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SUMMER

1940



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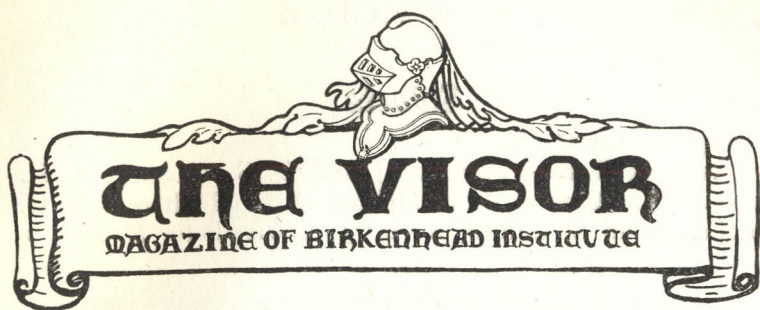


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VOL. XIII., No. 3.

SUMMER, 1940.

Editorial

ALTHOUGH it seems somewhat out of season, this, the summer issue of the *Visor*, at last makes its appearance—perhaps better late than never.

Naturally, owing to present-day conditions, the magazine has had to be reduced in size, but, nevertheless, despite their rather skeleton-like outward appearance, these war-time editions of the *Visor* will have an enhanced value in the years to come, if only as a permanent record reflecting something of the unusual atmosphere of school life in war-time. The militarist spirit can hardly yet be said to have invaded the School, although the casual observer entering the gymnasium last July would have noticed a body of ardent youths busily engaged in acquiring proficiency in arms-drill, with the assistance of ancient dummy rifles, used for a similar purpose during the last war.

This year must be regarded as one of the most remarkable in the School's history. Since the return from Oswestry last January, our life has been modified to suit war conditions: games are necessarily curtailed, and although the Sports were held more or less as usual, the meeting was remarkable mainly for the lack of prizes, and the absence of obstacle-race beer barrels.

Knowing that we shall have to do without many things far more necessary to our education than these, we are still resolved not to take undue thought for the morrow.

Salvete

Spring Term—B. A. Weir.

Summer Term—T. S. M. Jones, G. S. Macnab, M. R. Blakeway, P. Clarke, C. P. Hellon, D. B. Henharen, R. C. Hughes, Alun B. Baines, Robert J. Lewis, Peter E. Hynes.

Valete

Spring Term.

Tate :—J. Wharton, R. D. Turtle.

Westminster :—J. Jones, R. Hartley.

Summer Term.

Atkin :—Frank H. Nash, A. R. Moore, Frank A. Bell.

Stitt :—D. H. Jones, Peter Wynne, K. Bolton.

Tate :—Eric Molyneux (*1st XI. Colours*) ; Frank W. Little.

Westminster :—A.H.Jenks (*Prefect, 1st XV., Member of Literary and Debating Society, Winner of Chess Championship, Captain of Chess Club*). William T. Boyd, K. D. Gould, H. Philip Preece.

Sports, 1940

IN spite of many handicaps this year, the School Sports were held, and were voted a great success in the circumstances. Certain popular events such as the Obstacle and Sack Races had to be omitted (the necessary equipment being unobtainable) ; the holding of the annual Cross Country Run was found to be impracticable ; and perhaps the most lamentable sacrifice of all—there were no prizes. All competitors, whether successful or not, are to be congratulated on the fine spirit of sportsmanship shown. Winners of events were presented with a memento by Alderman Solly when he visited us later.

Though the number of spectators was smaller than usual, the weather attempted compensation by blessing us with a sunny heat-wave. Panama hats, sun-glasses, and multi-coloured blazers were accordingly a popular source of juvenile merriment. To all those who came away from the ground on June 8th believing that pampas grass was in its early stages of growth there, we would like to point out that our mower cannot survive on * gallons—no more. The Catering Chiefs wish to apologise for the absence of 'bottled gas' on such a day. Blame the war.

The honours of the day went to S. B. Huntriss, winner of the Senior Victor Ludorum with 17 points, and we also congratulate Proudman, Vincent, and G.S. Smith, runners-up, and Gilliland and Mandy who shared the Junior Victor Ludorum. Results were as follows:—

Long Jump, Open: (1) Proudman, H. G.; (2) Vincent, K. I. C.; (3) Jones, H. 17-ft. 1-in.

Long Jump, Under 14: (1) Lloyd, C. H.; (2) Gilliland, D. S.; (3) Smith, D. J. 13-ft.

High Jump, Open: (1) Huntriss, S. B.; (2) Liversage, W. E.; (3) Brooks, H. R. 4-ft. 11-ins.

High Jump, Under 14: (1) Mandy, A. J.; (2) Larsen, A. R.; (3) Owen, J. W. 4-ft. 0½-ins.

Cricket Ball, Open: (1) Griffith, C. E.; (2) Huntriss, S. B.; (3) Bray, J. 81-yds. 2-ft. 6-ins.

Cricket Ball, Under 14: (1) Dillow, D. I.; (2) Mandy, A. J.; (3) Campbell, L. 51-yds. 1-ft.

Drop Kick, Open: (1) Huntriss, S. B.; (2) Smith, G. S.; (3) Beacall, J. P. 42-yds. 1-ft. 3-ins.

Drop Kick, Under 14: (1) Ware, B. E.; (2) Peever, B. H.; (3) Larsen, A. R. 32-yds. 1-ft.

100 yds., Under 13: (1) Hughes, H. J.; (2) Lloyd, C. H.; (3) Campbell, L. 13 4/5 secs.

100 yds., Under 14: (1) Gilliland, D. S.; (2) Turnbull, R.; (3) Smith, K. I. 13 2/5 secs.

100 yds., Under 15: (1) Rice, A.; (2) Buckley, R. K.; (3) Gregson, T. H. 12 2/5 secs.

100 yds., Open: (1) Huntriss, S. B.; (2) Proudman, H. G.; (3) Roberts, V. H. 11 2/5 secs.

80 yds., Junior School, Over 10: (1) Foster, B.; (2) Dickson, G. S.; (3) Weir, B. A.

80 yds., Junior School, Under 10: (1) Dickson, G. H.; (2) Henharen, D.; (3) Huntriss, J. B.; Higgins, H. R.

220 yds. Handicap, Under 15: (1) Rice, A.; (2) Gilliland, D. S.; (3) Turnbull, R. 28 4/5 secs.

220 yds. Handicap, Under 13: (1) Lloyd, C. H.; (2) Willsher, J. A.; (3) Foxcroft, G. A. 32 secs.

220 yds., Open: (1) Huntriss, S. B.; (2) Proudman, H. G.; (3) Roberts, V. H. 27 secs.

220 yds. Handicap, Over 15: (1) Griffith, C. E.; (2) Hassall, A. W.; (3) Dorrity, R. D.

220 yds. Handicap, Junior School: (1) Moss; (2) Dickson, D. S.; (3) Weir, B. A.

440 yds., Open: (1) Bibby, D. W.; (2) Vincent, K. I. C.; (3) Roberts, V. H. 63 secs.

440 yds., Handicap: (1) Thacker, S. D. J.; (2) Vicary, F. E.; (3) Jones, T. E.

Hurdles, Under 13: (1) Ogden, E. W. N.; (2) Lloyd, C. H.; (3) Broadfoot.
Hurdles, Under 15: (1) Roberts, J. E.; (2) Turnbull, R.; (3) Gilliland, D. S.

Hurdles, Open: (1) Huntriss; (2) Vincent. 18 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

Relay, Open: (1) W. J. Barr's; (2) H. Jones's; (3) Bibby's.

Three-Legged, Junior School: (1) Dickson and Dickson, G. H.; (2) Stalker, P., and Perry, M. B.; (3) Moss, S. and Henharen, D.

Mile, Open: (1) Smith, G. S.; (2) Harris, R. G.; (3) Thomas, G. A. 5 mins, 29 secs.

Three-Legged, Senior Handicap: (1) Proudman, H.G., and Huntriss, S.B.; (2) Baxter, H. G., and Williams, J.; (3) Roberts, I., and Bibby, D. W.

Junior House Relay: (1) Stitt; (2) Atkin; (3) Tate. 1 min. 1 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs.

Inter House Relay: (1) Stitt; (2) Tate; (3) Atkin. 61 secs.

Senior House Relay: (1) Atkin; (2) Tate; (3) Stitt. 1 min. 55 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

880 yds. Handicap: (1) Liversage, W. E.; (2) Thacker, S. D. J.; (3) Foxcroft, G. A. 2 mins. 22 secs.

Open Tug: (1) McCullen's; (2) Molyneux's.

House Tug: (1) Atkin; (2) Tate.

Victor Ludorum: Huntriss, S. B., 17 pts.

Junior Victor Ludorum: Gilliland, D. S., and Mandy, A. J.

House Championship: Atkin, 71 $\frac{1}{2}$ pts.; Tate, 61 pts.; Stitt, 48 pts.; Westminster, 22 pts.

Obituaries

MR. PAICE.

ON Friday, May 3rd, we lost our Art Master, Mr. Philip Stuart Paice, A.R.C.A., who had been a familiar and popular figure at the Insti. for the past twenty years. Generations of Old Boys will sigh to think that the good times they have had with Mr. Paice can no longer be enjoyed by their successors.

The son of an artist, and a Royal Academy scholar, Mr. Paice achieved considerable distinction as a painter. He was prominent in local art circles, a member of the Sandon Studies Social Club, a member and past president of the Liver Sketching Club, and an associate of the Royal Cambrian Academy, Mr. Paice exhibited frequently, and in 1937 one of his pictures, entitled *Rock Ferry*, which was shown in the Royal Academy, was bought for the permanent collection of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. One of Mr. Paice's pictures in oils, called *Corfe's Buildings*, Liverpool, has been acquired by the School as a lasting memory of Mr. Paice, and an inspiration, it is hoped, to succeeding generations of boys.

