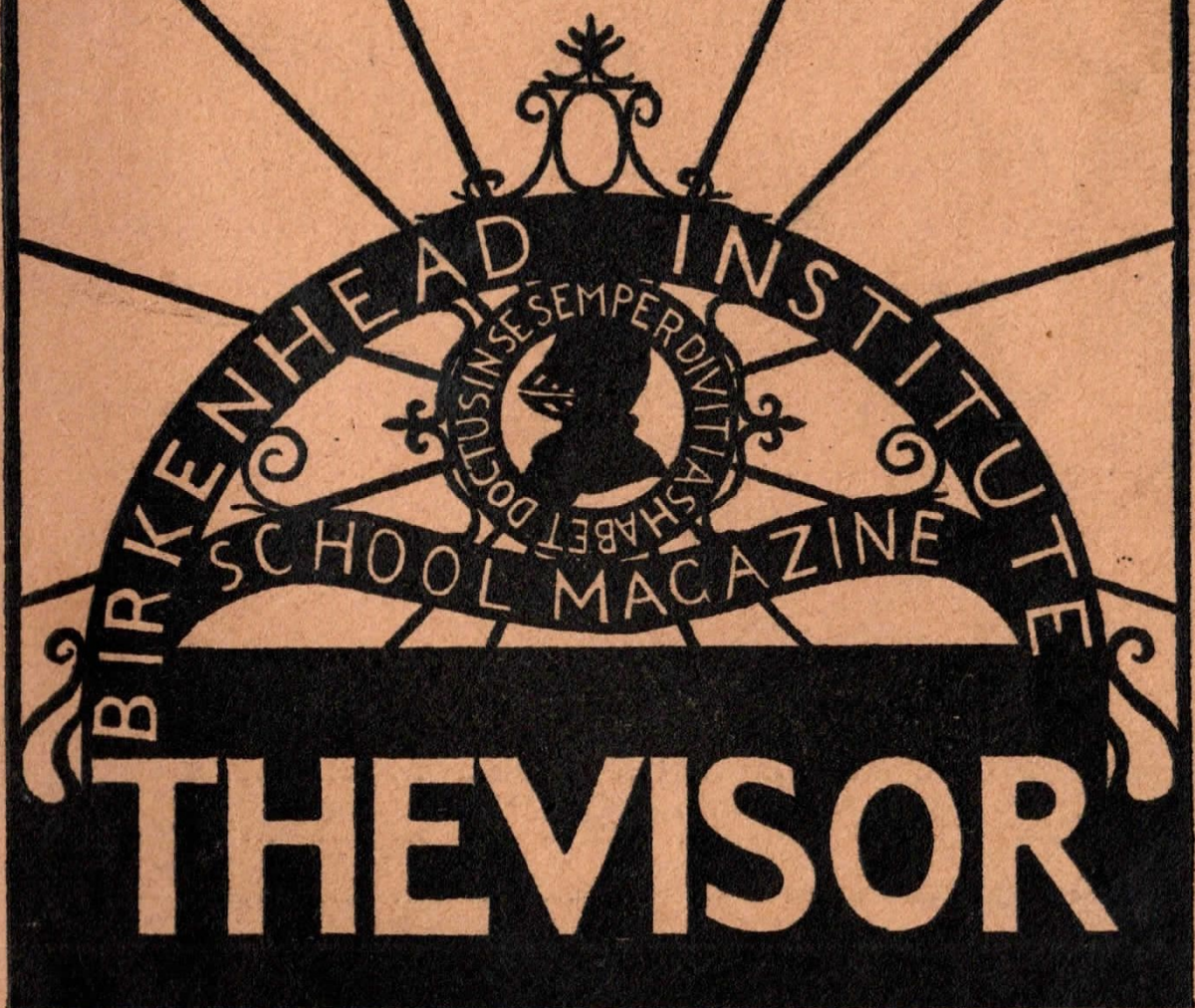


M. H. ROBERTS 6A.

Evacuation Number

CHRISTMAS

1939





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### *Editorial*

DESPITE the influence of the war, the *Visor*, with modified subject matter, continues to make its usual appearance. Although the evacuation scheme has hindered the normal life of the School in most directions, it has provided the magazine committee with an excellent opportunity to introduce some novelty into the *Visor*. Several of the standard features, consisting mainly of official lists and records, have been omitted, and their place taken by original articles. Since there have been no house activities or society meetings there are not so many of the usual notes on these topics. The calendar and crossword puzzle are also absent.

This has been a momentous term in the School's history, and it is natural that this issue of the magazine should reflect the reactions of the School to its new surroundings in Oswestry. In years to come, this *Visor* will doubtless prove to be of absorbing interest to present pupils as a reminder of the period of their temporary exile.

### *Lost in the Hills*

ON Tuesday, 21st November, it was announced that the School was to have a half-holiday, and so we decided to go for a long walk. At half-past one we set off along Mount Road. After walking for about a mile, we turned along the road for Pant-Glas. Just along the road we saw a stream winding its way across a field in a little valley. Crossing the field to investigate, we were struck by the independence and non-chalance of this little stream, and for a time we were taken away from the world we were standing in, into the wonderful world of Nature, without any worries or cares in the back of our minds.



But alas ! as the deafening roar of an R.A.F. bomber came to our ears, we were taken from peace, quiet, and solitude into the horrible, disturbing, and shattering atmosphere of modern war.

To return to our story. We left our brook to go undisturbed on its way, and joined the road again. After proceeding for about a quarter of a mile, we came to a hill overlooking the little picturesque village of Pant-Glas, set in a beautiful "green valley," which is the English translation of the Welsh "Pant Glas."

Reluctantly we moved from this scene and retraced our footsteps until we arrived at a footpath on the right of the road. Along this we went, past some big retriever kennels, up a steep slope, through some woods to a cross-road. Here we turned left across the short, springy turf of the old Race-course. This former haunt of famous sportsmen commands a marvellous view of the long valleys and hills which we were later to traverse.

Back on the road again we turned down a steep winding hill towards Llansilin. It was at the foot of the hill that we met our little stream again, now somewhat diminished but babbling along still as fascinating as ever. We stopped here, to gaze in wonderment at what lay before us. As far as eye could see stretched the valley, now revealed in all its glory. On each side rolling hills acquired a purple and ruddy tint in the afternoon sun.

Pushing on for one and a half miles we came to the little village of Rhydyrcroesau, which we called "Robinson Crusoe," as our tongues were not quite up to the pronunciation. The old Norman Church was unfortunately locked and so we had to take the road again along the side of the valley, keeping in sight our little stream, winding its way far below us along the valley floor. Just along this road we stopped to note the extraordinary intelligence of a sheepdog at work.

Another mile of thoughtless walking and we came to a mile post with Denbighshire County Council inscribed on it. We were rather startled by this, as we could not rightly get our bearings. We were lost. Dusk was falling as we decided to push on, and we inquired at a farm-house the route back to Oswestry. We were told that we were only eleven miles from town, and so this shattered our hopes of being back at 4-30 for tea.



The farm folk directed us across two fields, over a bridge and along a very muddy lane, up the other side of the valley. Half-way up this we came to another farm where we were willingly allowed to use the 'phone to let our people know what had happened to us. Again we were put on our way along a muddy path over the side of the hill. It was now quite dark, and rabbits scuttled across our path, and partridge and pheasant rose all around us, making a terrifying noise.

