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MAGAZINE OF
BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE

CHRISTMAS 1955

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School Calendar

Autumn term ends	December 22nd.
Spring term begins	January 9th, 1956.
Half term	February 20th—21st.
Spring term ends	March 28th.
Summer term begins	April 16th.
Half term	May 21st and 22nd.
Summer term ends	July 20th.

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SENIOR TROOP.

Scoutmaster: J. CLARKE. Troop Leader: J. GREEN.

Patrol Leaders: D. POTTER.

Editorial

WHAT a contrast there is between the beginning of a Christmas Term and its end! Coming into the School on that morning in early September which seemed at one stage of the summer holidays a remote infinity away but which nevertheless at first crept and at last galloped inexorably nearer, the first feeling, even for the old hands, is one of strangeness. The old place has been swept and garnished; prefects who were deemed an indispensable part of the executive have disappeared; masters peer at unfamiliar time-tables and are astonished to find 2B in a new home; a forlorn company of new boys, "like little bears with all their troubles to come," as Tom Hughes said of Rugby, stand apart from the mass, like a foreign body which can never be assimilated. Yet in a few weeks the magic of the Christmas Term has worked the old miracle afresh, planed down every awkwardness, sand-papered all the rough edges. New prefects reign with an assurance that belies the brief space since their swearing-in. The time-table that seemed an unaccountably queer oddity has become instinctive, like a sixth sense, and the new form room is now only the old home to which we return easily (and sometimes noisily) from excursions to Art or the Labs. And the new boys? Why by now, as they ponder over their boards in the Chess Club, practise in the Recorder Band, or announce football fixtures with other schools, they seem like veterans. Even the pristine freshness of their black and gold cap-bands has been tempered by these transforming weeks. Christmas, which will be upon us by the time these words are read, seems a fitting climax to this comfortable process; for there are no strangers under the holly, only friends. We at *Visor* headquarters, about to don our paper caps, like to feel that the appearance of one more Christmas magazine is an essential and eagerly anticipated event at the end of a term which has once more welded so many diverse elements into one community.

Salvete

ALLEN, R. M.; Brobyn, A.; Burkhill, F. W.; Canning, B. M.; Capstick, N. E.; Challenor, C. T.; Chesworth, M.; Chisholm, J. B.; Cooke, B. D.; Cram, G. K.; Davies, A.; Delves, D. H.; Dodd, J.; Edwards, G. E.; Ellames, D. A. D.; Gahan, H. A.; Gibson, F.; Gurden, J. R. M.; Harding, A. G.; Heede, J. C.; Houghton, C.; Hughes, D. L.; Humphreys, K. E.; Johnson, B. G.; Johnson, J. K.; Jones, A. T.; Jones, M. V.; Kennedy, D. W.; Latham, D. A.; Lee, J. M.; Little, J. D.; Lomax, D. O.; McGregor, I.; McIntosh, A.; McKelvey, D.; McRae, D.; Manley, P.; Mannion, T. W.; Meacock, R. H.; Morris, J. R.; Moyes, P. J.; Nelson, D. J.; Nelson, K. M.;

Orme, R.; Price, B. R.; Proctor, R. W.; Quail, C. W.; Quinn, S. G. P.; Rich, J.; Roberts, E. H.; Rushton, M.; Smith, J. A.; Smith, J. M.; Squires, J. F.; Steedman, A.; Sutton, R. J.; Swindells, H. C.; Thomas, J. A.; Tooley, P. W.; Tucker, M. C.; Turner, P. B.; Walker, C. G.; Waring, B. D.; Watson, B. A.; Westwater, P.; Williams, J. A. G.; Wood, B.

Valete

ARTHUR, W. J.; Blackburn, P. R.; Boyd, D. A.; Caldwell, A. R.; Christian, P. L.; Clampitt, R.; Cook, A. R.; Cross, D. F. W.; Cundill, K. W.; Dick, L. D.; Dixon, A.; Emmitt, D. A. B.; Fawcett, W. J.; Fitzgerald, T. A.; Girven, W. R.; Gun Why, W.; Heath, P.; Kenney, R. G. D.; Hodgson, A. S.; Hodson, D. S.; Horne, D. E.; Hubbard, E. H.; Humphreys, W. N.; Jones, A.; Jones, J. B.; Lindop, R.; Lloyd, G. J.; Lloyd, S. M.; Longton, W. J.; Lutner, E. E.; Marrs, I.; Mathieson, D. Mc.; Meredith, B.; Nelson, D. J.; Olsson, G. R.; Phipps, J.; Pinnington, R. E.; Prodder, P. G.; Pyper, R. J.; Reynolds, T.; Robinson, P. L.; Sherry, P. E.; Smith, A. B.; Stephens, J. A.; Stringer, A.; Walsh, B. A.; Williams, G. G.; Wood, J. M.

Obituary

WE regret to record the death last September, at his home in Lincolnshire, of Mr. Charles Moat, for many years French Master at the Institute. Appointed to the Staff in January 1920, Mr. Moat served for seventeen years before retiring. But, as events turned out, the School had not finally parted from him; for he returned to duty during the staff shortage of the 2nd World War and taught here from 1941 to 1943. At his final retirement, he had therefore been on the staff for nineteen years. Apart from his thorough teaching of French, his outstanding achievement was to make Institute Chess a force to be reckoned with. The club was extraordinarily successful under his leadership; by 1930 it had won the Wright Challenge Shield Competition three times in five years. The shield which was presented to the School by the British Chess Federation in 1933 for annual competition was a fitting tribute, and remains a memorial to his work. For some years after retirement 'Charles' continued to visit the School, where he was always welcome. His extensive sojourns abroad during school holidays had made him almost a Frenchman by adoption, and one of his hobbies—an intensive study of Stock Exchange quotations—was calculated to make a final retirement in France possible. War shattered this hope. Many generations of Old Instonians will recall with affection the slight, grizzled, bespectacled figure of Charles Moat,

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his stiff carriage, the confidential buttonholing at which he was an adept, the perennial raincoat, and the walking stick carried in semi-military fashion. He could be a terror to those whose transgressions included a neglect of French homework. A 'character' whose death severs a link with what now seems the remote Institute of the 1920's, Mr. Moat will be long remembered by his older colleagues and Instonians of those days.

