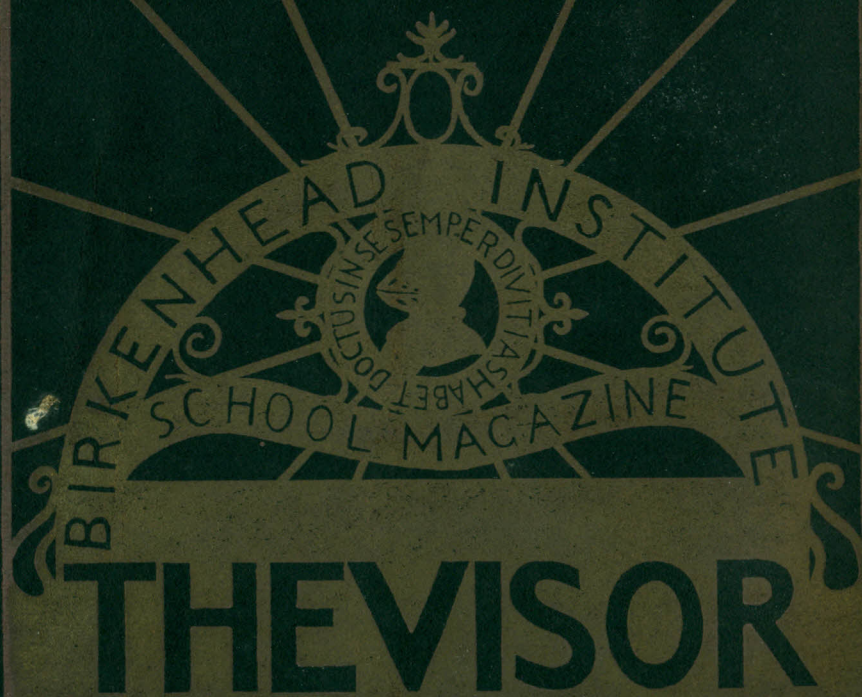


EASTER

1940



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VOL. XIII., No. I.

EASTER, 1940.

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Editorial

NOW that the *Visor* offices have been opened to the light once more, this number has been produced under more or less normal conditions. Last term's "evacuation" issue inevitably had a smaller circulation than usual, but now, with our courier service thirsting for deliveries and a fleet of bicycles at our disposal again, we are aiming at reaching our pre-war sales. This can be done only if the appearance of the magazine is given publicity, and we would appeal to all who read this issue to proclaim it, if not from the house-tops, at least in all the haunts, dens, and resorts of Old Boys.

To celebrate the home-coming the *Visor* has once more changed its coat, adopting a more sober design, as befits the gravity of the times. We hope that it will impart an added dignity to the magazine and prove more lasting than the recent 'yellow-jacket' experiment. With war-time lethargy paralysing much of the life of the School, society and sports notes and other gossip have been greatly reduced, the space set free being allotted to original articles. As much of the criticism levelled against Editors in the past has been that too much 'shop' is introduced, the change should be welcomed in some quarters.

At any rate, most of the features missing in the 'evacuation' number have been replaced, and, unlike our daily newspapers, we have so far withstood the paper-rationing. If we have to bow our heads to it in the future, readers may rest assured that all the value of the magazine will be condensed into the limited space available.

Salvete

J. N. DAVENPORT, D. DUCHARS, G. EMMAS, J. B. GOODWIN,
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Valete

ADVANCED.

TATE:—

Williams, G. (1934-1940), School Certificate (1939), Committee of Literary and Debating Society, Assistant Advertising Secretary to *Visor*.

STITT:—

Schofield, C. (1934-1940), School Certificate (1939), 1st XV.

WESTMINSTER:—

Clarke, L. F. (1934-1940), School Certificate (1939), Colours 1st XV., Colours 1st XI., Victor Ludorum, 1939, Captain of Boxing Club, Captain of Westminster House.

The Transit of Venus

THE HORROCKS TERCENTENARY LECTURE.

THE celebration of the tercentenary of Jeremiah Horrocks by the Liverpool Association of Learned Societies was an event of particular interest to us, for the lecturer chosen for this important occasion was Mr. W. H. Watts, who is not only late president of the Liverpool Astronomical Society, but also late senior science master at the Birkenhead Institute.

The name of Jeremiah Horrocks, said Mr. Watts, would be for ever linked with the greatest names in the history of science, yet few people knew anything about him; indeed, few citizens of his native place, Liverpool, had even heard of him.

The first part of the lecture consisted of a biography, illustrated by lantern slides showing buildings and places associated with Horrocks's name, and a reproduction of an old map, procured by Mr. J. E. Allison, showing the district of Otterspool where Horrocks was born in 1619.

Horrocks, at fourteen, went as a sizar to Cambridge, which means that, in addition to pursuing his studies, he had to perform various menial duties. He left Cambridge to become a curate at Hoole, near Preston, and it was here, in 1639, that he made the first recorded observation of the Transit of Venus, using a small telescope he had bought second-hand in Liverpool.

He returned to Liverpool to die at the early age of twenty-two, but into his short life he "crowded as much original work as would have filled and enriched the normal life of an ordinary individual." In spite of handicaps that would have crushed a weaker spirit, poverty, ill health, and a weakened constitution, he "snatched from the hands of unfriendly fortune a guerdon of immortal fame."

Mr. Watts explained how rarely the planet Venus passes directly between the Earth and the Sun. Only on five occasions has such a transit been observed, in 1639, 1761, 1874 and 1882. The next opportunity for making the observation, said Mr. Watts, would occur even later than the end of the present war, in 2004.

The observation derives its importance from the fact that it supplies data for the calculation of the distance from the Earth to the Sun. Mr. Watts, with the aid of a pole and a lantern slide showing the Sun's disc, demonstrated most skillfully how "parallax" is used to secure these data. But, as Mr. Watts said, "It needs the heart and mind of an astronomer to appreciate the thrill of emotion with which Horrocks caught sight, for the first time, of the round black dot on the extreme edge of the Sun, a dot that he knew to be the planet Venus." And no doubt his satisfaction was the greater because he alone had predicted that transit, although the great Kepler had said it would not occur.

Horrocks's work extended to other astronomical fields. He made extensive contributions to early knowledge of the irregularities or "perturbations" of the Moon, which make it so difficult to forecast with absolute accuracy the times of solar eclipses; and Newton acknowledged his indebtedness to Horrocks in his immortal book the *Principia*.

It was evident that Mr. Watts in his retirement had lost none of his cunning as a lecturer, nor any of his skill and ingenuity in making difficult scientific ideas clear to the lay mind. One was particularly impressed by his clear exposition of the spiral nature of the path of the Moon in space, during which he used a diagram actually sixty feet long.

The Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Alderman Sir Sidney Jones, presided, and made appreciative comments on the lecture. Messrs. Mansbridge and Butler, on behalf of the Association of Learned Societies, proposed a vote of thanks.

D.J.W.

Correspondence

THE COLLEGE,
CHESTER.

19th March, 1940.

To the Editor of the *Visor*.

Dear Sir,

I hasten to answer your appeal for another University Letter. Actually, it has taken me over a fortnight's "hastening." I have been kept rather busy with work. The war has necessitated my taking Finals rather sooner than I expected. Very shortly I shall be widening my continually growing experience by joining one of the branches of the Forces—the R.A.F. if possible, and looking at life from a new angle for a short time at least. Of course, my ultimate hope is to get on with the job of teaching.

Since the war began, College life has been modified to a considerable degree. Rising bell goes at 6-45 a.m., and we retire at 9 p.m. Our good habits in this direction are entirely due to the black-out conditions under which we live. We break the back of work very early in the day by having lectures from 8 to 1. You have most probably guessed by this time that I don't know what to write about, so much has happened recently that I don't know where to start. Coupled with this is the fact that I've spent so little time inside the College walls this term, having been out on teaching practice for six weeks out of the ten. The rest of the time I have been so concerned with exams. that I have had little time in which to live.

There is just one piece of news which I think will be of interest, especially to some of my friends at Liverpool. This term our College Eight has twice defeated Liverpool University. But you'll most probably have heard this over the wireless. Talk about rowing brings me on to the subject of rivers. This term (I think it may be divulged now) the River Dee became frozen over to a thickness of several inches. Even with all my weight of years I took a schoolboy delight in walking across the Dee. Skating, ice hockey, and Sunday evening strolls were in full swing for over a fortnight along the whole length of the river.

