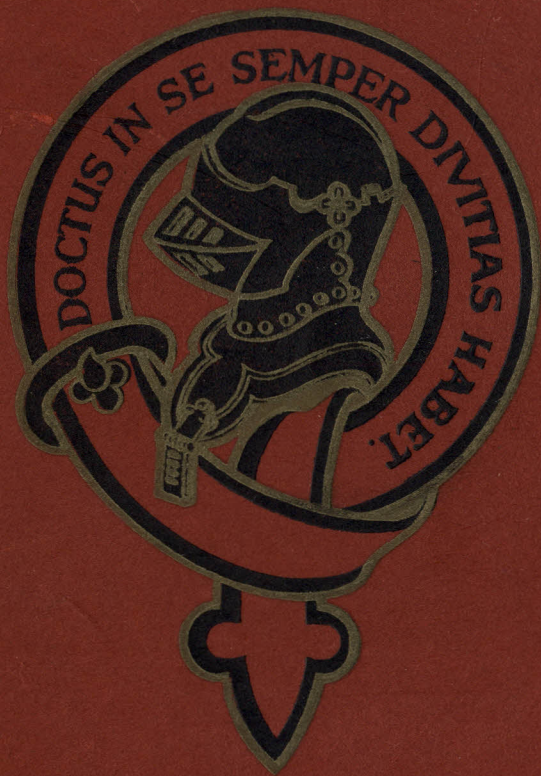


THE VISOR



BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE
SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

CHRISTMAS, 1938.

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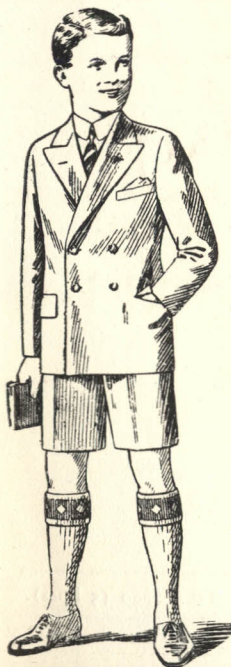
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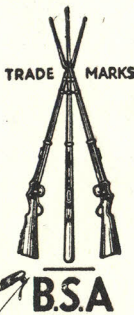
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I.D.Harris.

W. D. Milne, R. D. Roberts, I. Roberts,

H. R. Bawden, F. G. Roberts, G. S. Smith.

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VOL. XII., No. I.

CHRISTMAS, 1938.

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Tat: E. W. HIRST.

Stitt: H. R. BAWDEN.

Westminster: H. C. GRICE.

HEAD PREFECT AND CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL.

I. ROBERTS.

Captain of Games:

J. N. GULLAN.

Headmaster's Prefect:

H. R. BAWDEN.

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School Calendar

Autumn Terms begins	September 14th.
Swimming Gala	October 31st.
Half-term	November 5th—November 9th.
Autumn Terms ends	December 21st.
Spring Term begins	January 10th.
Half-term	February 18th—February 20th.
Spring Term ends	March 30th.
Summer Term begins	April 26th.
Half-term	May 27th—May 30th.
Summer Term ends	July 25th.

Editorial

TO write a cheerful editorial should be the aim of all who have such a duty to perform; almost a superhuman task, yet we are resolved not to let pessimism overcome us, and find its way on to this page.

Our exhortation to subscribers to become contributors has borne fruit, perhaps not so much in quality as in quantity. But then, with perseverance, who shall say quality cannot be improved? Our readers may judge of this for themselves, as each issue arrives.

There is nothing difficult about the writing of a *Visor* article, and the sooner our contributors realise this, the sooner will the standard of the magazine improve. Once the habit is born of mentally evolving a few ideas, and recording them on paper, then we have great hopes of the *Visor's* becoming more than a chronicle of School events, however interesting the latter may be.

Salvete

IVa.

STITT :—Cox, J. E.

IIIa.

ATKIN :—Bell, F. A.; Hughes, R. J.; Templeton, W. B.

TATE :—Cooper, W.; McCabe, L. P.; Young, J. G.

WESTMINSTER :—Keith, B.; Lane, E. E.

IIIb.

ATKIN :—Binyon, R.; Hatton, R. A.; Macdonald, C. A.; Redmond, J. E.

STITT :—Byrne, A.; Edwards, D. S.; Frankland, R. H.; Scott, A. H.; Swift, W. C.

TATE :—Elston, D.; Hirst, P.; Hoey, J. P.; Hoey, N.; Morris, K. R.

WESTMINSTER :—Jellicoe, H. B.; Larsen, A. R.; Roper, W. L.

IIIj.

ATKIN :—Baines, E. C.; Neish, K.; Pringle, E. W.; Tarpey, L.

STITT :—Hassal, K. W.; Hosker, P. A.; Lamb, J. R.; Lee, R.; Renshaw, T. W.; Robinson, D. C.; Simpson, A. L.; Williams, W. J.

TATE :—Edwards, J. D.; Evans, R. P. L.; Hoggins, H. S.; Jones, L.; McGeachin, A. F.

WESTMINSTER :—Gould, G. A.; Harris, P.J.; Lamb, R.H.; Moxley, S.; Nelson, G.; Sutherland, F. W.

II.

STITT :—Britton, W. F. TATE :—Tunna, R. B.

WESTMINSTER :—Orrell, R. C.; Richardson, D. B.

I.

TATE :—Kendrick, R.

PREP.

ATKIN :—Bolshaw, J. F.; Huntriss, J. B.; McArthur, J. M.

STITT :—Dickson, G. M.; Dickson, G. S.; Foster, B. M.; Yeats, W. J.

TATE :—Bibby, J. R.; Hoggins, M. S. S.; Wright, P.

WESTMINSTER :—Farrant, J.; Freeland, D. P.; Williams, E. H.; Yates, G. E.

Valete

UPPER VIa.

ATKIN :—

Edwards, G. R., *Head Prefect and Captain of the School 1937-8; House captain and representative; Matric. 1935; H.S.Certif. 1938; Capt. 1st XV., colours; Vice-Capt. Rugby Football Committee; Editor of Visor; Assis. Sec. of Lit. and Debating Soc.; Tate Scholarship 1937-8; Birkenhead Borough Scholarship, 1938.*

Forsythe, G.A., *Prefect; Sc.C. 1936; Letters of Success 1937; H.S.C. 1938; Tate Scholarship 1937-8; Committee of Scientific Society.*

WESTMINSTER :—

Cook, A. T., *Prefect; Sc. Certif. 1936; Letters of Success 1937 and 1938; Advertising Secretary of Visor; Vice-Chairman League of Nations Union; Secretary of Scientific Society.*

Sarginson, J. R., *Headmaster's Prefect 1937-8; Matric. 1935; Letters of Success 1936; H.S.C. 1937 and 1938; 1st XV. Colours; House Captain and Representative; Chess Champion; Secretary and Captain of Chess Club; Committee of Literary and Debating Society.*

UPPER VIb.

ATKIN :—

Black, L., *Prefect; School Certificate 1937; Sub-Editor of Visor; Secretary Rugby Football Committee; 1st XV. Colours.*

Williams, W. S., *Prefect; Matric. 1937; Letters of Success 1938; Sub-Editor of Visor.*

TATE :—

Hughes, V. R., *Matric. 1937; Letters of Success 1938.*

Wright, W. A., *School Certificate 1937; Letters of Success 1938.*

WESTMINSTER :—

Hamilton, W. K., *Prefect; School Certificate 1937; Letters of Success 1938; Secretary of Visor.*

Vis.

ATKIN :—

Cooper, C. W., *School Certificate 1938.*

STITT :—

Atkinson, W., *School Certificate 1938.*

Bolton, T. G., *School Certificate 1938; 1st XI. Cricket.*

Duncan, S., *School Certificate 1938.*

Mackay, K. F., *School Certificate 1938.*

Smith, J., *School Certificate 1938.*

TATE :—

- Bell, K., *School Certificate 1938.*
 Capper, T. R., *School Certificate 1938.*
 Lawless, C. R., *School Certificate 1938; Captain 1st XI.; Colours.*
 McDonald, A. P., *School Certificate 1938.*
 Mason, W. J., *School Certificate 1938; 1st XV.*

WESTMINSTER :—

- Bryan, C. E. T., *School Certificate 1938.*
 Clinton, W. J., *School Certificate 1938; Scorer 1st XI. Cricket.*
 Kennedy, A. D., *School Certificate 1938; 1st XI. Cricket; 1st XV.*
 Garry, W. N., *School Certificate 1938.*

Via.

ATKIN :—

- Bibby, P. E., *School Certificate 1938.*
 Hudson, S. H., *School Certificate 1938.* Tarpey, S. J.

TATE :—

- Dent, H. C., *School Certificate 1938; 1st XI. Cricket.* Smith, D. T.

WESTMINSTER :—

- May, B. R., *School Certificate 1938.* Shipley, B., *School Certificate 1938.*
 Waller, L. V., *School Certificate 1938.*
 Weir, A. G., *School Certificate 1938.*

VIb.

ATKIN :—

- Brown, G. Evans, J. E. Freckleton, J. M. Hirst, J. D., *School Certificate 1938; Holmes, C. P.*

STITT :—

- Davies, G., *School Certificate 1938; Hallam, —., School Certificate 1938;*
 Kavanagh, P., *School Certificate 1938; Malley, D. G.*

WESTMINSTER :—

- Frowe, E. L., *School Certificate 1938; Tomlinson, G. M.; Tressider*
 W. A., *1st XV.*

REM. j.

STITT :—Strickland, W. J.

REM. l.

STITT :—Anderson, K.; Beer, E. A., *1st XV.*

V. Lr.

TATE :—Williams, E. E. WESTMINSTER :—Orrell, T. A. G.

IIIa.

STITT :—Taylor, G. P.

IIIb.

TATE :—Nicklin, R. J. N.

II.

STITT :—Archibald, I. D.; Peters, K. N. TATE :—Phillip, D. D.

WESTMINSTER :—Moring, A. D.; Wood, P. N.

I.

TATE :—Phillip, W. D. WESTMINSTER :—Roberts, G.

Examination Results, July, 1938

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Forsythe, G. A.; Sarginson, J. R.; Edwards, G. R.

LETTERS OF SUCCESS.

Bell, G. R.; Cook, A. T.; Edelsten, J.; Hughes, V. R.; Hamilton, W. K.; Moyes, T.; Roberts, F. G.; Roberts, I.; Roberts, R. D.; Williams, W. S.; Wright, W. A.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

VIs.

Atkinson, W.; Bell, K.; Bolton, T. J.; Bryan, C. E. T.; Capper, T. R.; Clinton, W. J.; Cooper, C. W.; Davies, A.; Davies, R. H.; Duncan, S.; Forshaw, M. D.; Garry, W. N.; Hirst, E. W.; Kennedy, A. D.; Lawless, C. S.; McDonald, A. P.; Mackay, K. F.; Mason, W. J.; Ryan, P. A.; Smith, J.; Williams, E.

VIa.

Bibby, P. E.; Campbell, D. W.; Dent, H. C.; Grice, H. C.; Griffith, D. O.; Harris, I. D.; Hudson, S. H.; May, B. R.; Milne, W. D.; Moffat, D. M.; Muir, L. M.; Pearson, J. F.; Powell, W. J. D.; Shipley, B.; Smith, G. S.; Smith, J. N.; Thompson, C. N.; Vincent, K. I. C.; Waller, L. V.; Weir, A. G.

Vib.

Davies, G.; Frowe, E. L.; Hallam, H. R.; Hirst, J. D.; Kavanagh, P.; Norton, T.

Swimming Gala

THE Swimming Gala was held on October 31st, at Byrne Avenue, as the Livingstone Street Baths were not available. Nevertheless, the events were carried out with the usual promptness and efficiency by those in charge.

The School Championship, won by Pritchard, provided the closest finish. The lighted taper race proved a success, but, as usual, the Squadron races gave the most excitement. For the Juniors, Atkin's team came in first. Despite great efforts by Gullan and Turtle for Tate Seniors, Pritchard's speed brought the cup to Stitt.

Atkin came first in the house placings, good work by R. K. Williams and Moffatt, in particular, bringing them in many points. At the close Mrs. Clague, wife of our Gymnastic master who retired last term, distributed the prizes. The Headmaster proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Clague, to which Mr. Clague replied.

RESULTS.

Form Remove and V. Handicap	1, Pritchard; 2, Davies, W. H.
Form VI. Handicap	1, Bell, G. R.; 2, Moffatt.
Form IV. Handicap	1, Whitmore; 2, Neale.
Form III. Handicap	1, Keymer; 2, Maddocks.
School Championship	1, Pritchard; 2, Williams, R. K.
Newcomers' Race	1, Crosthwaite; 2, Scott.
Novices' Race	1, Kernaghan; 2, McLachlan.
Senior Breast Stroke	1, Davies, W. H.; 2, Fallows.
Junior Breast Stroke	1, Baker; 2, Posnett.
Senior Back Stroke	1, Fallows.
Junior Back Stroke	Boston, C., and Williams, R. K.
	(Dead Heat).

Junior Long Plunge	1, Beacall; 2, Bray.
Senior Long Plunge	1, Fallows (44 feet); 2, Bell, G. R.
Junior Lighted Taper	1, Bray; 2, Pemberton.
Senior Lighted Taper	1, Davies, W. H.; 2, Harris, I. D.
Plate Diving	1, Moffatt; 2, Fallows.
Novelty Race	1, Davies, F.; 2, Bray.
Junior Obstacle	1, Williams, R. K.; 2, Maddocks.
Senior Obstacle	1, Bell, G. R.; 2, Moffatt.
Old Boys' Race	1, Colenso; 2, Clare.

HOUSE SQUADRON RACES.

Senior	1, Atkin; 2, 2, Westminster; 3, Tate; 4, Stitt.
Junior	1, Stitt; 2, Tate; 3, Atkin; 4, Westminster.

HOUSE PLACINGS.