When the 1914 war broke out Mr. Paice was Art Master at the Denver, Colorado, School of Art. He immediately went to Canada and enlisted, and served 4 years in France and 2 in Ireland. During the time in which he held a commission, he gained a wide reputation as a caricaturist and an artist. On demobilisation, Mr. Paice came to the Institute, when he soon made himself deservedly popular. His organisation of the School Athletic Sports has earned him much praise.

Mr. Paice's attractive personality, combining geniality, ready wit, and urbane manners, endeared him to all, and will long keep his memory fresh.

MR GALLOWAY.

An earlier generation of Old Boys would learn with regret of the death at the age of eighty-three of Mr. Robert Galloway, M.A., who retired from the Institute in December, 1924.

After taking his M.A. degree at Edinburgh in 1883, Mr. Galloway came to the Clifton Park School, Birkenhead, and in 1893 he succeeded his father as Principal of that school. In September, 1904, Mr. Galloway joined the Institute as Senior Master and the two schools were amalgamated. For the next twenty years he did excellent service for the School. When he retired, Mr. Galloway was not idle, as for a considerable time he acted as occasional lecturer at St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead.

Hard-working, painstaking, and conscientious in the extreme, Mr. Galloway won the liking and respect of hundreds to whom he will always be affectionately remembered as "Uncle Bob."

MISS ATKIN.

The School lost another good friend by the death of Miss S. S. Atkin, who died while we were evacuated to Oswestry, and of whose decease we were ignorant until after our last issue had gone to press.

A daughter of George Atkin, Esq., the founder of the Institute, Miss Atkin always took a great interest in the School, and especially in the work of the Junior School and in the House Competitions. As we all know, our *Victor Ludorum* trophy was her gift. Delicate health had for many years restricted her activities, but, if it was at all possible, Miss Atkin attended our annual Speech Days.

Correspondence

FACULTY OF SCIENCE,
UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL,
LIVERPOOL.

To the Editor of the *Visor*.

Dear Sir,

I would like in this letter to try to explain the effects of the war on University thought.

At the beginning of the war tolerance was the keynote of University politics, the right of freedom and opinion was therefore in general recognised and respected.

However, as the war progressed and a recognition of the possibilities of the situation with which we were faced took place, a change on the political front occurred.

Minor demonstrations against certain University bodies occurred, and these gradually assumed a more bellicose nature. The action of certain cliques at the University became more antagonistic, and in several cases brawlings ensued.

The University, being essentially conservative in nature, in general was in favour of a policy for the pursuance of the war with all possible vigour.

These minorities which had policies in opposition to the University as a whole were in a precarious position, and it could only be a matter of time before more openly hostile actions were taken against them.

Thus, at certain meetings at the Students' Union, organised disturbances took place. The organisers of these disturbances induced other students into a state of pseudo-patriotic fervour due to mob hysteria. At one meeting of a society the President of the Guild of Undergraduates found it necessary to have a body-guard of members of the University boxing club who took this stand purely on ethical grounds.

However, soon it appeared that the Guild had this trouble under control, after certain ringleaders had been brought before the discipline committee and reprimanded.

It, therefore, came as a minor shock when it was announced by the Vice-Chancellor that henceforth until a date later announced no political meetings were to take place in the Union.

In the meantime such pressure was applied by certain groups that it was announced that a ballot would be held to decide whether to disaffiliate two societies, the Peace Pledge Union and the Socialist Society, from the Guild. By the result of the ballot the two above societies were both disaffiliated and were, therefore, no longer official societies of the University.

A "cooling-down" of the University then took place owing possibly to the nearness of the examinations and also to the fact that it was difficult to decide what other action could be taken against the two societies.

It cannot be too strongly stressed that the above disturbances were due to minorities in the University and did not represent the true University spirit.

These disturbances seem to be as distasteful to the intelligent University student as to the members of the suppressed societies. The most that one may hope is that the "lull" now evident will develop not into a storm but into a spirit which sanctions intelligent discussion without resort to force.

Yours, etc.,

G. A. FORSYTHE.

Double Double-Cross

LOUIS MALAN was thinking—thinking hard. For several years he'd managed to run the best mob between East 74th Street and Soho, and he hadn't been arrested once. As a result, there was a tidy pile of dollars in his name at the National United Bank. Unfortunately, the money would have to be split between the boys, and that meant that Louis would only get a quarter of it. Considering this prospect made Louis keener to keep the lot for himself.

Still, he thought, only two of his mob were smart enough to stop him from getting away with all the dough—"Acey" Durrell and his partner, Lottie, a dame. "Acey" could have knocked a fly off a pin at fifty paces, and the pin wouldn't be touched. Lottie only used a .22, but when she reached for her handbag, where she kept it, Louis knew that any one who stopped to argue was asking for trouble.

Suddenly, Louis smiled. "I will get rid of them both at once, without any bother," he muttered, and then left his flat.

* * * * *

"Acey" and Lottie were sitting drinking whiskey in Joe Moran's dive when Louis found them. Standing behind Lottie's back, he beckoned to "Acey." Saying, "I'll be seein' you, baby," "Acey" left Lottie and went over to Louis, who was trying to look pale.

"What's on your mind?" demanded "Acey."

"Listen, 'Acey'," replied Louis, "I've got bad news. Lottie's from the Federal Department. She's working for the G-men."

"The lousy little runt," snarled "Acey," obviously startled. "I'll soon fix her," and his hand plunged inside his coat to his left armpit.

"Not here," said Louis, restraining him. "I have a plan. To-night, at 11-30, she'll be in the alley behind 93rd Street, alone. She thinks she's going to do a little job for me. I think you know what to do."

"Sure I know what to do," answered "Acey." "I'll blast day-light through the stoolpigeon."

"Watch her .22," warned Louis. "She's hot stuff with it."

"Don't get het up," replied "Acey." "I can deal with it. So long, Louis."

He walked over to Lottie, said "See you later," and left the saloon. Louis finished his drink, then went over and sat down at Lottie's table.

"Hello, Louis," said Lottie. "Why so pale?"

"It's bad news" answered Louis, "I've just heard that 'Acey' is a G-man."

"What," Lottie almost screamed in surprise. "Are you certain?"

"Yeah, I heard to-day."

"Then I'll pump lead into him, the rat," she shouted, reaching for her bag. "Wait till I get near him, I'll . . ."

Louis stopped her. "Say, I know that he'll be in the alley behind 93rd Street to-night at 11-30. He's on a little job for me. You can use your little pistol there, I think."

"O.K." said Lottie, a little calmer. "You'll read all about his death in to-morrow's papers," and with this she walked out.

Louis called the attendant.

"Gin" he demanded, giving him a ten dollar bill. "Keep the change. I feel kinda generous now."

* * * * *

It was 11-29, and Louis was standing in the shadows in the alley. He'd come to make sure that his plan didn't misfire. A distant clock struck once, then . . .

"O.K. Louis. You're finished. Drop that gun and come out."

Louis swung round. A few yards distant stood "Acey," holding a tommy-gun. Lottie was watching, a few yards on "Acey's" right.

Suddenly Louis acted. He jerked up his gun, and started to spout lead. Acey's finger tightened, and a stream of lead ripped its way into Louis. He screamed, and sagged against the wall. "Acey" stopped shooting, and walked towards him. Then Louis raised his gun, but, before he could fire, a sharp crack rang out, and his gun fell to the ground. Then he pitched on his side. Lottie's little .22 had done its work.

She and "Acey" bent over Louis, who was coughing blood. He hadn't long to live.

"How did you find out . . . I double . . . cross you?" he whispered.

"Well," said "Acey." "You told me Lottie was a Government agent. You were quite right, she is. So am I, and she should know that, because we're married."

G.A.T.

Of the Dwellers on Deep-Mere Waste

THE dawn mists hung low over the boundless heath. They rolled and swirled down rocky valleys, engulfing boulders, rugged tors, and dew-soaked heather.

The mist wreaths lifted slightly to reveal a dark shape advancing up a stony path. The shape became a horseman in gleaming mails—upright, looking straight ahead.

The horse climbed with surprising ease : rather it appeared to glide ; for the mists entwined its legs, leaving only its broad rounded chest, fierce rolling eyes, and plump buttocks to bear witness to its strength.

The knight was unaccompanied, and was fully harnessed : even his visor being closed. He held his lance loosely in its rest, and from the shield, in startling clarity, shone the arms of a white cross. Whose arms these were, men tried to explain in later days, but only a few dared to guess the truth. What was the truth ? Perhaps the reader will add his explanation to those already offered.

Soon after, the sun rose a bleary-red, like the eyes of one new-wakened, and the morning breeze chased the mists away.

But the horseman did not stop. All through the heat of the day he rode at the same steady pace, and not once did he look back, not once did his horse falter despite the rough nature of the ground. Suddenly he turned from the path and rode away across the springy heather. Now his course led up rugged scarps, down into deep valleys, overgrown with moss and heather, and across dangerous torrents and wide expanses of desolate moor. Yet the knight did not seem to have lost his way. He rode straight on with that confidence shown only by those with absolute trust in themselves.

Dusk was beginning to fall when the knight, breasting a steep rise, halted his horse for the first time and contemplated the scene before him.

The ground sloped gently upwards, steepening, however, towards the crest, on which stood a sombre, forbidding looking castle. Its scarred battlements dominated the landscape, and the setting sun flung it into burning relief. The silver mail of the horseman caught some stray rays and reflected them a blood-red, and the shining cross on his shield glowed and smouldered like fire.