Another half mile and the path dwindled into nothing. Once again we were lost. This time we were desperate, and we made our undignified way up the hillside, crawling through hedges, falling in mud, but not caring as long as we reached the top. But Fortune relented, for half-way up we stumbled upon a cottage tucked away in the hillside. In reply to our knocking an old lady opened the door, and when she heard our story she took pity upon us and offered us tea. We refused with thanks, as we had forgotten our stomachs in our anxiety to reach home. This was the second time that the generosity of the farm folk had been shown. The son at the farm directed us along our route, and we set off with renewed vigour, although it was now very cold and dark. At the end of the lane we came out into our newly-named village of "Robinson Crusoe" (Rhydyr Croesau). From here it was plain sailing, uphill and downhill until we came to the old Race-course once again. Walking as fast as possible down Mount Road we opened our hearts to sing "You've got to ride, Tenderfoot, ride." At that moment we would have welcomed two old cart-horses. As we neared Park Avenue, we heard the familiar sound of the church-clock striking 6-15.

Weary and hungry we departed for our billets, both wishing that we had more time to gaze upon the beautiful countryside which, I'm afraid, is not appreciated by most people.

L.C., L.T., U.VI.Lit.

### *The Shropshire Lads*

OH, they're tough, mighty tough, down in Shropshire.  
If you strike a match too loudly someone stops yer,  
They've got coppers tall as houses,  
With machine-guns down their trousers.  
Yes, they're tough, mighty tough, down in Shropshire.

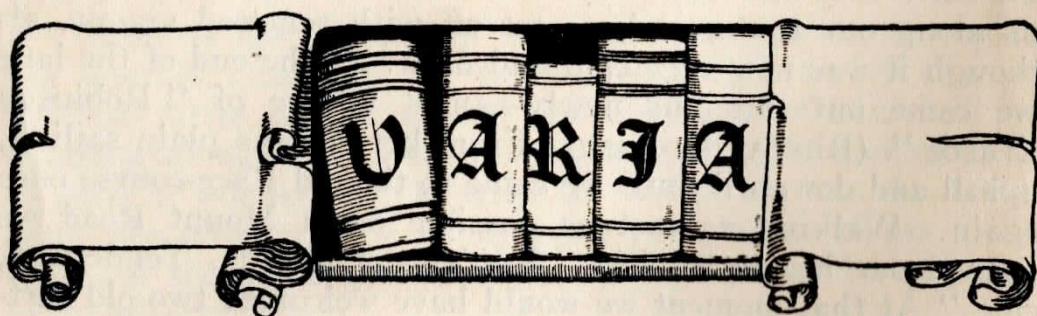


Oh they're tough, mighty tough, down in Shropshire,  
 They could tell you what to do with Ribbentrops here :  
     Serve 'em up with chips for supper,  
     Spread 'em on the bread and butter,  
 Yes, they're tough, mighty tough, down in Shropshire.

Oh they're tough at the milk-bars down in Shropshire,  
 When they pull their guns and shout for ginger pops here,  
     They take pot-shots at the ciders,  
     Blow the eye-brows off the spiders,  
 Yes, they're tough at the milk-bars down in Shropshire.

Oh they're fresh, mighty fresh, down in Shropshire,  
 Why, they even pinch the (censored) from the cops there,  
     But they leave no tell-tale traces,  
     For they hang weights on their braces,  
 Yes, they're tough, mighty tough, down in Shropshire.

M.M.



**T**HE *Visor* to Oswestry: greetings! Though still published in Birkenhead, we expect to find our way into many billets, and our first word is of gratitude to the hosts and hostesses of the town which has adopted us.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Mayor's Sunday, November 19th, the School was represented in the procession from the Guildhall to the Parish Church by the Headmaster, members of the Staff, and twelve boys.

\* \* \* \* \*

An even more welcome sign of official recognition was the half-holiday given at the request of the Mayor in commemoration of his year of office. In case the war should come to an end, we commend this local custom to the notice of the Mayors of Birkenhead, who have so far failed to observe it.



Talking of half-holidays, we nearly had one on the occasion of the visit of Ald. and Mrs. Solly earlier in the term. Had they been able to visit us in the morning . . . ? As it was, we were grateful for an early finish to afternoon school. Mr. Solly expressed his satisfaction at the way we had settled down in our new quarters, and at the generous accommodation provided by the Boys' High School.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have come to take this accommodation for granted, and even to grumble at its shortcomings; but it is as well to remind ourselves that our presence is causing at least as much inconvenience and dislocation to the Staff and boys (not to mention the caretakers) of O.B.H.S. whose hospitality we enjoy. On behalf of the School we thank them for their kindness and wonderful forbearance.

\* \* \* \* \*

We now have our own rugger field, which has been marked out by gangs of volunteers armed with spades and strings. This too is cause for gratitude, even though Shropshire is a hilly county and the habits of cows are—what they are. Both the High School and the Grammar School have put us in their debt for the use of their fields this term. It is worth recording that although we have not played soccer for five years we won our match against O.B.H.S. by 5 goals to 1.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Darlington and Mr. J. H. Jones have left us to take up appointments at Audenshaw School, Manchester, and Sloan School, Chelsea. We wish them happiness in their new posts, and extend a hearty welcome to their successors, Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Lake.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Bowers and Mr. W. E. Williams returned to the Institute during the term to join Messrs. Jeffery, Paice and Paris, who are working among the non-evacuated natives of Darker Birkenhead. Our thoughts and good wishes go out to them as they toil to dispel the mists of ignorance in that vast urban wilderness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The excuse, 'Please, sir, I left my books at school,' is no longer valid. No books are left at school. But owing to frequent changes of time-table there are others just as good.



And the unalterable laws of Oswestry in the matter of breakfast-time have provided many cast-iron alibis, especially on Saturday mornings.

\* \* \* \* \*

It has been found impossible under war conditions to print a further instalment of the history of the School, begun last Easter. Publication of the later chapters is therefore postponed indefinitely. Extracts from a letter received from one of the oldest Old Boys appear elsewhere.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three of the pilots who were in the Mersey Pilot Cutter disaster were fathers of Institute boys, past or present. We offer our deepest sympathy to the families of Mr. Cockram and Mr. Currie who lost their lives in the vessel. Everyone was relieved to hear that Bibby's father was among the few who escaped.

\* \* \* \* \*

Air raid drills occasionally and unexpectedly interrupt the calm of lessons. O.B.H.S. has a multiplicity of bells, not easily distinguished by a newcomer; and the raid alarm adds another to the number. How many masters have dismissed a form as if to greet a caller at the front door, or marshalled them at air raid stations in answer to the telephone?

\* \* \* \* \*

Chemistry without 'prac' was voted practically useless, and what good were labs. without apparatus and chemicals to play with? Great was the joy, therefore, when Mr. A. O. J-n-s returned from a perilous trip to a "town in West Cheshire," bearing, at great personal risk, crates of winchesters and carboys full of corrosive acids, flasks, beakers, tubes of rubber and of glass, and, above all, batteries of steel cylinders charged at a pressure of many kilo-smells with that rare gas which still fans many a fragrant memory of Tuesday afternoons at the Institute.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Savings Association has resumed its activities, and all are urged to take advantage of the facilities provided for the purchase of certificates either outright or by instalments.

\* \* \* \* \*

The crossword competition has been temporarily suspended. Crossword No. 20 was successfully solved by H. G. Proudman, VIa., to whom a book prize will be awarded.



## University Letters

SCHOOL OF CHEMISTRY,

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

To the Editor of the *Visor*.