Staff Notes

THIS term we extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Mealor, who has joined the Modern Language Department. An Old Boy of the School, his appointment is a singularly fortunate one for us, because of his knowledge of our traditions and way of life at the Institute. But it is clear that he will not be merely content with following the customary paths, as the classes in Russian inaugurated this term attest. Already some of our number, having mastered the terrors of that alphabet, feel that they could meet Molotov on equal terms. Mr. Mealor succeeds Mr. Thynne, who left us at the end of the Summer Term after nine years' service at the Institute. He maintained the high reputation of our Chess Club by his devoted work, and we wish him every success in his new appointment at Exeter. We are also glad to see that a more recent tradition—the sojourn with us for a year of a French 'Assistant'—has been maintained with the presence of Monsieur Artis, who renews the School's association with the historic city of Toulouse. He is most welcome among us, and we trust he will enjoy his stay.

Examination Results

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, 1955.

English Language	Lang.
English Literature	Lit.
History	H.
Geography	G.
Art	A.
Latin	L.
French	F.
Mathematics	M.
Physics	P.
Chemistry	C.
Biology	B.
Woodwork	W.W.
History and Appreciation of Art...	H.A.

5A.

ORDINARY LEVEL.

Allsopp, J.—Lang., Lit., H., A., F., M., P., C.; Arthur, W. J.—Lang., H., G., M., P.; Caldwell, A. R.—Lang., Lit., G., F.; Cooper, N. S.—Lang., Lit., H., G., F., M., P., C.; Emmitt, D. A. B.—Lang., Lit., F., M., P., C.; Fitzgerald, T. A.—A., M.; Girven, W. R.—Lang., Lit., A., M., P.; Grayson, S. J.—Lang., Lit., F., M.; Henney, P. G. D.—Lang., Lit., H., A., F., M.; Hodson, D. S.—Lit., M., P., C.; Hopner, K. R.—Lang., Lit., H., G., F., M., P., C.; Jones, A.—Lit., H., G., F., M., P.; Jones, J. B.—P.; Jones, P.—Lang., Lit., H., G., F., M., P.; Kellett C. V.—Lang., Lit., H., G., F., M., P., C.; Lloyd, G. J.—Lang., Lit., G., F., M., P.; Lloyd, S. M.—Lang., G., M., P.; Lutner, E. E.—Lang., Lit., F., M.; Lythgoe, P. J.—Lang., H., G., M., P., C.; Matthews, D. A.—Lang., M., P., C.; Newcombe, J. R.—Lang., Lit., H., G., F., M., P., C.; Roberts, R. J.—Lang., Lit., H., A., F., M., P., C.; Robinson, P. L.—Lit., H., G., F., M., P., C.; Stephens, J. A.—Lang., F., M.; Stonley, T. J.—Lang., Lit., A., F., M., P., C.; Walsh, T. J.—Lang., Lit., H., G., F., M., P., C.

5B.

Blackburn, P. R.—Lit., A.; Boyd, D. A.—Lang., Lit., M., C., W.W.; Clampitt, R.—Lang., Lit., A., F., M., C.; Cundill, K. W.—Lang., A.; Evans, G. A. J.—Lang., Lit., G., A.; Fawcett, W. J.—W.W.; Garnham, D. C.—Lit., G., A.; Gun Why, W.—Lang., A.; Hodson, R.—A., M., C.; Jones, D. D. T.—W.W.; Pinnington, R. E.—W.W.; Reynolds, T.—H., C.; Sherry, P. E.—Lit., H., G., M.; Smith, J. G.—Lang.; Stringer, A.—Lang., M.; Walsh, B. A.—M.; Watt, F. G.—Lit., F.; Williams, G. G.—Lang., Lit., G., A., F., M., P.; Hood, J. M.—Lang., Lit., M.

6th Form.

Dick, L.—C.; Hamilton, D.—C.; Jones, T. R.—C.; Taylor, B.—L.

G.C.E. ADVANCED LEVEL.

Cross, D. F. H.—M., P.; Green, J. E.—M., P., C.; Haggerty, G. A.—B.; Heath, P.—M., P., C.; Hodgson, A. S.—M., P., C.; Horne D. E.—M., P., C.; Hubbard, E. H.—Lit., H., H., A.; Jones, K. W.—F.; Lindop, R.—H., L., F.; Marrs, I.—M., P., C.; Mathieson, D. Mc.—Lit.; O'Hare, J. R. A.—H.; Phipps, J.—H., L., F.; Prodger, P. G.—Lit., H.; Tudor, M. J. E.—P.

We congratulate all those boys on their results, and especially J. E. Green, P. Heath, and D. E. Horne, who were all awarded a State Scholarship. Heath and Horne are now students at the Universities of London and Liverpool respectively. Green, who is still at School, has been accepted by St. John's College, Cambridge. Cross, Hubbard, and Lindop are also at the University of Liverpool, Hodgson at Edinburgh, Marrs at Birmingham, Phipps at Leeds, and Prodger at Bangor.

The School's Academic Achievements

WE are pleased to record the following extract from the Minutes of a meeting of the Secondary Schools Governors (Group B) held on October 28:—"Resolved: That the congratulations of the Governors be extended to the Headmaster and Staff of the Birkenhead Institute on the academic achievements of the School during the past year, particularly in the gaining of three State Scholarships."

As a token of this appreciation, the School was granted a day's holiday on Friday, December 2nd.

Athletic Sports

THE Athletic Sports were held this year on Saturday, July 2nd, and we were once again favoured with fine weather, although there was a strong wind blowing across the field. The wind, however, did not impede the efforts of A. S. Hodgson, who broke the 440 yards record in the very first race of the afternoon with a time of 54.6 seconds, and who was undoubtedly the outstanding athlete of the day and a worthy Victor Ludorum. The Junior Victor Ludorum was D. L. Lee, and once again Atkin were Champion House, this year with a total of 830 points.

The Sports were honoured by the presence of the Mayor and Mayoress, Alderman T. E. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson; the Mayoress kindly performing the presentation of the trophies and prizes.