Despite the cold weather we managed to hold our annual Rag with much of its usual swing. On Saturday, February 3rd, over a hundred students left College to defy the weather and make a raid on Chester citizens' pockets. We managed to raise over £187, which, under the circumstances (the Rag had been presumed cancelled only a fortnight before) can be regarded as a very good effort. Normally we approach £500, but this year there was no sale of Rag Mags. to help swell the collection.

Well, Sir, I'm about at the end of my tether in searching for news.

Please forgive the haphazard composition, and be thankful that I subscribe my signature no earlier.

Best wishes to both the School and the magazine.

Yours, etc.

W. K. HAMILTON.

FACULTY OF LAW,
10 COOK STREET,
LIVERPOOL.

To the Editor of the *Visor*.

Sir,

As the writer of this belated epistle has only just emerged from the *blitzkrieg* of the examination room, he begs that it be perused with a tolerant eye.

The subject-matter of a University Letter is usually a question of conflicting individual opinion, a fact of which you, Sir, are no doubt well aware, but the general consensus seems to be that a bird's eye view (or shall we say a worm's eye view in some cases?) of University life in general should be given.

As you have been informed in a previous missive, Lawyers at Liverpool are a sect apart, dwelling far from the madding crowd of undergraduates in the Olympian but rather drab atmosphere of 10, Cook Street. It follows, therefore, that our interests are in the main confined to our own circle, and the activities of the Legal Society; excursions to the plebeian surroundings of Brownlow Hill being spasmodic only, and coincident generally either with important debates and "Hops," or the desire for a cheap meal.

The beginning of the present session last October saw our numbers at the Faculty of Law, always small at the best of times, sadly depleted to little more than three dozen or so;

and ever since our existence has been continually disturbed by the machinations of the War Office, Joint Recruiting Boards, Hardships Tribunals, and the like. However, while others resigned themselves to idleness with the plaintive wail "O Tempora! O Mores!" the Legal Society has exhibited increased social and athletic activity. Amongst other achievements a number of inter-Faculty Soccer-matches were played with varying success; and an excellent Rugger XV. was fielded against the Dental and Architectural Societies. In the art of Debating, we not unnaturally hold the field against all comers, and, in addition to our own domestic controversies and encounters with small fry such as the Medical and Commerce Societies, an enjoyable contest was had with the Faculty of Law of Manchester.

But such enthusiasm is not always so well directed, and it is to be regretted that on the occasion of the Freshers' Social three legal gentlemen, after being gently but firmly propelled out of the Union in a state of over exuberance, became involved in an undignified altercation with the local toughs, and had to beat a hasty retreat under a fire of vituperation far exceeding even their verbal resources.

Panto Day, in the past an occasion on which the pent-up passions of youth were legitimately loosed on the unfortunate populace, was this time somewhat blacked out, and despite frontal attacks on cafés, trams, and big business stores, our appearance in mufti, owing to the ban on fancy dress, combined with the utter thoughtlessness of the elements, and the absence of the customary torchlight procession, resulted in the harvest being only half that of previous years. However, from all accounts it is learned that the Post Panto Ball at St. George's Hall was up to the usual standard in more ways than one.

Apart from these frivolous diversions the University lawyer is a creature of regular habits pursuing a humdrum routine of gentle dormancy at lectures, wearily delving into musty Law Reports, grappling valiantly with the mysteries of Equity and Contract, and in lighter moments attending the Assize Courts.

But, Sir, my pen runs dry, and though it is said that lawyers can stretch most things except the imagination of the Bench, the writer is but an embryo lawyer, and

Your obedient servant,

G. R. EDWARDS.

FACULTY OF ENGINEERING,
UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

13th March, 1940.

To the Editor of the *Visor*.

Dear Sir,

Anybody who knows an Engineer, be he in the making or a full blown Engineer, will tell you that he is a man of few words. It therefore came as a great shock to me when, three days before the Lent Terminal Examinations, I received a note asking me to write a University letter. I am afraid I cannot produce a great literary effort, but I will endeavour to fulfil my obligations to the School.

First of all I should like to say a few words about the Faculty of Engineering in particular. An extract from the Student's Handbook reads: "... with the help of the Guild of Undergraduates and the University Staff, they (the Engineers) run the University. May I add that never a truer word was spoken? I often wonder why more boys from the Institute do not come up to the University to take Engineering. I am afraid many of them do not realise how lucky they are in having such a good School of Engineering so near at hand.

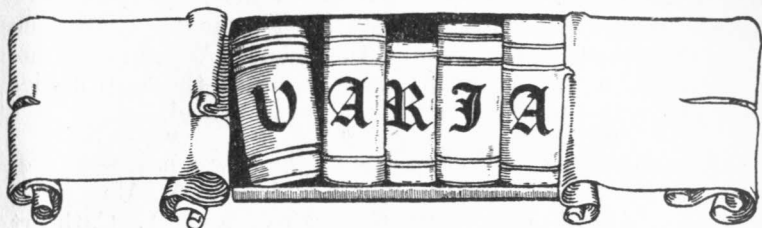
Turning to the University as a whole one finds that so far it is carrying on as usual. There has, of course, been a certain reduction in the number of male students, but many of those who volunteered last September have been allowed to carry on until June, so that they can take important examinations. Next year, however, there will be a far greater reduction, I expect. There was a scheme during the Autumn Term under which we were going to start lectures at 9-0 o'clock instead of 9-20. This met with instant opposition from all sides, and I am glad to say that it did not come off. I have discovered that students hate working early in the morning, although they don't mind at night how late they work!

Now for some news of Old Instonians at Liverpool University. Willie Clare is still with us, and is captain of the swimming club this year. What are known as "the two Robertses" came up last October, and I don't think I have ever seen them apart! Forsythe, my old sparring partner, is still enjoying himself in the Chemistry buildings, but Melville and Slinn are now in H.M. Forces, I believe.

Finally, I send my best wishes to the School and wish good luck to anybody who is coming to Liverpool next year.

Yours, etc.,

J. R. SARGINSON.



ON account of the evacuation, the new prefects were made later this year than usual. They are, however, quickly making up for lost time: lines in the playground have been described as "worthy of a German Defeat Parade!"

* * * * *

We are perturbed at not having our usual Speech Day. We have consigned the customary holiday granted at this event to the same place as last year's holidays, the Jubilee holiday, and many others—the very remote future!

* * * * *

The old-established conviction that discipline in the school could be maintained only by the Detention System, has been shattered; indeed it has been asked in some quarters why it was found necessary to re-introduce it.

* * * * *

One member of the Staff has sanctioned the provision of a dart-board for the library. We have visions of darts-matches—Library v. Staff.

* * * * *

We offer our congratulations to Mr. A. D. Lewis on his marriage to Miss E. R. Moelwyn Hughes.

* * * * *

The School would like to convey to Mr. A. G. Morris their best wishes and hopes for his speedy return to duty after his recent severe illness.

* * * * *

It is significant that, of the natives of Libraria, none has yet succumbed to the current epidemic of epidemics.

* * * * *

Our thanks to Mr. D. J. Williams for his interesting and informative account of Mr. W. H. Watts's delivery of the Horrocks Tercentenary Lecture. For the benefit of new-

comers we should like to say that Mr. Watts, our late Senior Science Master and Second Master, left us in 1935, after no fewer than thirty-three years in the School. We think it due to the Insti. to say so much, since in one of the local dailies his name was associated with a different school.

* * * * *

A complete set of past issues of the *Visor* has been presented to the School Library by two old boys, R. Mackinder (1923-34), who is now with Shell-Mex, and A. Cathcart (1926-34), now of the Army Pay Corps. We are hoping soon to have the set bound, and the generosity of the donors suitably recorded in the bound volumes.

* * * * *

During the cold spell in the earlier weeks of the Spring term, record low temperatures were observed in several classrooms.

* * * * *

We refrain from comment on our ten days' Easter holiday, merely remarking that thousands wouldn't. In response to numerous inquiries as to the reasons for the latest shortage, we may state (on the highest authority) that it is connected with the international situation. On asking why London schools had been given their full holiday, our reporter was officially informed that London was not, after all, Birkenhead.

* * * * *

A chap who moves in high circles (on a crane at Cammell Laird's) tells us that the scheme was engineered by local agents of the Gestapo, as part of the "war of nerves."