1, Atkin; 2, Stitt; 3, Westminster; 4, Tate.
--

The Solly History Prize

RECENTLY, our Chairman of Governors, Alderman G. A. Solly, retired from the office of Clerk to the Wirral Justices, which he had held for over fifty years. To mark their appreciation of his services, the Wirral magistrates and the members of the legal profession presented him with a cheque, an ice-axe in silver mounted on a block of white marble, and an illuminated volume containing the names of those who had subscribed to these gifts.

In acknowledging the presentation, Alderman Solly referred to his having been a Governor of the Birkenhead Institute for over thirty years, during which time he has given an annual history prize. The gift of the cheque had relieved his mind of the anxiety he had felt about the future of this award, as with it he had decided to establish an endowment by which the Solly History Prize would be assured of permanence.

Alluding to the holders of this award in recent years, Alderman Solly pointed out that Honours in History had been gained by G. Jellicoe (1922), Exeter College, Oxford, and K. W. Walker (1933 and 1934), Peterhouse, Cambridge; C. A. Alldis (1935), had taken Honours in the English Tripos at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, while J. Gallagher (1936), had won an Open History Scholarship to Trinity College, Cambridge, and G. R. Edwards (1937) was studying Law at the University of Liverpool.

We feel sure that, in thanking our Chairman for one more token of his thoughtfulness and practical interest in the School, we are expressing the gratitude of all who have at heart the interests of the Birkenhead Institute.

Vale

IT is with great regret that we bring ourselves to say goodbye to Mr. A. P. Clague, our genial gymnastics master, who leaves us after twenty-nine years, and whose cheery personality will be greatly missed, not only at B.I., but at those athletic contests where he was so well known.

Mr. Clague studied and trained in Sweden, Denmark, and Germany, and holds the Honours Fellowship Diploma of the National Society of Physical Education, the Fellowship of the British Association for Physical Training, and the Award of Merit and the Honorary Instructor's Certificate of the Royal Life-Saving Society. In 1900, he was selected to represent England at the International Conference held in Rome. Among the seventy or more cups and medals he has won in gymnastic, swimming, rowing, running, and heavy field events, Mr. Clague has three Gymnastic League Championship Medals and one International Shield Medal. Mr. Clague has been in great demand as a judge and has officiated at all important national and international gymnastic contests in the British Isles, including the British Individual Gymnastic Championship and the Tailtean Games at Dublin.

Mr. Clague is retiring to the Isle of Man, where he hopes to do a lot of sailing, and on behalf of the Staff, boys, and Old Boys of the Birkenhead Institute the *Visor* wishes him and Mrs. Clague many years of happiness.

Some Notes on Early Tranmere

TRANMERE A CENTURY AGO.

IN Tranmere Village a century ago there existed two shops, two inns, an ale house, a brewery, a quarry, six farms with their necessary outbuildings and about seventy houses of varying sizes, most of them small picturesque cottages. One of the last named bore the date 1681.

The shops, little general shops, no doubt, were found to the north of the village near Walker Place, so named from Mr. W. W. Walker who owned the quarry. The scarcity of shops later became a problem. In John Lee's diary (a manuscript in the Borough Library) there occurs this note under the date 1864:—"He pointed out Higher Tranmere as a good opening for a draper's shop and advised me to get a lease if possible." Tranmere Old Hall, pulled down in 1862, was doubtless de-

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molished to provide (amongst other new features) shops for an expanding residential community.

The inns were located near the cross roads at the village nucleus. *The Sportsman's Arms* at the top of Prenton Road East was then a small white-washed thatched building with several white-washed cottages nearby. *The Black Horse Inn* at the top of Well Lane bore this house plate:—

L
I M

1757

The Bebington Register unfortunately gives no clue to its interpretation nor to that of the two others which follow.

The Hare was a little cottage used as an ale house. It was situated in Church Road (not far from the corner of the the present Town Road) almost opposite the main entrance of Tranmere Old Hall. Nathaniel Hawthorne in his "English Note Book" (Vol. 1), 1855, describes a visit to it during a walk taken from Birkenhead Park to Rock Ferry, "a distance of about three miles, a part of which was made delightful by a footpath leading us through the fields where the grass had just been mown and others where the wheat harvest was commenced. The path led us into the very midst of rural labour."

Regarding *The Hare* he notes that "the doorstep before the house and the flagstone floor of the entry were chalked all over in corkscrew lines, an adornment that gave an impression of care and neatness."

The Hare subsequently became a private house, and was enclosed by a front garden and a wall. It was taken down some time at the end of last century.

There were about a dozen farms of any size in Tranmere township and half of these, including the largest, were in the village itself. Some of them, of course, changed their names with the passing of time.

Picton's Farm was the last house in Church Road next to Victoria Park. It bore a name plate which led a former writer to state that the initials stood for the names "Samuel and Catherine Chatterton."

S C
C

1754

Mr. Picton, who held this farm as a tenant in the 1840's worked 40 very scattered acres. The last of this farm's outbuildings

was taken down about 10 years ago when Church Road was widened.

Lewis's Farm stood near the Well Lane end of Astonwood Road, the latter road being later driven through its site. It was in existence at the end of the 19th century when the six inch Ordnance Survey Map refers to it as the "Manor House." What justification there was for this title is not quite clear, but it was, in 1843, in the possession of George Orred, the Lord of the Manor, whose ancestor had made extensive purchases in Tranmere in 1716. Its 93 acres between Bebington Road and the Old Chester Road were farmed by George Lewis. The fields in and near the present Victoria Park were some 40 years ago collectively known as "Lewis's meadows."

The following plates were affixed to Lewis's farm, doubtless bearing testimony to its ownership by members of the Orred family:—

O
G A
1740
On the stables.

G O
1723
On the house.

G O
1827
On the two keystones.

Lightbound's Farm lay in Church Road opposite Dial House and the Gladstone Liberal Club.

Its old stone farm building and more modern brick barns rose sheer from the roadway, the outbuildings in the late 19th Century stretching in the same line towards "The Hare." A writer whose parents long resided at this farm has given their opinion that the date of its construction was 1660. "There was little comfort about it according to modern ideas. The stone walls were lined with rushes and twigs interlaced with clay." It was unfit for habitation long before it was taken down in 1891.

Mr. Lightbound, who owned Tranmere Mill, resided at this farm in 1843, and held about 86 acres, partly on the site of Mersey Park, and partly near the present Hesketh Avenue, both building and lands forming part of the Orred estate.

Carter's Farm lay on the north side of Dial Road at its junction with Church Road.

The building now known as "Dial House" is a three-storied double-fronted house of early 18th Century date, with more recent extensions to the west. The porch, added early in the second half of the 19th Century, is flanked by two columns (surmounted by ball finials) of apparently 17th century date: it is probable that these columns formerly adorned another building.

Above the porch is a large square dial similar in character to the one on the south gable of Old Tranmere Hall shown on Mayer's engraving of that building.

There is a stone built barn at the rear of the house, upon the eastern gable of which is an achievement of arms of the Langford family. In this case also the stone appears to have been brought to its present position from some other building.

Priory House, which was demolished about thirty years ago, stood in Dial Road opposite Dial House. It was a fairly large residence partly built of stone and of considerable age, being reputed of 17th century date. Its large entrance porch resembled that of a church. Local tradition states that Dial House was once the farm house attached to Priory House.

Tranmere Old Hall and its grounds covered a rectangular area of about one and a half acres with frontages to Church Road (approximately numbers 108 to 134) and Greenway Road (approximately numbers 69 to 91). Its demolition was closely related to an important improvement in transport. Previous to 1862 the river journey between Liverpool and Birkenhead had to be made in open boats, often under conditions of extreme discomfort, but in that year the first saloon ferry-boat, in all essentials similar to the ferry-boat of the present day, was put into commission. And doubtless far-seeing folk prepared to profit thereby.

Tranmere Hall was accordingly pulled down in 1862, and incidentally the speculator responsible was ruined in the process. A new road, Tower Hill, was driven almost through the centre of the main buildings, and Tranmere lost the most striking memento of its past history.

Joseph Mayer, Nathaniel Hawthorn and (recently) Mr. J. H. E. Bennett have given us written accounts of this building, and there are also several interesting drawings of it in the Williamson Art Gallery. It was an old grey stone edifice with

many gables, windows, and mullions, and with some interesting stained glass. Both front and back were approached through arched doorways in the high garden wall which abutted Church Road. The main entrance, like the House front, lay to the south, and above this, together with the motto "Labor vincit omnia" and the date 1614, were inscribed the initials "G.L. and A.L.", these representing the names George and Ann Langford, who were married at West Kirby in the year named.

In the 1840's Tranmere Hall was occupied by Mr. Joseph Hitchmough, who farmed 86 acres of land, about half of this being in Devonshire Park and about half on the south of the township round Thornton Road and Hesketh Avenue.

Tranmere was visited during his boyhood by Dr. Joseph Lightfoot who later became Bishop of Durham, one of the scholars to whom we owe the Revised Version, and one of the originators of the movement which led to the founding of Liverpool University. His recollections, written about 1888, ran as follows:—

"I have very distinct reminiscences of the Old Hall at Tranmere. The house, when I knew it, was occupied by a farmer named Hitchmough (father of Alderman Hitchmough); but the greater part was let as lodgings during the summer. I think that our first year must have been 1826 when I was eight years old, and so far as I can remember, we returned every successive year until 1841, when we took up our residence at the "New Hall" (in Greenway Road). There we lived until the beginning of 1844.

I have a very vivid recollection of the old farmyard with the wheelwright's and blacksmith's shops, the old-fashioned garden and the row of beehives in front of the large front kitchen, and I could produce, with tolerable correctness, several of the rooms in the house. But it would sound commonplace on paper, though the residence there was a never failing delight to us children after the monotony of the town. I passed through the village a few years ago, but should hardly have known it again."

The last tenant, Mr. Thomas Houghton, later removed to a farm in Oxtun in 1861.

Some of the old materials of the Hall were employed in building cottages erected nearby, and some seem to have found a way into neighbouring houses or gardens. The stained glass is in the keeping of Bebington Council.

Tranmere New Hall stood in the angle between Greenway Road and Prenton Road East. Very little is known of its history but it seems likely that it was, for a considerable period, the house of one branch of the Hockenhull family, a family which had interests in Prenton and which gave its name to Hockenhull Alley in Liverpool.

The front portion of this Hall possessed a fine staircase, a room to the east beautifully panelled in oak and interior window recesses of unusual depth. The flattish outer walls were almost entirely of brick.

The recent demolition of the Hall revealed the facts that this brick was a shell only, and that the original structure was one of massive sandstone blocks with exterior walls two to three feet in thickness, with one interior wall covered with reeds and daub and with mullioned windows to east and west. The exterior sandstone had been smoothly plastered and afterwards marked by a trowel with vertical and horizontal incisions. We can imagine that this imitation stonework did not please the reconstructor and that the brick casing was the result.

Additions to the rear and the division of the building into two halves, a residential portion (*Tranmere New Hall*) and a farm (*Tranmere Hall farm*) were presumably effected at the time of the renovation, which we may assume to be 1779, the date embossed on the downspouts. (The bricked up mullions had been partly mutilated to allow the fixing of 18th century window frames).

In 1843 the building is described in the Tithe Schedule as "The Hall," while Hitchmough's farm is merely called "a house and homestead." At that time Mr. Samuel Jones of "The Hall" farmed 125 acres of land between Prenton Lane, Storeton Road and Mount Road, having his holding (part of the Orred Estate) in one compact piece. His grandson, Mr. John Ravenshaw, an old Institute boy, who occupied the rear portion of the Hall, was the last *Tranmere* man to farm extensively. About 40 years ago his holding included (in addition to the above noted area) the fields between Singleton Avenue and northern Borough Road and those now transformed into Victoria Park, upwards of 200 acres in all.

The last tenant of the Hall farm, the last farm to be worked in the Township, was Mrs. Emily Thomas. Against her and her son, the builder had waged such a war of attrition that by the time of their exit, in 1936, only one field, part of the Headland Hey, was in use.

There thus ended in Tranmere a way of living which had existed from a very remote period.

TRANMERE CROSS.

One attractive feature of early Tranmere was the ancient stone cross which stood in the village street. It disappeared for some reason or other during the middle of last century when its loss was noted by several contemporary writers. Sulley, for example, stated that the stones were said to have shown signs of ornamentation and that "out of these there grew a sycamore tree from which were taken the arms of the township, a tree with stones at its roots."

In 1935, careful examination of an old sun-dial placed in front of the main door of Tranmere New Hall revealed the fact that this relic was really the well-designed and well-preserved shaft and base of a cross some 500 years old.

When this fact had been established, Mr. Joseph Long, the last resident of the New Hall, presented the stone to the Parks Committee, who had it suitably mounted in Victoria Park on a site as near as possible to the old village. The work was to the design of the late Mr. G. W. Haswell, F.S.A., of Chester, an authority on medieval masonry and the reconstructor, some 40 years previously, of Birkenhead Priory. Mr. Haswell described the cross in the following terms:—

"These interesting remains of the medieval Cross consist of an ornamental socket or base and a pedestal or shaft. The former is two feet six inches square and one foot two inches in height. Upon a hollow plinth there is a continuous roll-mould encircling the socket. Centrally on two sides there are carved human faces or masks in relief. On the other two sides the roll-mould rises centrally in the form of an arch which, on one side, encloses an inverted "Heart," and on the opposite side suggests a human face mutilated. This "Heart-shape" panel is so obviously accidental that the mutilation of perhaps a symbol, obnoxious to those who took part in the fanatical outbursts of the first half of the seventeenth century, may account for the present appearance.

The pedestal or shaft is morticed into the socket or base. It is square on plan changing by means of stops into an octagon—those at the foot consist of a roll and hollow standing on a square set-off plinth while the upper stops terminate into inverted triangles suggesting shields, but they bear no charges.

This pedestal is four feet and one inch in height and ten inches square at the foot and tapers very slightly to eight and a half inches at the top. It has been sunk to receive the plate of a sun-dial, and portions of the four lead plugs and nails are still in position. It is, however, unusual to find the total height so great as in this instance, i.e., five feet three inches, which would be inconvenient for reading.

A fully developed cross of this style consists of steps or "Calvary" socket, shaft or stem, and canopied head. The crowning with a suitable head may, however, be deferred, as the resources of design are unlimited and a local type, if to be found, must be born in mind."