As usual the Ladies' Committee looked after the catering excellently and played their full share in ensuring the success of the day. We wish to thank them not only for their outstanding achievements on Sports Day but also for their devoted and untiring services to the School throughout the year.

RESULTS.

1. Cross Country (Senior): 1, K. W. Cundill; 2, E. Lutner; 3, T.J. Walsh.
2. Cross Country (Inter.): 1, D. L. Lee; 2, D. D. Jones; 3, G. Rimmer.
3. Cross Country (Junior): 1, A. A. Forrester; 2, G. B. Brady; 3, P. B. Foulkes.
4. Long Jump (Senior): 1, A. S. Hodgson; 2, D. M. Mathieson; 3, J. G. Smith.
5. Long Jump (Inter.): 1, D. L. Lee; 2, D. W. Wylie; 3, L. E. White.
6. Long Jump (Junior): 1, E. Barrett; 2, C. M. Lee; 3, F. Hadfield.
7. Shot (Senior): 1, A. S. Hodgson; 2, J. G. Smith; 3, K. W. Cundill.
8. Cricket Ball (Junior): 1, D. McMaster; 2, A. McCarter; 3, E. Barrett.
9. Cricket Ball (Inter.): 1, N. Atherton; 2, J. M. McIntosh; 3, P. Darlington.

10. Discus (Senior): 1, T. R. Jones; 2, D. M. Mathieson; 3, A. Jones.
11. Discus (Inter.): 1, D. W. Wylie; 2, I. M. Mackintosh; 3, N. Ather-ton.
12. 440 Yards (Senior): 1, A. S. Hodgson; 2, D. M. Mathieson; 3, G. B. Evers.
13. 10 Yards (Inter.): 1, D. L. Lee; 2, J. E. Woods; 3, D. W. Wylie.
14. High Jump (Inter.): 1, D. L. Lee; 2, D. W. Wylie; 3, J. A. Rogers.
15. 100 Yards (Junior): 1, E. Barrett; 2, F. Hadfield; 3, F. Forrester.
16. 880 Yards (Senior): 1, T. J. Walsh; 2, Pinning; 3, K. W. Cundill.
17. 440 Yards (Inter.): 1, D. L. Lee; 2, J. Needham; 3, D. D. Jones.
18. 80 Yards (under 12): 1, P. Currie; 2, J. Hales; 3, D. Carruthers.
19. High Jump (Junior): 1, E. Barrett; 2, A. A. Forrester; 3, F. Hadfield.
20. Javelin (Senior): 1, D. M. Mathieson; 2, K. W. Cundill; 3, J. G. Smith.
1. 80 Yards (Junior): 1, D. J. Harland; 2, T. A. Carberry; 3, D. Roberts.
22. 440 Yards (Junior): 1, A. A. Forrester; 2, F. Hadfield; 3, P. A. Bather.
23. Mile (Open): 1, Pinning; 2, T. J. Walsh; 3, S. Jones
24. Obstacle (Under 12): 1, Chambers; 2, Saunders; 3, Langley.
25. High Jump (Senior): 1, A. S. Hodgson; 2, K. W. Cundill; 3, H. S. Hunt.
26. 880 Yards (Inter.): 1, P. Darlington; 2, M. Noel; 3, L. R. Sykes.
28. 100 Yards (Senior): 1, D. M. Mathieson; 2, A. S. Hodgson; 3, I. Marrs.
29. 220 Yards (Inter.): 1, D. L. Lee; 2, D. Brocklebank; 3, D. W. Wylie.
- 30a. 220 Yards (Junior): 1, E. Barrett; 2, A. A. Forrester; 3, F. Hadfield.
- 30b. 220 Yards (Senior): 1, D. M. Mathieson; 2, A. S. Hodgson; 3, I. Marrs.
33. Tug of War: 1, Tate; 2, Atkin.
32. Relay (Junior): 1, Stitt; 2, Tate.
33. Relay (Inter.): 1, Tate; 2, Atkin.
34. Relay (Senior 1) 1, Tate; Atkin (Tie).
35. Relay (Senior 2): 1, Tate; 2, Atkin.
- Victor Ludorum: A. S. Hodgson (26 points).
Runner-up: D. M. Mathieson (24 points).
- Junior Victor Ludorum: D. L. Lee (30 points).
Runner-up: E. Barrett (21 points).
- House Championship: 1, Atkin, 830 points; 2, Stitt, 690 points;
3, Tate, 654 points; 4, Westminster, 609 points.

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Topographical Nostalgia

BROTHERS, if you want to be 'in the money' and become famous overnight, learn how to write topographical ballads for the Hit Parade. No geographical knowledge is required. Time was, when assaulted by the hill-billy strains of "Deep in the Heart of Texas" or "Down Mexico Way," that I would reach down a gazetteer from my shelves and ascertain the precise location (and mean annual rainfall) of the area saluted by the minstrel. But I found this was waste of time. What you want are a few simple rules of composition to lead you to fame and fortune.

The first thing to grasp is that all really successful songs express the longing of some exile to be back home again. In fact this is now a first-class industry, and some places in U.S.A. were expressly founded in order to be got away from. They exist only as nostalgic irritants. You went to Austin City or Galveston, got an agent to fix you up with (a) Some Old Folks, (b) a Mammy, (c) A Honey, and (d) a Baby. (It is important to realise that American babies are precocious and are more interested in mink coats and 4 a.m. taxi-rides than in rattles and rusk). When you had been fitted out with these properties, you took the first train out of town, and, having got as far from the place as possible, you launched out into a profitable career by insisting harmoniously that only the most malignant fate separated you from the Old Folks and the rest. In time the world became crowded with old Kentuckians and ex-Alabamians vocal for the homes they had abandoned. Why do they never return? Is it because Mammy might be waiting with the sheriff, or ma Honey with a shot gun? It it because

" They'd give me beans,
There'd be such scenes,
If I returned
To Noo Orleans "?

No, Sirree! The answer is that unless you keep away you won't be able to write the songs. You can lift up your sorrowful voice in lament twenty times a day, but avoid the fatal mistake of going back, or the game will be up. Now that you have grasped this basic principle, what kind of places are the best for a song-plugger to be separated from?