Sir,

At 8 o'clock on Monday morning I collected the letters brought by the postman and found one addressed to me bearing an Oswestry postmark. Grim foreboding this!

The letter started "DEAR Forsythe" and carried on . . . "can you send us a University Letter immediately you receive this epistle?" Hypocrite! (Please do not censor me).

The letter continues, "I think it is a tradition that I must be on the last minute in asking for a University letter."

This I realise might be cover for forgetfulness; on the other hand I have no opportunity to argue my way out of it.

I have always contested the idea, prevalent in literary circles, that science students "*don't know nothing*" about letter-writing. I now find myself in a position to prove such a statement incorrect, and I consider that I am not to be envied. But we must face the situation.

Quite sub-consciously I feel an impulse to write "There was an old fellow from . . ." but realize that this would not be acceptable in the circumstances.

Life at the University is much the same as always and has been little affected by the war. Several air-raid shelters have been constructed, and many fire appliances may be seen or tripped over. Air raid practices are quite frequent and are inclined to be annoying after having lost their original novelty. Undergraduates are not allowed to work in the University after black-out time; this regulation seems to be superfluous.

A Joint Recruiting Board has been set up, where undergraduates may apply for Emergency Commissions if they so wish. It may be noted that only a small percentage of University students are exempt from Military Service and the remainder may be called up in their age group. In cases of exceptional hardship, postponement is recommended by the Joint Recruiting Board, this being another of the Board's functions.

In many ways the University is reminiscent of School, and there are people here with a playful spirit. The windows seem to be cleaned even more rarely than those at School; but



of course I am talking of the old School and know nothing of the new one.

In conclusion I welcome F. G. Roberts and his namesake 'Doc,' who are now among us, and hope they will help to maintain the traditions of the School. Sieg Heil!

Yours, etc.,

G. A. FORSYTHE.

### *Evacuation*

At about half-past four on Sunday, the third of September, the train carrying the evacuated Birkenhead Institute schoolboys slowly came to a halt in Oswestry railway station. Most of us jumped up quickly to get our kit-bags, ruck-sacks, caps, and other articles from the luggage-racks.

We came pouring out into the corridors, and several of our number attempted to get out but were promptly ordered back by those in charge.

In due course we were allowed to descend and arrange ourselves in sections on the station platform. A few minutes later it started to rain, so that many of the sections had to move under cover quickly.

Thirst seemed prevalent amongst the third-formers, but was assuaged by cups of water proffered by a station-boy. That action was the first taste of the marvellous hospitality shewn to us by the Oswestry people.

The majority of us were very curious, and longing to leave the station to see what Oswestry was like, but we were doomed to remain for some time on the platform. The sun came out again to cheer us up, though we were too excited to be depressed, and we presented, on the whole I think, a happy set of boys.

Suddenly an order was given that we could eat some of our food. There was a rush for the few seats, and we settled down to a good feed. Unfortunately we had to stop before we had finished, but at least we had had some food, so that our hunger was somewhat appeased.

We marched off, two sections at a time as we had done in Birkenhead, to the end of the platform nearest the town, where we crossed the railway lines and thus left the station. At this point some very good people ushered a few of our boys into cars to take them to the distributing centre. The rest of us marched up King Street, and along Castle Street and Welsh Walls until we arrived at the National School.



Amidst many officials we lined up and again waited. When all was ready we were led in the school and oh! what a surprise!—a cup of lemonade for each boy. Thirsty as we were it seemed to us the most refreshing and delicious drink we had ever had. Slowly we passed on to receive our rations for twenty-four hours. These consisted of a packet of biscuits, a tin of corned beef, a tin of condensed milk, one of evaporated milk, and a quarter-pound of Cadbury's milk chocolate.

Ladies, whom I have found to be teachers at the National School, escorted us in small parties to the neighbourhood of our new homes, where we were split up to be taken to our respective billets. I was taken first to a church and then together with another boy was introduced to my hostess. I cannot say what happened to other boys but I feel sure it is true, that like me, they were received very graciously by their hostesses.

### *Broken Alibi*

[Short story by G. A. Thomas].

TONI Scapelli sat in the driving seat of the big Mercedes, smoking a cigarette. He wished that Joe wouldn't be so long; still, Joe was the best safe-buster in New York, and it didn't do to hurry him. Suddenly he stiffened. He heard a dull crack from inside the bank. Surely Joe hadn't croaked the watchman? He'd told Joe he didn't want any killings, for he'd once seen a man go to the chair, and he had no intention of finishing there himself.

Then Joe dashed out of the bank, flung open the door of the Mercedes, and jumped in. Toni let in the clutch, and the black coupé slid away from the curb with a murmur.

"Did I hear a shot," inquired Toni anxiously.

"Well, yeah," replied Joe, "but it weren't nothing. The Janitor turned up at the wrong moment, just as I was opening the safe. Well, I ask you, what could a fellow do? I only put one slug into him. He'll be O.K. tomorrow."

"Sure you didn't croak him?" asked Toni.

"Sure I didn't," said Joe, looking out of the window.

Toni heaved a sigh of relief.

"Have you got the stuff there?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Joe, "right here in this case. Head out of town so we can split it."



"O.K.," replied Toni, and soon the big car had left New York behind and was heading for the country. At last Toni turned the car into a dark lane and stopped the engine.

"We can split the dough here," said Toni, "but I think that rear off-side tyre is flat. I'll get the jack while you have a squint at it."

Joe walked round to look at the tyre, while Toni went to the tools in the car. Then he too walked round to the off-side tyre, but not with the jack. He carried a heavy spanner.

"It looks O.K. to me," said Joe, straightening up. "I . . . . ." His words were cut off by a dull thud, and, with a look of surprise on his face, he slumped to the ground. Toni looked at the now bloody spanner, and laughed softly. Joe had been stupid enough to think that a share of the dough was for him. Silly fellow. Now he was dead. Toni suddenly wanted to laugh. He, who had told Joe not to kill anyone, had himself murdered Joe. Still, killing a janitor was different from killing a fellow criminal. If Joe had killed the janitor, his body would soon be found, but Joe's body could remain there for months.

So thought Toni as he threw Joe's corpse into a clump of bushes by the roadside. Then he got into his car, and quietly drove away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next morning at about eleven o'clock, Toni was walking cheerfully down 33rd Street. Why shouldn't he be cheerful. He had a few thousand dollars in his flat at home—the proceeds of last night's work, and . . .

Here he stopped thinking, for two brawny gentlemen took hold of his arms and propelled him gently but forcibly towards 17th Precinct Headquarters. Nor did they let go until Toni was sitting in front of Commissioner Silver.

"Well," said Silver, I suppose you've got an alibi for last night?"

As a matter of fact, Toni had. For three hundred dollars, Signor Sinolia, a restaurant owner, had been willing to say anything to the police, so Toni replied:

"Sure, I was with Signor Sinolia all last night. He'll tell you so if you ask him."

"Yeah, I know all about that. Wait till we grill him, then we'll see where your alibi goes to. You see, we've roped you in for murder."

The room suddenly swam before Toni's eyes. They couldn't have found Joe's body already. They couldn't have. He suddenly realised that Silver was speaking to him again.



"Yeah, you see the janitor at the Consolidated Bank in North 43rd Street was found dead this morning. He'd been killed during the night. Perhaps you know something about it, for I don't think much of that alibi of yours."

Well, it was O.K. in that case thought Toni. He'd told Joe to be careful, and now . . . .

Then he remembered a clump of bushes by the side of a little-used lane, and in that clump of bushes was . . . .