Is this relic the ancient Cross of Tranmere? It is unlikely that anyone will ever be able to give a complete affirmative to this question.

The Cross, according to a former Vicar of St. Catherine's who wrote about it in 1885, stood near the junction of Church Road with Dial Road, i.e., near the centre of the village. Not far from this junction there was a recess in the road between the Old Hall and Priory House, and it is probable that the stone was fixed at this point.

This recess was cleared up in 1862, when Church Road was straightened out and the Old Hall destroyed. Was it then that the Cross disappeared? Is it possible that this carved relic was then considered suitable as a garden ornament and its transfer arranged accordingly? It is probable that some of the stones of the Old Hall were incorporated into Dial House and that some of the carved stones to be seen some years ago in the grounds of the New Hall were also from the same source; perhaps too the curiously carved head, half whimsical, half malevolent, still to be seen in the terrace above the quarry off Church Road.

We can be sure that the Cross is medieval, for other authorities as well as Mr. Haswell have authenticated the question of its age. It is also in the highest degree improbable that the relic had ever been far from the site upon which it stood in 1935, for moving a heavy stone of this type without injury requires great care, and the stone was found intact.

It is almost certain then, though it is not completely proved, that we have now in Victoria Park a link which connects us with the simple and isolated Tranmere village community of the distant past.

My Visit to America

TO attempt anything like a full account of my twelve thousand miles trek across America in this brief space is impossible—even for a schoolmaster. All I can do is to touch lightly upon outstanding features of the journey and to enumerate the points that impressed me most.

Our entry into Canada by the St. Lawrence River was a fitting prelude to the wonders that lay ahead of us. At Montreal, nearly a thousand miles from the mouth, this noble river is still as wide as the Mersey at Liverpool.

My flight by the American Airways from Montreal to New York, a distance of five hundred miles, was a memorable experience. The approach to the great city down the Hudson River under a flaming red sunset sky, with the millions of lights of greater New York scattered below us as far as the eye could see, was a sight never to be forgotten.

Another flight I had later on, over the Niagara Falls and down the river to the lake, was another unforgettable experience. Of the cities, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Chicago I must speak another time, if the Editorial Staff is agreeable. But now we must push on to the West.

The transcontinental train took me from Toronto (a beautiful city on Lake Ontario), through the densely wooded province of Ontario with its thousands of lakes, across the wide prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta (you had better look these up in a map), to the rising town of Calgary, where I broke my journey and caught my first glimpse of the Rockies, some ninety miles away to the west, gleaming white in the early dawn.

I broke my journey at Calgary to avoid as far as possible travelling through the mountains by night. It takes twenty-three hours of continuous travel to climb the mountain range, cross the Great Divide, and drop down into Vancouver City. Not only have we to cross the Rockies but also the parallel ranges of the Selkirks and Cascades.

From Calgary to Banff, my next break, the line rises two thousand feet in eighty miles, and though it was the month of June, we ran into Banff in a blinding snowstorm.

Banff deserves a whole article to itself—it is one of the most beautiful spots it has been my privilege to visit, lying as it does in the wide valley of the Bow River, ringed about with rocky snow-covered peaks, their lower slopes thick with impenetrable forests of pine, spruce, and fir.

But the grandest mountain scenery still lay ahead of us. My next break was at Lake Louise, considered to be the loveliest lake in America, if not in the whole world. Here the mountains are loftier, and closer to us than in the wider valley of the Bow. Sheer precipices on all sides tower into the sky, and loftier snowpeaks crowded in multitudes around us. The railway, a marvellous product of engineering skill, winds through deep gorges and innumerable tunnels, many of the latter taking an almost circular course through the mountains.

Sometimes, when the train was taking a hairpin bend, we could see our engines on a level with our windows, apparently travelling in the opposite direction

From the Observation Car at the rear of the train, it was a thrilling experience to watch our train roaring in and out of tunnels, skirting the edges of precipices, swinging across gossamer-like bridges from one side to the other of deep canyons along the bottom of which rushed the Kicking Horse River, and anon plunging into narrow defiles between gigantic cliffs. The roar of the train would at times be overpowered by the roar of cataracts tumbling over precipices.

From the Great Divide, the railway descends steadily through Yoho Park, one of the numerous National Parks into which the Rockies are divided. The Kicking Horse canyon narrows, and one's attention is attracted by the great overhanging glaciers on Mount Vaux and Mount Chancellor. The din of the river and the echoes of the down-rushing train between tall rocks produce strange and bewildering sensations before we emerge into open daylight again.

Leaving behind the first great range of the Rockies, we now approach the Selkirk Range which provides scenery of quite a different kind. Geologically this range is much older than the Rockies, and in it the scenery reaches its climax of mountain grandeur.

First there is the glorious array of peaks culminating in the lofty pinnacle of Sir Donald. We followed first the course of the river Columbia, the largest but one of the rivers of Western America, 1,400 miles long and draining a basin of 300,000 square miles. It is the route of history by which some of the earliest explorers reached the Pacific.

Thirteen hundred feet higher up we followed the Beaver River and reached the summit of the railway pass in the Selkirks at the entrance of the Glacier National Park.

Here a most marvellous view greeted us, and we found ourselves gazing across a panorama of snowy mountains hundreds of square miles in extent. Here was austere majesty and a high loveliness with massive peaks and giant glaciers tossed together in sublime but indescribable confusion.

From the Illicillewat* glacier, a great plateau of gleaming ice, scarred by immense crevasses of great depth and covering an area of about ten square miles, we begin our long descent to the Pacific, dropping one of our two engines.

We followed awhile the Illicillewat River, which tumbles along, joined at intervals by apple-green glacial streams, until, night falling, we had reluctantly to abandon our post of observation.

Contrary to expectations, the mountains continue as far as Vancouver and the Pacific Coast. On looking out of the window on the last morning of our long journey across the Continent, we found our train running at a high speed down the valley of the Fraser river, with mountains on either side, quite different in character from the Rockies and the Selkirks, but which nevertheless rose to heights of six and seven thousand feet above sea level. They bear a striking resemblance to the mountains of Norway.

We were now running through the Coastal Range and the Fraser had broadened out from a rampagious mountain torrent, that only yesterday was trying to race our train, into a dignified and slow-moving stream as if already conscious of the responsibilities that lay ahead in the crowded docks and waterways of the great Pacific port.

And here, in the bustling traffic of Vancouver, the Canadian gateway to the Pacific—I must leave you, hoping to meet you again (if the “ Powers ” permit), in the next issue of our famous magazine.

W. H. WATTS.

* A Red Indian word meaning “ Rushing Water.”

Empire Exhibition, Glasgow, 1938

ON the last Thursday of the summer term, a party of three masters and over fifty boys met at Exchange Station, en route for the Empire Exhibition in Glasgow. After purchasing a stock of literature at the station bookstall the party entrained, two collectors working overtime to punch all the tickets. Milne had previously consulted the railway timetables and informed us that we should pass the “ Coronation Scot ” soon after

Carlisle. Sure enough, after a long vigil, made painful by smuts and wind, we were rewarded by a glimpse of a blue and silver flash.

About 7 o'clock, the train drew into Central Station, Glasgow. We walked through the city's shopping centre to Stowe Technical School, where we were to sleep. On the way, a dour, old Scotsman grinned at us and said "What prison hae they let ye oot fra?" but as we were being led so quickly by Mr. Morris we were unable to retort to this sally.

A motor ride in a Corporation bus that evening revealed some of Glasgow to us. The most impressive building was the University, standing on a hill, with gardens sloping steeply down from it, and the large stones used instead of bricks attracted attention.

That night only heavy sleepers got to sleep before midnight, on account of some pillow-fighting. Our dormitory prefect, Cook, was tipped right out of bed, a feat of strength, considering the victim's proportions.

Real Scotch porridge and boiled eggs were included in the ample breakfast given us on Friday morning, before setting out for the Exhibition. We travelled there in the Glasgow Underground, alias Subway, and emerged somewhat shaken, near Bellahouston Park.

The gates were just open for the day and our first visit was paid to the Tower, from which the Clyde and the country for many miles around could be seen. Then we were allowed to wander off as we pleased, a concession which was greatly appreciated after seeing other parties being led round like so many sheep. The two most interesting buildings were the United Kingdom and Post Office pavilions, the latter housing many models which you could work for yourself. The Railways pavilion had a very large model railway layout, and wonderful scale models of ships were to be found in the Palace of Engineering.

The Georgic restaurant was our rendezvous for meals, and there we heard of the super-salesman who had sold some of our chaps for half-a-crown an article which they did not want and which was entirely useless. Over meals, advice was exchanged as to which places to visit and which to leave out, and much was the money spent on cool drinks.

Friday night was much quieter than the previous one, everyone being dead tired. Have you ever seen a dream walking? We did that night, when the masters went the rounds.

Saturday morning was spent in continuing the exploration of the grounds and in buying souvenirs and presents ; the free cinemas were well patronised, owing partly to tired limbs.

Half-past-four saw us on the train for home, and the uneventful journey was passed in reading and calculating the speed of the train. Again Milne had shown considerable enthusiasm in preparing a table, from which we made the speed to be ninety miles per hour on one stretch. In spite of this, we were rather late and arrived back in Liverpool about half-past-ten.

I am sure all the party will join in thanking the masters who accompanied us and arranged all the details.

I.D.H.

Bombardment of Amoy

MR. Watts has sent for our information the following account of the bombardment and capture of Amoy by the Japanese, as witnessed by an Old Boy, Captain Bannerman of the S.S. *Hong Kheng*, whose notes are reproduced below.

JAPANESE ATTACK ON AMOY—10th & 11th May, 1938.

Notes on Incident as observed by S.S. " Hong Kheng."

" V " Berth Inner Harbour. H.M.S. " Diana " in next berth.

May 10th, 4-17 a.m. Awakened by sound of heavy firing from Amoy side, sky illuminated by searchlights, but could not distinguish any planes.

Dawn 5-15 a.m. Saw 12 planes approaching from north-westerly direction and bombing objectives in line with Tiger Head and University.

Ordered Chief Engineer to be ready for an emergency move.

7-0 a.m. Noticed plane dropping leaflets over harbour and picked up three, all similar written in Chinese characters. Had one translated : it warned all non-combatants to keep out of the way as the Japanese Admiral from Quemoy was going to drive the Chinese military force from the Island.

Bombing still going on in the vicinity of University and Tiger Head—concussion shaking the ship.

10-0 a.m. Dr. Cummings (Port Health Officer) told me that he was very busy with casualties. Despatched Mr. Jones (2nd Officer) to consulate to recover Articles, with a view to sailing.

11-30 a.m. visited Senr. Naval Officer "Diana" and met Mr. Jones on the way, who told me that Consul had refused to give him the papers as we were the only British ship in port and he might need us for evacuation purposes.

Put the position before S.N.O. and discussed leaving Inner Harbour. Assured him my steam was ready and, as his was to be ready by 1 p.m. suggested moving to outer Harbour at that time. After further discussion agreed to postpone moving until 4 p.m., by which time I hoped that the agents would be able to communicate with me. He agreed to follow me out and to anchor between the British Consulate and us, in order to facilitate signalling.

Wrote a chit to H.B.M. Consul asking for papers and giving my word not to sail before consulting him and S.N.O.

12-15 p.m. Returned to "Hong Kheng." University suffering from continuous bombing.

3-0 p.m. S.K. Lim and Y.S. Wong boarded and informed me that our 150 passengers were in readiness but were being held up by the Chinese authorities. They hoped to be able to put them on board on the following day, plus a large number of refugee passengers for Honk Kong. Agreed to stay in Outer Harbour over night and to come inside at 10 a.m. to embark them subject to approval of S.N.O.

4-0 p.m. Hove up and left Inner Harbour, followed by "Diana" and anchored outside in position indicated by S.N.O.

4-30 p.m. The University had recently suffered several severe hits. The roof was completely gone and seen to burst into flames.

6-0 p.m. Japanese Cruiser was seen to come within range and open fire on hinterland of Amoy Island. Several planes also bombing back of town.

Kept bridge watch all night with ship under steam. Signalled S.N.O. asking him to send launch for me next morning to discuss possibilities of entering Inner Harbour.

May 11th, 2-30 and 4-30 a.m. Noise of bombardment from two Cruisers and intermittent machine gun fire from back of town indicating that two opposing forces were engaged in that direction.

7-30 a.m. Y. S. Wong boarded and informed me that he thought Inner Harbour too dangerous, and that he would try and embark both emigrants and refugees outside, although it would facilitate if I could come inside.

8-45 a.m. Launch arrived from "Diana" and I went over there (about 50 refugees now on board and arriving in steady stream). Consulted with S.N.O. and agreed with him that it would be foolhardy to go inside to embark passengers when there was any amount of launches to run them out, especially as the bombing position was worse than yesterday, objective seeming to be nearer and the planes flying over Kulangsu and Inner Harbour.

9-30 a.m. Back on "Hong Kheng," Refugees still arriving and heavy bombing on shore.

10-30 a.m. Refugees arriving by launch and sampan in large numbers.

3-0 p.m. P.H.O. boarded and informed us that most of the town was in Japanese hands. He said that they were just bombing and advancing over the wreckage.

4-0 p.m. Consul came off and was very helpful.

Saw batch of Chinese prisoners marched to beach and machine gunned. Bombing continuing throughout.

5-0 p.m. Consul and officials departed. Hove up and left. 5-12 full speed.

5-39 p.m. Outside Ts'ing Sen.

Bombardment still going on both from air and several cruisers outside. Counted 10 Japanese ships.

University Letters

SAINT LUKE'S COLLEGE,
EXETER,
DEVON.

15th November, 1938.

To the Editor of the *Visor*.

Sir,

I consider it a great honour to be asked to write a University Letter for so distinguished a periodical as the *Visor* especially as your predecessors have accepted only Scientific Notes from me in the past. My reasons for venturing so far south as this Semper Fidelis City of Exeter are purely personal.