Some cities won't do at all, because no one ever leaves them. There are positively no songs about longing to be back in Winnipeg or Cape-town or Shanghai. There is one touching ballad awaiting publication which begins

"O heck!
I'm a wreck,
I stuck out my neck,
They bounced my last cheque;
Take me back to Quebec!"

But generally speaking you must pick your town very carefully. The secret is that some place-names are poetical and others not. For instance, though you may draw attention to the remoteness of Tipperary, a line like "It's a long way to Chorlton-cum-Hardy" would never do. I'm pretty certain, too, that you will never hear anyone singing

"Maybe it's because I'm a Pernambucian
That I love Pernambuco."

But a little experience will soon help you to decide which names are likely to be winners.

The next point I want to make is that there is no market for exiles' dirges about British places. Subjects like Skye, Glasgow on an illuminated Saturday Evening, the Old Kent Road, and so on, are definitely out. Vulgarly speaking they have had it. The only acceptable subjects at home here must deal with St. Louis, the eccentric inhabitants of Tennessee, or the delights of that earthly paradise, Mobile.

Does this fill you (after getting only ten per cent. in your last geography exam) with despair? It need not. At this very moment all that the citizens of Denver and Minneapolis are waiting for are the yearnings of tormented exiles for their mummies in West Hartlepool or their honey bunches in Stalybridge: That this is not mere speculation consider the following current increases.

"I long for you
My Liza Lou;
I'm stuck at Crewe,
Boo Hoo! Boo Hoo!"

* * *

"For you I just pine
At Newcastle-on-Tyne.
If you will be mine,
Please send me a line
From Ashton-u-Lyne."

* * *

"I'm out in the cold,"
I feel very old,
I'm utterly sold;
Take me back to the fold!
Back to Stow-on-the-Wold!"

"I've forgotten how to whistle,
Since I quitted Oswaldtwistle," etc.,
and

"My heart's without a tootle,
My luck's been simply brutal,
Since I beat it out of Bootle."

* * *

Believe me, these new lyrics will sweep America like a forest fire. Don't forget too that our English rivers need some of the publicity that the wide Missouri and other bass-baritone streams have too long enjoyed. For a taste,

"I've got the blues,
I'm on the booze;
I cut and ran
From the Norfolk Ouse."

* * *

Now that you have the idea, get out that atlas and start sending your English laments (for export only) to the executives of Tin Pan Alley. The disc jockeys will have to work twenty-four hours a day to keep up with you, and, as I said at the outset, your royalties should make you wealthy.

P.S. A trifling commission of twenty per cent, on all such ballads plugged over the U.S. radio networks is payable to the undersigned.

W.E.W.

Travelling Abroad

DURING the summer holidays a party of boys from the School visited Switzerland and stayed at Agnuzzo, a village very close to the Italian border. The Ferienheim was beautifully situated close to the Lake of Lugano and, since it was only a matter of a hundred yards or less to the water, hardly a day went by without boys going swimming. There was also a games room in which many keen battles were fought during the evenings, the honour of England generally being upheld at table-tennis and billiards against all comers.

Two or three miles from the village lay the town of Lugano, to which the boys went on shopping expeditions. The difficulties involved in using Swiss francs, and, later on, Italian lire, were quickly overcome, and many good bargains were struck.

The Italian frontier was crossed on three occasions, the farthest point reached being the city of Milan, and the journey back being made on the trans-continental train from Rome to Copenhagen. Motor-coach excursions were made to Lake Como and Menaggio, and the Burromean Islands were visited by steam boat. Lake Como was crossed by motor-boat and Monte San Salvatore ascended by funicular railway.

Most of the boys took cameras with them, and entered for the photographic competition, which was won by B. Doveston.

The chief memories which remain of the holiday? The scenery when crossing the Alps and the journey through the St. Gothard Tunnel; cassates, wonderful compounds of firm vanilla ice-cream and pure cream filled with nuts, fruit peel, and cherries, eaten while sitting under a huge coloured umbrella outside a road-side cafe; disputing with the Italian frontier guards over a nameless individual who had left his identity behind in his room; the boys dressed as frogmen diving to watch the fish in Lake Lugano; the din when every boy produced a musical box and all were played together in one room—each a different tune.

The countries visited by the School since the war now come to an impressive total—Belgium, Holland, France, Switzerland, and Italy. Next year it is planned to go to the Rhine Gorge region of Germany. The party will stay at a hotel in Rudesheim. Two coach tours will be made, one of the Mosel valley, the Hunsruck and Eifel ranges being visited, and one of the Wisper valley including Wiesbaden. A trip will also be made by motor-boat on the Rhine, downstream as far as the Lorelei and back.

Any more boys who wish to join the group must hand in their names as soon as possible.

Coronation Cup 1954-55

Event.	Atkin.		Stitt.		Tate.		Westminster.	
	Pos.	Pts.	Pos.	Pts.	Pos.	Pts.	Pos.	Pts.
Athletics	1	6	2	4	3	2	4	0
Chess	4	0	3	1	2	2	1	3
Cricket	3	2	4	0	2	4	1	6
Cross C'ntry Runs	1	6	2	4	4	0	3	2
Examinations	4	0	1 =	7½	3	3	1 =	7½
do.	4	0	1	9	2	6	3	3
Rugby	2	4	3	2	1	6	4	0
Total Points	18		27½		23		21½	
Positions	4th		1st		2nd		3rd	

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THE Trustees of the fund have awarded the Old Boys' War Memorial Prize for the year 1954-55 to I. Marrs.

* * *

The usual morning concert given by a section of the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra took place this term, not in the adjacent and usual Y.M.C.A., but in the schoolroom of Parkfield Chapel. The resulting congestion, reminiscent of the last night of the 'proms,' was due not so much to the audience being enthusiastically larger but to the room being considerably smaller. While any discomfort experienced provided the appropriate atmosphere of Calvinist austerity, some useful training was afforded for 'musical chairs' in the approaching festive season.