Toni suddenly began to laugh. It was damn funny. He'd killed Joe, and now . . . Of course, he could plead that he had killed Joe in self-defence, but, with his record, no one would believe him, least of all the jury.

He could see now that it was very funny. Well, why didn't he laugh? You fool, he was laughing. Peal after peal of mad laughter rang round the little room. The two detectives had to carry him away, laughing.

\* \* \* \* \*

He was still laughing when he was convicted of murder—the murder of the janitor!

### *In Oswestry*

I have often wanted to write to the Editor of the *Visor*, and tell him what piffle he publishes, particularly under the heading *Varia*. But I have always been afraid he would tell me to do it better myself, or, being a prefect, catch me out in some trivial crime, and give me to write out a thousand times

*A school gets the magazine it deserves.*

which, though likely to be true, seems hardly worth repeating so often. Evacuation, however, has perhaps loosened a little the reins of prefectorial authority; the strong air that blows across the Race Course has quickened my pulse; I am going to risk it, send in my attempt, and call it

### V A C U A

Evacuation was an experiment, and those who tried it on us are still recovering from some of the results they did not foresee. But the people who did the work were a splendid team, and must be honourably mentioned.

Full marks in our case go to the Great Western Railway. Our train with over 600 passengers left Woodside one minute late at 3.6 that Sunday afternoon. Its first stop was at Oswestry at 4.17, three minutes ahead of schedule.



The voluntary helpers in Oswestry did a wonderful job of work. From the moment we left the railway station, beyond which our own leaders seemed to have no instructions to proceed, they took us confidently in hand. They guarded us, guided us, and fed us, and then found us all homes within two or three hours of our arrival.

---

A few months ago inspired articles in the papers were gurgling with delight over the success of the scheme, and the ministries responsible were congratulating themselves on the perfection of their arrangements. These voices are now silent. Why? Because with all respect the smooth working of the machinery in those early days was due not to Whitehall but the weather; and wheels which run smoothly in dry September are apt to clog in the fogs and damps of December.

---

Few of us will forget those first seven weeks of almost flawless sunshine—the walks and excursions over hill and dale, the afternoons in the fields, the fruit-picking, the glory of Shropshire trees, and the wealth of conkers.

---

And then there was

• Cae Glas

Where we formed up by sections on the grass;

And then fell out, and formed up again

In the rain.

---

But that was a solitary exception, and the sun kept us warm and cheerful for many a long day. The loveliness of autumn was a revelation, and there will be some disappointment if we are not here long enough to see what Candy Woods and Morda Brook look like in Spring.

---

And that reminds us somehow of holidays; which reminds us that our weekly Wednesday has become Thursday. Official circles decline to comment on the change, but researches conducted on the spot by VIb. have shown that in ancient times the local worshippers of Thor kept his day, the seventh in their week, as a sabbath or rest day, a custom which survives in the closing of shops on Thursday afternoons. The observance of Thursday by the School, they say, is a compliment to a local tradition.



Others, scoffing, admit the connection with early closing day, but attribute it to an economy drive by the staff, aimed at removing the temptation to spend extravagantly on Thursday afternoon—almost the only time the goods in the shops are visible to them.

A cynical few, whose opinion has only to be mentioned to be rejected, hold that the change from Wednesday has been made to prevent the chance inclusion of the ovine, bovine, and porcine among us in the pens of the Smithfield, with consequent slaughter and further reduction of our numbers. They quote the rule placing the cattle-market out of bounds in confirmation of their theory.

By the way,

The staff's week-end leave's as per rota.

It travels in each other's motor.

They "pool" their resources

Of ten and twelve horses,

And everyone gets his fair quota.

Christmas is in the air. At the time of writing, Christmas holidays seem likely to remain there—officially, at least. The Board of Education, they say, has issued some jolly circulars, which naturally refer to the matter in a roundabout way. Remarks heard nearer Oswestry have been much more to the point, and may prove nearer the truth.

*Recipe:* Take as many boys as you can get, put them in the smallest possible enclosed space in the least possible time. If done in cinemas this is called concentration, and is not recommended; if in schools, Air Raid Drill, and makes a first rate galimafrée. Time: 51 seconds or more. Cost: Nothing (With acknowledgements to official sources).

#### TO MY HOSTESS:

*Please* Knock me up at early morn.

Mend my blazer when it's torn.

Wash me when I'm looking dirty.

See I'm in by seven-thirty!

*Thank you*

For helping a lad with his homework,

And taking his boots to be soled,

And doing a hundred and one things

He'll never forget when he's old.



### *Library Notes*

THIS year for the first time in the history of the School, the Upper VI. have quitted their time-honoured abode in the the Library of the Birkenhead Institute, and, with the rest of the School, have taken up residence in the Oswestry Boys' High School. The tradition that the Upper VI. should always occupy the Library has thus been broken, and we mourn our loss in a strange land.

With the great exodus has also occurred a further split in our ranks, the Science and Literary sets now occupying separate formrooms. The "Lits.," after much wandering, have settled down in the Biology Lab., to their great disgust, but the Science set are now happily installed in the Chemmy. Lab., where ardent first year students can, to their heart's content, mix the contents of the various bottles, so conveniently placed.

We seem to be divided into two schools of thought, those who lay the stress on work, manfully struggling through their Latin Dogmas and Mathematical Treatises, and those who concentrate on cork-throwing and air-raid effects. Judging by the weird howls and shrieks that penetrate the screen separating the two form rooms in the main building, the latter party seem to be in power at present.

It has also been observed that Tarpeius Secundus, one of the greater Torpor or Tarpaulin species, has attained the height of Tarpaulin mentality and now graces the form with his presence. Another member of the form has been informed by one in high authority that he possesses a kink. This has caused considerable amusement, especially to the member in question.

Here in Oswestry it is even more noticeable that in Practical chemistry one's experiment is never completed, while in practical physics it is never started, a state of affairs which has resulted in many caustic remarks from the First Year.

The Second and Third Year Lits. would have it recorded that they possess a "bike." They all (both of them) take turns to ride to school on the velocipede.

Another strange fact has been brought to light. Some members have lately been attending Spiritualist meetings at the week-ends. Indeed, one has actually received a "message." Perhaps this accounts for the high spirits of the form at the beginning of the week.

K.I.C.V.



## Form Notes

### Vla.

THIS is Vla. greeting you from Oswestry At least our name is Vla., but we're really the old Vla. and VIs. combined. Even we are affected by war economy.

We have among us several budding airmen, who will give the speeds of anything with two wings and wheels. For these people, Bibby has written a history of the Royal Air Force.

### THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.

The Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service were the two original bodies which formed the Air Service of this Country in 1914, and in that year consisted of about one hundred miscellaneous aircraft.

When war broke out, serious production began, and the two services grew rapidly. In 1918 they were amalgamated to form the Royal Air Force. When the Armistice was signed, the R.A.F. consisted of over two hundred squadrons, with three thousand first-line aircraft and a personnel of eighty thousand.

Unfortunately, the Royal Air Force was regarded as useless after the war, and was reduced so drastically that in 1922, when it reached its lowest level, there were only three hundred and fifty obsolete 'planes left.

However, Germany and Italy then began to build great air forces, and the British Government was forced to enlarge our own. They embarked on various expansion schemes, until, in 1938, they announced that the personnel exceeded one hundred thousand, and that first-line strength of three thousand aircraft was being aimed at. These figures have considerably increased since.