I have been here now a matter of seven weeks and in comparison with what I have heard of other Colleges and Universities, life here is much quieter. Although it is further south than any other College for men the majority of the students are members of the Northern Tribes as the Principal calls us

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Northerners. The students come from all over the country including a few from that "little known village of London" while your humble servant upholds the honour of the co-urbation of Merseyside. We are a mixed lot, and at first the variety of dialects was a little confusing.

The greatest day this term was Saint Luke's Day which was celebrated on October 15th. There were no lectures that morning and a right royal feast was provided at lunch including cider and beer, ad lib, the latter in remembrance of the first Luke's Supper in 1845, at which the students had free beer in payment for services rendered in transferring the furniture to the present buildings. The ceremony concluded with toast and speeches by distinguished people connected with the College. This is the centenary year of the Governing body, the Exeter Diocesan Board of Education, and was celebrated by opening a new block, which contains laboratories, an art room, and study-bedrooms. Each student has his own study-bedroom unless he desires to share a double room with a friend.

Trusting this letter will maintain the high standard set by those of B.I. who continue their studies at the older universities,

I am, Sir,

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR THOMAS COOK.

FACULTY OF LAW,

10 COOK STREET,

LIVERPOOL.

To the Editor of the *Visor*.

Sir,

I regret that your somewhat peremptory demand caused some grief and no little exasperation. Despite many plausible excuses, the writer has failed to convince his fellows that the task of compiling a University letter could be better done by someone else. Thus, your humble servant has resigned himself to the fate which inevitably befalls past members of the *Visor* editorial staff.

The change from mere existence at School to "life" at the University is not as great as one is led to expect. Life pursues its slumbrous way, to be interrupted only very occasionally by such events as Panto Day or examinations. Undergraduates, it seems, like school boys, are on the whole extremely sceptical as to the value of hard work.

But as the purpose of a University letter is to recount the writer's experiences during the term, perhaps it would be wiser to waste less space on vague philosophy and deal with the subject in hand.

First of all, Mr. Editor, the Law School of Liverpool University is very select; so select, in fact, that a *lawyer* is regarded with a certain amount of curiosity and awe by his fellow undergraduates. Indeed, our numbers are so small that the more ignorant students are often unaware of the existence of a Law School. The reason for this, however, lies not in the insignificance of its members, but in the fact that it is situated one mile from the University, in the very heart of the city. Thus, the surroundings, in contrast to the "shady avenues and trim college gardens" of the more fortunate Caminstonian, tend to be somewhat prosaic, the windows, when cleaned, revealing a vista of blackened stone walls and grimy offices.

Do not, however, misjudge us; for our existence is neither grimy nor dull. We lead the life of gentlemen of leisure, and, as such, usually condescend to begin our labours at 11 a.m. concluding at 1 p.m.

Having opened the Editorial eyes to the existence of the School of Law, let us refer to the corporate life of the University. The first event of the term worthy of note was the Freshers' Social, when all Freshers were introduced to the Vice-Chancellor and the Presidents of the Guild. Refreshments followed, and a somewhat feeble attempt at a concert was, needless to say, broken up by the Engineers, amidst free fights and loud cheers.

Panto Day was another occasion for letting off steam, and an opportunity for those gentlemen who have jocular views about dress and behaviour to indulge their little fancies, without the risk of being detained as lunatics. Its early date did not give Freshers a full chance to join in the merry work of kidnapping, and demanding money with menaces from the populace. The grand climax came with the torchlight procession, but the Lord Jupiter Pluvius was deaf to entreaty and endeavoured to damp both enthusiasm and torches with drizzle.

News of the older librarians is rather scarce and wrapped in the mystery which surrounds final year swotting; but of the more recent arrivals, Mr. Sarginson is said to be happily playing with engines on Brownlow Hill, Mr. Melville continues to lead the Bohemian life of a second year Architect, while Mr.

Clare triumphantly holds the aquatic field with his record-breaking achievements. We regret that there is no news concerning Messrs. Bennett and Forsyth. They, it seems, have sunk into the seclusion of that small minority who suffer from the delusion that work is a Good Thing.

Probably the Editor's patience is by now as exhausted as the writer's imagination. The situation can therefore be relieved to the satisfaction of both parties by a small but very definite full stop.

Yours, etc.,
G. R. EDWARDS.

THE COLLEGE,
CHESTER.

17th November, 1938.

To the Editor of the *Visor*.

Sir,

It seems but yesterday since I was a member of your body, yesterday since I snoozed in the library, yesterday since I too wrote cringing letters to impossible people begging them to contribute generously to the pages of the *Visor*. But, alas, this is no more!

For the advancement of learning and in a practical effort to further and improve the Educational Services of the country, I have martyred myself to the cause of teaching. This has involved a separation from old friends and familiar scenes and my complete removal to another and less sequestered part of the country—Deva.

Chester is a noisy burgh. They say it's very old, but its narrow streets and congested traffic have managed to remove any old and feeble inhabitants it might have had, and most of its present-day and visible population is made up of gay young sparks. It is natural, therefore, that the students who are, for the most part young and frolicsome, thoroughly enjoy their time here. We are not able to take the fullest advantage of this, however, at the present time, because there is some absurd restriction which says all students must be back for roll call at 9-40 on Saturday night, the only night we are able to go on the razzle. We have not acquiesced in this state of affairs by any means. We are planning a 'more razzle time for the razzlers' strike, and we hope to meet with swift success. Our chief concern here is not with 'razzling' but with a sweated, educational existence. "We stand or fall together as a com-

munity." The communal life is even more highly developed here—we eat, sleep (as long as we can) and have our being *en masse*. We do not 'sweep the Prairie in like fashion.' Two MEN are detailed for this. It is termed a fatigue. To you, Sir, 'Sweeping the Prairie' conveys very little but to Cestrians it conjures up a vision. The early hours of the morning, just about dawn ; two sleepy-eyed gentlemen are vigorously sweeping the floor space between the College buildings. This is beautifully patterned with grooved tiles. That is why they are sweeping vigorously. The object of their work is to remove such things as match-sticks, cigarette-ends, paper, etc., which have accumulated during the course of the previous day. But why do we get up at such an unearthly hour to work our hands to the bone? Because, dear Sir, it is a tradition of the College, and the College, like the town itself, is steeped in tradition.

Mr. Editor, perhaps you have noticed that I am filling up space by idle babble, which, most probably, does not interest you in the least. But be grateful, Sir. People come to this College to be trained as teachers. Born teachers do not stand in need of this training, and have a certain amount of spare time on their hands. It is because I am one of this category that I have found time to pen these few lines.

Humbly yours,

W. K. HAMILTON.

JESUS COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

To the Editor of the *Visor*.

Sir,

Please forgive this belated reply to your Secretary's letters. In his first note he remarked that I was conversant with the form and substance of University letters—a rather unwarranted assumption, I think, for I never have the remotest idea of what to say.

This year, my contemporaries and I have descended into the Valley of the Shadow ; now is the time of death-bed repentances. In short, Finals are only two terms away. Imagine all the terrors of Matric., and horrors of H.S.C., multiplied and magnified many times, and you have some conception of the unenviable state of mind in which we spend our days. At a sherry party the other day a friend of mine fell (literally) under the table, and, while various interpretations have been put upon the matter, I put it down to overwork. Again, even some of the

Blues now work instead of playing football, and that fact in itself is significant. All the "roysterers" of the second year have become the recluses of the third.

However, this term has been brightened by several happenings of note. The possibilities of Oxford were realised by many undergraduates after seeing "A Yank at Oxford"—but I'm afraid once more the cinema has taken upon itself the function of an escape from real life. Our college crew tried to perform Robert Taylor's feat of turning round and talking when rowing flat out, and the result, in the vernacular, was a "positive shambles." However, the Jesus crew are by no means authorities.

Again, we were blessed by the arrival of "Snow White" for a three-weeks' stay. Hardly anything more incongruous can be imagined than a staid professor discussing "Grumpy," or the terrors of the Witch. However, this film made a big hit among the intellectuals.

More excitement was provided by the election; propaganda was disseminated on a scale which Dr. Goebbels might have envied. The University was almost solidly behind Dr. Lindsay, and one beheld the refreshing sight of Tutors howling "Vote for Lindsay," and rushing among a frenzied mob of undergraduates. However, the Oxford Conservatives are nothing if not "ultras," and little could have availed Dr. Lindsay in changing their views short of a charge of dynamite.

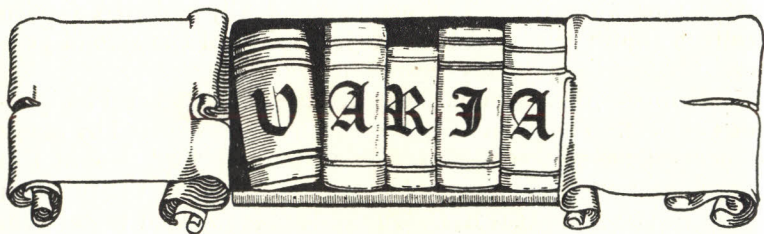
November 5th, was another "Gaudy night." The policemen who formed a cordon for the Proctors had a severe time, and many helmets suffered. However, they had the last word when matters became too heated, by using tear-gas—just another example of science turned to vicious account.

This term we have made the acquaintance of Romance—in the episode of a love-lorn maiden who, seeing her Dream Man (dressed in a canary yellow pullover) in a lecture, sent frantic appeals to the agony column of the "Isis" to try to trace him. Alas, she was caught one day scribbling his name in the margin of a book in the Bodleian Library, and the authorities took a very poor view of the whole business.

I must apologise for the low-brow nature of this letter—not a single reference to dreaming spires, or to the other abode of learning where flows "the willowy Cam." But then, alas, they don't dole us out any culture in the School of Geography. We just work.

Yours, etc.,

W. KINNEAR.



The School offers its congratulations to Mr. Sorby, who was married on August 17th.

* * * * *

Welcome to Mr. Clare, who joined the Staff this term as Mr. Clague's successor.

* * * * *

A short memorial service was held on November 11th and as a result of the collection, and the sale of poppies, we were able to send the useful sum of £2 2s. 11d. to Earl Haig's Fund.

* * * * *

This term has seen the inauguration of the 2 to 4-15 p.m. system; the practice of doing yesterday's homework in to-day's dinner-hour has been seriously affected.

* * * * *

Mr. Solly's appearance at prayers one day did not result in a half holiday. A sad departure from precedent according to some forms.

Others as We See Them

INSTEAD of the usual chit-chat about our contemporaries we print below some extracts from them, chosen for their interest or some other merit. Readers of the *Visor* will pass their own verdict on the choice and on the writers.

CHINA CLAY.

It is not generally realised, that most of the paper we use is first coated with clay to give it 'body' and to make possible the reproduction of detailed photographs. Then again, few people know that lead pencils contain a large proportion of clay and that it is by regulating the proportion of clay used that 'leads' of all sizes and degrees of hardness can be produced. Inks, ointments and firebricks, pigments, gramophone records and medicines; they all contain a large or small amount of clay. But to continue the list would be wearisome, while the sale of many kinds of tooth-paste, soap and cosmetics would fall

substantially were I to reveal the number of tons of clay used annually in their manufacture.

Teignmouth Grammar School Magazine,
Sumer, 1938.

BELGIUM, EASTER, 1938.

I have always felt sympathetic towards H. G. Wells' plea that by teaching English History in our schools instead of European and World History, we not only ignore the need for a spirit of internationalism, but we don't even tell the truth. My sympathy . . . was strengthened as I walked through Bruges, Ghent and Brussels, piled with the towering Gothic churches, the forbidding castles and impressive guild houses of the middle ages, which made me realise the wealth and importance of medieval Flanders, and remember what a poor, backward and unimportant country England must have been. And then there were the picture galleries full of the pictures of Van Dyke and those other Flemish painters of the 15th and 16th centuries whose names I can't remember, and whose art, like that of the Italian Renaissance, sprang from a vivid city life reposing on the base of material affluence. It seems ridiculous, after seeing these signs of the wealth and culture of medieval Flanders, that we should grow up with the vague impression that England has always been the first and foremost nation of the world.

The Caldeian, July, 1938.

A STAFF CHANGE.

Mr. X leaves us at the end of this term . . .

None of us who took part in the School plays will easily forget the part played by Mr. X. He was an expert carpenter, joiner and cabinet-maker, a painter. . . . Not always, however, was he the back-stage Hercules. Sometimes he played a part. Do you remember his voice? That voice struck terror into the hearts of two all-in wrestlers away at the Tower.

Boys will miss him (they appreciate his interest in dumb animals). . . .

Next term Mr. X will be succeeded by K.W.Walker, B.A. (Cantab), of Peterhouse. . . .

Mr. Walker went to Cambridge from Birkenhead Institute where he was Head Prefect and Captain of the School. He also captained the School Cricket eleven. At College he was awarded 2nd Lent Boat colours, played football and cricket, and was also a member of the University Rover Scout Crew.

The Wallaseyan, July, 1938.

AND WILL THOSE WINGS.

And will those wings that swiftly beat their way
 Change to the Wings of Hell that drop black death ?
 And will the scent of lilac, black-thorned may,
 Turn into gas that slowly chokes the breath
 Of stricken life, with froth-corrupting stealth ?
 The sun glows warmly on serene grey stones,
 And airy poplars shimmer untold wealth—
 Will it shine redly on the shattered bones
 And skeletons of houses once ablaze
 With voices raised in laughter—now in fear ?
 And through the chill mist of the twilit haze
 Are those the ghosts of unborn fiends that leer ?

B.G.S.S. Magazine, July, 1938.

* * * * *

INSECTS.

Cricket matches are taken with far greater seriousness. You may see them under varying conditions all over the East : in Java, in Bali and in China—no longer in Malaya because the Government forbids gambling (which is always involved). It is said that in ancient China a cricket match would draw a crowd almost as big as one at Lord's, although I can never understand how everybody could see, and the price of a champion cricket in the Ming Dynasty was almost that of a Derby winner in England to-day. I think originally the Chinese were attracted to crickets by the noise they make ; one kind is called the ' Golden Bell ' from its beautiful tone and it is quite common to see tiny cages containing crickets hung up in Chinese houses. Their owners will take infinite care, feeding them on honey and other delicacies, to maintain their voices.