* * *

A party from the School visited H.M.S. "Corunna" in South Bidston Dock on the morning of Wednesday, November 9. This destroyer, which has a complement of 15 officers and 200 ratings, was on an official visit to Birkenhead lasting four days, during which her senior officers were entertained by the Mayor at the Town Hall. Our visit, though a short one limited to an hour, proved very enjoyable and not least because this brief contact with matelots afloat showed that mechanisation has not blunted their talent for witticism.

* * *

We are glad to see that the Music Club continues to flourish, and the interest of the lower forms in its meetings is an encouraging sign. "Music for you by you" is perhaps an improvement on the T.V. variety precisely because we are not merely content to be a passive audience. As performers we obey the apostolic injunction to "be doers (cf the 'tune') and not hearers only." We also welcome the sound of two-part and descant singing from the Music Room, and trust the whole School may soon enjoy this.

* * *

The use of an adjacent building (which has housed a bewildering variety of activities in the last thirty years) for yet one more civic purpose has made us close neighbours of the peripatetic overspill of another school. Our dining-room now flourishes to such an extent that lunches are being served continuously for nearly two hours, an instance of increased production which should be regarded with satisfaction in top-level official circles.

Libraria

A SITUATION, rarely paralleled in the history of the School, has arisen in the Library: we actually have a scientist in our midst. However, being of a generous and sympathetic disposition, the holders of the fort did not object to his intrusion. But now the situation is becoming critical; for, after two months here, the scientist knows more about literature than all the arts students put together (and this includes two third-year characters, who—as the second year say—“keep coming back like a song.” (The first year prefer a metaphor of indigestion). This academic colossus sits with a superior air in the corner of the room, deeply engrossed in “Back to Methuselah,” while we underlings persevere with “Tom Mix” and “Gabby Hayes.”

B. Taylor gains three stars for his excellent demonstration on the vivisection of a golf ball. While this poor inoffensive sphere was forcibly denuded, gaping Sixth-formers stood around, aghast. (Even the Advanced Physics has never had anything like this). Mr. Taylor also volunteered interesting information on the chemical composition of the ball; one of the most interested spectators was Mr. W*1***ms. The remainder of the phenomenon suffered the fate of most interesting objects which enter the Library and, after receiving multiple abrasions, was sentenced for life beneath the bars of the fire-grate.

An eccentric character from the drug store next door has consulted nearly every master in the School on the causes of the phosphorescence which he claims appears on Hoylake Beach. The answer to this brain-teaser is now generally acknowledged to lie in the extreme potency of Birkenhead-brewed ale.

Entrance forms containing the most plaintive requests for admission to establishments specializing in one's own peculiar brand of higher education adorn the Library. They reflect the frantic efforts of the inmates to gain admission anywhere from the Guatamalan Horticultural Academy to the Palace of Education in Borough Road. The more brazen students have actually applied to universities. On all such “begging letters,” one is required to give one's “usual signa-

ture." S. Jones spent a substantial part of one day trying to find his "usual signature," and amassed reams of paper containing anything but his "usual signature." But we must not poke fun at Steve; let's admit it: he's the only one among us who can write his name at all. X.

Scientia

AT the very beginning of these notes one lamentable point must be made clear. Though our current Upper Sixth Science form be, by normal standards, one of Brobdingnagian immensity, though their performances on the rugby field and in the examination room be worthy of the highest praise, though the diligence with which they apply themselves to their studies be a shining example to us all, though they have, each one, the grace of Apollo, yet the readiness they show towards producing something for the *Visor* is, to understate the situation, not exactly breathtaking.

As a consequence of this reluctance to impart the knowledge of their minds and the wisdom of their tongues to the less eminent ranks of the animal kingdom, the publication of last year's three editions of the *Visor* had the following consequences.

Christmas 1954. The *Visor* was printed with no V.I.S. notes in it. This led to comments in the vein of "Huh, rotten shower we've got to succeed us" from Upper V.I.S., and to the development of superiority complexes by all Arts types.

Easter 1955. The Lower Sixth notes covered both Sciences and Arts and were written by a Lit. bod. This led to strained diplomatic relationships between V.I.A. and V.I.S., and very nearly resulted in bloodshed.

Summer 1955. The Lower Sixth notes again embodied both Science and Arts courses, and were written by the other Lit. bod. (there being at the time, as mathematicians will have already deduced, two Lit. bods.). To the injured pride of V.I.S. this repetition of the affront was as a red flag to a bull. Barricades were set up, street fighting broke out, and as you all know (or at least all those who happened to read the third leader of the Tuesday, June 31st, edition of the "Sunday Manchester Spectator" know), it was only the advent of Mr. W——ns' youngest son, throwing pieces of rockery, which broke the party up and prevented a nasty international situation.

Although the bone-idle nature of U. V.I.S. has been loudly and publicly deplored, it is reluctantly admitted that one could more easily persuade a block of granite to become a blood donor than persuade

them to write something for the *Visor*. Nevertheless, it was obvious that there had to be a Scientia, and it was equally obvious that someone had to write. It seemed a shame to allow a literary pen to perform this operation and create more trouble, just when the Geneva hotel proprietors were doing so nicely, and so one of last year's scientific scribes had to be bribed into coming back to do the job. Thus it was that, for the fabulous sum of 3s. 7½d. (plus a free contract to Tranmere Rovers) I forsook the chances of a brilliant career in the Foreign Legion in order to return to these walls and undertake the supply to the Editor of sufficient material to keep the subscription-paying members of the Scientia fan club contented.

To turn now to the scandal and gossip of us of the Advanced physics lab (for that surely is the purpose of these notes), I have a confession and an apology to make. Being to some extent an exile from the illustrious society of the room between the labs, I have to admit that I know but little of its gossip and scandal. I am thus, unfortunately, unable to supply any names, addresses, or even telephone numbers of our budding scientists' better halves, which is a sideline which used to go down well with our readers in previous years. I can in fact tell you next to nothing about the affairs of the men of U. VI.S., because I know next to nothing.