Naturally the most important event of the term was the evacuation and Edge has composed a ditty on the subject:—

### EVACUATION.

Evacuation is a scheme  
For the safety of the nation,  
In which light-hearted evacuees  
Were marched down to the station.  
Upon the train they sang and shouted,  
To show that Hitler was as good as routed.



But, when they arrived at their destination,  
 They stood for hours upon the station.  
 And, on arriving at the school,  
 They had to stand in a muddy pool,  
 When in the end they received their ration,  
 They were again put in formation,  
 And off to a local Hall they sped,  
 To be allotted to houses where they might be fed.  
 Now they go to school day after day,  
 And indoors in the evenings they have to stay.

Alas! We mourn our departed. McIntosh and Campbell, affectionately known as "Mac" and "Slip," have left to join the ranks of those who work! Also, "Al" Parry (Vib.), and "Tom" Ferguson have gone. Hewitt mourns them in this ballad.

'Mac' and 'Slip,' the musical pair,  
 Came with us to Oswestry to take the air;  
 But the air didn't suit this lanky crew,  
 So they've gone home to work! (No, not at the zoo).

'Tom' and 'Al' have done the same,  
 The demented chaps are not quite sane.  
 They've gone home to work, without a job,  
 So what are they going to do now? Rob.

Still, they are the ones with a little sense,  
 And we are the ones that are really dense.  
 Father Christmas goes everywhere, including the zoo,  
 But I wonder if he'll come to this place too?

(Note: We now mourn the loss of Hewitt. Ed.)

Finally, no form notes would be complete without the eternal limerick, so, keeping up the old tradition, here is one. D. H. Jones is responsible.

There is a young fellow named Sparrow,  
 Has a bike which he calls 'Golden Arrow,'  
     But, strange to relate,  
     It is only a gate,  
 Some string, and the wheel from a barrow!



## Vib.

FROM the cold and darkness we poor suffering inhabitants of the potato-shed come once more to annoy you with our feeble literary efforts. We have reformed, having had very few detentions during this term, and can boast that we are the smallest form in the Senior School, with only seven members. We numbered twelve originally but, sad to say, five could not stand the cold and damp of our abode and have left us. Thus we have not enough men for a rugger team and so have no sporting activities to record.

Some of us are interested in model aeroplanes. Ashworth has constructed a model having a wing-span of three feet. Turtle and Little have also made similar models.

History tells us that the " potato-shed " received its name in a peculiar way. It appears that one day a certain master entered the shed and saw Vib. sitting there frozen with cold and suffocated with the fumes from a smoky oil-stove. He remarked that they looked like a lot of potatoes, and hence the shed has always been called the potato-shed since that day.

More of the precious room in the shed has been taken up by the addition of five ancient, hefty benches. Litchfield is reputed to have a scheme for making a secret passage under them, but up to now he has done nothing about it.

In spite of the dismal surroundings Vib. seem to be pretty lively. There is a rumour that the table is used for purposes best left unspecified, and the blackboard is continually falling down because the pegs belonging to it keep " getting lost."

Hartley describes the shed in a little poetic effort :—

## THE POTATO-SHED.

There is a shed where Vib. stay,  
With a stove to chase the cold away,  
Near the football field where the thirds do play  
—'Tis the Potato-Shed.

There is a shed that's dark and wet,  
And poor Vib. are in it yet;  
They live in hope—a new place to get,  
—'Tis the Potato-Shed.

Being unable to write any more because of freezing hands and lack of light in our dark retreat, we inmates of " Britain's darkest classroom " finish, but only to return in the next *Visor* to give you our news again.



**Remove a.****CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.**

Despite Old Hitler and his war,  
Christmas will be here,  
With presents, fun and Christmas cards  
Bringing us good cheer.

We go to sleep the night before  
(That is Christmas Eve),  
And when we wake up, in the morn  
Presents we receive.

For Father there are cigarettes,  
Handkerchiefs for mother,  
While sister gets a lovely doll  
From her little brother.

Her little brother gets some chocs,  
He also gets a kite,  
The weather's very windy, so  
The kite will fly all right.

At evening when the sun has set,  
All sit around the fire,  
While father smokes his cigarettes,  
And grandpa smokes his briar.

And then at last when day is done,  
Ma says, "Goodnight, dear!"  
We all go off to bed, and lie  
Waiting for New Year.

The above is due to Posnett. We in Remove a. have, after quite a lot of billet-hopping, settled down under the new conditions. Work (? Ed.) is now progressing as in Birkenhead, but we are all looking forward to Christmas. Rice has left us for good, and there seems to be a lot more room as a result. We have two members of the form in the School XV's.

Finally, here is a description, by Moore, of

**A THRILLING MOMENT.**

It was a thrilling moment when I stood on the top of one of the huge funnels of the *Mauretania* and looked around me. From my high and dizzy perch I could see the whole white-



painted ship from stem to stern. Inside the funnel leading from the engine-room were four separate funnels, up which pass the exhaust gases. At one side of the funnel was a platform which could be raised to allow cool air to blow away soot which might collect there. On the outside there were four steel cables steadying the funnel and keeping it in position. After one more look at this mighty ship I descended from my unusual view-point to the deck.

### Remove b.

**R**EMOVE b. calling! Remove b. calling! Here is our news in English. Even though we are the second smallest form we are not forgotten.

Brooks, our games captain, has played for the 3rd., 2nd., and 1st XV.'s this season.

Why, we are so good that Mr. Lewis will not allow two of our boys to run more than ten yards with the ball; they used to score every time they received it! Next here is an article by Campbell, who hopes to join the police force some day. It is entitled:—

### CRIME IN THE BLACK-OUT.

The black-out, an admirable and essential scheme for the protection of our towns against air raids, does not protect the jeweller, shopkeeper, or the general public from thieves. It is so easy for a smash and grab raider to commit a crime.

It is so easy, because after the brick has been thrown, and the valuable jewellery stolen, the thief can easily escape into the black streets, with little fear of his car being recognised and stopped. People who see the crime committed are unable to see the registration number of the car, or recognise the thief at an identification parade.

The black-out also aids the bag-snatcher and pick-pocket, who, if noticed can quickly slip away and become lost in the darkness, before the victim has time to shout for assistance.

Dangerous drivers are also covering up their dangerous driving by claiming that the pedestrian could not be seen, or had suddenly appeared right in front of the car. The only way to stop these crimes is to punish the culprits who are caught so severely that others will see that crime does not pay.

After that we know what to expect when Campbell realizes his ambition. Our form master, Mr. Jones, made us promise to take him out to tea when we arrived at Oswestry;



that promise has not been kept, we are of the opinion that it is he who should take us out. To return to our literary efforts, here is a limerick by Osborne :—

Herr Hitler decided one day,  
A debt to old England he'd pay,  
But he met one called Neville,  
Who frowned like the devil,  
And frightened poor Adolf away.

# V.

THIS is the amalgamated fifth bringing you items of topical interest (we hope). To start with here are two descriptions of Birkenhead, one in verse (?) by Pryde.

Barrage balloons,  
And A.A. guns,  
Sound locators,  
But no bloomin' Huns.

Next, here is Heaps's version of " Birkenhead in War Time." —

On paying a first visit to Birkenhead since the outbreak of war, one finds great changes have taken place. Nearly everything is painted black and white. The balloon barrage has been greatly strengthened, and there is a general war atmosphere. An anti-aircraft battery is stationed on the new promenade at a famous seaside resort, and the guns of the local battery are always uncovered, and the crews on the look-out.