The knight gazed for some time upon this scene, then he continued towards the tall gateway, which was veiled by the glistening webs of numerous spiders. For the first time the horseman spoke, and though his voice sounded hollow in his heavy casque, yet it was gentle as a woman's.

" Hast bedding for one who has travelled far ?" he hailed, his voice echoing weirdly against the grim battlements.

For answer the portcullis was raised on rusty and screeching chains. Yet, after this, the silence became more intense and foreboding than before. Suddenly the dismal cry of a wolf echoed over the heath, and then, once more—silence.

The knight, however, did not once change his posture. Then, spurring his horse, he proceeded into the courtyard. The portcullis dropped behind him with a harsh crash. Yet the knight did not start or turn round. Slowly he dismounted and strode, sword in hand, to a tall tower at the back of the castle. The low door was chained. The knight raised his sword. Round it span in a silver arc and the chains fell away, and rattled to the ground. The door swung open revealing a spiral staircase running round the sides of the tower to the top, which was open to the sky.

The knight, however, did not climb them. He strode across to the rear of the tower which contained yet another door, also chained. He raised his sword, but the chains fell away and the door creaked open and swung inwards. A great bat glided out, flew upwards in great circles towards the star-studded sky, and disappeared over the battlements. The knight entered and looked up at the lofty roof of the great hall into which he had entered.

Great oak beams crossed the hall at intervals; delicately carved yet dusty and rotting with age. But it was not the beams at which the horseman gazed. Nay, it was at an awful shape which hung from one of them by a rotting rope, swaying to and fro in the draught from the open door; its head hanging loosely on its shoulder and a horrible leering grin on the thick pulpy lips. Its skin was like yellow parchment, and the black beady eyes, staring down on him with that humourless grin, were the very incarnation of evil.

Here hung the mortal remains of the vampire of Deep-Mere Waste: here the body of the sorceress Galatia. The knight sprang nimbly to the table, and holding the point of his sword to the heart of the shapeless Thing he cried aloud:—

“Galatia, Daughter of Evil, come here to me or I sever the thread which holds thee from the Torment.”

Almost immediately the door opened and the emaciated figure of the vampire glided toward him, a smile of hideous triumph on its lips.

"Hail, O man!" screeched the hag, "All hail."

"Vampire, thou art thin," said the knight, unflinchingly, his voice strangely musical and gentle.

"Few pass Doom Castle after sunset, and so I have lived on the blood of birds and rabbits."

"Where is thy husband, the were-man Hendrik?"

The lips drew back in a sneer. The black eyes bulged, but Galatia spoke not.

"Answer, Vampire, else I thrust my sword through the heart of this Thing."

The eyes rolled till only the whites were visible. Again that look of triumph and the great strength of the vampire's will beat as heat waves on the brain of the knight. But he did not flinch.

But look at Galatia. Her eyes no longer gaze as before. Surely fear is lurking in their evil depths. Sweat oozes in great drops on her brow and runs in streams down her lined face. She shivers as with the ague.

"Who—art thou?" she whispers hoarsely.

For answer the knight turns his shield towards her. The sign of the Holy Rood springs lividly into relief, and Galatia, the vampire falls, grovelling on the ground, for Galatia knew what we shall never know—who the knight was.

The knight pricked the hanging shape and the vampire screamed.

"Nay, nay," she cried, "not that—O, not that. I will tell thee. He cometh here now."

"Vampire," replied the womanish voice, "I read thy heart—nay; thou hast none—thy soul."

Again sweat broke profusely on Galatia's brow. Her eyes widened with terror.

"I—dare not. Nay, it would be mine end." She screamed harshly as the knight once more pricked the Shape above them. "I will tell thee," she cried, "only let not the were-man get me. He is at Deep-Mere where he spends his nights," and screeching and screaming she glided swiftly from the hall.

The knight knelt upon one knee and turned his eyes upwards. For a long time he knelt thus then, rising, he thrust his sword through the heart of the thing above him.

From without came a terrible long-drawn-out scream which ended in a wail and a gurgle. The rope which held the Shape broke and the latter fell in a heap on the ground, and before the knight lay an awful sticky, stinking heap of oily putrescence.

* * * * *

Deep-Mere lay shimmering under the light of the waning moon. Scarcely a ripple marred its smooth surface, until a stone, dislodged by a horseman riding round the brink of the cliff which overhung it, fell with a little "plop."

The horseman was the Knight of the Holy Rood, as we shall call him, and he picked his way carefully down the tortuous path to the mere. Soon he had reached the shore, and he wound his way between the boulders which dotted the heather.

Suddenly the howl of a wolf was heard close by, and a dark shadow moved quickly behind neighbouring rocks. The knight rode steadily on, but the hand which bore the ponderous lance was not as loose as before.

Strange tricks of fancy may happen on an open moor at night. Boulders, so innocent in day light, bear down on the night traveller in great shapeless masses. Shadows cast by the yellow radiance of the moon become spectres, korrigans, creatures of ill omen.

But is that shadow a mere flight of imagination? Does imagination make yellow fangs gleam so?

The lance swings forward into position, the shield on guard. Spurs rake, and the knight charges. The horse responds wonderfully. The speed increases, and they confront It. It ducks, and leaps—straight for the horse's throat, but a mailed arm encircles Its neck and knight and were-man struggle on the ground. The swift flash of gleaming white steel. The hideous glimpse of a dark-fanged mouth, dripping with saliva and blood; the pimpled, toad-like skin; the small, rolling, pig-like eyes. Breath comes in great gasps, and the knight hacks terribly. Now they roll near the mere.

A figure in mail, slippery with blood, rises quickly and a shapeless, evil thing flies far into the lake. Once more the smooth surface is broken, and the body of the were-man disappears for ever.

The knight remounted his horse, set his lance back in its rest and went the way he came.

* * * * *

The dawn mists hung low over the boundless heath. They rolled and swirled down rocky valleys, engulfing boulders, rugged tors, dew-soaked heather, and the figure of a horseman in gleaming mail, upright, looking straight ahead.

With the dawn mists did the Knight of the Holy Rood come, with the dawn mists did he go, as the tides of the sea wash up jetsam upon the shores of the lands, and, mayhap, take it back again, at the turning of the tides, into the mighty bosom of the deep.

Who he was we do not know. We shall never know—for sure. Perhaps he was Saint —— but stay, I tread on holy ground, which, if I am right, may change to quicksands and draw me into unknown worlds, the Spiritual Worlds, of which, perhaps, the less known the better.

R.W.

The Mug

“**H**OW much longer is the train going to wait,” demanded the tall, well-groomed, sleek-haired man impatiently of his two companions, who were lounging comfortably on the superb upholstery of a first-class railway carriage.

“Aw, shut up, Jasper! What’s the hurry? What’s wrong with you, anyway? Ever since we left the course you’ve done nothing but curse and grumble.”

“Well, what do you expect me to do?” replied Jasper with an oath to Tony, the thin, wiry man who was seated opposite to him, “Out of the £1,500 I brought along with me, I’ve got exactly £200 left.”

Before he could say more the carriage-door swung open, and in stepped a small, meek-looking man with thin sandy-coloured hair, pale-blue eyes blinking through a pair of rimless spectacles, and a great beaming smile that lit up the whole of his face. At the end of five minutes, during which nobody had spoken, the newcomer’s fingers, which had been twiddling nervously, reached up into the breast-pocket of his jacket and

brought to light a thick, black wallet : this he opened and from it produced three £100 notes. Fascinated, his companions stared at him enquiringly and, as if replying to them, the little man explained : " Gentlemen, to-day I've had the most stupendous luck, beginner's luck if you like—the first time that I've backed a horse in my life, I've won £300." He was congratulated on his luck, and he then became quite chatty.

It seemed that he was an artist who, as he had just concluded some important business and had an hour or two to spare before returning home, had decided to visit a race course where there was a big meeting. Luck was with him all the time : he won a ' fiver ' in a small race and recklessly staked his winnings on the chief event on the programme. Then he realised what a fool he'd been to dispose of his winnings thus ; but the horse came in first, and here he was richer by £300. He chuckled happily at the thought. That was enough for Jasper, and he began to wonder what unknown force had brought such a mug into a compartment of card-sharpers.

Conversation began to lag, and the little man remarked how boring long railway journeys could be, whereupon the third member of the trio, who had not yet spoken a word, produced a pack of cards and said : " Cards pass the time."

" How about a game of Poker ?" asked Jasper.

" But I don't know how to play," was the protest, " the only game I play is patience."

" Well, now is the time to learn."

The little man blinked uncertainly but finally acquiesced. They played a few trial hands just to " show him how," and then, rather unhappily, he changed a £100 note with Tony. Things went nicely at first, and Mr. Andrews, as he called himself, was soon the proud possessor of another £20 ; but gradually his pile of notes and silver began to diminish till it amounted to £50. Mr. Andrews became most uncomfortable and began to blink and to bewail his losses pathetically ; his blue eyes moistened, and a tear was observed rolling down his cheek. However, the man of few words, who also appeared to be losing heavily, spoke once again, " Run of the game ; you'll get it back." Mr. Andrews said he hoped so. But things went from bad to worse and before very long there were only the £100 notes in the wallet, and nothing at all on the improvised card-table. Mr. Andrews suggested finishing the game.

The man of few words said he wanted to get his money back, so Mr. Andrew, fingering it lovingly, handed over the second £100 note to Jasper and counted carefully the notes he received in return. He had just lost a further pound when the train pulled up with a jerk, and he discovered that this was his Station, and so, stuffing the notes into the wallet, he raised his hat all round, bid them a mournful goodbye, opened the door and disappeared among the crowd.

