course at Falfield, Gloucester, in June, and has since been appointed Instructor in Air Raid Precautions for the County Borough of Birkenhead.

\* \* \* \* \*

W. B. McIntyre, Senior English Master at Temple Road Central School, has been appointed Headmaster of Bidston Avenue Boys' School.



## *Old Boys' Successes*

### UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Honours in Geography Preliminary Examination: W. Kinnear, Class I.

### UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Economic Tripos, Part II., Class II., Division II.: R. U. Gibson.

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

Tripos Preliminary Examination, Class II., Division II.: C. A. Alldis.

### UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

#### FACULTY OF ARTS.

School of German, Part II.:

Class II., Division I.: R. F. Broadfoot.

Class II., Division II.: J. Wood.

Degree of B.A. in General Studies, Third Year: D. Magee.

First Year Examination: T. H. Heys.

#### FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

Degree of B.Sc. with Honours in Physics, Class III.: F. Richards.

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

Class I.: L. Evans; Class I.: L. C. Faragher; Class II.: T. W. Goodwin; Class II.: R. Mackinder.

Final Examination, Second Year, Class I.: G. H. Weston.

Intermediate Examination: M. Bennet.

#### FACULTY OF COMMERCE.

Degree of B. Comm. with Honours, Part II., Geography, Class II., Division II.: E. Todd.

#### SCHOOL OF EDUCATION.

Degree of M.A.: G. Clark.

Diploma in Education: H. W. Jones.

Certificate in Education: R. C. Loxam.

#### FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Degree of M.B.Ch.B., First Examination—

Part A, Chemistry and Physics: H. O. M. Bryant.

General Biology: K. B. Thomas.

#### FACULTY OF ENGINEERING.

Final Examination, Part I.: T. W. Hunt.

Intermediate Examination: F. H. Lilley.

#### UNIVERSITY PRIZES.

FRANK STANTON CAREY PRIZE for Mathematics (Shared): G. H. Weston.

DAVID INGLIS DAWBARN PRIZE (Shared): T. W. Hunt.

#### CHARTERED SURVEYOR'S EXAMINATION.

Intermediate Examination, Part I.: G. R. Barker.

Executive Branch of Civil Service: W. C. Bray.

Associate Royal Sanitary Institute: T. K. Ward.

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

THE following is a short report on the season 1936-37.

The 1st XI. finished fourth in the Second Division of the Zingari League, and were defeated in the 1st Round Proper of the Zingari Cup by Port Sunlight, after a good game. As holders of the Old Boys' Senior Shield, they were expected to do well in this Competition, but, after reaching the semi-final, were defeated by Liobians. The Club was honoured by the selection of J. D. B. Thornton, the first team centre-forward, for the Zingari League team in an inter-League match played in Liverpool on March 6th.

The 2nd XI. began the season badly, but improved to finish in the sixth position in the Zingari Combination. Their centre-forward, F. Silcock, gained the distinction of being the leading goalscorer in the Club, scoring on no fewer than sixty-one occasions.

The 3rd and 4th XI's both had poor seasons in the Old Boys' League, finishing second from the bottom, and bottom in their respective Divisions. The whole trouble with these teams appears to be that they are called upon to meet much heavier and more experienced opponents in the 1st and 2nd elevens of many other Clubs. There can be no doubt that many of the players in the junior teams have football ability, which has been proved by their performances when promoted to the senior sides, and great credit is due to them for their displays on many occasions against very great odds.

The 3rd XI. were defeated in the 2nd Round of the Old Boys' Challenge Trophy, and the Junior Shield team who were successful in their 1st Round tie were later withdrawn from the Competition, as it was found impossible to play the 2nd Round match, owing to the great number of fixtures outstanding at the end of the season.