There are many of H.M. Forces in the district, including members of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. The pillar boxes are painted a greenish colour on top to detect gas. All houses that can have an A.R.P. shelter possess one of brick or steel. In B . . w . . h Street and streets running parallel, shelters have been erected in the middle of the street.

One of our members, Bolton, has been taken to hospital with a poisoned leg; we wish him a speedy recovery.

Next comes the " Maiden Voyage of the *Mauretania* " by T. E. Jones.

On the 27th of July, 1939, the R.M.S. *Mauretania* lay moored at the Princes Landing Stage. As the time passed, one could see, with the aid of binoculars, that all was bustle on the great ship. From Gladstone Dock came four powerful tugs, which placed themselves two at the bows and two at the stern, and were thrown hawsers. Then, at precisely 6-30 p.m. the great liner began to move. As the tugs slowly dragged



her towards mid-river, she swung to face the open sea. Then under her own power she moved gracefully down the river, the smaller craft acknowledging her with blasts on their hooters. As she slowly disappeared over the horizon, the crowds lining both banks burst into cheers.

Most of the jokes submitted concerned a certain small boy, his hostess, and bread and cheese. We have reason to believe these were not original. The form has shown its originality in eating fish and chips with its morning milk at the Memorial Hall.

Well, all good things must come to an end, so here is our last contribution, an interesting article by Baker:—

As most of you know, an Air-Raid Warden's Post has been erected in the corner of our dearly beloved playing-field. To man the post twenty men are needed, each man being on duty one night in four. On the other three nights the warden meets his friends at our pavilion which has been transformed into a club. The first team's home dressing-room has become the card-room. In the hall there is a table-tennis table and in the other dressing rooms are darts and billiards. No gambling is allowed and no drinking, except water from the canteen tap. Those who served in the canteen will be surprised to hear that the gas jet in the corner is being constantly used for making tea, which is served by lady helpers at id. per cup.

The other post in Whetstone Lane has the same arrangements in the house opposite. The wardens there have challenged "the Pavilion Club" (as they call themselves) to a darts, table-tennis, and billiards match. I happen to know all this, as my father is a member of the Pavilion Club.

#### IVa.

THE form has at last settled down to a normal routine after a reckless period since September the third. Our numbers have decreased a little, four boys having returned to Birkenhead. Football has not been a strong point, the team (although lacking support), having won one game against IVb. Ware has been appointed Rugby Captain with Gilliland as vice-captain. Numerous detentions have been handed out by various masters, W-ll--ms, B-ll, and M-xl-y heading the list.

Ware relates his adventures with a shooting party:—

One afternoon in October, my foster-parent and I went with a shooting party to a neighbouring farm. I was told to



go on the other side of one of the beaters who spread out across a field with two guns on the outside and one in the centre. As you approach, the birds rise out of the grass and are consequently shot at. When the men know that they have hit a bird, one of the dogs with them is told to go and fetch it; the bird is usually brought back. In most fields we had to work up and down two or three times, and clumps of bushes were thoroughly beaten. It was my task, in common with the other beaters, to carry any game that was shot. Altogether, thirty-two pheasants, six partridge, and sixteen rabbits were obtained by this party in eight hours.

And here apparently the IVa. notes end, most of this form's contributions having been histories of Oswestry, "cogged" from various local sources.—Ed.

#### IVb.

**T**HIS is IVb. calling from "somewhere in Oswestry." This term in spite of the new conditions we have produced a fairly good rugby team. Our Captain is Nugent—our captain last year in form IIIa. He has led us to victory in all our matches except one, whilst our crack scorer is Lane. The defeat happened on November 20th, when we played IVa. We won the first half, but Peters, whom we lent to IVa., caused us much trouble in the second half, and so we were vanquished.

Our numbers are gradually dwindling, for many of our members have returned to Birkenhead, so that we now number only seventeen. We have been having morning lessons in the Memorial Hall. Perhaps this accounts for the interest shown by certain members in the adjacent Smithfield Market. James writes:—

#### THE OSWESTRY SMITHFIELD MARKET.

The Oswestry Smithfield Market is one of the largest markets in Shropshire. Farmers from all over Shropshire and Wales bring cows, sheep and pigs to the market in lorries. It is held on a Wednesday, and in the sheep season on Friday as well. In the market there are hundreds of pens for the different animals. There is a lot of noise, and when the pigs arrive they need careful handling. Not only is the Smithfield open on Wednesdays, but also the two produce markets at the Cross and on the Bailey Head. In summer there are trips from different parts of England to Oswestry to see the cattle-market. At two o'clock the market begins to empty, because people have finished buying and selling. On Thursdays men clean out the market all the morning.



One gloomy member writes about the evils of evacuation, and all the inconveniences he suffered. Let us respectfully remind him that we all suffered those small inconveniences ourselves, but we have not grumbled.

Scott, the humorist, attempts to raise our spirits with this ditty:—

Mary had a little lamb,  
Her father killed it dead.  
And now it goes to school with her  
Between two chunks of bread.

Lane has been spying around Park Hall Camp—we hope he does not get arrested as a spy. This is his report:—

A fortnight ago I went to the Park Hall Camp for the afternoon. As soon as I got there I asked for a Bombardier. It took me quite a time to find him. He took me to an anti-aircraft gun and let me turn the handle for the gun to move up. He turned the handle to make it go round. He also told me how parts of it worked, and that eleven men work on each gun. He then took me to have tea with the soldiers. We had a big mug with tea in it, and two pieces of bread with butter and jam. This was followed by a rock cake.

To conclude, Hassel tells us of the taming of IVb.:—

There was a form, 'twas called IVb.;  
And they behaved so naughtily,  
Until a Master bought a cane,  
And then they had some dreadful pain.

That is all for this term, but we will bob up again next term with our feeble efforts.

### IIIa.

**T**HERE have not been many interesting events in the history of IIIa. this term, but there have been a few funny ones. For example, Evans was asked what *c a t s* meant, and found that Algebra was very different from real life. He has since been known as Cats Evans. W-l-sh-r is still the funniest boy in the form, but G-rr-tt beats him in pulling faces. Among those who show promise in rugby, T-rn-u-l is easily the best; he is also the best runner.

Hearing that the first evacuated *Visor* was to be smaller than usual, we decided that this should not be for lack of contributions, and sent in enough to fill the whole magazine. A list of titles will show their variety: we have descriptions of:—



My visit to France by Walker.

A day in the life of a Scottish Farmer, and A midnight adventure by Harris.

Canary Nesting by Jackson.

An adventurous walk by Smith.

My return journey from Broadstairs by Edwards.

Garrett tells how he milked a cow; rabbiting expeditions are related by Evans and Lambert; accounts of Park Hall Camp (censored), St. Oswald's Well, Chirk Castle, and the Old Toll Gates (mostly to be read elsewhere) provide local colour from the pens of Lambert, and one or two unnamed authors. Wheeler gives detailed instructions for making a toboggan, and, for those not interested in toboggans, practical hints on installing a telephone. Unfortunately there is no room for all these, or for the riddles, verses, and 'jokes' which have been 'lifted' with little alteration from other magazines.

Osborne tells of a trip to

#### ST. MALO.

One lovely morning last summer, I sighted St. Malo for the first time. It was 6 a.m., and we had a hard time to race the tide. Anyway, we passed through the electric locks, on to the quayside, and then through the passport and customs offices.

When we had finished with all this, we had a look at the Paris train and its small locomotive. Then we took a taxi up some very narrow streets with blind corners, till we reached our small hotel, where we met a man from Liverpool.