"My hat," said Tony, "What a sap. It was as easy as falling off a wall. Shall we square up?"

Between them the three of them brought their assets back to what they had been before the game and with the surplus of £100, of which Jasper took charge, they proposed first of all to have a real "slap-up" dinner.

* * * * *

They had dined sumptuously at the Savoy, and Jasper had just handed the waiter the £100 note to pay for their food explaining that he had no small change, when the man returned and informed Jasper that the Manager would like to see him. With the Manager was a police sergeant who very much regretted that he would have to take the gentleman into custody for trying to pass a counterfeit note. R.H.H.

The Holiday Camp

I HAVE just returned from a visit to the B.I. Camp at Barrow, where the School stalwarts are going all out to help our national effort as well as having what they all describe as a wonderful time.

I first came across some of them perched on the top of a load of hay bales which they had stacked on a trailer drawn by a brilliant blue tractor. I was told that arrangements had been made with the local authorities, who both agreed to a plan for training the boys for the Tank Corps by frequent practice runs across the open fields of Barrow. I also saw on top of the bales a rather jovial-looking soldier of fortune whose only weapon was a short iron hook and who impressed upon the boys the need of storing the bales in their youth as well as in their loft: all my inquiries failed to discover any more than that he was graced with the name of Alf. Who, again, was the Sinbad-like person, or the bearded youth, or, what

did I see, a slacker hiding between two bales? Perhaps it would not be in the national interest, or in theirs, to disclose their identity. May their bales rest in peace!

A ditching party I watched for some time made short work of the banks of a stream which had shown by its meanderings that some of the strange happenings of geography are not confined either to text-books or to the imaginations of geographers. Indeed so keen was this party that they were asked by a so-called labourer whether the boss was near. These ditching expeditions gave plenty of opportunity for the free discussion of several topics under the presidency of an eminent classical scholar who was in charge of operations. Yet it was scything which proved the greatest thought-stimulant: I tried my hand at it myself, and found that in an hour I did more thinking than I normally do in a day. If anyone would think hard, let him become a member of the Most Ancient and Noble Society of Barrovian Thistle-Scythers. The annual subscription is two scythe hones, the crest is thistles rampant on an emerald field, and the motto *puto ne putream*, which means, of course, thistle make you think.

The extreme wisdom of the Government's distribution of gas-masks became apparent when one approached the scene of operations of a forking-out and shovelling-up party, who confessed that there are times when a sense of smell proves more of a hindrance than a help. One of the group was soon to leave to join the Navy, but I was told that he was not a *whit* more perturbed than before.

Since a day's hard work was scarcely enough to keep the boys in training, it was often supplemented by a switchback cycle ride to that noble stream, the Gowy, which called forth the following pathetic ditty handed to me at the farm:

An unemployed man came from Jarrow
To work on a farm at Long Barrow.
His curls were upset
In the Gowy (it's wet),
So he combed them all out with a harrow.

But B.I. boys never worry about such a trifling matter, and indeed I heard that one of them omitted one day to discard his shirt before taking the plunge. The day's work had often given what several regarded as a protective film of dirt, but

they evidently preferred for the most part to go unprotected. A Spartan run round the neighbouring field completed their training for the day. Another way of spending the evening was to regard the straw-stacks as defensive positions from which to aim rotten potatoes at an attacking party. The ensuing fights were long, fierce, and exciting, but all communiques stated that there were no casualties.

Cricket enthusiasts found at their disposal a field which would perhaps have been more suitable for a round of golf: one bowler claimed a record bag of two black eyes, one finger-nail, and four bruised wrists. Even the engineering interests of the camp were not ignored. A passer-by would discern for an evening or two a swarm of able mechanics busy dismantling a discarded traction engine to be sold as scrap metal. Thus was even spare time utilised in the national effort. A trip to Chester would usually satisfy the needs of those in favour of a short life and a gay one. I was unfortunately unable to accompany them on any of these evening excursions, and accurate information about them is hard to obtain. Since, as readers are aware, the *Visor* has always preferred to omit any news not verified, we shall not be able to give to this aspect of camp life the attention which it perhaps deserves.

I spent a night at the camp. The dormitory, a light airy room, would greatly interest the entomologist. A truly smashing game of Barrow barn tennis was in progress, and of the spectators, some were merry and bright, and some were just bright. The room had been festooned some time before, and an air of celebration prevailed, especially about the fireplace. The room commanded a magnificent view of the famous Blackburn Gardens on one side, while one of the boys told me that a certain sage amongst them took special delight in examining the cloud formations seen from the other side. It was evidently not done to consider sleep before midnight, and so the time was passed with singing, brawling, and the telling of ghost stories which troubled no-one, since all knew that the only creatures who walked about there at night were mortals.

If by chance this report should be too late for a 1940 issue of the *Visor*, the reader will make allowances for the postal service at Barrow. It is hoped, however, that the special request already made to the postal authorities will ensure its prompt delivery within the next few months.



THIS page—for the benefit of all but the tiny minority of educated persons who can translate the Latin title—notes the minor events and touches on the lighter side of school life. The School has always been sharply divided in its opinion of *Varia*—those who vote it dull and think it should be made brighter, and those who vote it dull and think it should be abolished.

* * * * *

The second class is usually in the majority, and invariably includes the mugs who, at the appropriate point in their school career, are roped in to write the stuff. This year, when the shortage of paper and the value of labour make some people ask why the *Visor* is being printed at all, the trivialities of this page seem even less worth the precious skill and wood pulp devoted to their reproduction.

* * * * *

Moreover, like our holidays during the last twelve months, the *Visor* has been first cut down, and then postponed. As a result the restricted news it records is about four months old before you read it.

* * * * *

The School remained open throughout the summer holidays, but for five weeks the afternoon session was suspended, the mornings being devoted to recreational activities. The wise and lucky ones took their holidays during this period. No one knows who invented this arrangement, which had the great merit of being different from all the equally wonderful schemes prescribed for schools in adjacent districts.

* * * * *

The war has already made inroads on the Staff. Mr. Bloor, who was on the Emergency Reserve of Officers, was called to active service last term, and has been stationed for some months in a naval base on the south coast, where he has had a narrow escape in a bombing raid. Mr. Lewis also left in the summer term to become a P.T. Instructor in the R.A.F. Two or three other masters are expecting to be called up shortly.

Elsewhere we print a first list of Old Boys serving with the Forces, which we hope to supplement and correct in later issues. Will any boy or Old Boy who can supply additions or corrections inform Mr. A. O. Jones at the School?

* * * * *

In addition to the casualties among Old Boys recorded on another page, we have already lost one of our own number through enemy action. Roy Gibbons of Remove Lower was killed by a bomb explosion on October 3rd. The funeral was attended by members of his own form, and a wreath was sent from the School. Our sympathy goes out to those bereaved by the first war casualty in the School's history.

* * * * *

The School suffered a heavy loss through the death last May of Mr. Paice. His long years of service here had endeared him to generations of Old Boys and Staff; but he was also that comparative rarity among school-masters, a distinguished figure in a sphere outside his profession.

* * * * *

Mr. Galloway's death serves another link with the early days of the Institute. Although some 16 years had passed since his retirement, he was until quite recently a frequent and welcome visitor at school functions.

* * * * *

On a less mournful note we say goodbye and good luck to Russell on his retirement after 22 years' service as Janitor. A staunch conservative, 'Janny' bore with growing impatience the rapid changes and upheavals of recent years. A strong opponent of reform, he never recovered fully from the abolition of the "Tripulation Exam." which he regarded as the foundation of society. The hammer blows of "Vacumation" and the black-out confirmed him in his decision to retire gracefully from a losing battle.

* * * * *

The Headmaster asks us to acknowledge gifts of parcels of clothing from the following boys for the children evacuated to Irby from the Channel Islands:—Up. VI.: Bryden, Liver- sage, Thomas; Rj.: Heaps, McLachlan, Rushton, Salter; Va.: Harris; Vj.: Redmond; IVa.: Brymner, Davies, Dawson, MacDonald; IVb.: Eccles, Turton; IVj.: Boyd, Harris, Jackson; II.: Green, Rixon, Stevenson.

* * * * *

The Committee regrets that the Easter issue was wrongly numbered as Vol. XIII., No. 1. It should have been No. 2. The present issue, No. III., completes Vol. XIII.