* * * * *

A list of Old Boys serving with H.M. armed forces is being compiled. The Headmaster or Mr. Jones will welcome details.

Justice

(Short Story by R. H. HOWELL).

REX Cardew was worried, decidedly worried. He was in bed, but he might just as well have been up, as his conscience was working overtime, and try as he might, he could not sleep. He thought of the money he owed; he thought of his uncle, and cursed him inwardly for not helping him to pay the debt. True, it was not a small one, but neither was his uncle's fortune. But Joe Collins was a peculiar man: he would spend any amount of money for his own comfort, but would he give anyone else a penny? Never! Cardew had passed an hour with the old man that morning—but in vain;

Joe just chuckled and said that if his nephew *would* get into trouble, he would get out of it by himself.

Rex had stormed out of the room, and had tried to forget the unpleasant subject, but in bed it had all come back to him. Then an idea drifted into his head. The next day, as the pilot of Joe Collins's private aeroplane, he was to fly his uncle to Scotland: what could be easier than having to make a parachute jump, when his uncle's parachute had been "doctored" beforehand? It was a fiendish plan, but, after all, it would bring him the money, because he knew that his uncle had made no will, and that he would be the next of kin.

The more he thought of it the more he shuddered at the horror of it all; but he was desperate, and the plan seemed infallible. Indeed, it seemed the perfect crime; for, if he was careful, no one would be able to tell that the rip-cord had been interfered with.

* * * * *

They had been in the air now for half-an-hour, at an altitude sufficiently safe for parachute-jumping, and the engine was due to start playing tricks at any moment. Everything had gone according to plan. Rex had been up early and had prepared everything; it had not been very difficult, as Joe Collins employed no one but his nephew to look after the plane. Suddenly the engine spluttered, and the machine went into a headlong diive. After fiddling for a few seconds at the controls Rex shouted to his uncle that they would have to jump. The latter was so terrified, however, that Rex, after handing him the parachute and shouting instructions down his ear ("Hypocrite," he thought), more or less had to push him out of the 'plane. Then he jumped himself and tugged at the rip-cord. After a few seconds nothing had happened, and so he tugged again with no result. A sensation of stark terror passed through him, and, as he looked downwards to see the earth rushing towards him, he began to weep like a child. He had a brief glimpse of his uncle floating gracefully towards the ground, and then he fell to his doom.

* * * * *

Next day he was found by a shepherd, with his head smashed in and his body one mass of pulp.

"Well," chuckled Joe, "Rex's debts won't trouble him any more."

April Fool

(Short story by G. A. THOMAS).

RAMON Alvarez, known in London's underworld as the Don, straightened his tie before the mirror, gave his sleek, oily hair a final pat, and walked into the sitting-room of his luxurious flat.

"Jake," he shouted, "where the devil are you?"

"Coming, sir," whined his valet, as he hurried in from the kitchen. He was met with a kick in the stomach which lifted him off his feet and crashed him against the wall.

"Perhaps that'll teach you to come when you're called," snarled Ramon. "Now brush my coat and make sure it's brushed properly."

Jake picked himself up slowly, his face contorted with pain. His eyes, however, did not show pain, but hate—bitter and unrelenting hate, the hate of a man who would like to kill, but dare not.

Concealing his feelings, he took a brush and brushed Ramon's coat, paying special attention to the back. Finally, he patted the collar into place, and stood back, plainly expecting a blow for his trouble.

"Get me the paper," growled the Don, "and don't take all day about it."

When the paper was brought he looked eagerly at the front page. In glaring headlines was printed:—

WATCHMAN KILLED AT JEWEL ROBBERY.
KNIFE-WOUNDS IN BODY.

Ramon blanched! Murder! He hadn't thought for a moment that his knife had done so much damage the night before. He looked up, to find Jake gazing at him, a queer, knowing look in his eyes.

"Get out," shouted the Don curtly, and stood thinking for a moment after Jake had retired. Then he crossed swiftly to a picture on the wall and opened the safe hidden behind it. Taking out three ropes of pearls and five diamond bracelets, he rammed them in his pocket, grabbed his hat, and hurried out of the flat.

As the door slammed, the kitchen door opened, and Jake appeared. His eyes now showed, not hate, but triumph.

* * * * *

Out in the sun the Don felt better. He had nothing to fear, for Jake would not dare to split on him, because Jake himself was still wanted for a crime. Ike, the fence, would give him a fair price for the jewels in his pocket, and. . . . Suddenly, he became aware of the grins of passers-by. Embarrassed, he straightened his tie, already straight, and rubbed an imaginary speck of soot from his nose. Still the smiles persisted, until two men, obviously detectives, came towards him. Resisting an impulse to run, Ramon made to walk past, but one of the men accosted him.

"Please accompany us to the station," said one of them, and Ramon, in deadly fear, walked to Wellington Square Police Station. His nerve was somewhat restored when he reached the police station, so that, as soon as he entered, he demanded, "What's the big idea? You've no right to treat me like this."

"You're under suspicion of being implicated in last night's jewel robbery and murder. Would you mind if we saw what that big bulge is that's sticking out of your pocket?"

The Don's heart sank as his hand clutched the jewels in his pocket. His collar tightened around his neck, as though the noose was there already.

"No," he screamed, "No, you couldn't have found out, you couldn't." Then, with a sobbing moan, he slid to the floor.

* * * * *

Back in the flat Jake was sitting in the kitchen, mumbling to himself.

"To-day's April 1st," he was murmuring. "April 1st. It was a good idea to put that card on his back, with the words 'This man is responsible for last night's jewel robbery' written on it. They'll have caught him by now, and I'll be gone by the time he knows why. They'll have caught him. ."

S'gee

(Short Story by R. WILLIAMS).

THE twin hills of Umba and M'gani sloped gently upwards from the kraal of Loisi the All-knowing, king of the Mangas, a tribe which was rapidly gaining wealth under the leadership of this wise and wrinkled old man. The land round about and in the narrow valley between the twin hills was rich in cattle and crops. A peaceful tribe this, whose power had become a source of great jealousy to their neighbour Mongab, the brutal leader of the Beyta. That day had, however, brought ill news, for an excited scout had reported that Mongab was marching on their kraal with about five thousand warriors, divided into ten impis. Loisi could marshal a bare three thousand men.

Then followed more ill news, for Mongab had marched more quickly than they had anticipated, so that by the following morning the valley was occupied by the invaders, and with it the strategical positions of the twin hills. This made any attack on their part impossible, for their enemy had now, not only superior numbers, but the advantage of a downhill attack.

Already Mongab had placed two impis on each of the lower slopes. Four more encircled the kraal in two concentric rings, leaving the other four, or the main body, in the pass. The Mangas were in despair, and had good reason to be, for the situation seemed hopeless.

Their leader spent a long time with his counsellors that morning, but when he left them he did not appear to have received much help, though one of the captains admitted that a desperate venture had been decided on.

Soon after this the encircling rings of the invaders charged the palisade of the kraal, and some fierce fighting followed. They were driven back with heavy losses, though the defenders had suffered but little. After this they fell back to their original positions and settled down to a siege, and all was quiet for the remainder of the day.

After dark, however, the defenders became busy: a number of stakes were removed from the palisade in places, leaving broad gaps; the roadways were filled with tall dusky warriors.

From his hut Loisi watched sadly as the squadron on whom the lot had fallen bade farewell to their families, for

well he knew that none of these five hundred men would return. The impi was divided into four companies, two being discharged to each side of the town.

A great hush fell upon the kraal as these companies vanished through the prepared gaps in the palisade and into the night. On each side of the kraal the patrols parted company to carry out their orders. Loisi had said, "Confront their lines in two companies about two hundred paces apart. The signal when you are in position will be the cry of a bird; you may choose which. When this is heard, you must attack and fight to the last man."

The significance of these orders was not lost upon the warriors, but not one face showed any sign of fear.

Suddenly the quiet of the night was broken by a shrill scream from the north and a hiccupping answer from the south. Loisi waited until he received word that the warriors on the other side of the kraal were also in position, and then he shouted an order. The grim ranks before him started to tap their spear heads on their shields.

Starting like the distant rumble of waves on a rocky shore the sound rose gradually in volume to a great crash of thunder, and suddenly out came the royal salute.