This much, however, I can say. We (if Ted changed his persons I don't see why I shouldn't) have men who are great in stature, we have men who are great in girth, we have men who are little in these things too, we have men who drive cars, we have men who ride bikes, we have men who walk; we have men who chase girls, we have men whom girls chase, we have men who run away from girls, we have men whom girls run away from; we have men who work, we have men who don't, we have men who'll do well, we have men who won't; we have men who eat too much, we have men who eat too little, we have men who talk too much, we have men who talk too little; we have someone who thinks he can sing, we have someone who wants to do schol. maths., both ideas are ludicrous; we have someone who quotes Einstein, but to quote someone who quotes Einstein would be asking for trouble. Together we are a lot to have in one Sixth form; in a lab we can cause a good deal of chaos; on our own we can make quite a lot of noise, we pride ourselves in being upholders of the faith, and the scourge of 3B. And we'll tell you something else; we're jolly well going to have to write our own perishin' notes next time!

J.E.G.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

WHAT is the question? There are a good many questions and problems in our lives to-day; new ways of living and an ever-changing world have brought about revolutions in our thought and outlook. But we ourselves are the same; human nature has not changed since Shakespeare's days; it has not changed since the first primitive man began to reason for himself, and it never will change.

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Form Notes

6A.

FOR the first time it is our privilege as the Lower Sixth Arts form to enlighten the Lower School about the cultural mode of life which we lead. We notice that in past *Visors* it has been customary for the Lower Sixth Arts people to begin by calumniating their deadly rivals, the Lower Sixth Sciences. However, ignoring custom, we prepare to open our notes by giving a general picture of ourselves. There are three of us in the form, which has the Junior School building as its formroom, but we spend most of our time in the library in company with the celebrated B.I. Midget, and Gladys Jones (who, incidentally, is a crack shot with a water pistol!).

First, we should like you to meet "Black Dan" Roberts, who is an expert on Judo and drawing life-like cartoons of various members of the staff. "Black Dan" is a woman-hater (or so he tells us!), and his hobbies include eating and reading detective novels (he also has an amazing ability to avoid work).

Next, we have Norman ("Haircut") Cooper; after he was born his father was arrested for disturbing the peace in the Zoo; he was shooting at all the storks on sight. "Haircut" is fond of classical records (such as "Where will the Baby's Dimple Be?"), corduroy caps (size 12½), and chips.

Last, but not least (or so he thinks) is "Hairy Von" Walsh. He is the form's premier rugby player (there is only one!), and he can often be seen "doing a bit of jazzin' on the left wing"—quote Mr. *c*i*s.

Mr. *a*1 supplies us with various newspapers and magazines to widen our outlook, and, consequently the people from the "mad house" are unable to converse with us on equal terms. However, they assail us with gaseous discharges instead of verbal assaults, and these choking gases (slightly reminiscent of cheese and onion pie!) have prompted two of our form's poetically-minded members to compose an "Ode to Stoss and Co." (the tune for those of you who have good voices, like ourselves, is that of a popular tune of to-day which begins with the same words).

"Ode to Stoss and Co."

"Close the door!" It's coming through the window,

"Close the door!" shouts Tony O'Hare,

"Close the door!" it's coming from the chemmy lab.

That smelly H₂S is everywhere!

BY THREE ROSES IN A GARDEN OF WEEDS

THIS year there are 7 Scientists, 3 Arts, and Ch*r1**, our mad biologist, leading a life of luxury and indolence in the Junior School. The form master of both 6S and 6A is Mr. Allison, who guides us through the trials of life and extricates us from many tight corners.

Several of the form attend a well-known dancing class 200 yards up Temple Road as the Crowe flies (clever pun, that!), whilst others have already trodden that well-known path through darkest Liverpool to Brownlow Hill.

A bicycle inspection was carried out during the term with the result that Lythg**'s photograph was prominently displayed on the poster "Keep Death off the roads."

These notes would not be complete without some mention of that raffish crew, the Lit. Mob. They spend their time in the library either sleeping off the effects of their wild carousals or studying the Classics. (This latter pursuit should benefit them greatly as they were considerably out of pocket after the Derby).

With the prospect of the Christmas Exams looming up on the horizon we are wondering if there are any vacancies at Shell.

On this happy note I must say "Ta-ra, well."

P.J.

WE start with an article, by G. Evans, entitled

MY FIRST FLIGHT.

Earlier this year I was invited to take my first aeroplane flight at Hooton Aerodrome, in an Auster, Mark Six. We taxied from the hangar to the grass run-way and made a gentle take-off. Everything looked unreal at a thousand feet; the houses looked like toys. We cruised towards Chester and then turned back and flew approximately along the centre of the Wirral Peninsula towards the Irish sea. All the well-known Wirral landmarks could be clearly seen which had the added interest of being seen from an unusual view-point and of being seen in relation to each other; I even saw a company of sailors drilling on the air-craft carrier which was based in the Mersey at that time. By this time our height had increased to four thousand feet. We reached our farthest point over Formby sand-hills and had to return to Hooton. As the pilot waited for the signal to land, I had the unusual bird's eye-view of a trio of Meteor jet aircraft, making a mock attack on the airfield. A flare signalled us to land, and we came down quite safely. All I am looking forward to now is the chance that I may have the opportunity of having another flight in the future.

Our next contribution was written by W. Cusick:

TRAMCARS THAT WERE DIFFERENT.

When tramcars are mentioned, one immediately thinks of the staid public vehicle, but there were, and still are, tramcars being used for totally different tasks. For example, in Salvador, Brazil, the tram is used for funeral processions. A specially designed tram is used, and the dead are taken to the cemetery, accompanied by the priests and relations riding alongside the coffin. A special trailer is used for mourners. This use for trams was started in Milan in 1896 and, later, in Paris and Mexico City. Mexico City has also seen tramcars careering down the main street firing broadsides into shop-windows, during the 1914-18 revolutions. They were used as troop carriers, mobile guns, and armoured units. Those which survived are now called "Tortugas," meaning tortoises. It was also in Mexico City that Porfirio Diaz, the dictator, presented his wife with her own private tram which was very richly furnished. A most unpopular tram is the one which runs from the court house to Long Bay gaol in Australia; this tram has six barred cells and even has its own number—No. 948. Trams were used as travelling libraries in Edmonton, Canada, and in Munich, Germany. A tram became a Polling Booth in New Zealand, and the novelty brought many more people from their homes to vote than is usual. In the centre of Belfast three cars were joined together and turned into the "Northern Ireland War Memorial Building Fund" offices. Trams in Calcutta used to be heavily armoured to protect the driver as they regularly were turned over and set on fire in political demonstrations. Trams have been used in many places as Post Offices and were even used as such in Wallasey. The most recent unusual use which trams have been put to is when one is converted every year and becomes a miniature Television station in order to transmit Blackpool lights.