Old Boys in H.M. Forces

- Alsop, S. R., R.A.F.
 Adams, K.
 Ainley, Pilot-Officer P., R.A.F.
 Allan, W. J., R.H.A.
 Alldis, Pilot-Officer C. A., R.A.F.
 Anderson, S. E.
 Andrews, T., R.E.
 Ashton, Sergeant D., R.A.M.C.
 Astley, T. G., R.A.
 Austin, H., R.A.F.
 Baker, M.
 Bannerman, Captain, R.N.R.
 Barker, D., R.A.S.C.
 Barker, H., Cheshire Regt.
 Barker, Sergeant J., R.A.F.
 Barker, K. W.
 Bartley, E., R.A.F.
 Batho, P., R.A.F.
 Batho, A., R.A.S.C.
 Beck, K., R.A.
 Bell, K., R.A.F.
 Bell, V., Royal Tank Regt.
 Bellis, J. S.
 Bennet, M., King's Regt.
 Bennett, W. A.
 Bibby, P. E., R.A.S.C.
 Black, L., R.N.
 Blackburn, 2nd Lieut. C., Manchester Regt.
 Blair, O. S. J.A., R.N.V.R.
 Boggie, R. D., R.H.A.
 Booth, D., R.A.S.C.
 Boyce, A. T.
 Bray, W. C., R.N.
 Brecknell, A., R.A.
 Brown, 2nd Lieut. H., Manchester Regt.
 Burrell, Corporal P., R.A.S.C.
 Campbell, R. J., South Lancs. Regt.
 Capes, A. W., Liverpool Scottish.
 Carr, K., Cheshire Regiment.
 Cathcart, A., A.P.C.
 Ceha, M. C., Royal Tank Regt.
 Chalkley, F., R.N.
 Chalkley, K., R.A.F.
 Clark, Lt.-Commander E. B., R.N.R.
 Clark, R. A.
 Clarke, G., R.A.S.C.
 Coffey, Sergeant C., R.A.
 Colenso, Pilot-Officer R., R.A.F.
 Collinson, G., Cheshire Regt.
 Cooke, A.B. J.K., R.N.
 Cooper, E. A., London Scottish.
 Coughtree, K., R.A.S.C.
 Coughtrie, Sergeant J.A., R.A.M.C.
 Crail, D., R.A.
 Croos, L. De.
 Cross, Sergeant H. L., Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.
 Croxton, T. R.
 Cummings, D., R.H.A.
 Davidson, Corporal R.
 Davies, G., R.A.
 Davies, G. G., Cheshire Yeomanry.
 Davies, H. L., King's (L'pool) Regt.
 Davies, J., R.A.M.C.
 Davies, G. S., R.A.
 Davis, Sergeant A. L., R.A.F.
 Davis, S., R.N. Signals.
 Dean, A. W. S., Fleet Air Arm.
 Dodd, Sub-Lieut. S., R.N.R.
 Duff, Pilot-Officer L., R.A.F.
 Edlesten, G., R.A.F.
 Edwards, L/Cpl. T., Military Police Corps.
 Edwards, H.W., Royal Corps Signals.
 Ellis, J., R.A.F.
 Entwistle, Y., R.A.S.C.
 Evans, E., Royal Corps Signals.
 Evans, G. L., Liverpool Scottish.
 Evans, R., Royal Corps Signals.
 Evans, R. H. W., Scots Guards.
 Evans, R. L., Royal Corps Signals.
 Fallow, J., R.A.F.
 Fenner, W. R.
 Francis, F., Cheshire Yeomanry.
 Furness, H. W.
 Furniss, R., R.A.
 Gallagher, Midshipman L. H., Fleet Air Arm.
 Gallagher, J., Royal Tank Regt.
 Goodyer, G.
 Goodwin, L., R.A.
 Gould, B., R.A.S.C.
 Grant, G., O.C. Training Corps.
 Grundy, R., R.A.S.C.
 Gullan, Gunner J. N., R.A.
 Hallett, Lieut. M., R.A.M.C.
 Halliday, B. S., R.A.O.C.
 Hamilton, W. K., R.A.F.
 Hanman, C. T., R.A.S.C.
 Harland, T., R.A.

- Harris, Lieut. I., R.A.M.C.
 Hempshall, L., R.E.
 Henry, O., Cheshire Regt.
 Holland, J. W.
 Houghton, R. W.
 Hughes, J.
 Hughes, O. G.
 Hughes, Gunner S., R.A.
 Husselbury, W. D.
 Hutchison, E.
 Huxley, K. W., R.A.F.
 Iveson, E., Fleet Air Arm.
 Jefferies, E., Liverpool Scottish.
 John, D. F., Border Regt.
 Johnson, H. T., Prince of Wales
 Volunteer Regt.
 Eyton-Jones, A. P., R.A.F.
 Jones, I., R.A.F.
 Jones, Lance-Bombardier H. M., R.A.
 Jones, J. C., Cheshire Yeomanry.
 Jones, P., R.N.
 Jones, Private T., K.O.R.R. (India).
 Kay, G., R.A.S.C.
 Kay, W. R., R.A.
 King, H., R.A.S.C.
 Kirchin, D., R.A.F.
 Kyffin, Lance-Bombardier, R.A.
 Keats, J. G., Royal Corps of Signals.
 Laird, W. D., Royal Corps of Signals.
 Lamb, E., R.E.
 Laughton, K., Royal Corps of Signals.
 Lawless, R., R.A.F.
 Laver, N. M., Cheshire Yeomanry.
 Leigh, J. S., Royal Tank Regt.
 Lewis, T. F., Royal Tank Regt.
 Lockey, Corporal L., R.A.S.C.
 Lowry, R.A.O.C.
 Lowson, R. C., Liverpool Scottish.
 Macadam, A., R.A.S.C.
 Macklin, L/Cpl. L. O., R.A.S.C.
 Makepeace, A.B. H., R.N.
 Mantle, W. J., R.A.
 Marsh, Sergt. W. H., R.A.S.C.
 Martin, J., R.A.
 Mason, R., Royal Marines.
 Mason, W. J., R.E.
 Matthews, E., King's Liverpool Regt.
 Matthews, F.
 May, L/Cpl. B. R., Cheshires.
 May, Sergeant W., R.H.A.
 McAlpine, S.
 McCallum, C.Q.M.S. J. W., R.E.
 McClintock, C.Q.M.S. A., Queen's
 Own Cameron Highlanders.
 McKenzie, I. D.
 McKinley, J.
 Melville, I. S., R.H.A.
 Milligan, P.
 Milne, Gunner W. D., R.A.
 Montgomery, C. J., R.A.
 Morris, C.
 Mortimer, K.
 Moss, G., Royal Ordnance Corps.
 Moss, N., R.E.
 Moss, Sergeant, Liverpool Scottish.
 Moxley, E., R.A.S.C.
 Newall, R., Royal Corps Signals.
 Papworth, Lieut. S., R.A.M.C.
 Parry, R., Royal Corps of Signals.
 Peers, J. R., A/C.I., R.A.F.
 Piggott, Flying-Officer J., R.A.F.
 Pool, T., R.N.R.
 Porter, J., Liverpool Scottish.
 Porter, L., R.A.
 Povall, S.
 Powell, W. J. D., R.A.F.
 Powl, G. E., Irish Fusiliers.
 Powl, K., Army Pay Corps.
 Procter, M. L., R.E.
 Proudman, Private K., R.A.S.C.
 Pugh, R., R.A.
 Quayle, A., Liverpool Scottish.
 Quayle, J., R.A.F.
 Quayle, M., R.A.
 Rawsthorne, L., R.H.A.
 Richards, T. H., R.A.
 Richards, L/Cpl. P. T., C.M.P.
 Richmond, R.A.
 Rice, Sergeant K., R.A.P.L.
 Ridout, G. P., R.A.
 Rigby, D., Royal Corps of Signals.
 Rise, E., King's Own Scottish
 Borderers.
 Roberts, N., R.A.F.
 Robey, D., R.A.F.
 Robinson, Sergeant W. F., R.H.A.
 Rogers, 2nd Lieut. H.E., Border Regt.
 Rogers, W. G., R.A.S.C.
 Roscoe, W., Royal Corps of Signals.
 Rowlands, P., Cheshire Yeomanry.
 Rowson, E., Fleet Air Arm.
 Russell, E. R.
 Ryan, P. A., R.A.F.
 Sandland, O.S. F. V., R.N.V.R.
 Sandland, A.B., R.N.
 Seed, C. L., R.A.S.C.
 Seed, W., R.A.
 Shipley, B., R.A.S.C.
 Shipley, E., R.A.
 Silcock, F., R.A.F.
 Simms, L., R.A.
 Simter, 2nd Lieut. R., King's Own
 Royal Regt.
 Slee, L. W., Royal Corps of Signals.
 Slinn, J.
 Smallpage, Lieut. E.
 Smart, Pilot-Officer T., R.A.F.
 Smedley, K. J., R.A.F.

Minimo.

Smith, C., M.G.T.C.
 Smith, Sergeant C., R.A.
 Smith, N. B., Field Co. R.F.
 Snell.
 Sparling, P., R.A.S.C.
 Stott, L/Cpl. J. G., Royal Corps of Signals.
 Strickland, W. J., Fleet Air Arm.
 Sutherland, R. G., R.A.F.
 Tarpey, S. J., Liverpool Irish.
 Theobald, A., R.A.S.C.
 Thomas, L/Cpl. F. H., R.A.M.C.
 Todd, Bombardier E., R.A.
 Todd, G., R.A.F.
 Tomlinson, O.S. L., R.N.V.R.
 Turnbull, J. H., R.A.O.C.
 Turner, J. E., R.A.S.C.
 Turton, L/Cpl. J. L., R.A.S.C.
 Thompson, R.A.F.
 Tweedle, F., King's (Liverpool) Regt.
 Vick, E., R.A.F.
 Walker, R., R.A.
 Walker, Sergeant S. B., R.A.F.
 Wall, R., Fleet Air Arm.
 Wanstall, N.,
 Ware, G., R.A.O.C.
 Ward, H. L., Yorks. & Lancs.
 Waterhouse, N. W., R.A.
 Watkins, J., Royal Corps of Signals.
 Weir, A. R. M.
 Wheat, K., R.A.F.
 Williams, H., R.A.S.C.
 Williams, 2nd Lieut. J., Cheshire Regt.
 Williams, J. A., R.A.M.C.
 Williams, Pilot-Officer, R.A.F.
 Williams, Lieut. A. G., Dental Corps.
 Williams, L/Cpl. E. G., Royal Tank Regt.
 Williams, T. H., R.A.F.
 Williamson, A.
 Williamson, F., King's Own Royal Regt.
 Wilson, G. G., R.A.
 Wilson, W. S. M., R.A.F.
 Winter, H. E., R.A.
 Wood, W. F., Liverpool Scottish.
 Woodhouse, W. H., R.A.F.
 Woods, W., Cheshire Regt.
 Woolman, J., R.A.
 Yates, Private I. V., King's (Liverpool) Regt.
 Young, D., R.A.F.
 Young, J. H. P., Rifle Brigade.