Immediately there was an answering shout from without, then groans and the sounds of bitter strife. But now the space before Loisi's hut was deserted. Its former occupants might, however, have been seen creeping in a seemingly unending line through the gaps that had been used by their comrades not long since. One and a half impis left at either side of the kraal.

The fact that the first companies had attacked at positions about two hundred yards apart had left a wide gap in the lines of the invader, for those whose duty it had been to guard this quarter had gone to aid their comrades. Through this gap, between the sweating ranks of the fight, crept the Manga's impi led by the king's son Zomba, the greatest man in all the land round about.

What exactly happened to the decoying impis we may never know, but the stories of the tribe tell us that the Beyta paid dearly for their lives; for they took with them close on a thousand warriors.

Zomba led his men round the hill of Umba and halted them, leaving the half impi to cover the impi of Mongab which was stationed on its lower slopes; then, with the remaining impi, he proceeded to the far side of the hill. He placed his palm over his mouth, and a warbling cry echoed to the slopes of M'gani, answered soon afterwards by a shrill scream. The other impi was also in position.

Meanwhile the other impi he had left behind was creeping up the slope to a position above the unsuspecting Beyta.

Soon afterwards the darkness of night became touched with grey; the crest of M'gani glowed a blood-red to welcome the sun. The mists were chased away, revealing the hosts below to the gaze of the Mangas.

The gates of the kraal were thrown open, and out marched the two remaining impis of the Mangas to guard them. And a formidable guard they were, too; for these were the veteran squadrons, containing not a man under forty: all grizzled and battle-scarred warriors.

Mongab smiled evilly and shouted an order. With a great shout the two impis occupying the slopes of Umba and M'gani rose to attack, but immediately their shout changed to a cry of dismay as they saw warriors leaping down the slope and almost upon them. Confusion followed, for some continued the charge ordered by Mongab, others turned to defend themselves from behind. Those who charged perished miserably against that indomitable wall; the others turned and put up a terrible resistance. The air was thick with throwing-knives, and then came the roll of meeting shields. Just for a moment the Beyta held their ground, and then the Mangas, by the sheer impetus of their charge, passed over them to curve and disappear behind the hill.

His face contorted with rage, Mongab called on his warriors to advance. The whole main body of his army moved forwards, but Zomba, with perfect timing, charged with his impi, after ordering the other to remain in reserve until their judgment told them that they were needed. Zomba had no fears about this, for the captain of the squadron was a clever warrior and in Loisi's counsel.

The Beyta stopped and turned with its four impis to this new attack. Luckily the valley was narrow, and therefore the number of men they used was limited. Again came the roll of meeting shields, and the valley was transformed into an

arena of striving, struggling, thrusting men. And over all could be heard the deadly hiss "S'gee, S'gee," as the victor drove his broad-bladed spear into the body of his victim. Always where the fighting was thickest could be seen the tall figure of Zomba, his axe doing horrible execution.

But the ranks of Zomba grow thin: men fall like leaves in an autumn gale. The hosts of Mongab press their attack, and all seems lost. Yet see—the other impi sweeps round the base of the hill and flings itself into the fight. The Beyta hesitate, then turn as one man to flee. Too late: before them stand the grim ranks of the veterans. They turn: some try to escape over the hills, but down on them leap the half impi. And always can be heard the hiss, "S'gee, S'gee."

Suddenly the fighting ceased; the ranks fell back leaving Zomba and Mongab face to face.

With a cry of rage Mongab leapt, and round came the gleaming blade of his axe. It was a blow that would have been the end of Zomba had it landed, but the young warrior leapt backwards, receiving only a gash across his broad chest. Then quickly he stepped forward and dealt his opponent a terrible blow which landed on his shield, tearing one half of it away. Mongab was silent now, and returned the blow, stepping to one side to avoid the next, and then with a shearing stroke he tore Zomba's shield from his hand. There was a groan from the Mangas who covered their eyes to shut out the deciding blow; but Zomba's axe swept round in a shimmering arc to crash heavily through his enemy's skull and split him to the collar-bone.

"S'gee!" he hissed.

Trivia

AN irregular service of verses running along the main lines recently laid down by certain pioneers of culture in the Library.

Jones minor now gets up at eight
Since last week when he got to school leight;
But his sleep is still calm
Till loud rings the alalm
And a record announces the deight.

Said a geographer " Shrahta or strayta
Are just like a gahta or gayta."

But the biggest disaster
Was caused by the master
Who called a tomahta ' tomayta.'

A youth who lived close to a geyser
Thought he would try out his new reyser :

But he hit the low bough
Of an oak-tree, and nough
He hangs from the branch by his breyser.

Farmer Giles's new tractor-drawn plough
Scares the scarecrow, so loud is the rough.

The milkman goes roughnd
Selling milk by the poughnd,
Since it all turns to cheese in the cough.

I.R., Up.VI.Lit.

Bulls—Mainly Irish

WE are indebted mainly to political speakers for our choicest specimens of this type of humour, and though the genial and witty Irishman, Sir Boyle Roche, is admittedly the prince of " bull "-makers he is only one of a host of politicians who have committed lapses in this respect. Thus D'Israeli exclaimed " It is curious to observe the various substitutes for paper before its invention," where he leaves us in no doubt as to his meaning, but where a moment's reflection would have shown him that the genuine article must always precede the substitute. Cobbett, too, knew what he meant when he wrote " I saw no corn standing in ricks ; a thing I never saw before and would not have believed it, had I not seen it." A more curious mixture would be hard to find. The translators of the Authorised Version of the Bible, too, can scarcely have reflected very much when in Isaiah 37, 36, they tell us " And when they arose in the morning, behold they were all dead men." " Unseen powers," declared Alison, " were seen to mingle with the tide of sublunary affairs."

Among the best of the Irish specimens we have the young lady who was writing to borrow money from her sweetheart, but who had some little maiden modesty on the subject, hence her postscript " I am so thoroughly ashamed of my request

that I sent after the bearer of this note to call him back, but he had got already too far on his way." With this we may put the following diatribe attributed to an Irish officer in India when vindicating the Indian climate to a new-comer: "India, my boy, is the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and they eat, and they drink and they die: and then they write home to their parents a pack of lies, and say that it's the climate that has killed them." Much the same confusion is exhibited in the following desire expressed by one clergyman to another, "I hope I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon." And it is seen again in this unusual wish:—"May you live to hear the chicken that scratches over your grave."

It was an Irish inquest which called forth this astounding piece of evidence from a medical witness, "This person was so ill, that if he had not been murdered, he would have died a half-an-hour before." Equally laughable was the reply of an Irishman to his friend's query "Is your sister's baby a boy or a girl?"—"Sure I don't know yet whether I'm an aunt or an uncle." An unfortunate declaration of a swain to his sweetheart is this—"Darling, I love ye as well as if I'd known ye for seven years—and a great deal better!" while it was a married man who had taken unto himself a wife when he was only nineteen, and seen reason to repent, who said with feeling, "Sure an' I'll niver marry so young again, if I live to be as old as Methuselah." Even the legal fraternity cannot claim immunity from the "bull," since it was an Irish lawyer who was responsible for the following: "So your uncle, Dennis O'Flaherty, had no family?"—"None at all, yer honor," replied his client. "Good, very good, and *your* father, Patrick O'Flaherty, did *he* have chick or child?"

To Sir Boyle Roche, most noted of all in this line, we owe many choice specimens. He was, we are informed, a characteristically witty and genial Irishman who lived from 1743 to 1807, and was master of the ceremonies at Dublin Castle. He supported the Union, and one of his recorded "bulls" is that he would have "the two sisters" (England and Ireland) "embrace as one brother." On one occasion he is reported to have said in the Irish House, "Why, Mr. Speaker, honorable members never come down to this House without expecting to find their mangled remains lying on the table," and again, "Mr. Speaker, it is the duty of every true lover of his country to give his last guinea to save the remainder of his fortune!"