5B.

WE begin with an article by D. Garnham entitled

FIRST EVER?

Last summer two boys and I decided to cross Lake Coniston, which is in the Lake District, in a novel way, that is, by swimming while lying on Lilo air beds. As it is two miles each way, the School scouts, who were standing on the shore when we set off, did not realise what was happening. First, "Steve," a Wallasey scout, started, and then Peter Sampson, and I followed a few minutes later.

I ploughed my way along, looking back occasionally and watching the shore recede rapidly. The beds floated on top of the water, and therefore we moved very fast. In the middle of the lake I caught up with Peter, who had stopped and was floating lazily round in circles.

However, I paddled merrily on, noticing that for a few seconds I could see neither shore when I was in the middle of the crossing. As I approached the far side, I noticed many people lining the shore and watching us through binoculars. "Steve" was nearly there, and so I put on a spurt and shot ashore in grand style.

After resting, we made our way back with much splashing and shouting. By the time we had re-crossed Coniston we had each fallen off the Lilos many times, but did we care? No; we were "The Conquerors of Coniston."

Next McIntosh tells us about a very thrilling adventure entitled

A JET FLIGHT.

The thought of flying in a 'jet' was exciting, and I donned the elaborate gear necessary for the flight: Mae West, helmet, and parachute. I was looking forward to it very much.

The time for the trip arrived, and the pilot climbed into the cockpit of the aircraft, a Meteor Night Fighter N.F. 14. I was already strapped into the rear cockpit, and was trying to understand the complicated Radar panel which faced me.

On the "inter-com." I could hear the pilot going through the usual cockpit procedure. Take-off was smooth, and we climbed steadily until we reached 12,000 feet, where we levelled off. Our speed was over 500 m.p.h., but the high altitude minimised the sense of speed, so that the ground seemed to move under us quite slowly.

After a sight-seeing tour of the East coast we returned to the airfield, where the pilot treated me to some aerobatics (ooh!) and tight turns before touch down. The sensation of excessive weight in the limbs and body during these turns is most peculiar.

The flight lasted 40 minutes, and I enjoyed every minute of it.

Cathy contributes a most interesting article which he calls

THE SWEDISH ARCHIPELAGO.

Before the last summer holidays I went to Finland for a holiday. On the way we called at Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. To reach Stockholm from the open sea the ship, S.S. "Beloostrow," had to navigate approximately 50,000 small, rocky islets. It took eight hours to accomplish this.

Coming on deck early in the morning, I saw the dark, pine-covered islands, dotted with small red and white log cabins looking luxurious because of the sleek, white yachts moored at the tiny jetties. A thin veil of mist covered the scene, giving it a fairy-like atmosphere broken only by the shrill cries of the black-headed gulls. Later, when we came away from Stockholm, the sun gave the forests and woods a different, exciting atmosphere.

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Hodson is obviously a naturalist; for he tells us about

THE VULTURE.

When you take a walk through a Zoo you will invariably see a vulture in the aviary. Vultures are very large birds which stand with their wings hunched as though they were shoulders. They have long, bald necks which have at the end of them very evil-looking heads.

The vulture is a bird of prey. It has long, cruel talons and a beak which has a special job, tearing flesh. It is a ravenous bird, which will plunder at any opportunity.

The sign of a vulture is accepted as that of death. The huge bird is reputed to fly round a dying animal in the desert, to wait until it dies, and then to attack the carcass, tearing the warm flesh to pieces.

Some of the North American Indians used to be "buried" by their bodies being suspended on long poles, and their bones picked clean by the vultures. They believed that, when the birds flew up, they would be taken to the "Happy Hunting Ground."

Rogers concludes the form's contributions with his article entitled

WATCHES AND CLOCKS.

A large watch is far more accurate than a small one, because its mechanisms are more easily made, but most people prefer a wrist-watch to a pocket-watch, which is a better time-keeper. It is surprising that a wrist-watch can be accurate when we consider the knocks it encounters and the fact that, as it is exposed, there is a chance of hairs or crumbs finding their way into the works. A large watch should be overhauled every eighteen months, and a smaller one about every twelve months.

Clocks such as grandfather clocks can last a lifetime without being attended to, because their works are so accurate.

4A.

THE standard of the contributions of this form still remains high. McTear tells us about the form this term.

Dear Reader,

In accordance with time-hallowed custom, may we present you with several choice examples of 4A work and play? We are in that blissful year of life when neither A. Level nor O. Level disturbs the smooth tranquillity of the flowing weeks. That great ordeal that we have to face lies so far ahead that for the time being we bask in a sunshine of repose—and why should we not? Admittedly we dwell within ear-shot of the Staff Room, but it would take more than the

mere proximity of so august a chamber to damp our spirits. We are the form which boasts the fairyland hair-cuts. Some of our exclusive assembly have valiantly submitted to a voluntary course of punishment throughout the term, and soon we expect a thesis entitled "An analysis of Detention conditions under each master."

We are a sporting form. Under the lynx-eyed vigilance of our form-master, the colts have played well but won few games. On the academic side, McTear remained top, Blaylock came second, and D. Harris and C. Williams came equal third. It almost goes without saying that we were the first form in the School to pay for the *Visor*, while contributions for the activities fund have nearly been completed. At the beginning of the term we welcomed R. A. Gawne (whom the evils of the present 5A compelled to retire for a year to a place of seclusion) who now seems to have recovered. One word about an astounding development in the nuclear physics department: a brand new "Theory of Detention."

And now, dear reader, like the daffodils, we haste away. We submerge ourselves beneath quadratic absurds; shudder at the silky verbosity of snaky Lamia, and laugh at that scarecrow in reduced circumstances, Dominie Sampson.