We regret that the following casualties have been notified :

KILLED.

Coffey, C., R.A.
 Cooke, J. K., R.N.V.R.
 Phoenix, Sergt. F. D., R.A.F.
 Tomlinson, J., R.N.V.R.





MISSING.

Barker, Segt.-Pilot J., R.A.F.
 Gallagher, Midshipman L.H., D.F.C.,
 Fleet Air Arm.

Leyland, B. J.

PRISONER OF WAR.

Carr, K., Cheshire Regt.

ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

ATKIN.

SOME *spark* has evidently been succesful in his attempts *At kindling* the fires of enthusiasm in this *grate* house ; we have distinguished ourselves this term by being Champion House at the Sports for the first time since 1925. Huntriss, who was Victor Ludorum, and G. Smith, who won the Mile, are to be heartily congratulated on their achievements. The House is grateful, too, to all those who helped by entering for as many events as possible. At cricket our Seniors have lost to Tate and Stitt, and have won against Westminster : the Juniors won against Tate and Stitt, and lost to Westminster.

This term our Housemaster, Mr. Bloor, has left us to join the Army. We wish him every success, while looking forward eagerly to his return.

STITT.

SO far this term our Senior cricket team has been victorious. Atkins, Westminster, and Tate have been defeated in turn, and in return have beaten us in the Junior matches. Honours are equal : we hold our own on the cricket pitch. Stitt is represented in the School teams by Griffith, Barr, Rowlands, and Roberts, V. of the 1st XI. ; Rice and Whitmore of the 2nd XI. ; and Pimblett of the 3rd XI. In the Sports, Stitt House came third. Both our Inter. and Junior relay teams scored much-needed points by coming home first, while our Senior team obtained third place. Our representative in the Mile was G. A. Thomas, who came in third. We refrain from commenting on the result of the House Tug, but let us at least draw a moral from it. It is up to *every* member of the House next term to pull his full weight—in School, as well as on the playing field. "Go to it."

C.E.G.

TATE.

IN the main event of this term, the Athletic Sports, Tate did reasonably well and obtained second place in the House Championship. C. H. Lloyd did very well to obtain 11 points. Tate was a close second in both Senior and Intermediate relays. In cricket, the Seniors won two matches, against Atkin and Westminster, but lost to Stitt. Molyneux made ninety-six runs for once out. The Juniors beat Stitt, and lost to Atkin and Westminster. In the only mark sheet result of the term, Tate were back to their old position of first. House members in the 1st XI. are H. Proudman, S. Thacker, E. Molyneux, J. Mosely, J. Bartlett.

WESTMINSTER.

FROM Westminster's point of view the term has been very unsatisfactory: since our last House notes were written—twelve months ago now—many of the senior boys of the House have left and with them, we regret to say, has gone much of our talent. In the Sports we managed to score 23 points and, although Gilliland shared with Mandy of Atkin the Junior Victor Ludorum, most of the House failed miserably.

However, we find consolation in the Lower School where there are some promising youngsters—the Intermediate cricket XI. has defeated all comers, although the Seniors seem quite incapable of playing the game. In the School teams Howell represents the House in the 1st XI., Vick, Badcock, and Roberts, M. H., in the 2nd, and Gilliland, Maddocks, and Nugent in the 3rd.

Finally, as usual, detentions have been far too numerous: we could mention names but forbear. R.H.H.

Library Notes

BEFORE beginning these notes, I would ask the reader to pardon any lack of levity, for the very simple reason that in precisely one day I, in company with other Librarians, sit an examination, commonly known as Subsid. I think this explanation is sufficient.

This term has been marked (some say marred) by the introduction of a dog into the Library. Although nobody has yet seen this dog, many of the first-year can be seen ambling about the school calling "Fido" in dulcet tones. Legend has it that this canine marvel belongs to Derry, and that it

accompanied him to Oswestry, where an old gentleman standing near the cattle market was frightened by him. But, as the snake said on shedding his skin, that's a different tale.

Many Librarians will be leaving after these examinations, and perhaps it would be a good idea to give each some token by which he could remember his days spent here. For the venerable Spike I would suggest a false beard, delicately tinted with the Old Boys' colours, and bearing the motto "Trois Longs Ans" in gold lettering. To Thompson, guardian of the Chemi. Lab., shall be given one Winchester bottle half full of distilled water, and a handful of glass stoppers suitably inscribed. Eric shall receive one exposed Kodak film, and three pieces of copper wire, usable as toothpicks. The Professor, amid the sound of many arguments, will be presented with a super microphone and loud-speaker, so that in future he may hear his own arguments. Vinegar will be given a Jew's-harp, used by Harry Roy when a child, and Mac shall receive, amid continued mumbling of formulae, a book entitled "Mathematics in the Nursery" by Einstein.

Sonja Heaney must be congratulated on his paper-saving activities. His desk looks like a paper-chaser's paradise, although some say that he lost his G.N.B. three years ago and has not yet had time to get another.

Gamma-function and the Professor have overwhelmed the Library with a deluge of puns, nearly all of them being very pun-y. We strongly advise all lovers of the English language to hide at this pair's approach. An unsuccessful scheme to get out of school early was launched by the first-year lately. One at the back of the class imitated an air-raid siren, but unfortunately Mr. L—— did not rush us off to the shelters. The Librarian's moans were not realistic enough.

We are now spending our gym lessons doing arms drill with dummies. (This term does not, of course, include Mr. C——, who drills us). My gun bears the number 133, but I have not yet discovered if this is B.C. or A.D. A material on the guns which some thought was green baize, on closer examination proved to be brass plus verdigris. A plan is afoot to render parachute troops harmless by offering them two of our dummies for every real gun they carry.

Two of our members have turned to big business, for Foxy and Bill are making quite a thriving concern out of the canteen. "Peg's Nougat Bars" and a substance called "Energy" are selling well up at the school field. Perhaps

someone can calculate how much "Energy" is required so that a bowler may take ten wickets for two runs.

Experiments in the chemi. lab. have been less spectacular but not less alarming. One is approached by a fanatic like Stu, who carries a test-tube containing some potent brew. On being asked to "have a sniff," one complies. After someone has helped the victim to his feet again, Stu murmurs soothingly with a diabolical leer, "Don't worry. It was only prussic acid gas."

Finally, we would wish those who are leaving the best of luck, and to those new additions to the Library I would say "Duck when you come through the door." G.A.T.

Form Notes

Rem. a.

THROUGHOUT this term we have had a good cricket XI., as the captains of the 2nd and 3rd School XI's. and four other members of School teams represent our form. Our ever-growing giants, Rice and Hughes, have now received their long-wanted outsize desks. Owing to the international situation and a lack of air-raid shelters our swimming periods were abandoned. The form regarded this as a necessary sacrifice and not one word of dissent was heard. We are not feeling very happy at the moment, as we have just received news from our Fifth Column that hostilities in the shape of exams. are about to commence.

And now a tale from the land of mystery and elephants by E. S. Jones:

AN ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

Tom's uncle had gone on business and had left him in the care of their one Hindu servant. Darkness descended quickly, and Tom trembled as slight noises broke the eerie silence.

Suddenly the servant burst into the room shouting "Bagh," which Tom knew to mean "tiger." He was petrified, until he saw his uncle's shotgun which he snatched. As he walked into the compound, two green points of light stared at him from the blackness.

His hands trembled strangely as he lifted the gun to his shoulder and fired. A blow knocked him down, but it was not the tiger—it was the "kick" of the gun. Standing and taking up his gun he went warily forward—until, as he walked, something clinked under his feet. His servant then came out and shining his torch revealed to the astonished Tom—two broken bottles.

Vj.

MILLINGTON takes us away from the war into the mediaeval age of knights and squires on a visit to Carlisle Castle :

The first room that we visited was one containing many old uniforms of bygone days. The different designs and colours, and the look of comfort of the uniforms presented a sharp contrast with our modern clothes. Some cases, containing medals, coins, swords, weapons, and ammunition were on view in the same room. The weapons were collected up to and during the last war.

We entered the dungeons next, where marks were seen on the walls, which were made by prisoners licking the wall for moisture.

On the battlements we saw many ancient cannons and modern field guns. From here we entered a small dark room in which Mary, Queen of Scots, had been imprisoned. Leaving here we set out for home pondering over the many contrasts we had just seen.

The wit of this form is shown by the following sent by Jardine :

Caller : Can I see the Judge, please ?

Sec. : Sorry, he is at dinner.

Caller : But my errand is important.

Sec. : Can't be helped, sir. His Honour is at steak.

The following was sent in from the local newspapers by Hayes :

My U-boats lie under the ocean,
The Graf-Spee lies under the sea ;
Goering is in a commotion,
Oh, don't mention Churchill to me.

The following information about the stamp centenary, which was celebrated on May 4th, was sent in by Owen :

The centenary was celebrated by a new series of stamps. On the right-hand side of each stamp was the head of our sovereign King George VI., and on the left was a picture of Queen Victoria, the same one that appeared on the " Penny Black," the first stamp invented by Rowland Hill. These stamps were not perforated and are now valuable. All stamps are now perforated in different manners to prevent stamp-forging.

IVa.

HERE we present some naval information from Ware which, we hope, is of interest to you but not to Germans or the Censor :

H.M.S. VICTORY.

H.M.S. Victory was Nelson's flagship, and after the Battle of Trafalgar she was moored in Portsmouth harbour, but, when it was found that her hull was rotting away, the authorities decided to put her in dry-dock and to encase the bottom of the hull in cement. Of late years she has been used as a museum and is visited annually by a large number of sightseers.