After a breakfast of rolls, butter, and coffee, we explored the town, which is very quaint, and has walls all round it. At night you can sit down on a chair and watch pictures at any of three places, wet or fine, in the open air. This entertainment is quite free, but is, of course, in French. There is a very enjoyable ride in a small motor boat across the River Ranche to Dinard. Another trip is to Mont St. Michel, where there is a marvellous monastery, which is completely surrounded by water when the tide is up. Its tower stands 400 ft. above sea level. Some stone pillars in the vaults date from as far back as 1300 A.D. It has also withstood sea attacks by the British Fleet of long ago.

At Dinan, there is a church which has stained glass windows that must beat any English church windows. After a



very enjoyable holiday of ten days our ticket expired and so we had to return home.

Smith bursts into tears with :—

#### A SCHOOLBOY'S LAMENT.

I wake up on Monday morning,  
And off to School I go,  
Going to face a day of strife,  
While my heart is full of woe.

At night-time back I come ;  
Oh, what a great relief,  
But it's all the same to everyone,  
For play is, oh, so brief.

Up on a mountain high  
That's just the place for me,  
There, there's no school for me, all day  
That's where I'd like to be.

Munro is fated to return to his native place :—

#### WHERE I WAS BORN.

I was born in Oswestry. I lived here for some time before I went to Birkenhead. I came back here for a year, and had only been in Birkenhead for a year, before I was evacuated here. I was very surprised to learn that we were going to my birthplace. I have fine times now building dams in the streams around here.

He hopes one day to be in control of Liverpool Waterworks.

The following article by Randles has been censored, not by the War Office, but because, like the B.B.C., we carry no advertising matter.

#### STAMP COLLECTING HINTS.

I will start off by telling you some of the world's most popular printed albums. The first that I draw your attention to are the ——— Stamp Albums. They are fine large albums holding 14,500 stamps. The album is alphabetically arranged so that there is no difficulty in finding the different places. The prices of the ——— Albums are 5s., 6s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.

The ——— Albums are on the same basis as the ——— range. The only difference is that the ——— is interleaved to prevent stamps rubbing, and has an identification dictionary and eight maps. The prices are 12s. 6d. and 15s. The



12s. 6d. one has grained cloth with title and gold ornament. The 15s. one is the same as above only it is half bound in leather.

I now draw your attention to the loose-leaf albums. In time to come you might find that you are particularly interested in the stamps of certain countries or else in certain groups of stamps such as those showing animals and scenes. If you begin collecting these groups you will soon find that you have more than you can put in a printed album. A loose leaf album gives you absolute freedom to arrange your stamps as you like. The prices vary.

USEFUL HINTS. The Watermark Tile costs 6d. Indispensable for spotting difficult watermarks with the help of a little benzine.

TWEEZERS. By using tweezers for handling stamps you avoid damage and keep your collection in the finest condition.

DUPLICATE BOOKS. Handy books with strips to hold loose stamps safely till they can be exchanged or transferred to the album.

MAGNIFYING GLASSES. There is nothing like a good magnifying glass for examining stamp details or showing interesting features of the design. The block magnifier and paperweight combined is particularly recommended by stamp dealers.

The best account of St. Oswald's Well is by Turnbull, as follows:—

One day St. Oswald was sitting at dinner on the holy day of Easter with Bishop Aidan, whom St. Oswald had brought from Scotland, when a dish of dainties and bread was set before him. As they were about to bless the bread, a servant came bursting in saying that a multitude of people were sitting in the street begging for alms. So St. Oswald ordered the dainties to be distributed among the poor, and the silver plate to be cut into small pieces and distributed to the poor. Thereupon the Bishop said, "May thy right arm never wither." It is said that his right arm remains until this day. When St. Oswald was killed in a battle near Oswestry, an eagle took his right arm and the eagle perished. On the spot where the arm fell a stream of water gushed up, and to this day is called St. Oswald's Well. St. Oswald was King of Northumbria, and he was fighting against the King of Mercia. At the back of St. Oswald's Well there is a sculptured head of St. Oswald which is very well worn. The water of St. Os-



wald's Well has medicinal properties which are supposed to cure any eye trouble. A new front was built by the Corporation of Oswestry in 1910.

### IIIb.

**M**AY we introduce ourselves? We are the new IIIb., who have begun our new life under circumstances unique in the history of the School. Judging by the *Visor* articles forwarded, almost everybody seems to have forgotten the daily occurrences of school life, and so there are none of the usual stories of amusing classroom incidents to be told.

We are fast learning the tricks of the trade, e.g. "cogging." This is evident from the fact that most of the articles are either about the Racecourse or Chirk Castle. Thus our first contribution to the *Visor* is—you would never guess—"A Visit to Chirk Castle" by G. Foxcroft.

One day, the Headmaster arranged an outing to Chirk Castle for the boys. In the afternoon, all of those who were going met outside the railway station, where the buses were to meet them, and after five minutes the buses appeared.

Fifteen minutes later we came to a halt just inside Chirk, where we waited for the third bus to arrive. When we had formed two ranks, we marched for about a mile under the leadership of Mr. Profit, the Deputy Mayor of Oswestry.

After this walk, we saw before us the historic gates of Chirk Castle. On passing the gates, we had a walk of about two miles before us. On the drawbridge of the Castle, on every drainpipe, and on the battlements were engraved hands, because of two brothers who fought each other. During the fight, one of the brothers had his hand cut off, and he threw in into the courtyard.

On entering, the Upper VI. were allowed to go through the whole castle, while the others went down into the dungeons.

We then went back to Oswestry after a very enjoyable outing.

The form appears to be divided over the gates of Chirk Castle and the meaning of the hand. You have read Foxcroft's theory; here are three more:

1. Above the gate, there was a hand. A lady was supposed to have thrown her hand at the gate and cursed it.
2. And on the gate of the castle is a hand, by which the gate is supposed to be cursed. An ancestor ran a race



with his brother, the winner inheriting the estate. While running, the first brother fell, breaking his wrist, and so, cutting off his hand, he threw it at the gate, thus winning the castle and grounds.

3. There is supposed to be a curse on the Castle. One legend says that a man and a women were quarrelling, and the women cut off her hand and cursed the Castle. She then threw her hand at the gate.

Now we come to an article by Broadfoot, who finds life in Oswestry very different from that in Birkenhead:—

#### HOW OSWESTRY DIFFERS FROM BIRKENHEAD.

This term, the School finds itself in a different town with different happenings. Every Wednesday, the farmers and other people who own cattle come from places around Oswestry to sell their cows, sheep, pigs, and other animals or to buy them. There are no cattle markets in Birkenhead; thus it is unusual to see a flock of sheep, driven by a farmer and his dog suddenly come round the corner.

Another difference is the fact that there are very few buses in Oswestry, except on a Wednesday, and, even then, there are not nearly as many as in Birkenhead.

In the morning, School starts at nine o'clock and ends at half-past twelve, the hours in the afternoon being from two o'clock to a quarter-past four, just as in Birkenhead. As I am new to the school, I do not yet know much about the traditions and customs.

I am in the house of a very nice lady, and I like it very much. I am living with a boy from the Oswestry Boys' High School, and we have a lot of fun together. He is five years older than I am, but it does not make any difference.

We have now been in Oswestry for thirteen weeks, and are beginning to know our way about the town. I like Oswestry very much, and when the time comes to leave I shall be very sorry, even though I long for home.

Now we turn to the differences between "The Old School and the New" as seen from Simon's point of view.