Wirral Grammar School Magazine, July, 1938.

* * * * *

DOGS.

The Pekingese is said to be the oldest of all dogs. The Chinese themselves will tell you that this palace dog of Peking is really no dog at all. The truth, so I have read—the scandalous romance—is that a lion fell in love with a squirrel. It was a hopeless passion, but the gods in a moment of tenderness overcame the difficulties, and the Peke was born—with the heart and face of a lion, and the tail of a squirrel. The Peke does not care a jot what people say about him.

B.G.S.S. Magazine, July, 1938.

TRANQUILLITAS INTER BARBAROS.

Among the repellent posters in offensive colours, the overpowering electric signs and the brilliant chromium of the ultra-modern emporiums stands the barber's shop, quiet and unassuming, the last sanctum, as it were, of a decaying creed. Above the door hangs the familiar barber's pole, an effective contrast to the elaborate methods of advertisement that surround it, a faded cenotaph to the dead guilds of England. . .

The barber is indeed a king among men. His profession is a noble one, not without its own romantic traditions. . . . True there have been scapegoats, and there is still a Persian proverb—*The barber learns on the orphan's face*, but these are things of the past and the modern barber is more of a Figaro than a Sweeney Todd. More than that, his position commands a certain dignity in that all who have not the misfortune to be bald, must periodically submit to his mercy.

Liverpool Institute Magazine, October, 1938.

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The *Visor* Committee gratefully acknowledges receipt of the magazines quoted above, and also of Birkenhead High School Magazine, Higher Tranmere High School Magazine, *Oulton*, and the Holt School Magazine.

Crossword No. 17

PRIZE awarded to A. Davies (Vis.)

SOLUTION.

ACROSS.

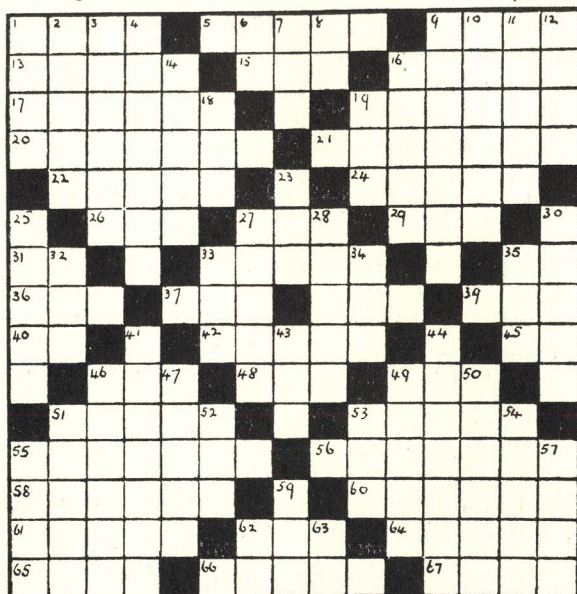
- | | | | |
|--------------|----------------|------------------|-------------|
| 1.—Scab. | 22.—Trios. | 37.—Pot. | 58.—Veined. |
| 5.—Games. | 24.—Cubic. | 38 & 39.—August. | 60.—Cosine. |
| 9.—Swim. | 26.—Ear. | 42.—Tense. | 61.—Anger. |
| 13.—Hades. | 27.—Ply. | 45.—At. | 62.—Sod. |
| 15.—Men. | 29 (rev.)—Tae. | 48.—Rot. | 64.—Pence. |
| 16.—Seine. | 31 & 40.—Ogre. | 49.—See. | 65.—Stot. |
| 17.—Armlet. | 33.—Layer. | 51.—Anser. | 66.—Mites. |
| 19.—Spells. | 35 & 33 down.— | 53.—Scarf. | 67.—Seer. |
| 20.—Deigned. | Pilot. | 55.—Endives. | |
| 21.—Noodles. | 36.—Oer. | 56.—Stormed. | |

DOWN.

- | | | | |
|--------------|--------------------|----------------|----------------|
| 1.—Shad. | 14.—Senor. | 32.—Gee. | 50.—Ermine. |
| 2.—Caret. | 16.—Sprout. | 33.—Lot. | 51.—Anent. |
| 3.—Admire. | 18 (rev.)—Tes. | 34.—Rue. | 52.—Red. |
| 4.—Belgian. | 19 & 46 (across).— | 35 (rev.)—Psa. | 53.—S.T.C. |
| 6 & 8.—Amen. | Social. | 41.—Basinet. | 54.—Fence. |
| 7.—Met. | 23.—Fly. | 43.—Now. | 55.—Evas. |
| 9.—Seedbag. | 25.—Doors. | 44.—Hearses. | 57.—Deer. |
| 10.—Willie. | 27.—Pater. | 46.—Indigo. | 59.—Got. |
| 11.—Inlet. | 28.—Yeast. | 47.—Lever. | 62 & 63.—Side. |
| 12.—Mess. | 30.—Witty. | 49.—Scoop. | |

Crossword No. 18

A BOOK is offered as a prize for the first correct solution received by Mr. Hall.







CLUES.

ACROSS.

- 1.—Weight of motor vehicle with-
out load.
- 5.—State of disgrace.
- 9.—Dislike strongly.
- 13.—Speechify.
- 15.—Native mineral yielding metal.
- 16.—Songs for single vocalists.
- 17.—Persons suffering from eastern
disease.
- 19.—Stimulus.
- 20.—Down at Woodside.
- 21.—With excession commotion.
- 22.—Bodily faculty.
- 24.—Tariff charges.
- 26 (rev.)—Spike of corn.
- 27.—Trivial lie.
- 29.—French article.
- 31 & 40.—Plants with bitter cones.
- 33.—To be leader or spokesman.
- 35 & 45.—Raised shelf of ground.
- 36.—In the open.
- 7.—Wheeled vehicle.
- 38.—Climbing evergreen.
- 39.—Sport.
- 42.—Condensed form of oxygen with
refreshing odour.
- 5.—Put.
- 48.—Kind of deer.
- 9.—Queen of the fairies.
- 51.—Reception room.
- 52.—Doctor's list of insured persons.
- 53.—Schoolboy tyrants.
- 6.—Judicious.
- 58.—Affect with disgust.
- 60.—Case.
- 61 (rev.)—European vegetable.
- 62.—Of disordered mind.
- 61.—Falsetto warbling.
- 65.—Marries.
- 66.—Slip attached to object to give
information about it.
- 67.—Torn.

DOWN.

- 1.—Sound bell with slow succession of strokes.
- 2.—Regions.
- 3.—Light sword for thrusting.
- 4.—That always will exist.
- 6 & 8.—Residence.
- 7.—Favourite lesson.
- 9.—Pistol case.
- 10.—Confederates.
- 11.—Works laboriously.
- 12.—Catch sight of.
- 14.—Obliterate.
- 16.—Fibre.
- 18 (with vowel of 37).—Wise man.
- 19.—Sometimes flies!
- 23.—Turn up soil with spade.
- 25.—Places for retail sale of goods.
- 27.—Gorse.
- 28.—Move the eyelide.
- 30.—Lean and tall.
- 32.—Adjective suffix.
- 33 (rev.)—Awkward lout.
- 34.—Time just before an event.
- 35.—Small soft currant cake.
- 41.—Associates.
- 43.—Long established.
- 44.—Caretaker of a building.
- 46.—Soothed.
- 47.—Same as 11 down.
- 49.—Native of Malacca.
- 50.—Happen.
- 51.—Undressed kidskin.
- 52.—Meshed fabric.
- 53.—Long seed vessel.
- 54.—Brighten up.
- 55.—Make tea.
- 59.—Member of Welsh, Irish, Manx, or Gaelic races.
- 59.—Practical lessons are given here
- 62 & 63.—Manufactured.

ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

ATKIN.

ONCE more we turn our minds to the problem of producing Notes in which to sing the prowess of our House. In the Swimming Gala we were unfortunately third in the Senior Squadron, but the Junior team came in first. Our success was due to some fine individual performances by R. K. Williams, Moffatt, Bray, and several others, the first named doing particularly well by gaining twelve and a half points. We also have a good swimmer in Crossthwaite, who swam in the Senior Squadron team, although he is only in the thirds.

In Rugby, we have Davies, Pearson, and Smith, G., in the 1st XV., while Anderson, Beauchamp, Griffiths, Huntriss, Moffatt, Platt, and Vincent all play for the 2nd XV. There has been very little inter-house rugger owing to bad weather,

but playing against Stitt the Seniors just lost, while the Bantams won.

In the mark sheets we continue to occupy our lowly position, mainly owing to the extraordinary number of detentions some Atkinites in the Middle Shool manage to amass. Will these fellows please realise that although they may have a fine time competing for the position of Champion det. getter, they are not doing what is expected of them, and are letting the House down?

The House social was held on December 5th, and was greatly appreciated, especially the excellent "feed."

Finally, we extend hearty congratulations to Griffith, Pearson, R. D. Roberts, G. Smith, Thompson, and Vincent on becoming prefects, and to I. Roberts on becoming Head Prefect and Captain of the School.

K.I.C.V.

STITT.

UP to the time of writing, only two Rugby matches have been played, both against Atkin. In the Seniors, Stitt won 21-15 after a hard struggle, but the Bantams lost by 11 points to 9. In the first XV. we have Milne (vice-captain), Ryan, V. Roberts, and Griffith, while Sudworth, Bell (J. F.), and Schofield play for the 2nd XV.

In the first of the three-weekly mark sheets we finished gloriously at the top, but in the second and third we had dropped to second. If certain mischievous children in the Middle School would mend their ways with regard to detentions, we should soon be back in our rightful position at the top.

Stitt were runners-up in the Gala. Pritchard was School Champion, and he swam magnificently in the Senior House Squadron to come in first. If the points for the Novelty House Squadron to come in first. If the points for the Novelty Race had not been included, Stitt would have won the Gala. Last term, we won the Cricket Championship, and Bawden, Bolton (T. G.), and Griffith received their colours.

We held a well-attended House Social on Tuesday, December 13th, with plenty of fun and frolic and "Janny's" cakes.

R.B.

TATE.

THIS term saw the appointment of our new House captain, Gullan, into whose able hands we may confidently entrust the affairs of the House.

We are represented in the 1st XV. by Gullan (captain), Beckett, and Owen, while Hirst, J. N. Smith, G. Williams, Fisher, Proudman, Shimmin, and Barnes form almost half of the 2nd XV. At the time of writing we have played only one match, against Westminster, which we lost by 10 points to nil. The Bantams, however, were more fortunate; for they beat Westminster by 31 points to nil, a result which augurs well for the future.

In the Swimming Gala, the House failed to distinguish itself, being placed fourth on points. The Junior Squadron team gained only fourth place, but the Senior four, after being given a valuable lead of half a length by R. H. Davies, came in a close second to Stitt. On the whole, a much more satisfactory result could have been gained by Tate, had it not been for the lack of interest amongst the senior members.

In the mark sheets, the usual high standard of Tate has been lacking, though we have never been bottom. This drop in position has been caused mainly by certain members of the House whose quota of detentions has been excessive.

E.W.H.

WESTMINSTER.

AS they have played only one match to date, it is hard to judge our Rugby team in relation to those of the other Houses. In this match, against Tate, we had a strong Senior team and won by 10 points to nil. Our Bantam team, on the other hand, was rather weak, owing to the difficulty of finding sufficient players, and it was defeated by 29 points to nil.

At the beginning of the season six of the 1st XV. were from this House; besides Garry, who has since left, there are Clarke, Fallows, Young, Creswell, and Beacall.

In the Swimming Gala results were not so good, owing to a lack of strong swimmers in the upper school, although there are a number of promising juniors. We secured second place in the Junior Squadron race, but, probably because Pemberton and Maddocks had to swim in both teams, the Senior race saw us forth. Our final position was third, much below our usual standard.

Mark sheets have shown improvement on the past few years, and in the three sheets of this term the House has been second once and first twice. Detentions are not so numerous, though there are certain boys receiving more than necessary.

H.C.G.

Library Notes

THE Upper VI. is a unique community. One half of its members, the "Science Set," seem to spend most of their time wandering round the School in search of vacant form-rooms, in which to pursue knowledge; the other half, the "Lit. Set," appear to be forever indulging in what is officially entitled "Private Study," i.e., crude ping-pong. As the writer of these notes, contrary to usual custom, belongs to the former, or nomad variety of librarian, it is with a certain amount of difficulty that he attempts to record this term's events in that strange place, the Library.

Firstly, it is perhaps desirable that the reader should become acquainted with a few of the Library's more noticeable characters. Let us cast a glance round the time-honoured walls on a Saturday morning, when all are assembled, and see whom we can select to adorn these pages. Several librarians seem rather cut up this morning, indicating the use of a sharper razor in future. But who is that diminutive person sitting near the blackboard? Ah, he has turned round, and we see that it is the Miller, known for his activities in connection with the School milk-distributing scheme. As we pause to gaze for a moment at our Muironian Professor, at present engaged in a lengthy conversation with acetic acid (Vinegar) we are interrupted by Paddy, the Nazi terror of the Debating Society, who is trying to impress the distant Harris with his latest views on the political situation. Rex is absorbed in the *Topical Times*, while Oildrag searches frantically for his case, which periodically vanishes, and is often discovered on top of the bookcase. Boris Milne, strangely enough, is amusing himself with a glue-pot and some of those peculiar, paper-covered, wooden boards, which are scattered in such profusion around the School.

The writer of these notes has been asked by his fellows to include something about the characteristic humour of the Advanced, which is not without its established jester. The honour of this office must necessarily be divided between the Miller, and the Professor, who are of equal merit. The Miller favours the practical joke (for participation in which he often suffers chastisement at the hands of his intended victims), while the Professor is an expert at facial contortion. I.F.P.

Form Notes

VI.

WE begin these notes with a dissertation from the versatile pen of Owen, on the pleasures of physical training, entitled

GYM.

On cold and frosty mornings
In the Gym we gaily run.
We dash around and exercise,
And we have tons of fun.
We climb the stalls and vault the box
In our "briefs" so chic and small.
Fast games we play, high ropes we swarm;
And now and then we fall.
Now when at last the lesson's o'er,
The welcome bell we hear,
And, after having changed our clothes,
We go for a drink of—milk!