On the top deck is the rigging of the three masts, which reach right down to the keel, while in the bows are the chains for hauling in and letting go the anchor. In the stern is the poop deck, upon which is a wooden cross.

Nelson's cabin, left exactly as it was when he used it, is also in the stern of the ship, and contains his cot, which is covered with embroidered silk, made by the women of his home town.

On the lower deck the main feature of interest is the ship's hospital, and the crude instruments used by the doctor, who had to perform his operations in semi-darkness, are still on exhibition.

Next a poem by McGeakin :

IVa. were all at cricket,
 And Beckett bowled his best,
 Larsen tried to hit the ball—
 It struck him on the chest.
 He fell down upon the bat,
 And caught hold of a stump.
 We looked him over briefly,
 And saw a great big lump.
 We took him to the Master,
 Who said: " You're all too rough."
 So Beckett side-stepped quickly
 And Hassal got the cuff.
 Larsen jumped up from the bench,
 And took a look around,
 Seeing Beckett by the door,
 He chased him round the ground.

They ended up by fighting,
 And Beckett came off best ;
 So he's the captain of the team,
 And Larsen of the rest.

Gilliland is an authority on " Aeroplane Construction Sets " :

On rainy days lots of fun can be had by buying a model aeroplane construction set. Models are cheap and quite easy to make. On fine days a great amount of enjoyment is to be obtained by flying them. One of the best series on sale to-day is the " Authentic," which, besides being very efficient, produces a large variety of models. The " Frog " series is equally good.

A typical set consists of small strips of balsa wood, with fabric to cover the frame, a propeller, landing wheels, and cement. The framework is first cemented together and covered with fabric, the under-carriage cemented on, and the propeller and elastic fitted : the 'plane is then ready for flight.

IVj.

DESPITE our toughness we are not without talent in IVj. For instance, there are at least twelve budding cross-talk comedians in the form. In music, too, we have the youthful prodigies, Nugent and Nelson, who can often be seen, surrounded by a circle of admirers, producing " hot " music on their mouth organs. Nelson was even able to enliven proceedings in the cellars after an air-raid alarm by voluntarily dancing a reel in the middle of the floor. Elston is qualifying to be a future historian and has already prepared a thesis on " Why France wanted an Armistice," a copy of the original being presented to the *Visor* Committee.

We are, above all, original. Recently we made a startling discovery. By passing the cord of the blind through the hole in the detention sheet on the window-sill we found that any one who seized the latter with malevolent intent would automatically pull down the blind. The experiment was duly carried out and proved a complete success.

Unfortunately our literary achievements are not nearly so impressive. Thus all we can offer you is firstly a short poem by Binyon :

AN AIR RAID.

Up in the morning early
When it is hardly light,
Jerry comes o'er with his bombs,
To pester us in the night.
He never does much damage,
We always are alert.
To bring his flying "junk heap" down
Few pains we need exert.

We will now have a little more patriotic propaganda from Jones:

THE BLACK WATCH.

The Black Watch first won fame at the battle of the Alma on September 20th, 1854, during the Crimean War, when the Russians were holding the crest of a hill with ten battalions. Sir Colin Campbell with only three battalions, one of which was the Black Watch, decided to storm the heights. Mounted on his horse, Sir Colin rode to the front and waved his sword. Then with the order "Forward the 42nd," he led the advance up the hill. Before that solid wall of bayonets, the Russians turned and fled.

The Black Watch wear a red plume in their feather bonnets. It is believed that this was awarded by George III. in 1795 for a great feat at Geldermalsen in Holland which recovered in a fierce fight two field guns captured by the French. The Black Watch, whose dépôt is at Perth, is the oldest Highland regiment and wears the Stuart Tartan. Twenty-five battalions were raised during the Great War and out of a total of 53,000 men, 34,000 were casualties.

IIIa.

WE open with a story of the 1914-18 war:

The Stock Force, a Q-ship out to deal with venturesome U-boats, steamed steadily out of a port in Southern England towards the stormy North Sea. She looked a harmless collier but was in reality a very heavily armed ship. Forty miles from land a periscope was sighted, and the U-boat surfaced to torment its victim before sinking her. As it opened fire with its guns, half the Stock Force's crew took to the boats, leaving the rest to hide and wait an opportune moment to use the guns. Thinking the ship was deserted, the U-boat came nearer, only to meet deadly fire from the ship's for'ard gun. A torpedo

finished the U-boat, and after searching the oily waters for survivors the Stock Force continued its exciting rôle.

This story of the sea was sent in by Roy Banks, who will, no doubt, command a Q-ship in the future. The gardening hints by Munro, which follow, will be very useful to the Third forms. He says that the chief things to do are to dig and turn the soil, to hoe it, rake it, and level it. If the ground is not moist, it ought to be watered before the seeds are put in. When the seeds are sown, bird-frighteners must be made and placed in the soil. These can be easily made with paper, string, and a piece of stick. Plenty of nourishment must be given to the plants in the form of fertiliser. If these rules are observed, Mr. Middleton will be jealous of the results that you will obtain.

Osborne gives instructions on

HOW TO MAKE A FLYING MODEL AEROPLANE.

The parts to buy first :

2 turned wooden wheels.

4 10" lengths of balsa $1/16$ " thick for longerons.

20 strips 8" balsa $1/16$ " thick.

4 strips 8" balsa $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick.

2 sheets of balsa 8" x 4" $1/16$ " thick.

2 sheets of balsa 8" x 4" $1/32$ " thick.

Building the 'plane :

First buy a full-size blueprint and trace the wing ribs on to the $1/32$ inch sheet balsa, and cut them out with a razor blade. Then trace the bulkheads and all other parts to be cut out on the $1/16$ inch balsa and cut out.

In making the wings place the wing ribs upright on the plane with pins, one on each side of the rib. $\frac{1}{8}$ inch balsa strips must be used for the leading edge, and $1/16$ inch for the railing edge.

Building the fuselage :

Place the bulkheads upright in the allotted places on the plan and fit in longerons.

Now that you have the longerons on, the main part of the 'plane is near completion. The stringers are now fitted on, and the small pieces of balsa placed in position.

The rudder and tail have to be made now. The rudder is usually all made of cut out balsa, $1/16$ inch thickness, and the

tail is also made in this way, with 1/16 inch strips to strengthen it.

Now you assemble it and buy Japanese tissue for covering. Put it on as tight as you can, and then place it over a steaming kettle to tauten it still more, but be careful that you don't warp the wings and tail.

For exhibition finish, Banana dope must be spread on smoothly with a camel hair brush. For silver covering, special silver dope must be used.

A useful wing span is 18½ inch, length 10 inch.

IIIj.

THE HERRING QUEEN.

ALL we have is a short story by Horne :

I was sitting on the edge of the forward hatch, watching the dark green sea and the corks on the nets, as they bobbed up and down. From below came the sound of an old sea-shanty into which Mac the engineer was putting his great lung-power, and I thought how lovely this life was. I looked about the decks and stopped dreaming, for the grim-looking gun in the stern reminded me that there was a war in progress, and I wondered if we should ever have cause to use it: then I laughed and cursed myself for being a pessimist. I gazed at the hold which would soon be full of leaping, shiny fish. I thought what a fine ship the *Herring Queen* was, and then went down below for a drink, and when I returned it happened. From behind a solitary white cloud there appeared, one, two, three black dots, and, before I had time to realise our danger, they were upon us. I saw Mac running for the gun and then a blinding flash, and, as I looked round, I saw a great gap where the bridge should have been. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion as the ship broke in two and cold dark water swirled around me: I seemed to go down, down, down, until I wondered whether I shouldn't reach the bottom. My lungs were bursting, my heart was pounding wildly, and there was a force upon my chest which seemed to crush me into nothing at all. For a moment I kicked out wildly, and after a minute of oblivion I broke the surface. Oh, how glorious was that first long breath of air!

I seized the remains of the hatch, which was floating near, and clung to it—a grimy mess. I heard a shout, and, looking up, I saw a boat containing Mac and three of the trawl men, all in the same condition as myself. Bill, one of the men, stood up to throw me a rope, but his shout was drowned by another roar from the clouds as an aeroplane thundered down upon us with flashes of flame coming from his machine guns. Bill collapsed and fell into the sea, while Jock, another of the men, tumbled backwards into the boat. Mac lifted him up gently, but he was already dead.

Suddenly to our joy three Spitfires dived out of the sun, their machine guns pouring bullets into the enemy 'plane: it was over very quickly, and the bomber came down in the sea about two miles away from us. Before long we were picked up by a sister trawler and given a hot meal and dry clothing. But I shall never forget that blinding flash and the dark-green depths where the *Herring Queen* lies buried.

Junior School Notes

II.

MOST of this term's contributions have been in verse, mainly in a light vein. Here is an example, a quatrain by Housden:

THE ELEPHANT.

The Elephant is a pretty bird,
It swings from twig to twig,
It builds its nest in a rhubarb tree
And whistles like a pig.

Next comes a limerick by Fanning:

There was an old woman of France,
Who went with her husband to dance;
She tripped on her frock
And tore her best sock,
That silly old woman of France.

Our last contribution is by Maxwell Roberts, our aviation enthusiast. He has been studying German aircraft, and will give us some facts about the German twin-bomber, the Junkers JU87.

The Junkers JU87 is not a very fast machine, having a normal speed of 245 m.p.h. The wheels are covered, and do not retract into the undercarriage. The propeller has three blades, and the engine of the machine may be taken out for inspection. The cabin holds two persons, the gunner, who also acts as observer, and the pilot. The armament, which is not very powerful, consists of a machine-gun in each wing, and one in the back of the cabin. A heavy bomb is carried between the wheels, and two light bombs are fixed under each wing. The 'plane may be easily recognised, for it is completely black, having a swastika on the tail, and German crosses on each side.