I, and the other boys at Cloughton Higher Grade, used to dislike school. The lessons were what we disliked, and not the masters. Every day, we would go to school, have roll call, and then the lessons would start.



First comes Arithmetic, lasting an hour, and then break. Next came a short Geography lesson, followed by History or English, and, now and again, we would have woodwork or Geometry. By the end of morning school we were very bored, which was not helped by knowing that we had to come back in the afternoon.

There was, however, one day to which everyone looked forward, and that day was Wednesday, for the last lesson in the afternoon, which everybody liked, was our games lesson.

I have learnt more things in ten weeks at the Institute than I did in a year at the old school. There are at least five new subjects (Physics, Chemistry, Algebra, Biology, French), that I had never heard of before.

My father, mother, aunt, and I say that the Birkenhead Institute is the best school that has ever been founded in Birkenhead.

The Staff must be feeling very pleased with themselves; why, the last sentence alone ought to double the number of scholars attending the School.

Here is the regional station IIIb. broadcasting from the temporary (I hope so. Ed.) transmitting B.I. station at Oswestry. Those who have missed this broadcast will have to dry their tears and wait for the Easter Broadcast. Au revoir! That's French for "So long, chums."

### *Treasure Hunters*

JOHN and Margaret were rooting around the old barn, when John happened to touch a loose brick. All of a sudden a tiny panel swung out and revealed a roll of parchment. John at once took the parchment and opened it. It showed an island on off the coast of South Africa. John showed the map to his Dad, who examined it carefully.

John now tells the story:—

"In a week's time we were on a steamer heading for South Africa. It was a long journey, and it took time as well. When we reached Africa we started off from the mainland in a hired boat. It took an hour at least. At last the island came into view, and tiny it was—about three miles across and two miles long. We had some trouble with the natives. Dad, Margaret, and I trudged up a grassy slope, following the map



carefully. The map showed a cave, but although we hunted high and low we found no cave. My sister, who was rooting around, found the cave, screened by a bush. We entered in, and walked for a mile or so till we saw a light. An American had the chest out of a gaping hole. He told us to beat it, but we watched him. He forced the lid open, and then there was a click, then a scream and a gurgle. An arrow had pierced his throat. Then we saw how he was killed, a kind of catapult arrangement loaded with the arrow. When the box was opened, this released the arrow. It was a death trap for anyone. In the chest were golden bars, bars of silver, coins, silks, and other valuables, and so we were rich for life. We returned home safely, and have a big house now. We found out later that the old barn was an old cottage owned by the American.

MAXWELL ROBERTS, Form II.

### *Rugby Football*

**T**HIS term the School has managed to produce a reasonably good team despite numerous difficulties due to evacuation. Since the Oswestry schools do not play rugby, we were obliged to hold practice and house games on a soccer pitch, kindly loaned by the Oswestry Grammar School.

In the 1st XV. there were originally four of last year's team, of whom one has now left. Three away matches have been played, the results of which are appended below. There have also been a number of house matches.

In the first match against Grove Park, our forwards were overwhelmed by the superior weight of our opponents. The score, however, was kept down to 9 pts. by the excellent tackling of our backs.

In the Ruabon game, the whole team combined well together, and we won by 18 pts. to 6 pts. V. Roberts (2), Pearson, and Clarke scored tries.

At Shrewsbury we played in a downpour of rain. Our three-quarters had little chance to show their ability because of the slippery ball, and our forwards tried hard against the heavier Priory scrum. The match ended in a draw.

The 2nd XV. were well beaten in their match at Wrexham, but at Shrewsbury, when, owing to lack of players, we were obliged to play several of our 1st XV., the score was 31 pts. to nil in our favour.



RESULTS.		1st XV.			2nd XV.	
		F.	A.		F.	A.
v. Grove Park, Wrexham	L	0	9	L	0	35
v. Ruabon Grammar .....	W	18	6			
v. Priory Sch., Shrewsbury	D	3	3	W	31	0
Under 15 match.						
v. Priory School. Lost. 3 pts. for, 39 pts. against.						
House Matches.		A.	S.	T.	W.	
A. v. W. ....	9	—	—	—	22	
S. v. T. ....	—	23	0	—	—	
A. v. T. ....	33	—	10	—	—	
S. v. W. ....	—	6	—	—	25	
A. v. S. ....	23	8	—	—	—	
T. v. W. ....	—	—	10	—	29	

## OLD BOYS' SECTION

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

THE Secretary of the Old Boys' Football Club writes:—

With regard to Club affairs, I am afraid that I have nothing to report, as our playing activities have been entirely suspended. On the first day of our season, the 1st XI. went to Port Sunlight Recreation Ground to fulfil their fixture, and found the Ground had been taken over by the Military Authorities. No games have been played by any of our teams, as all the Leagues in which we have previously played have "closed down," and although we have had many invitations to take part in "friendly" matches, it has been found impossible to arrange these with so many of our players and officials either "called up" or taking part in Civil Defence Work.

I fully expect that some of our players are now playing for other Clubs in friendly games, but I am afraid that I have no definite news of any of these, although according to the *Birkenhead Advertiser* the centre-forward of the Tranmere Rovers "B" team, King, is the King who previously played for our 1st XI.

From what I hear, the Rugby team is in the same position as ourselves. The Secretary of the Club, Eric Todd, who is in the A.A., is believed to be stationed at New Brighton. I have spoken to Hosker who tells me that they have played no games this season, and he says that the only item of note is the appointment of G. G. Wilson as Major in charge of an A.A. Battery.

I hope you have all settled down in your new quarters.

K.M.



Mr. J. S. Flinn writes :

" I am one of the very old boys of the Institute, and have been most interested in the Jubilee number of the *Visor*. I remember the photo group being taken, but cannot recollect the reason why I was not in the picture. Probably my father in those days refused to give me the money to purchase a copy. There is a query against No. 40—Bainbridge or Pennock. The likeness is definitely Bainbridge, or Daddy, as he was called."

Mr. Flinn believes he was the first boy to ride a cycle with pneumatic tyres to school. He mentions a number of ' tough boys ' who were his contemporaries. Suppressing their names, we merely record that " on one occasion a number played truant, got some knives and pistols, and went on a bush-ranging expedition to Heswall, but they fairly got a good flogging from Mr. Connacher when they were found and brought back."

Other members of the staff left their impression. " The two best liked masters in my time were Crofts and Gillies (Chemistry). I do not see the latter mentioned in the *Visor*. The two most disliked were T———, and J———, nicknamed Shirt on account of the short gown he wore. S——— was inclined to be sarcastic ; but Sergt. Mahoney was the best tempered man I ever met. The boys used to take advantage by pulling his leg every time we had drill, but he was never ruffled.

Wordsworth Davies taught me the piano, and I remember playing my party piece at the Prize Distribuion in the Town Hall—the only time I ever won a prize.

Mr. Flinn remembers his time at the Institute as the happiest of his boyhood. This may be partly explained by the following details he gives of one of the ' brave days of old.'

" The sports at the Park football ground also live in my memory, and I can see now the tables laden with food, the band of the Cheshires playing, the day fine and hot, and all the boys thoroughly enjoying themselves."

### *Old Boys' Successes*

Results of Liverpool University examinations held in November.

**Faculty of Science, Degree of M.Sc.**—T. W. Goodwin.

**Faculty of Medicine, Degree of M.B. and Ch.B., Final Examination, Part**

**I.**—W. W. Aslett (Distinction in Pharmacology and General Therapeutics).