With regard to the question of ground accommodation, whilst our removal to Woodchurch served the purpose of getting all our teams together on the same ground, it has been only too evident that the ground now in use, in its present state and under the conditions experienced during last season, is totally unfit for football. To put this ground in good condition would involve the expenditure of a large amount from Club funds, and, in order to avoid this, negotiations are at present

in progress with the owner of the land for the use of two grounds on the field at the rear of the "Horse and Jockey" Hotel.

The social activities of the Club lost a great organiser on the resignation of H. A. Wilmot from the chairmanship. Much has already been said and written of the loss sustained in this respect, but no report on the season would be complete without some reference to the enormous amount of work undertaken so cheerfully and successfully for the Club by Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot during their long association with us.

During the season, the Annual Dance at St. Michael's Hall and one Whist Drive and Dance were held. The Annual Dinner in the form of a Hot-Pot Supper took place in the Queen's Hotel, where a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the School on 25th May, 1937, when the President, Mr. E. Wynne Hughes, and all Vice-Presidents were re-elected.

The following Club Officials were appointed:

Chairman: P. Evans; Vice-Chairman: J. J. Gilligan;  
 Hon. Treasurer: A. G. Sagar; Hon. Secretary: K. Maxwell;  
 Hon. Fixture Secretary: F. Silcock; Hon. Teams Secretary:  
 J. C. Mason; Hon. Auditor: R. A. Ambler; Club Captain:  
 J. D. B. Thornton; 1st Team Vice-Captain: S. E. Anderson;  
 2nd Team Captain: P. Evans; Vice-Captain: R. H. Moffat;  
 3rd Team Captain: J. E. Anderson; Vice-Captain: H. A.  
 Miller; 4th Team Captain: L. O. Jones; Vice-Captain: C. R.  
 Lockyer; Management Committee: J. B. Evans, F. J. Matthews,  
 R. H. Milligan, G. C. Wood; Selection Committee: J. Bushell,  
 M. A. Minns. K.M.

## Old Boys' Chess Club

### LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT CHESS LEAGUE.

#### DIVISION 2.

Final positions:

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Games.	Pts.
1. Victoria Settlement ...	6	5	1	0	30½	5
2. St. Helens Y.M.C.A. ...	6	4	1	1	23	4½
3. David Lewis ...	6	3	3	0	23	3
4. Central 2nd ...	6	3	3	0	21½	3
5. Birkenhead Inst. O.B. ...	6	2	3	1	18½	2½
6. Wallasey 2nd ...	6	2	3	1	18½	2½
7. Aintree ...	6	0	5	1	11	½



After a hard fought but interesting campaign we managed to retain our place in the division. Lack of support and the consequent fielding of "scrappy" teams are largely responsible for our lowly position.

Most of our success is due to the consistently fine play of our three top men: Messrs. G. Whalley, C. Moat, and A. E. Richmond; in them we have the nucleus of a strong team.

In the forthcoming struggle for credits we wish you (in particular, chess players) every success, and after "matric." is landed don't forget the Old Boys' Chess Club.

R.H.D.

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

**T**HE Old Boys' Rugger Club wishes to take this opportunity of extending a very hearty invitation to all boys leaving School this year, who are interested in rugger, to reinforce the club's ranks next season.

During the winter the Club firmly established itself socially and on the field of play. A clear summer's evening in June is, perhaps, not the most suitable time of the year to wax enthusiastic over the results of rugger matches, so suffice it to say that of the twenty-eight matches played by the 1st XV., twenty ended in victory.

The Club's president, Mr. E. Wynne Hughes, took the chair at a General Meeting held at the close of the season, when Mr. A. O. Jones was elected the first life member. Mr. A. D. Lewis, another member of the staff, will lead the 1st XV. next season, succeeding Mr. G. G. Wilson who, after a very successful year as skipper, will take over the 2nd XV.

During the weekends of the close season strenuous work is going on at Bidston to level and drain the Club's ground. It appears that, if all goes according to plan, two sides, greatly improved by a good influx of new members, will turn out in September on a greatly improved ground.

P.B.

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Owing to lack of space the University Letter from Oxford and Cambridge are held over.

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