On another occasion, he convulsed the House by demanding "Why should we put ourselves out of the way for posterity; for what has posterity done for us?" but he surpassed himself, when he exclaimed in righteous indignation, "The progress of the times, Mr. Speaker, is such that little children who can neither walk nor talk may be seen running about the streets cursing their Maker!" This, however, he ran very close, when expressing his fears of a French invasion in these words:—"The murderous marshal-law men (Marseillais) would break in, cut us to mincemeat, and throw our bleeding heads upon the table to stare us in the face." The following amusing letter has also been attributed to Sir Boyle Roche, though in all probability he was not responsible for it, and only his reputation has gained him the dubious honour of authorship:—

Dear Sir—Having now a little peace and quiet, I sit down to inform you of the bustle and confusion we are in from the bloodthirsty rebels, many of whom are now, thank God, killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess: can get nothing to eat, and no wine to drink except whisky. When we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this letter, I have my sword in one hand and my pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end and I am right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that everything is at a standstill. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning,—indeed, hardly a mail arrives without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the mail-coach from Dublin was robbed near this town: the bags had been very judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and by great good luck, there was nobody in the coach except two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday, an alarm was given that a gang of rebels in full retreat from Drogheda were advancing under the French standard; but they had no colours, nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force a great deal too little, and were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face, and to it we went. By the time half our party were killed, we began to be all alive. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns except pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and we had plenty of muskets and ammunition. We put them all to the sword; not a soul

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of them escaped except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog. In fact, in a short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different—chiefly green. After the action was over we went to rummage their camp. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles filled with water, and a bundle of blank French commissions, filled up with Irish names. Troops are now stationed round, which exactly squares with my ideas of security. Adieu; I have only time to add that I am yours in haste. B.R. P.S. If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you write and let me know."

Of "bulls" not Irish we have plenty, but pride of place must be given to the exclamation of a German orator, "There is no man or child in this vast assembly who has arrived at the age of fifty years, that has not felt the truth of this mighty subject thundering thro' his mind for centuries." Closely behind this comes a French writer on the great revolution, when he tells us "The French domestics set an example of the greatest devotion. There were many even, who, rather than betray their masters, allowed themselves to be guillotined in their place, and who, when happier days returned, silently and respectfully went back to their work." Portugal is represented by one of her mayors, who, in offering a reward for the recovery of the remains of a drowned man, when enumerating the recognisable marks, mentioned that the deceased had an impediment in his speech! As may be expected, there is no lack of English "bulls." One of the most noteworthy is the following eulogium from the Times:—"A great Irishman has passed away. God grant that many as great, and who shall as wisely love their country, may follow him." Then, too, the English Church is represented by the clergyman who, when soliciting subscriptions for a burial ground for his parish which numbered thirty thousand, lamented in a letter to the Times:—"It is deplorable to think of a parish where there are thirty thousand people living without Christian burial." It was an English shopkeeper who thus praised the durability of some dress fabric to a customer:—"Madam, it will wear for ever, and make you a petticoat afterwards." An American "bull" comes last but not least in the company. It hails from a Board of Councilmen in Mississippi:—1. Resolved, by this Council, that we build a new jail; 2. Resolved, that the new jail be built with the materials of the old jail; 3. Resolved, that the old jail be used until the new jail is finished.

Library Notes

"IT'S a hap-hap-happy day."

With such a note of gladness the Advanced greet the Library on their return to civilisation after many moons in exile. With loving eyes, as a fond mother with her child, ancient Librarians gaze on the dusty shelves, the dirty windows, the tattered magazines, and the scattered haversacks which constitute their home. The Librarians, like chickens, have come home to roost.

This year the Lit. are in a decided minority, but they are by no means unimportant, for in their ranks is The Patriarch, The Veteran, The G.O.M. of the Library, the last member of the Old Regime—in short, Spike. After three years in the Library he has run the race, he has finished the course, and his time is nearly spent. He is content to sit in a corner, casting a benevolent and far-seeing eye on the busy life which flows unceasingly around.

Another interesting and peculiar character to be found within the sacred precincts of the Library is Gamma-function, an ardent disciple of Einstein, who wanders aimlessly around, grinning vacuously while urging his victims to participate in schemes to manufacture sugar from starch. Is it an accident, or do Vic, Mac and Tom know anything about the Monday afternoon when he got fifteen metals in his analysis?

The first year members of the Science set divide their time between raising Cain, i.e., giving imitations of American jazz-bands, and exploding concoctions of dubious origin, consisting mainly of sulphur.

The Professor and Vinegar still disturb the slumbers of Librarians in Physics lessons by questioning any and every statement made by the master. In their moments of leisure they write music (?) and emit weird howls meant to be (a) singing, and/or (b) imitations of an air-raid siren.

Meanwhile, between Stu's crooning, Hank's mumbling, and Derry's incantations, can be heard the plaintive bleat of "Sonja" Heaney, "Mind my book." He seems to be of the opinion that "Time may come, and time may go, but I stay put for ever."

But stop a moment. Does he not reflect the attitude of many in the Library? Vic was told by one in authority that he only pretended to work. He will soon leave that behind. In the second year nobody even pretends to work.

Now "my eyes are dim, I cannot see," and so I put down my pen in relief, and lay my wearied head to rest, as one who knows his work is done—even if done badly.

G.A.T.

Form Notes

VIIs.

HERE is VIIs. back from the wilderness. We have had some time to recover, however, for all of us had left Oswestry before the end of January. If you notice a slightly rustic note in our contribution, blame evacuation for that. Towards the end of the term four members of the form most unpatriotically contracted German measles—it is reported that they did not go to extremes and come out in swastikas. But eno' of this, as the man said when he drank his health salts; here is our first contribution, a poem by Bray:—

When Adolf started all this mess,
At our great strength he did but guess.
The army, navy, air force too,
Enough to make him feel quite blue.

Our bombers, just to keep in trim,
Often fly to visit him.
It's a pity they drop only paper;
If they dropped bombs they'd make him caper.

One rare occasion, long ago,
A U-boat entered Scapa Flow.
We must admit it hit a boat,
But it didn't long remain afloat.

Every victory great or small
Lord Haw-Haw will announce them all.
They're all lies or exaggeration,
But's that the upkeep of their nation.

When Adolf's gone and this war's over
Everyone will be in clover.
The joyful moment will soon come
When we get Hitler on the run.

Next is a poetic effusion by J. Williams:—

There is a lad whose name is Cliff,
His right arm he tried to biff
But now in silent rapture
He moans about his fracture,
Poor old Cliff.

Off to the hospital Cliff did go
(Rambling about poor old Joe),
To let them his fractured arm X-ray;
They kept him there four hours that day,
Poor old Cliff.

To his great delight
He found he could not write;
But, alas, he was completely stranded—
The masters made him write left-handed,
Poor old Cliff!

Hughes describes an exciting event:—

One day early in the term a catastrophe very nearly occurred. A master walked into VI's. form room, and as he came in he switched on the lights. Just before he was under the light which illuminates the blackboard, we heard a loud sizzle, which made us all look up, and then there was a prolonged blue flash. Then, as the wire burnt through, the bulb and shade dropped to the floor like a bomb, and broke into little fragments, almost touching the master as they fell. We simply howled with laughter, but the master did not know whether it was funny or not.

We conclude with a topical article by Hayward entitled

MODERN FIGHTER PLANES.

A great deal has been heard lately of the new German ME 110 "destroyer." This is a low-wing monoplane with a long slender fuselage and long narrow wing. It has two Daimler-Benz engines of 1000 h.p. each, which give a top speed of 385 m.p.m. Its armament consists of two shell guns (firing through the airscrew hubs) and several machine-guns. It is used as a long-range escort fighter, i.e., it will be used to escort raiding bombers and protect them from opposing fighters.

A new British fighter is the Boulton Paul "Defiant." This is a two-seat low wing monoplane of exceptionally clean design. Its main armament is a power-driven turret containing multi-machine guns. All details of its performance are secret, but it is powered by a Rolls Royce "Merlin" engine of 1050 h.p.

America has recently produced a fighter of rather unconventional design, the Bell "Airacobra." In this machine, which is said to reach over 400 m.p.h., the engine is placed behind the pilot, driving the airscrew by means of a shaft. The space between the pilot and the nose of the machine is used to stow the foremost of the three landing wheels, and the armament. This comprises a 37 m.m. automatic cannon, and four machine guns.

Via.

NASH, who, according to reports, spends most of his time looking for chalk, has found time to write some form notes.

The form, which numbered twenty at the beginning of the term, has lost five boys. Certain members of the form are for ever studying blue prints and drawings pertaining to model aeroplanes. Here is one of them, Beacall, writing about the real thing—French fighter 'planes:—

Few people know much about the 'planes of the French Air Force, but this does not mean that the Air Force of our Allies is not worth comment.