Perhaps that will convince the sceptics that Fitness Wins.

Of course, we all know what is waiting for us next July, and it was a hopeless task to suppress all mention of it. Here is Howell on the subject:—

At last the time has come
When we sit our big exam.
Our brains are almost numb,
And life's no longer jam.

McCullen, who, it seems, has been doing great things to foster international relations, has an interesting experience to relate:—

Whilst on holiday in Germany, I travelled on one of the Rhine steamers up to the old town of Rüdesheim, which is situated at the point where the river narrows on entering the Rhine Gorge. By funicular railway from there, I ascended the Niederwald, on the summit of which was a memorial to the Franco-Prussian War. On a clear day it is possible to see the mountains of France from this point.

After some time, I walked down the other side of the mountain to a small town called Assmannshausen, where I caught the Rhine steamer back to where I was staying.

In conclusion, here is—whisper it low—a limerick. In general, we can find no excuse for the existence of limericks, but we felt that we must include this one. Wolstenholme is the concocter :

There was a young fellow called Vick,
On the violin made people sick,
So he gave up Sibelius
To grow giant dahlias,
And joined Mr. Middleton's clique.

We regret that Wolstenholme has not yet learned the correct pronunciation of "clique."—ED.

Vla.

THIS term Vla. has been an unusually well-behaved form, very few detentions being given. Is this due to new methods of "escape," or to the fact that Lyons is away? We have ten or more members in the Rugby XV's. Unfortunately our much looked-forward-to half-term holiday proved a veritable orgy of work owing to official ruling—or did it? This term our windows blew in, and we were forced to endure the rigours of a Birkenhead winter. Believe us or not it was worse than an ice-cream factory!

We congratulate Thacker on his

SONNET.

A sonnet's confines shall I strive to fill,
As here in solemn thought I dismal sit
And chew a pencil to excite my wit,
For, I confess, 'tis much against my will
To rack my brains, and my dull mind to kill,
My eyes to screw, my pensive brow to knit:
Alas, my thoughts are sadly prone to flit
From this drear task that taxes all my skill.
Oh! how with speed to soil this once clean sheet
Which will, for me, be a stupendous feat?
I really cannot think (how weak, how weak!)
How to continue this poetic work.
I yet can say with truth, if you should seek
That I my *Visor* writing did not shirk.

FROM ROCK TO ROOF.

In the slate quarry little trolleys are seen carrying slabs of rock from the mine and the open face to the top. This rock is

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then taken into a building where circular saws cut it up into small slabs. Afterwards it is split by hand and cut square in a special machine, which at the same time chamfers the edges. The slates are then placed in stacks of one hundred and five each; the five allowing for breakage in transport. Some of the slabs are ground and polished to be used as gravestones.

C.E.G.

Vib.

TO start, here is an article by Tarpey—

A VISIT TO EIRE.

On June 3rd, our large party assembled at Woodside Station to catch the train to Holyhead, a journey of about a hundred miles through most beautiful Welsh mountain scenery. There were many interesting sights on the way, notably the Menai Bridge, and Conway Castle, its walls covered with moss and ivy.

On leaving the train at Holyhead, we immediately boarded the ship, and after about an hour's delay, steamed out of Holyhead harbour into the Irish Sea. We had an easy crossing, and after some time the coast of Eire was discernable through a slight mist. We left the boat at Kingstown and caught a train to Dublin, a quarter of an hour's journey. There the most welcome sight of the day met our eyes—a large hotel into which we duly charged. There were many fine sights to be seen in Dublin, including O'Connor's Memorial and Phoenix Park.

After a late tea, we were taken back to Kingstown, where we embarked for home.

We pass on now to another highly descriptive narrative, by Beauchamp, entitled

TO NEWCASTLE BY BICYCLE.

During the summer holidays, I decided to cycle to Newcastle-under-Lyme. After packing one meal in my saddle-bag, I set off on the first stretch to Chester at about 10 a.m., and reached there in about an hour. After a short rest, I started on the next stage of the journey, to Tarvin, about six miles distant. The sun had just come out, and I felt assured that I should not need the cape I had brought with me.

Leaving Tarvin behind me, I rode on steadily for Tarporley. I passed right through Tarporley without stopping, and at last came to Nantwich. I followed the winding road to Newcastle, passing through Keele, from where there was a

steady half hour's climb to Newcastle. At the summit, I saw spread out before me the chimneys of the five pottery towns. I had cycled there in four hours.

The next day, I went to Trentham Gardens, and visited a tile works at Burslem. After staying a few days at Newcastle, I set off for home.

To conclude, here is an extract from the works of the Vīb. Poet Laureate, Sutherland, entitled

MY BICYCLE.

My bike consists of nuts and bolts
And string and rubber tyres.
But don't forget about the seat—
It squeaks like many choirs.

Remove j.

LET us begin on a humorous note—"Hidden names," by Moseley.

One day in early spring I was walking along a country *Lane* near the *Edge* of a river. Of course, I had my *McIntosh* with me. It was a waterproof and tent combined, specially made by my *Taylor*. I noticed a shepherd in the *Dale*, so I hailed him: "*Hay, Ward* you be so kind as to tell me where we are?" "Yes," said my sister, "*William's* got lost." "You're near *Darlington*" said the shepherd." *Hew!* *Itt* nearly took my breath away, for we must have wandered a long way. My sister *Moly neux* where we had been going, but had not let on. Hurrying down the hill, I tripped and did a long *Rowl*, and nearly went into a gorse-bush.

Here is a tasty morsel from the pen of O. *Darlington* :

There is a fellow in our form
Whose name is Peter Hewitt,
And if he has a piece of gum
The lad is sure to chew it.

Dodd remarks: "*Rowlands* has a thick lip. *Dale* has a bad hand. Draw your own conclusion."

We end with Roberts's effort, appropriately entitled :

VISOR ARTICLE.

At a quarter to seven, after finishing my French homework, I looked in my homework notebook (!—Ed.) to see what

other homework I had to do that night. "Oh, bother!" I said to myself, "A *Visor* article." So, grumbling and growling, I settled down to think. "Well," I thought, "I needn't waste ink on writing a poem, because I can't. Nothing has happened this term, so the form notes wouldn't fill half a line. Then it will have to be some sort of composition."

Then I started to think of a subject. "Let me see, nothing especially interesting happened on holiday; nothing special at half-term. I didn't go anywhere interesting enough to write about. I'll have to make it up." "Oh, mum," I said, "I've got to write something for the *Visor*. Have you got any ideas?" Thereupon she named some dry subjects of which I knew nothing, including the crisis and its influence upon my mind. Throwing these over, I resumed my thinking. My train of thought was often broken and led astray, and so the time rolled on. I was now becoming tired of thinking without getting any inspiration, so I looked at the clock. "Hooray," I shouted, "it's a quarter past seven. I've done my half-hour's homework."

Rem. a.

THE term has been somewhat uneventful apart from appearances in detention. One day a slight noise was repeatedly heard in our form-room and baffled us all, until on a thorough investigation it proved to be only one of the desks which was creaking very slightly.

We will start with Brecknell.

It is a winter's day, and lo! the master waxeth exceeding crabby, and the wretched pupil who crosses his path is ordered to stay in that night.

The same evening, after school, the sun goeth down, and the atmosphere freezeth, and it cometh to pass that in a certain dark and miserable classroom the pupil saith unpleasant things about the master.

But when the master peepeth into the room, the forlorn one scribbleth like blazes until the master departeth, and then he relaxeth and getteth up and hoppeth across to the heater, but "Jannie" hath tinkered with the works, and it also freezeth.

Anxious about the time (for he hath no lamp) the scholar goeth out, and in the corridor he meeteth the master who, having taken pity on him, saith "Verily, it freezeth, and I wish for a fire." So saying he ordereth the pupil to gather his goods and

chattels, and the miscreant scammeth home; yea, verily, in haste.

Next some puns from Harris:

Frolicking lightheartedly down the lane, I pass through a rustic gate Part-on and part off its hinges. In the nearby Marsh-all the frogs are croaking happily: "Col-clough, Col-clough," while the heron, his Beac-all covered with mud, is calling plaintively to his mate. Among the Perry-winkles that twinkle brightly on the edge of the marsh sits the Vicar-reading his church news. Suddenly the Horne of the Huntriss heard o'er the hill. The quarry, a little Hart, leaping through a grove of 'Ughes disappears into a meadow from which the Bray of the ass and the Barr of the sheep arise in unison.

The children are Morris dancing on the village green as I enter our house. On the Couch, above which hangs a picture of two knights who Parry and thrust at each other, the baby is Nealing, eating a banana. The Bibby's wearing is all covered with Hartley's raspberry jam, which he had for tea. In the drawing room at the Baxtering her tea sits my sister Betty, who has just arrived from school.

An article by Beacall tells us about:

STOCKING YOUR GARDEN POND.

The first thing to consider is the size of the pond. If it is only very small it is no use buying large fish.

For small pools Golden Carp are the right size. This fish, as the name tells you, is golden coloured; it differs from the common goldfish by the presence of barbels.

If you want some amusement in your ponds you should get a dozen or more Minnows. These are very small but cheeky little fish and they see that they get a good share of food at meal time.

Now here are a few that will thrive well only in the larger ponds. If the water is deep the Green Tench will be very happy there. It is rarely seen on the surface of the pond, but swims about the bottom of the pool feeding on sunken food.

The Golden Orpe is a very large fish often reaching the length of two feet. It is very bold and likes swimming near the surface. The Golden Orpe is the only fish I have named that is carnivorous, feeding on chopped earth worms and raw chopped hearts and liver.

Remove 1.

THOUGH rather a small form now, having lost Williams and Orrell, we still manage to be the top form in the Removes. Detentions seem to follow us, as our form room is now the detention room. (More convenient for some of us, but not a very complimentary gesture from the authorities).

Cartwright is going to describe an exciting holiday incident on Lake Derwentwater :

I was visiting Friar's Crag when I came across two men who had been out fishing in a small boat on the lake, and had been driven ashore by a storm. I found out on speaking to them that they had set out in the morning for a day's fishing, and the prospects then were very bright. They had settled down, when, without any warning apart from their seeing a launch in the distance rocking badly, a sudden squall sprang up and caused the lake, which a few minutes before had been fairly calm, to become rough ; this and a strong wind left them helpless, and they were lucky to escape alive. Fortunately, one of the men had the presence of mind to open out his coat and allow the wind to drive the boat and its occupants to the side of the lake. They were evidently the more alarmed because on the previous day two men had been drowned in the lake, and they had seen them previously setting out in their boat. They soon calmed down, however, and, lighting a fire on the shore under the Crag, they kindly invited me to help them to finish a lunch consisting of dainty sandwiches and biscuits washed down with cider.

Here is another narrow escape, also with a happy ending, by Woodward :

I woke up in the morning,
My heart was full of dread,
I wished my homework I had done,
And I could stay in bed.
So up I got and did the lot,
And then, to my dismay,
I found there was no school that morn,
It was a holiday.

Vj.

FOR Form Notes we can do no better than quote Bartlett, who says :

" We have played only one inter-form rugby game so far, against a combined team of the fourths, whom we beat by an overwhelming score. Since, in our form alone, there are six boys representing the School in rugby, the victory was only to be expected against such weak opposition.

We are well represented in other directions : in the Swimming Gala Whitmore carried off the Fourth Form Handicap, and was third in the Junior Championship ; while Baker won the Junior Breast Stroke. Congratulations to Smith, G. A., who has become Junior Chess Champion, and also to Malcolm, again top in the mark sheets.

As usual, Osborne always enjoys a good laugh, and it is a pleasant sight to witness his large molars so often exposed to view."

As has been hinted, jokes and limericks were to the fore, there being upwards of thirty of the former submitted. The task of selection was eased by the fact that most of them were not original.

VI.

HERE is some interesting information from G. Jones :

FACTS ABOUT BUDGERIGARS.

The home of the budgerigar is Australia, where it inhabits salt-bush flats and feeds upon seeding grasses. These birds, unlike those of Britain, do not use nesting material.

To distinguish the cocks from the hens, it is necessary to observe the wattle over their beaks. If this is blue the bird is a cock, if pale brown, it is a hen. The birds thrive better in the open air than indoors. The nest boxes should be examined every day, and when you have your birds in an outdoor aviary, you must be careful that red-mite does not get to them, for these insects get into their feathers, and suck their blood. They inhabit the cracks and crevices of your aviary, and the best way to stop this is to wash the aviary thoroughly with lime-wash. It is better to buy loose Budgerigar food, for then it is fresher. A millet spray may be given once weekly, and also an iodine nibble for disinfecting the birds' beaks. In summer, groundsel and lettuce may be given, and in winter beetroot and carrot. But beware of frosted green foods, for they are poisonous. The budgerigar is not very fond of bathing, but a fine spray now and then does no harm. Keeping these birds is a most interesting and instructive hobby.

We will end by reproducing two poems by Edwards, who evidently spends his time reading doubtful literature.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The cat-like beast crept nearer still,
Its rolling tongue showed red,
Then in italics come the words "*To be continued.*"

Two shots rang out: the pirate chief
Collapsed, but is he dead?
That's got me guessing, for the tale's "*To be continued.*"

Upon the rotting stair was heard
A slow and stealthy tread,
What followed? That I can expect "*To be continued.*"

JOHN RUDGE.

Rudge hears, without an effort,
The beetle's squeaking tread,
The spider's varied noises
As it hauls upon its thread.
And yet, at Rudge's ancient home,
His parents, as a rule,
Have got to use a megaphone
To get him up for school.

And on this mysterious note we close.

IVa.

HERE is a description of a "risky stunt" by Blanthorne.

A DANGEROUS OCCUPATION.

There are men among the bravest in the world, who risk their lives every day. They are the men who drive lorries filled with nitro-glycerine, the most powerful explosive known. It is used in American oilfields, and has to be transported from the laboratories in small rubber cases to lessen the dangers of bumps and shocks. The police in the area through which the lorries are going to pass are notified beforehand. On one occasion, a lorry was going at five m.p.h. over a small bridge, when the wheels went over a large stone. Instantly there was a terrific explosion, and when the smoke cleared away there was no lorry, bridge, or driver—only two twisted pieces of metal. These men are paid £30 per week, and one in every five loses his life.