Form I.

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL OAK.

(With apologies to Cowper).

Toll for the brave !

The brave that are no more !

All sunk beneath the wave,

Fast by their native shore.

Twelve hundred of the best,

Whose courage well was tried,

A submarine made her heel

And laid her on her side.

Torpedoes shook the ship,

And she was overset ;

Down went the Royal Oak ;

With half her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !

The Royal Oak is gone ;

Her last sea fight is fought,

Her work of glory done.

R. E. P. WRIGHT, Form I.

EVACUATION.

To Oswestry Juniors departed !

Their parents were sad when they started !

Their billets were cosy,

Their outlook most rosy,

Their spirits were never down-hearted.

ANON.

There was a young fellow named Wright,
 His ambition was always to fight!
 His machine-gun was good,
 For 'twas hid in a wood,
 And put all the Germans to flight!

M. B. PERRY, Form I.

There was an old man from Cork,
 Who made himself ill with roast pork,
 His pain it was bad,
 He nearly went mad,
 He thought he had swallowed a fork.

W. J. YEATS, Form I.

Chess Club

THIS term, meetings have been held regularly on Tuesdays immediately after school, and play has improved. The attendance has been considerably better than last term's although it consisted largely of third and fourth formers.

The Senior Championship is still in doubt, Peers and Thomas having to decide who is the better. The Junior Champion is Macdonald.

Owing to air raids, it will be impossible to arrange matches with other schools during the Christmas term, and it is doubtful if any meetings at all can be held. Still, when hostilities cease, it is to be hoped the Club will be revived, and will attain the high position which it had in chess circles a few years ago.

In conclusion, we should like to express, on behalf of the Chess Club, our deep gratitude for all Mr. Fox has done for the Club.

G.A.T.

Cricket

THE 1st XI. have so far this season played 12 matches, won 6 of them, drawn 1, and lost 5, 3 of which we came near to winning. Molyneux with the average 14.1 has been the most consistently high scorer, his best innings being 36 not out against Alsop, and 37 against the Old Boys. The earlier batsmen have on occasions made productive stands, but there

has been a tendency among them to become "rattled" when wickets have begun to fall rapidly. Against the Old Boys Thacker made 20, Griffiths 53 not out, and Molyneux 37.

The fielding has been good, particularly in the outfield, where Bartlett has made a number of remarkably good catches, but the slip fielding has often lapsed badly. Barr has proved a really reliable wicket-keeper, once taking seven catches in three games. The bowling has lacked variety, but has been accurate enough, and has never been scored off heavily.

The 2nd XI. although a very mixed team has done well enough in winning 4 out of 9 matches. Whitmore and Vick have almost invariably given the side a good start, but the tail has nearly always collapsed. M. H. Roberts has been the best bowler, proving that slow bowling is just as effective as fast in school matches.

The "Colts" have proved a more balanced team and its keenness and ability give promise of a good 1st XI. in a few years' time. Pimblett has kept wicket, and batted well, while the bowling of Mandy and Peever has always been hard to play. It is noteworthy that two members of IIIj., Proctor and Lloyd, have recently found places in the team, and have justified their inclusion. It is to be hoped that the "Colts" XI. will not be neglected in coming years, so that material for future first XI's. can be detected early and given practice.

RESULTS.

1ST XI.

			For.	Against.
May	8—St. Mary's College	50	34
	18—Alsop High School	64—3	56
	Molyneux 34 not out.			
	25—St. Edward's College	38—5	88
	Molyneux 13, Howell 18 not out.			
	29—Liverpool Collegiate	23	30—4
June	1—St. Mary's College	46	48
	Thacker 5 for 17.			
	19—Bootle Secondary School	48	22
	Dale 15, Smith 5 for 4, Thacker 5 for 17.			
	26—Eastham Cricket Club	81	59
	Griffith 18, Howell 11, Thacker 7 for 21.			
July	3—Liverpool Collegiate	74	77
	Thacker 15, Dale 16.			
	6—Old Boys	118—2	63
Griffith 52 not out, Molyneux 37,				
Thacker 20, Smith 4 for 11.				

		For.	Against.
July	13—Eastham Cricket Club	52—3	9
	20—Port Sunlight IIIrds	74	114
	Griffith 18, Barr 12 not out.		
	27—Upton Cricket Club	69	72
	Howell 33, Griffith 3 for 11, Thacker 19.		

2ND XI.

May	8—St. Mary's College	55—5	54
	Vick 18.		
	25—St. Edward's College	0	5—4
	29—Liverpool Collegiate	47	60
	M. H. Roberts 5 for 7.		
June	1—St. Mary's College	48—9	47
	15—Wirral Grammar School	28—2	23
	Moseley 12 not out and 4 for 6, M. H. Roberts 3 for 2.		
	19—Bootle Secondary School	52	65
	Whitmore 12, Gaskell 17, Vick 14, Vicary 3 for 1.		
July	3—Liverpool Collegiate IIIrd	33	72—6
	17—Oldershaw	19	115
	Mandy 6 for 24.		
	20—St. Catherine's Boys' Brigade ...	113	14
	Peers 46, Boston 19, Mandy 3 for 6, Rice 4 for 7.		

COLT XI.

		For.	Against.
May	9—St. Mary's College	42	30
	Mandy 13 and 5 for 7.		
	29—Liverpool Collegiate	15	52
June	1—St. Mary's College	54	57—6
	Maddocks 31 not out.		
	11—Wirral Grammar	48—5	46
	Peers 13.		
July	3—Liverpool Collegiate	57	35
	Boston 26, Mandy 7 for 7.		
	6—Bootle Secondary School	42	25
	Pimblett 12, Mandy 7 for 8.		
	27—St. Catherine's Boys' Brigade ...	38	34
	Thacker 7 for 5.		

Colours were awarded to E. Molyneux, R. H. Howell, and S. D. J. Thacker.

National Savings Group

THE increase in the weekly savings which was anticipated has not been nearly so large as was hoped, and we urgently appeal for all members to save regularly and to increase their weekly contributions if possible. During the five months ending 31st August, 1940, the Group has collected £167 5s.6d., but, since only about one boy in every three is a member of the Group, we feel that twice this amount ought to be collected in the next few months. Will *you* help in this?

Here are a few figures of the cost of war material your money may help to provide for the country:—

Bomber	£20,000	
Fighter	£ 5,000	
Heavy A.A. Gun	£ 6,000	
Light A.A. Gun	£ 3,000	
Barrage Balloon	£ 700	
Machine Gun	£ 100	
Mortar	£ 40	
1,000 rounds rifle ammunition	£ 5	10s.
Pistol	£ 4	

Scout Notes

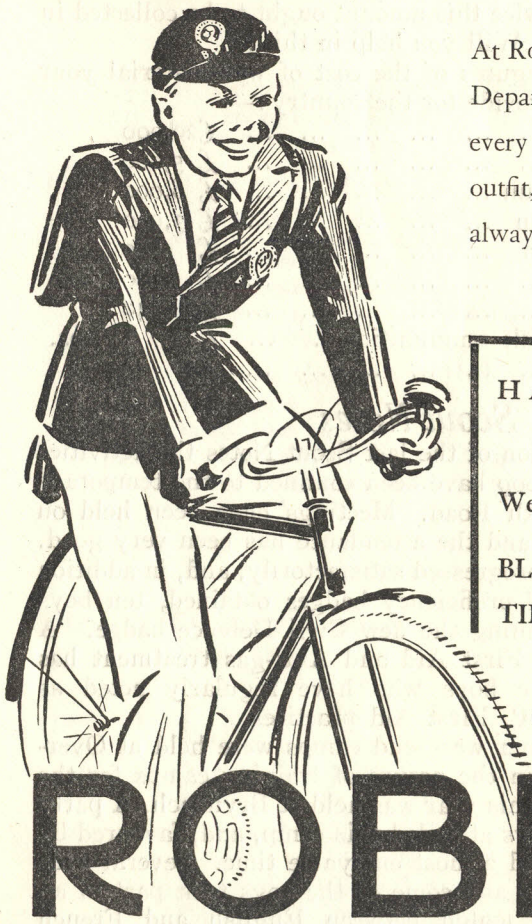
SINCE the publication of the last Scout Notes the activities of the School Troop have been confined to the temporary Headquarters in North Road. Meetings have been held on Saturday afternoons, and the attendance has been very good.

Badge-work has progressed satisfactorily, and, in addition to a large number of proficiency badges obtained, ten boys have succeeded in gaining the new Civil Defence badge. A certain knowledge of First Aid and Anti-gas treatment has been acquired by those boys who have regularly acted as patients for the A.R.P. First Aid practices.

During the summer week-end camps were held at Overchurch. These were in the nature of training camps for the summer camp, which this year was held at Brynbach. A party of a total of twenty boys attended this camp, and, favoured by good weather, they had a most enjoyable time. Several wide games were organised, and some of the boys took part in an international football match between English and French scouts.

So far this term six recruits have joined the troop, but there is room for more. Newcomers to the School can obtain all the information they require from Mr. Davies.

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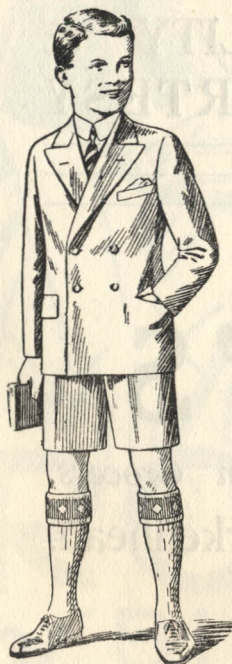
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