The equivalents in the French Air Force of our Spitfire, Hurricane, and Bolton and Paul fighters are the Caudron, Cyclone, Potez 63, and Morane Saulier 406.

The Caudron Cyclone is a development of the famous Caudron Racer. It is a low-wing monoplane of all-wood construction, and fabric covered. These factors make the 'plane very light and the cost of production low. It has a maximum speed of 303 m.p.h. at a ceiling of 1300 ft.

The Potez 63 is the equivalent of our Bolton and Paul, as they are both two-seater fighters. The British 'plane is fitted with a gun-turret to the rear of the cockpit, whereas the French machine has one long cockpit with a rear gun-mounting. The Potez is of all-metal construction, and its armament includes two 20 m.m. cannons and a flexibly mounted machine-gun.

The French have also purchased a large number of Curtiss Hawk 75A 'planes from America. These machines are reputed to have dived at over 600 m.p.h.

After this information to help the Entente Cordiale, here is a poem by Colclough about the worries of a schoolboy :—

BACK TO SCHOOL.

Back again to school we go;
And although some say it is the best,
We wish they'd put it to the test,
And then, perhaps, they too would know.

Back again to school we go.
Some returned from "vaccination,"
Others from "evaporation."
Thus goes on my tale of woe.

Back again to school we go.
Though as yet there's no detention,
A Wednesday afternoon we mention,
Just as if you didn't know.

The sound of bat meeting ball will be heard in the near future, so here is an article by Barr about our national game :

The Mecca of cricket is at St. John's Wood, London, which is the headquarters of the Marleybone Cricket Club. The M.C.C. controls the making of laws and regulations. It has to pick representative sides for various games, arrange tours, and attend to the needs of visiting teams. Although the M.C.C. governs only English cricket its rulings are accepted everywhere the game is played.

Lords belongs to the M.C.C., and every player wishes to have the distinction of playing there. It is the battle-ground for at least one test match in every series. Every July, Oxford and Cambridge meet here, and the two great Public Schools, Eton and Harrow, also oppose one another on this ground. The "high spot" of the season is the match between the Gentlemen, or amateurs, and the Players, or professionals. Lords is also the home ground of Middlesex.

In closing we express regret that our form master, Mr. Morris, has been so seriously ill, and we trust that he will have made a speedy recovery and be back with us by the time that these notes appear in print.

Rem j.

NO doubt these notes will have "Rem. j" printed at the top. But this is not the pure, undiluted Rem. J which you now hear. We have in our midst the remains of Rem. I, numbering seven. You will have heard of the song "It's a Sin to tell a Lie." Here is a ditty written about the person to whom the song is dedicated. Young is responsible.

HAW-HAW.

"This is Hamburg, Bremen and D.J.A.,"
Haw-Haw tells us every night;
He says they've blown up Wigan pier,
And they've sunk the Isle of Wight.
But he and his friends keep quiet and cower
When our leaflets on them shower.

Some think that he's an Englishman;
Perhaps he is Oxford bred,
But all that he reminds me of
Is a man who'd be better dead.
He ought to have a little more sense
Than to think we are quite so dense.

Don't think he does it just for fun,
Because in that you are mistaken;
He only does it, don't you see,
To get his "ersatz" bacon.
But one morning he'll wake up in his bunk
To find his bacon has been sunk.

After that, Haw-Haw can retire, scuttled! We would like to place on record that both Brooks and Bartlett play for the 1st XV. The latter has had a "trying" time, as he has scored once. But enough of puns, let us hear Parry on

SLEDGING.

This year has afforded excellent opportunities for sledging in Great Britain, but, even with the chances given by the icy weather, the sport has not gained anything like as much popularity as it has in Canada. There it is called "bobsleighing," and is carried out on a curving, banked track, down which a speed of 60—80 m.p.h. can be reached. The sleigh weighs two hundred pounds, and is manned by a crew of four—a driver, two bobsers in the centre, and a braker at the stern.

Judging from all accounts, Rem. j would not be the same without Rudge (Hear! Hear!) whose signature tune is reputed to be "Scatterbrain." Wynne has apparently studied ancient history (or the "Rover") and has evolved the following:—

In days of old, when boys were bold,
And school was just invented,
Boys came at ten, without book or pen,
And went home at noon contented.

Do not infer from this that Rem. j is downhearted. Far from it! Mutinies against a master nicknamed A * F have occurred, with unfortunate results to the rebels every time.

Dickie has something to tell us about an important material these days.

PAPER.

Paper has been known in one form or another since very early times. The papyrus reeds, growing near the Nile, were made into paper by the ancient Egyptians, while the Chinese and Japanese years later used something more akin to modern paper, using a plant called "paper mulberry," the bark of which yielded a smooth, fibrous material.

With the spread of civilisation it became necessary to find an easier and more plentiful supply, so the Elizabethans made their paper from cotton rags or linen. For modern newspapers this method is too dear, and a plentiful supply is manufactured from wood pulp, coming from Canada, Newfoundland and the Baltic.

The logs after being cut are pulped, and wool is added to make blotting or filter-paper.

Nowadays waste-paper is repulped, bleached with chlorine, and remade into paper or cardboard.

This form contains many naval enthusiasts, who would be at home among naval cadets. They know the length of the *Hood* to within a quarter of an inch.

Whitmore has been reading lately, and here are a few of his favourite books and authors:—

"Murder at the Cross-Roads," by Miss Tree.

"The Twisted Staff," by Harold Bentit.

"The Stolen Diamond," by E. Adit.

"Short Pants," by Seymour Nese.

"The Cliff Tragedy," by Eileen Dover.

"How Hot are You?" by Arthur Mometer.

Now, having reached the end of our space (and the Editor's patience), Rem. j signs off, wishing you a Spanish farewell! Adios! Caramba!

Rem. a.

WE are taking this opportunity of letting the School know that we are sorely in need of two large desks for Rice and Hughes who are suffering agonies at present, since they cannot sit down in comfort.

For reasons given below, Peers does not seem to like dictionaries, and offers some advice about them.

A dictionary is an awful book:
It makes you cross-eyed when you look
To see words ranged in row on row.
This book's the schoolboy's greatest foe.

We look up words but never find
A sure meaning of any kind;
And so I warn you: beware, you cads,
And tell this verse to other lads.

Here is Harrison's account of a recent trip from Oswestry to Llangollen.

A few weeks ago, when I was still at Oswestry, my pal and I decided to make use of a half-holiday by riding to Llangollen on our bikes. We left Oswestry about two o'clock, reaching Gobowen in good time, only to wait for a train to pass the level crossing. After we had started off again, we soon found ourselves on a flat country road. Before reaching Chirk, with its church, inns, and castle, we had had to climb Chirkebank, a steep hill which soon made us want to walk. Beyond Chirk we followed a straight road to Llangollen, passing through some delightful country. We travelled along a U-shaped valley, with sides about one hundred feet high.

The road was like a mountain road, with Llangollen about four miles further on, and small steep slopes to go up and down, but we had the wind behind us, and soon reached our destination. After staying in a park near a lake for about half-an-hour, we set off home, arriving there before we had expected. We sat down to a good tea, wondering how stiff we should be after our twenty-five mile ride.

Pimblett has found means of expression in a limerick.

There was a young sailor named Peers
Who one night had too many beers.
He came aboard drunk,
And sat on his bunk,
And immediately burst into tears.

Our last item is an account by Peever of camp life in Scotland.

Last year the school Scouts went to Kircudbrightshire in Scotland. It is a beautiful spot near the river Dee, and we camped in a large field just behind a wood between our camp and the sea. After choosing the camp site, we pitched our tents in a semi-circle with the Scoutmasters' tents in front, facing the sea. We had something to eat, and then set to work fixing up kitchens and other things. We had a hard job to fix the flag-pole because the ground was so hard. It poured with rain the first week, and we were practically all fed up, but the weather changed, and we spent most of our time in glorious sunshine, playing rounders and cricket with a troop that was encamped near us. Each patrol had to do some backwoods cooking, such as cooking bacon and eggs on flat stones, and we all thought this was jolly good fun. The second week we built a monkey-bridge across a stream, a landing stage for washing on, and a look-out post in a tall tree overlooking the camp. We used to have trips into Gatehouse, the nearest town, to buy sweets and fruit, with which we used to gorge ourselves at night in our tents, away from the watchful eye of our Scoutmaster. We really enjoyed ourselves in camp, especially when bathing in a neighbouring stream, and we were all sorry when our stay there was ended.