Here follows Smith's effort :

A VISIT TO A RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE SHED.

I went down some steps and along a stone-flagged path, on each side of which were windows. Through these I saw some workmen hammering at pieces of iron, and others tinkering with complicated mechanism. I then walked past an office and came upon a din and clamour the like of which I had never heard before. In a large shed, mechanics were oiling and clearing old shunters as well as modern "giants." I was allowed on one of the new engines, and was shown the regulator, steam gauges, and the steam and vacuum brake. Next I went to the coaling place on the engine, and helped to push the sacks of coal on to the tender.

IVa. can write poetry as well as prose, as Peever's attempt will convince you.

LESSONS.

English isn't bad,
 French is simply mad.
 Algebra is worse
 Than the metre of this verse.
 In English, we learn about cases,
 In Chemistry, all about bases.
 But in Algebra ; why
 All we learn is x plus y .

We conclude with Tresidder's account of :

DEEP-SEA DIVING.

When a diver descends into the sea, for every ten feet he goes down, the pressure on every square inch of his body is increased by $4\frac{1}{2}$ -lbs. Because of this he must descend very carefully, or he might suffer great pain or even lose consciousness.

It is dangerous for divers to work at a greater depth than 150 feet, although some have worked at 200 and, in a few cases, 250 feet.

Perhaps the most interesting work that a diver performs is the salvaging of treasure from sunken vessels. From a Spanish ship, sunk in 160 feet of water off the Grand Canary Island, divers recovered gold valued at £100,000. Considerable work has been done on ships sunk in the Great War. Divers also assist in industries such as diving for pearls, shells and sponges.

IVb.

WE begin our contributions with an account by Catherall of his

VISIT TO BELLE VUE ZOO.

As I went in through the gate, the first thing that caught my eye was a huge building called the lion house, in which were two lions and a tiger. Next we visited the elephant house which was occupied by a single female elephant. We then entered the reptile house, where we saw poisonous cobras, puff-adders, and vipers. In a miniature lake, there was a fearsome-looking crocodile. After this we entered the fish house, where there were thousands of small fishes in aquariums, and in a separate pool two polar bears were swimming around. Next we saw the llama carriage, and after that wolves, tiger-cubs, giraffes and antelopes, and also the penguins and seal being fed with fish. On our way out, we passed through the small cat house, where there were leopards, panthers, and kangaroos.

Jones enlightens us on

THE ORIGIN OF CIGARETTE CARDS.

The first cigarettes were made in 1799, and for many years after their commercial production started, they were sold in flimsy paper packets. To prevent their being easily crushed or broken, an American manufacturer evolved the idea of inserting a piece of plain card to stiffen the packet, and "stiffener" is still the trade name for a cigarette card. Then came the idea of printing advertising matter on the cards. A little later they were made into calendars, and a few years afterwards in 1895, a famous British firm introduced the picture cards we are familiar with to-day.

IVj.

ACCORDING to one of our number, "Mournful Mandy," "IVj 'as not been as good as it generally is." The reason for this denunciation is rather obscure, because, apart from that occasion when we missed our games period, things do not seem to have been quite so bad. For example, Jardine, besides topping the mark sheets, has already found a place in the chess team, and Salter, our Inventor-in-Chief, has written a learned treatise on :

THE SEARCH FOR PERPETUAL MOTION.

The search for perpetual motion is a study to which many great scientists have devoted their lives. There have been

many suggestions put forward to solve the problem, but all have been found useless in practice. There was the well known method of the wheel and balls, which never worked; another idea was to couple a dynamo and an electric motor, so that, when the dynamo was set in motion, the current so generated would supply power for the motor. The latter would, in turn, cause the dynamo to continue working. This, I may add, also failed to work in practice. The cause of all the failures is friction, which cannot be quite overcome. For this very reason, we are at present unable to build a one hundred per cent. efficient machine. I therefore think that, unless these difficulties can be successfully overcome, the search for perpetual motion is futile.

Next here is a description by Hall, of:

THE SCOUTS' CAMP AT BRYNBACH.

It was a very dull day when we all met at Woodside Station to start on our journey. There were twenty-five boys in the party, and after leaving Woodside, we soon arrived in Chester, where we had to take another train for Brynbach. Once out of Chester, it began to drizzle; we passed a number of small Welsh stations, but we didn't take much notice of these; for we were all mixed up in a fight with one of the patrol-leaders. About half-past-five, when approaching Brynbach, we put on our hats and coats, and, on arriving, helped to unload the equipment. Captain Anderson sent a big covered lorry to meet us, and we got in and drove off. The van went through Brynbach, and out on to a road which led to a large camping-ground, where we pitched our tents. One Patrol made some cocoa, which was very welcome, while others unpacked sleeping-bags and kit.

The boys in our tent didn't get very much sleep; for we were up at half-past-five. The first day we lazed about. One day, deciding to go out signalling, we split up into two parties and went up into the hills. On sighting the other party we tried to signal.

One night, when it was very wet, we took refuge in the storm-hut, and saw a cinematograph show. On the whole, however, we had lovely weather and became quite tanned, and we were therefore all very sorry when the time came for us all to return home.

IIIa.

THIS year's IIIa. are very keen on football. Under the able captaincy of Nugent, with Boston as vice-captain, we have won all our matches except one which was drawn. Nugent, who is the form representative in the Boxing Club, also swam in the Swimming Gala, at which Beckett presented a bouquet to Mrs. Clague. In the classroom Peters grimly clings to his record for detentions.

McCabe describes

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

Caernarvon Castle was built by Edward I. when Wales was in rebellion, but the Welsh afterwards took the town and hanged the Sheriff from his own gallows. The site of the castle was chosen because it commanded the entrance to the Menai Straits. One of its nine towers is called the Black tower, and contains a chapel shaped like a coffin, and a small room with a stone trap-door in the middle. Prisoners were taken to the chapel, where a short prayer was said for them. Then they were escorted to the little room and dropped head first through the trap-door.

Edward VIII. was invested there as Prince of Wales in 1911, as was his namesake Edward II., first Prince of Wales, six hundred and twenty-seven years previously.

Bell is evidently a patriotic film-fan. Here are his views on

BRITISH FILMS.

The first 'talkie' in this country was shown before nineteen hundred and twenty-six under the title of "Sonny Boy." Twelve years later came one of the greatest of all films "Victoria the Great," a product of Pinewood Studios, the home of British films. The cast was one of the best in the world, with Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria, and Anton Walbrook as Albert, the Prince Consort.

Another big film, based on the same story and with the same cast, is "Sixty Glorious Years," which will shortly be coming to Merseyside. Parts of "Victoria the Great" and "Sixty Glorious Years" were filmed at Windsor Castle and Sandringham with the kind permission of their Majesties.

More films are being made in this country at present than in any previous year. The British film companies are basing

their films chiefly on British history. Many humorous films starring Lupino Lane and the ' Crazy Gang ' have also been made.

Numbers of American film-stars are coming into the country from Hollywood to make British films which are gradually beating down the opposition of American films in the home market.

And on that hopeful note we close.

IIIb.

IIIb. play football and enjoy it too. On Friday afternoons they go up to the field and play other forms at both Rugger and Soccer. With Swift as captain they have won their matches against IIIj. and the Juniors, but lost to IIIa.

J. Hoey describes

LONDON.

London is the biggest city in England, and has many famous buildings. St. Paul's Cathedral, a masterpiece of Wren, with the remains of the Chapter House, is near the Law Courts. Inside St. Paul's is the famous whispering gallery and the high stone dome. The Houses of Parliament contain many examples of fine wood-carving and scenes from history, including pictures of Henry VIII. and his wives.

Besides the fine buildings there are many parks; Richmond Park in particular having some beautiful landscapes. Here live deer are often to be seen drinking from the stream which runs through the woods.

Then we have a poem by Hirst entitled :

THE FIFTH.

On bonfire night, 'tis my delight
To buy some squibs and crackers.
I light all the little ones
While father lights the ' whackers.'
We had a guy; 'twas very high
And looked so very funny.
We took him out in my old cart,
But didn't get much money.
The flames they roared, and rockets soared,
While we were filled with wonder.
The noise of cannons deafened us
Like that of pealing thunder.

My mother said " 'Tis time for bed."
But I said " Just a minute,
What shall I do with poor old Guy ?"
And she said " You can ' bin ' it !"

Finally, Edwards describes

SHREWSBURY.

Last Easter I went for a holiday to Shrewsbury. where there are many interesting things to be seen. For instance, there is the Old Mint, a small, stone building with rickety steps leading up to it. At High Cross, David the Welsh Prince was executed, and the Earl of Worcester was beheaded after the Battle of Shrewsbury. Hotspur was placed between two mill-stones there for three days.

Shrewsbury Castle overlooks the station, and from the tower you can see all round Shrewsbury. Another point of interest is Lord Hill's Column. Inside is a spiral staircase like that of a lighthouse, while in the walls are little windows. On reaching the top one comes to a round platform, from which the whole town can be seen.

IIIj.

WE are now beginning to settle down to life here. We have learnt by experience the last moment for coming into School without being put in detention, and which homework can be passed over and which must be done. Many of the form have taken to Rugby with enthusiasm, particularly Pringle, but Soccer still has its supporters. The favourite lesson of the week is Chemistry, not that we like learning it, but because of the novel use to which the tubing on the front bench is put, to the amusement of all except the victim.

Here is Hassall with a sad story.

'Twas Friday, and 'twas Games day,
So IIIj. all felt bright.
But the master spoilt it all and said,
" You're all in dete. to-night."

IIIj. were in the dete. room,
Which they thought an awful shame ;
They should have been at Rugby—
The master was to blame.

II.

WE start by giving T. Roberts's account of

A VISIT TO THE GLADSTONE DOCK.

On arriving at the dock, my uncle asked if I would like to go over one of Holt's ships, "the Nilios," where a friend of his was waiting for us. I said that I would, so we went towards the ship. We climbed the gangway very quickly, and went to see the crew, and then to see the engine-room. Down below there was a Chinaman fixing together a donkey-engine, and my uncle said his name was Donkey. The chief steward then brought us a cup of tea, and we returned home.

Next R. Garrett tells us how he was

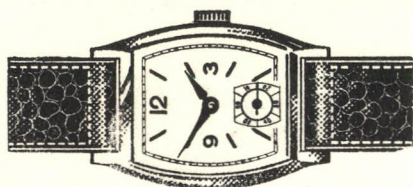
LOST ON THE MOUNTAINS.

It was on a summer holiday a few years ago that we decided to go up the mountain in front of the house where we were staying. It had a quarry about a quarter of the way up and I noticed that the rock by the quarry contained a quantity of slate. When we were approaching the top, a mist came down and forced us to stop. As we were going down again, we saw another path, and thought it would be quicker to go that way, but we found that it went higher. Up there we saw another path, but it led us round to the other side. We went on until we found that we were off the track altogether. We had a look round until we got back on the track, and we arrived at the house about 10 o'clock.

Garrett's adventures are not, however, quite as exciting as those which G. Amery will now describe.

A DANGEROUS JOURNEY.

There was once a man called Flying Officer Blake, who tried to reach the planet Saturn in a rocket ship called "The Whizzer." On a sunny afternoon in July, 2738, a terrific roar was heard, and the rocket shot up into space. It had been soaring towards the planet for about 12 hours (at 2,000 miles per minute), when the little crew of five felt the ship shoot up at a still greater speed as it got out of gravity. At last it went dark, and they found that they were only about two thousand five hundred miles from the planet, when suddenly a comet shot straight through the ship, and they had to make a forced landing on Jupiter.



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They put on their space suits, stepped out, and hoisted the Union Jack (Hurrah!—Ed). All of a sudden they heard a noise behind them, and a strange object like a dragon, half flesh and half steel, stepped out of a bush. There followed a terrible fight; two of Blake's men, and also the dragon, were killed. The three men then set out for home, and arrived in the year 2783.

And on this progressive note, Form II. leave you.

Junior School Notes

MISS Gale left us in July with many regrets on both sides. In August she was married, and our best wishes go with her.

We should like to mention that an octopus is an eight-sided cat, young swans are singlets; ewes are trees some of which are carnivorous; and that an export has become a piece of land jutting out into the sea.

The Cubs' camp was held at Black Rock, where they had an enjoyable holiday in spite of bad weather. The following is a cutting from the camp log:—

1st day: Arrived in gale of wind.

11-50 p.m.: Officers fled to store tent for shelter.

2nd day: 2 a.m. Monsoon and gale.

8 a.m. Ditto.

2—3 p.m. Field under water.

3rd day: Rain, gale, tears, all macs wet inside and out. Decided camp site was that of a well.

4th day: Rivers everywhere, fishing rights established. Samson-like neighbours (Mr. Lord's party) removed all tents to a new site. Cubs went to Church and weather improved.

5th day: Nineteen visitors, many more cakes, appetites enormous. All's well at last.

Camp

THE Thursday after School had broken up in July, a group of boys started out from Woodside for a camp for non-scouts, in the Lleyn peninsula.

The first few days were spent in erecting tents, and generally straightening up. It was raining heavily throughout the first two days, and most of us were inexperienced, but soon everything was in order, and we found ourselves with plenty of time for recreation.

Every morning the whole camp went down for a bathe on the excellent shore around Black Rock, which some of us would climb, sharpening our appetite for dinner. After dinner, perhaps, a few would then make for Criccieth or Portmadoc, the neighbouring resorts, and return for tea.

Besides these local trips we had several special excursions inland into Snowdonia. Some of us went along the famous Ffestiniog "toy" railway from Portmadoc to Blaenau Ffestiniog, a railway built originally for the quarry-workers, but now used chiefly to attract visitors to the wonderful scenery it passes through. No holiday in this district would be complete without a climb up Snowdon, but only the more energetic attempted this.