Vj.

Vj contributed nothing original, we suspect. Here is a selection of their borrowings beginning with a loan by Peters, who sends the following:—

Be gay at this festive season.
 The war is a good enough reason.
 So take all the chaff,
 Have a jolly good laugh,
 At the donkey that 'Haw-Haws' from Zeesen.

1st BOY: "My father can get any station on his wireless."
 2nd BOY: "That's nothing; my father had Germany on his alarm-clock."

Catherall warns us about buying bulbs—the electric kind:—

CUSTOMER: "Four 2-watt bulbs, please."
 ASSISTANT: "Four what?"
 CUSTOMER: "No, 2-watt!"
 ASSISTANT: "Two what?"
 CUSTOMER: "Yes, that's right."

Yes, it's that man again; this time, the bard is Gregson:

Poor Adolf, once in Fame's great halls,
 Plastered paper on the walls;
 And then, a greater job in mind,
 He left his painters' brush behind.

He'd be a Nazi (earn some chink),
 But then they stuck him in the 'clink.'
 Now when the Nazis came to power,
 Up rose dear Adolf, like a flower.

A small moustache, a lock of hair,
 Threw in his lot with Russian bear.
 His share of Poland's not enough.
 But, when we get him—TREAT HIM ROUGH!

We conclude with a patriotic story by McLachlan:—

An American was boasting to an Englishman about a cabbage grown in his country, which was so big that it took ten men to lift it and provided a meal for ten thousand men. "That's nothing," said the Englishman. "Once a giant iron cylinder was built in England. When the time came to

'knock-off' one evening, a chisel accidentally fell into it, slipping out of a workman's hand. The next morning when they began work, the workmen heard it hit the bottom." The American, thinking to catch the Englishman out, asked what it had been built for. "To boil your cabbage in," was the retort.

VI.

OUR notes this term can hardly be described as lengthy. This is because inspiration failed us to such an extent that we were reduced to recruiting each other's help, and so submitting notes of a standard type. We all point out that VI. is the most exclusive form in the School after having excluded the present Vj., that we have all done an incredible amount of homework (incredible to the masters at any rate), and that only one of our number is left at Oswestry. Storer is original enough to submit an account of an imaginary but successful attack on a U-boat:—

I was flying in a south-easterly direction at about 5,000 feet, with the broad North Sea below me, when I saw a dark cigar-like shape in the water on my port side. As I watched I saw a flash come from it, and almost immediately a shell burst behind me. I quickly manœuvred out of range, dropping behind a cloud. When I saw the submarine again, she was slowly submerging. Stopping the motors, I dropped through the cloud to within twenty feet of the conning tower, dropping two bombs as I zoomed. Away I flew, turning and banking to see what damage I had done, and made out a mass of tangled wreckage slowly sinking in a pool of oil. I had accounted for one more pirate.

IVj.

WE are not gifted writers of poetry or prose. Our contributions are few: some of our stories, we fear, are 'lifted' from other magazines and will not be printed; the others are not very interesting; our verses do not even rhyme. In fact,

On writing we're not very keen.
Our Form Notes are weak: why deny it?
But if we can't write for the old magazine,
We can buy it.

D. S. Edwards has a word on

THE BLACK-OUT.

At night in the black-out it is very dark, and peculiar things happen. People say good-night to sandbags and lamp-posts, walk into walls, and get lost. Now even people who haven't had one over the eight can't find the key-hole. Those who have, can't even find the *door*.

Hosker describes the distress of IVj. as they labour to compose their Form Notes.

There is a look of misery on every face. Hirst is chewing his pencil; Morris is sucking his finger. Jones stares into space, and Smith has inspirations which never seem to come to anything. Mr. Paris makes a few suggestions, such as

'Scuttle, scuttle, little ship. . .'

Nugent tries to 'cog,' and Redmond looks up his dictionary. Boston is scribbling away, and Templeton tries to find out what he is writing. Hatton throws his pen down in disgust, and mutters under his breath. Baines just looks round and smiles.

IIIa.

OUR efforts for this term's *Visor* are mainly poetical, and sound like the instructions we may be given if the school is re-evacuated:—

If you go to Timbuctoo
Take your cap and hymn-book too.

At any rate, the bard Foxcroft keeps abreast of the times.

There is a guy named Hitler
Who is a blooming fool.
He plays with Hermann Goering
In Berlin, as a rule.

He marched into Vienna;
At Prague he made a stop;
Then he went back to Berlin
To see Von Ribbentrop.

Said Joachim to Adolf,
'But Britain will protest,'
And Adolf started laughing:
He thought it was a jest.

He trespassed into Poland,
 'I'll larn yer,' he declared;
 But we'll stand by our promise,
 And see Lord Haw-Haw squared.

Blakeway gives us an account of a country stroll.

I am a keen *Walker*, and one day I saw an old man being chased by a bull. 'Turnbull,' I shouted, and it did. The old man, who was carrying a *Bushel* of wheat, turned to me and said 'It's *Evison*. My son *Osborne* it a long way for me, but I have to reach that *Wood* on the *Banks* of the river.' There we sat down for a rest while the old man gave me a *Berry* or two. I told him I was staying with the *Dawsons* at *Willsher Hall*. 'What, *Emmas* owns this wood?' asked the old man. 'Yes,' I replied as I left him.

We conclude with *Emmas's* account of a disastrous occurrence.

A silly young lad was Micky McCull.
 He should not bend down in front of a bull.
 The bull came along with his head bent down low,
 And Nick he made off like a shaft from a bow.
 Then up went his feet, and right down went his head,
 And down his heart sank just as if it were lead.
 When our Micky came round he was flat on the ground,
 With bright stars in his head turning round and around.
 And when he stood up (which he found that he could),
 He looked down at his suit covered over with mud.
 His two pals came along and said 'We'll get yer.'
 Then they carried him back to his home on a stretcher.

IIIb.

WE begin with a personal announcement from Broadfoot.

Last week I lost a pair of black gloves. I asked the Janitor if he had seen them, but since he had not, I had a good look round the building. I went home without success or the gloves. Each day I asked if they had been found, but there was no sign of them anywhere. Yesterday, the fifteenth of March, I lost a brown glove, and asked a boy if he had seen it. "Yes," he replied, going for it, and returning with one of the black ones. Upon going to the cloakroom to see if the other was there, I found it in a corner of the window sill.

I now had two black ones and a brown one, so keep a look out for the brown one, if you don't mind.

Eccles now tells of a visit to Port Sunlight:—

When we arrived, we went to see the baths of liquid soap ready to be purified. We next went to see the soap in stacks, and further on saw check offices. Walking on we saw the soap being put into small packets, then into cardboard boxes, and finally into trucks. From a balcony we looked down on a department where soap was packed in wooden boxes. In another building a film-show was held of the uses of Lifebuoy soap, but we did not stay for it. We were given gifts of Lifebuoy and Sunlight soap samples, and finally left the factory after an interesting visit.

Finally, here is Duckworth's account of his ride to Pensby:—

One Wednesday I decided to call for my friend to see if he would come for a ride with me. I went down to his house, and he told me he would come. We started off at about 2-15 p.m., after deciding to make for his aunt's house in Pensby. It was a lovely day: indeed it was more like summer than spring weather. A few minutes later after starting we were speeding down Swan Hill and on under the railway bridge. We turned into Landican Lane, since this would be our shortest route, and both of us were filled with admiration for the beautiful scenery. In a surprisingly short while we reached our destination, only to find that my pal's aunt was not in. However, we amused ourselves here for some time, and then made off homeward.

IIIj.

HARK! Whisper who dare! Form IIIj. is on the air (with apologies to Christopher Robin). After seven months of disturbance we are at last able to unite in order to annoy you with the efforts of the few poets we possess.

We must apologise for there being no form news, but that will be remedied in our next outburst (we hope!)

We begin with a limerick by Hughes on a subject very dear to the heart of IIIj.—food:—

There was a young boy of the east
Who swallowed a packet of yeast;
He said, "Oh dear, mummy,
I've got pains in the tummy—
Do you think they are caused by my feast?"

On looking through the wastepaper basket we came across a small ragged book stained with salt-water. This proved to be the diary of a fishing-boat captain. Here is an extract:

Tuesday, February 27th.

We left a Scottish port with the tide. After sailing peacefully for a while we had an exciting experience. Thinking we saw an enemy aeroplane, we made preparations for a fight, but as it approached we found it to be an R.A.F. 'plane. The signaller reported he had seen eight men on a raft. These men, he told us, had been saved twice—once when their ship had been machine-gunned, and once when they had struck a magnetic mine. We picked up the men and took them to port. It was really a good day's work.

Lloyd wishes to express his disgust at one of the "home-truths" of German's latest comedian:—

Haw-Haw, who thinks he'll give us a surprise,
Tries to tell us where the *Ark Royal* lies.
He says it's at the bottom of the ocean deep,
O-o-h! Switch off your wireless and go to sleep.

For those who prefer to feast on thrills we now present

THE COURTFIELD CRACKSMEN.

By E. HINTON.

It was a dark night, and it was snowing outside. Count Toni was in his sitting-room telling his friend of an electric-bell that had been fixed to his safe in the library. The door of the safe was a bookcase which swung open when the secret spring by the side was pressed.

Suddenly Count Toni heard a shot, and then a scream. The electric bell started to buzz. Toni seized a golf-club and hurried round to the windows of the library, just in time to see a man dressed in white jump out of the window and run down the path. Count Toni noticed he carried a revolver and a large leather bag.

Getting his car, he called his friend, and drove after the burglar. They soon overtook him, stopped, jumped out, dived on top of him, then tied him up, and took him to the police-station. Toni recovered the money, and shared the reward he obtained with his friend.

D. Moore writes on a topical subject:—

A RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT OVER GERMANY.

Captain Brown of the R.A.F. had just received his orders. He was to take A Flight on a reconnaissance over Germany. Six of the men were to go in Spitfires, and the remaining three in a bomber.

They started out about 9-30 a.m., and were soon over Germany. Anti-aircraft guns opened fire, but they got safely through, and started taking pictures. Soon, however, they saw approaching aircraft. The captain, followed by the others, started to climb. Below them they could see eight German 'planes—Dorniers. The Captain shouted into his microphone for his men to attack.

The six Spitfires opened fire on the Dorniers, of which two went down in flames. One Spitfire made a forced landing. Brown then shot down another Dornier. The Germans had then had enough. The British 'planes returned to their drome with the pictures.

Junior School Notes

THE staff and boys of the Junior School are back at work again, and thoroughly happy. The garden has been sadly neglected this winter, but since the milder weather came the would-be gardeners have made noble efforts to put it in order. The usual show of bulbs is anticipated, and strange plans are afoot for the Dig-for-Victory campaign. Many Juniors have become expert in the ancient art of knitting, and it is hoped that a large collection of scarves will soon be completed for the Mersey Mission for Seamen.

Chess Club

ALTHOUGH the war has curtailed our activities, the Chess Club is still carrying on. We have a fair number of members, but more are needed from the middle and senior schools.

It is our intention (Hitler permitting) to compete with other schools next year, and to be able to do this successfully extra practice is needed in the meantime.

Meetings take place every Friday after afternoon school in VI's. form-room. As no subscription is necessary, we hope that the Chess Club will attract several new members.

Many thanks are due to Mr. Fox and Mr. Lord for their able supervision of the Club during a very difficult and trying period.

A.H.J., G.A.T.

National Savings Group

THIS Society had about forty members at the beginning of the year, and its average weekly savings for 1937 were about thirty shillings. In the last few weeks its membership has increased to over a hundred, while its savings have grown out of recognition, as the following record will show :—

Feb. 26th	£3	5	0
Mar. 4th	£5	10	6
Mar. 11th	£8	1	0
Mar. 18th	£15	0	6

We are now aiming at a membership of 200. Will you do your share in helping us? We will welcome as members not only you but any member of your family who cares to join.

R. H. (Hon. Sec.)

J. W. H. (Hon. Treas.)

Rugby Football

WE can forgive Adolf Hitler for interfering with our school work, but certainly not for shortening our holidays nor for ruining what might have been a very good Rugby season.

The scarcity of suitable grounds and the superabundance of sheep and cattle in Oswestry made serious play something of a problem, but some of the schools in the district extended to us cordial hospitality, and we played six away matches.

We drew our first game at Shrewsbury, lost to our old friends at Wrexham, and won at Ruabon. The 2nd XV. lost to Wrexham, and the 3rd to Shrewsbury, but an "A" XV. proved too strong for the Priory School 2nd at Shrewsbury.

If we did not play very good Rugby, we did, at least, enjoy ourselves, and we are very grateful to the schools which did so much to help us out of our difficulties. We are particularly grateful to the Oswestry High School and the Oswestry Grammar School for the use of their grounds, even though the posts were of the wrong design. (Incidentally, the High School gave us a Soccer fixture, which we won).

Returning home did not solve our Rugby problems, for the weather completed the ruination of our season. We did, however, resume our first team fixtures with Rock Ferry and

Oldershaw with satisfactory results. Our second visit to Wrexham was not so successful, but we must console ourselves with the fact that Wrexham have enjoyed an uninterrupted season.

What might have happened under normal conditions may be gauged from the fact that Griffiths, Jenks and Beacall, who transferred temporarily to Calday Grammar School, were given School Colours there, and Bartlett played for the Wirral Grammar School 1st XV.

There have been the usual complaints from the backs that they have not been getting the ball from the forwards, and from the forwards, that the backs have not made use of their opportunities, but there is little point in holding a post-mortem "born" scrum half, and we must find one for next season. at this stage. What we have lacked for two seasons now is a

Pearson and Clarke are to be congratulated on bringing the team successfully through a very difficult season.

Clarke will be leaving us soon. We combine our congratulations on his unique record of four seasons in the first fifteen with our good wishes for his future.

Pearson, unfortunately, lies seriously ill in hospital, and we hasten to wish him a speedy recovery.

RESULTS.

		POINTS	
		F.	A.
1st XV.			
Priory School, Shrewsbury	D.	3	3
Grove Park, Wrexham	L.	0	9
Ruabon	W.	18	6
Rock Ferry	W.	11	3
Grove Park, Wrexham	L.	0	21
Oldershaw	W.	8	6
"A" XV. v. Priory School, Shrewsbury, 2nd.	W.	33	0
2nd XV.			
Grove Park, Wrexham	L.	3	38
Oldershaw	L.	3	12
3rd XV.			
Priory School, Shrewsbury	L.	3	35
Bantams.			
Oldershaw	W.	9	0

Scout Notes

AS no Scout Notes appeared in the 'Evacuation Number' of the *Visor*, a brief survey of Scout activities since last July will be made.

The annual summer camp was held near Gatehouse-of-Fleet, Kirkcudbright. The site was ideal, and in spite of stormy weather the 28 boys and the two young visitors from Newcastle thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The surrounding country afforded excellent opportunities for pioneering, and several excursions were made to places of interest.

For three weeks after the summer camp a small patrol camp was maintained at Leasowe Hospital for the benefit of the patients. With the outbreak of war the Patrol rendered assistance with sandbagging.

The evacuation of the School to Oswestry necessitated running the troop in two sections. The section remaining in Birkenhead held meetings on Saturday afternoons at the H.Q.'s of the 2nd Birkenhead Troop. The Oswestry section were allowed the use of the 2nd Oswestry Troop H.Q.'s. We are indebted to the G.S.M.'s of these troops for their kindness.

The School troop has taken an active part in the work of the Scout War Service Bureau. One patrol each week has been on duty. Rover Scout A. H. Wood is responsible for this patrol.

As it is impossible to use the School buildings for troop meetings the troop assembles at the H.Q.'s of the 2nd Birkenhead Troop on Monday evenings at 6-30 p.m. The Senior Scouts meet at 87 Holt Hill on Tuesday evenings. There is still room for a few recruits in the troop, and any new-comers—especially ex-cubs—will be welcome. We are more than glad to welcome to the troop Messrs. F. Lake and A. Cartwright who have recently joined the Staff of the School.

It is proposed to hold this Easter a camp at Brynbach for Officers and Senior Scouts. The party will travel by train to Denbigh, and then hike to the camp site at Brynbach.

A number of ex-members of the Group are on active service with the Forces. We take this opportunity of wishing them all 'good luck.'

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