The success of the holiday was entirely due to the hard work put in by the masters. The food was excellent and plentiful. But the day came when we had to pack our bags and leave for home. After much excitement and strenuous work we found ourselves ahead of schedule, and so we went down to the café for the last time, most of us "stony broke," but those with money bought supplies for the return journey. This was uneventful except that it did not seem as long as the outward trip. We reached home weary, but determined to make the Camp an annual event.

Next year we hope the numbers will be doubled, with more boys from the Lower School. It is the cheapest and healthiest holiday one could wish for, and, wet or fine, we assure you of enjoying every day.

L.S.F., L.C.

The Sixth Form Literary and Debating Society

AT a business meeting held on Thursday, September 22nd, I. Roberts was elected deputy-secretary, and Moyes, Harris, Pearson, and G. Williams were voted to the committee. It was decided to hold meetings on Thursdays.

A week later, Harris, seconded by Hales, proposed "That German encroachment in Czecho-Slovakia should be stopped by force." Ryan and G. Williams opposed. After a long, yet very interesting, debate the motion was carried by a small margin.

On October 13th, we held another Spelling Bee; this time the sides were Arts v. Science, the latter winning by 24 points to 19. Thompson was the most successful speller, having six correct out of seven. Harris made an excellent spelling-master. Few of the Removes, who had been specially invited, attended

to see the delightful spectacle of some of the hated prefects' stutterings and stammerings.

On October 27th, a debate: "That Sunday Cinemas should be prohibited," was opened by Hales, who was opposed by Vincent. G. Smith spoke third, and Grice fourth. After many interesting speeches, virtuous, villainous, and vindictive, the motion was carried by 16 votes to 6.

A fortnight later, the society held its first General Knowledge Bee. 7 teams of 4 competed, and Thompson and Bawden combined the onerous duties of "Master of General Knowledge." 10 rounds were played, and Moffat's team won after a deciding question with Pearson's team. At the end of the meeting, the Chairman thanked all those responsible for the arrangements, and suggested that those who had taken part should be awarded the School Certificate without further ado.

The final meeting of the term took place on December 1st, when another new feature was introduced. 16 members, a rather disappointing number, attended, but each one was induced to take part in impromptu debates. Various topics, sublime and ridiculous, were touched upon, but the whole evening served to show, as the Chairman put it "that the House was solidly romantic at heart."

As regards next term's meetings, we have already been promised two papers, one on "Modern Advertising" by Mr. A. Cathcart, an ex-secretary of the Society, who is now on the advertising staff of Lever Bros. The other will be given by Mr. Watts on his travels in U.S.A. and Canada.

In conclusion, may I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. W. E. Williams for all that he has done for the Society?

R.B.

Chess

THIS year, unfortunately, the School team has not been strong enough to enter for the Wright Challenge Shield Competition, but there is plenty of young blood in the club, and we are hoping for better things next year.

On November 17th, the team played a friendly match against the St. Paul's Boys' Club and won a decisive victory by five games to two, Thomas, Hayward, Lichfield, Smith and Peers all winning their games.

Many thanks are due to Mr. Lord and Mr. Fox for their very able supervision.

A.H.J.

Rugby Football

ALTHOUGH this season's first XV. contains six members of last year's team, only three matches out of eight have been won, though several have been lost by a small margin.

The first match was an 'A' team fixture against Liverpool Institute, which the School won fairly comfortably. The next game, with Wallasey Grammar, was the first of a series of defeats, and was lost mainly through the superior passing of the Wallasey threequarters and the inability of our own backs to mark them properly.

The St. Mary's match resulted in a defeat, which might easily have been a victory had the School been quicker on the ball. As usual, we were beaten by the superior weight and strength of the Conway XV.

The away match with Hawarden should have earned us a victory, but, although the ball seemed to be in the Hawarden half for most of the time, breakaways by their threequarters resulted in the loss of points, which the School found themselves unable to make up during the last few minutes.

The next game was the keenly anticipated fixture with Park High, and this time the School managed to win, despite the fact that they were defending for a long period in the second half.

The encounter with Wrexham resulted in another win, owing mainly to forward superiority in a somewhat scrappy game.

The next match, played against Oldershaw, was lost by 13 pts. to 6. This defeat was largely due to the deficiencies of the forwards, most of whom seemed content to stand around in bewilderment while the Oldershaw players rushed through.

Wirral Grammar School, our last opponents to date, inflicted a further defeat, although not by such a large margin as might have been expected.

It is rather premature at this stage to hand out laurels, but we feel that Clarke should be congratulated on his fine kicking and consistent play. Our captain, Gullan, also deserves praise for his strenuous efforts among the forwards, among whom Fallows and Young deserve mention. Cresswell has rapidly justified his selection at full-back, in place of Griffith, who, we hope, will soon distinguish himself among the threequarters.

It is to be hoped that in the Easter term the 1st XV. will rapidly show improvement, as they did in the Easter term of last season.

The 2nd XV. have so far fared no better, three matches out of nine having been won. The 3rd XV. have won one match out of four, while the Bantams have done even worse than the other teams, and have so far only one victory to their name.

1st XV.

RESULTS.

		For	Agst.
Sept. 28—	Liverpool Institute	W.	19 — 9
Oct. 1—	Wallasey Grammar	L.	8 — 39
	5—St. Mary's College	L.	16 — 19
	8—School Ship "Conway"	L.	3 — 35
	15—Hawarden County	L.	8 — 10
	19—Park High	W.	13 — 6
	22—Wrexham	W.	8 — 0
Nov. 2—	Oldershaw	L.	6 — 13
	16—Wirral Grammar	L.	0 — 17

2nd XV.

For Agst.

Oct. 1—	Wallasey Grammar	L.	0 — 58
	5—St. Mary's College	L.	6 — 12
	8—School Ship "Conway"	L.	0 — 55
	15—Hawarden County	W.	12 — 8
	19—Park High	W.	6 — 3
	22—Wrexham	L.	0 — 12
Nov. 2—	Oldershaw	W.	36 — 3
	16—Wirral Grammar	L.	0 — 11
	Old Boys' 3rd XV.	L.	0 — 22

3rd XV.

For Agst.

Oct. 5—	St. Mary's College	D.	6 — 6
	8—School Ship "Conway"	L.	0 — 85
Nov. 2—	Oldershaw	W.	44 — 6
	16—Wirral Grammar	L.	5 — 25

BANTAMS.

For Agst.

Oct. 1—	Wallasey Grammar	L.	0 — 29
	5—St. Mary's College	L.	3 — 23
	15—Bootle	W.	15 — 8
	19—Park High	L.	6 — 17
Nov. 2—	Oldershaw	D.	0 — 0
	16—Wirral Grammar	L.	5 — 11

G.F.P.

Scientific Society

THIS has probably been one of the best in the history of the society, not only for the variety of the lectures, but also for their high standard of general interest.

The first meeting, as usual, was a purely business one, and, with Mr. D. J. Williams in the chair, the officers and committee were elected, and offers of future lectures were gladly received.

The first lecture of the term was on "Relativity" by Badcock, when Moyes was in the chair. Mr. D. J. Williams afterwards complimented Badcock on the competent manner in which he had handled this highly difficult subject, and went

on to give an interesting, and, at the same time, humorous survey of what might happen if the speed of light were exceeded.

On October 17th, Pearson gave an illuminating lecture on "Artificial Light," when the chair was taken by Thompson. Pearson traced the development of lighting through the ages, and after explaining the difference between phosphorescence and fluorescence, concluded by discussing, with the aid of charts, the relative efficiencies of various types of lamp. He performed various experiments to demonstrate his points.

At the next meeting, Muir took the chair, and Seavell read a paper on "Catalysis," showing the application of catalysis in industry, and later demonstrated the use of catalysts in various processes.

On November 21st, the Headmaster lectured on "Sounds of War," when the chair was taken by F. G. Roberts. The Headmaster described the methods of determining the position of guns, by observing the gun-flashes, by examination of aerial photographs, and finally by electrically measuring the time difference for the reception of the sound by each microphone. The Headmaster used the new epidiascope to show various photographic records of his war-time experiences.

Scout Notes

SINCE the publication of the last Scout Notes, the activities of the troop have changed from the essentially outdoor to those more appropriate to the season. The camps at Overchurch and Newbold Pacey may appear as very exact entries in the Log Book, but those of us who had the good fortune to be present will always retain very happy memories of them.

Newbold Pacey Hall, near Stratford-on-Avon, was the site chosen for the summer camp, and a most enjoyable fortnight was spent there. The weather was, on the whole, very good, although one or two thunderstorms severely tested the tents. The camp was run strictly on the Patrol System, and the standard reached by all the patrols in campcraft was very high. The visiting District Commissioner made an excellent report upon the camp.

Excursions were made to Leamington Spa, where the waters were taken and enjoyed (?), and to Stratford-on-Avon. The National Theatre was visited on three occasions.

The local troop, the 1st Ashorne, joined us one evening at a camp fire. The Durham boys who had accepted an invitation to camp with us at Newbold Pacey Hall proved to be as good

entertainers as they were scouts. The duets of the 'twins' were deservedly encored.

On another evening we played a cricket match against the 1st Ashorne boys. A very exciting two-innings game ended, almost in darkness, in a narrow victory for B.I. Thirty-six wickets fell in the course of the evening! Supper was provided for all the players and spectators by Mr. Little, on whose ground we pitched our camp. We should like to express our gratitude to Mr. Little and also to the Rev. Rudgard, Vicar of Newbold Pacey, for the many kindnesses they showed to us. Both of them, in no small way, contributed to the great success of the camp.

During the holidays a team from the School Crew consisting of Rovers W. D. Coughtrie, E. J. Matthews, W. Seed, and F. E. Tomlinson, competed for the Camper's Shield and were again successful in winning it. They also won the County Trophy. Congratulations, Rovers!

A large number of the boys were in the cast of "Bare Knees and All That," the successful revue produced at the Y.M.C.A. Theatre early in the term.

The hard-working Parents' Committee have organised during this term three whist drives in aid of the Hut Fund. We appeal to all Old Boys and Parents to support this committee by coming to the whist drives which will take place during the Spring Term.

Table Tennis.

THE Table Tennis Club continues to thrive, and each Monday and Friday about a dozen members meet under the supervision of Mr. J. H. Jones, to make the rafters of IIIj. ring with the sound of bat upon celluloid.

The standard of play has improved all round since the beginning of term, in spite of the wiles of the table, which always manages to be cracked exactly where one's opponent's return drops. It is to be hoped that a new table may be obtained early next term.

We have had one fixture this term on Friday, November 18th, when our team: Gullan, Griffiths, Woodward, Coates, and Moffat, visited the 2nd Birkenhead Scout Troop. The result was a win for us by 7 sets to 3. Mention must be made of the fine play of Gullan and Coates, who won all their matches.

E.W.H.

OLD BOYS' SECTION

Notes and News

The annual cricket match with the School on July 18th and 19th, resulted in a win for the Old Boys by 199 runs to 90.

* * * * *

In connection with Mr. Solly's retirement from certain posts he has held for many years, it is interesting to note that his successor as Clerk to the Inome Tax Commissioners, and Clerk to the Wirral Justices is an O.B., Mr. R. T. Highet.

Another O.B., Mr. J. P. Wilson (1919-24), has just been appointed Clerk to the Wallasey Justices.

Messrs. J. H. D. Wetherell (1921-31) and A. H. Williams (1923-31) who recently obtained medical degrees at Liverpool University have been appointed Junior House Surgeons at the Stanley Hospital, Bootle, and the Borough Hospital, Birkenhead, respectively.

There are twenty-four Old Boys at present studying at Liverpool University in seven or eight different Faculties, Medicals being the most numerous. We have also one O.B. at Oxford, three at Cambridge, one at Exeter and one at Chester.

Members of the Football Club will be glad to hear that Mr. J. Gilligan (1919-23) who underwent amputation above the knee as a result of an injury, has been out of hospital for a month. All will wish him a speedy recovery.

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BIRTH.

GRACEY.—On November 26th, at 12 Riviera Drive, Rock Ferry, to Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Gracey, a son.

* * * * *

MARRIAGES.

We have received information of the marriages of the Old Boys mentioned below, and shall be glad to print full details if those interested will be good enough to supply them.

We offer our congratulations and good wishes to Messrs. F. Kyffin (1917-21) (July), E. Betenson (1910-15) and A. Sagar (1920-22) (September), G.C. Wood (1918-23) (October), and L. O. Jones (1925-29) (November).

Old Boys' A.F.C.

DURING the present season, four teams are again being fielded, one each in the Second Division of the Zingari

League and the Zingari Combination, and two in the Liverpool Old Boys' League.

Results so far have been quite satisfactory, the most noticeable feature being the improved form shown by the 3rd and 4th XI's. in the Old Boys' League.

It is unfortunate that, owing to injuries, we have lost the services of F. Silcock and T. H. Richards, the former having been in recent years the leading goal-scorer in the 2nd XI.

J. B. Thornton as usual is scoring freely for the 1st XI., whilst N. I. Dearnley shows promise of scoring many goals before the season ends.

The social functions of the Club have so far been confined to two dances held at the Kingsland Hall. Very enjoyable evenings were spent on both occasions, and we hope to hold a third dance early in the New Year. K.M.

Old Instonians R.F.C.

WITH a stronger fixture list, and a larger membership than ever before, the Old Instonians have this season been more or less on trial to produce the form of previous years.

An extra ground, a dozen or more shrill voiced but very enthusiastic new members, and the generally excellent match results give evidence that the Club need not worry unduly over its future.

The 1st XV., faced with the burden of the stronger fixtures have so far met with almost unexpected success. Seven matches have been won out of ten played, including two notable victories over Old Caldeians II. and a strong Southport II. team. The 2nd team has kept up the record of its more august brethren and so far has nine comfortable wins to its credit, while our new 3rd XV. have won three matches out of eight.

Perhaps the most "pleasing feature" of the season and certainly the most encouraging from the point of view of those austere men in high places who control the destinies of the Club has been the success of several of last year's School Colours men.

Bell, Weir, Beer, and Sarginson have all played consistently well and helped considerably in improving the standard of play. If we could look forward each year to a similar influx from the School, we should have bright prospects indeed.

E.T.