Blaylock next offers us some information on

HOW A FISH BREATHES.

People have often asked the question, "If a fish breathes oxygen, why can't it live out of water?"

True enough, a fish does breath oxygen, but this oxygen is in solution in the water. When a fish is opening and closing its mouth, it is not drinking, but gulping mouthfuls of water. This water flows over the gills and out of the neck, either under the gill plate, or, in sharks, through the slits in the neck. As the water passes over the gills the oxygen is absorbed from the water by blood-vessels in the gills, of which there are a great number.

Thus, when a fish is taken out of water, it dies, not because it lacks oxygen, but because there is no water with the oxygen to pass over the gills. This, however, does not mean that fish cannot die in water. They can, and do. In an aquarium tank, water must not be allowed to become stagnant, but must always be aerated, by an oxygen tube. Similarly, the complete enclosure of the top of the tank, thus shutting out any oxygen, will also have a disastrous effect upon fish.

Our last article is by Williams who tells us about

NATURE'S "AIR-RAIDS."

The Tornado has been aptly described as Nature's "air raid." These "air raids" can last for an hour or only a few minutes. They are funnels of wind reaching high into the sky, their diameter being either one hundred feet or, again, only a few feet. So, the nature of these storms is always uncertain, and their force cannot be estimated until their arrival. If these tornadoes are only a few feet in diameter, a person can escape by simply running out of them.

A tornado can sweep an area clean of buildings, trees, and crops. It will cut through a forest like a scythe through hay. Even boulders have been lifted and carried for hundreds of feet. On many occasions houses have literally exploded when hit by a tornado. One of the repeated freaks of a tornado is the forcing of straws or thin strips of wood into trees, posts, and thick wooden planks. One tornado in South Dakota, North America, is reputed to have lifted a whole train off the track.

Most of the world's tornados occur in North America in the states of Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, North and South Dakota, and Wyoming, where they sweep across, leaving a trail of devastation, and an average death roll of 300 a year.

4B.

WE begin with an article by D. Charters, entitled

THE ART OF CAMPING.

There must be something which draws people to camps. Mr. Billy Butlin draws them to his camp by offering them "Leisure and Pleasure"; but what is it that draws campers to outdoor camps?

What is it that induces them to put up tents in soaking rain, drenched to the skin on the first day, while the rest of the holiday is spent in digging pits, hauling wood, cooking, and eating cold burnt food? This is one question I shall never answer; for I have gone regularly for the last four years, and hope to continue doing so.

N. Motley now tells us about

STORETON QUARRY.

Storeton Quarry is probably the only place in this area where signs of prehistoric monsters have been found; two huge footprints were found embedded in the sandstone. The quarry is now being filled in, and mining has stopped.

It used to provide sandstone for large buildings, and our School was probably built of the same sandstone. At the deepest part of the quarry there is a deep pool of water which goes down a sheer forty feet. At the top of the quarry you can see the relics of an old steam-engine and two cranes, which were probably used for pulling great slabs of sandstone from the bottom of the quarry. Weeds and grass have now taken over, and there is even a hawk's nest in the side of the sandstone.

The dilapidated buildings are just about standing up against the wind and rain, and the grindstones have been clogged up with weeds. All the levers in the cranes and furnaces have corroded, never to work again. Soon the quarry will be filled in, and that will be the end of a great landmark for the people of Birkenhead and Bebington.

We conclude with some form notes by R. A. Dixon.

We came back to school, after six weeks' holiday, on the fifth of September, and the first thing we asked ourselves was, "How long until half-term?"

We have had a new "batch" of masters. Half the class now take geography, and the other half take chemistry; but instead of having a choice of either physics or history, we are all taking physics, probably because we were so bad at history.

Half-term is now over, and we have the pleasant thought of the Christmas examinations looming over us. However, after that there are the holidays to look forward to. Not that we don't like school, but . . .

3A.

THE first article is by G. Kellet and is entitled

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

While we were on holiday at Brighton, we decided to see the site of the battle of Hastings. On our way to Hastings we remembered that Senlac Hill, the site of the conflict, is at Battle.

Having arrived here, we found that Battle Abbey on Senlac Hill was a memorial to the battle. It was built by William I., who vowed that if he won he would build an abbey.

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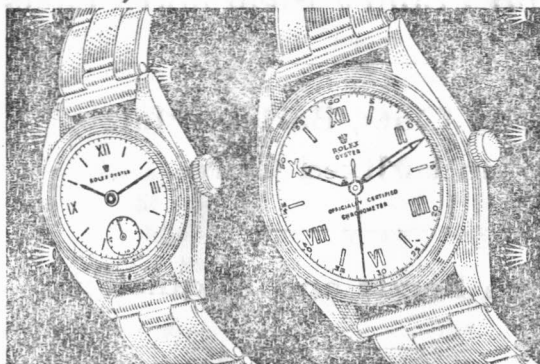
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We went inside the abbey and waited for a guide, who first of all showed us the cellars, where the wine was stored. In the next part of the building there were caricatures of monks in the form of little statues. One of them depicted a monk hiding a bottle of wine behind his prayer-book.

Next we came to the crypt, just in front of which there was a piece of marble with some French writing on it. This marks the place where Harold is supposed to have fallen.

After that we walked along a path a few feet lower than the wall. It was along this path that the monks walked in procession so that the public, who were not allowed inside, would see the proceedings. A minute later we reached the gateway through which we had entered the Benedictine Abbey. Just inside the gateway was a copy of a scroll, which depicted the shields and names of the leading men who had taken part in the Battle of Hastings.

The second article is by C. Leg who calls it

CRABBING.

The fishermen of South Devon earn their living by crab-fishing. This starts in early spring and finishes in early winter. I have been on a crabbing trip, which started at eight o'clock in the morning.

As the boats go out the fishermen prepare their bait, which consists of the fish which are caught in the lobster and crab-pots and also of fish from the previous day's long-lining. The fish used are ray, horse mackerel, conger eels, and wrasse. The first pots are about a hundred yards off-shore, and these are the smaller lobster pots. They are hauled aboard, the catch is taken out, and the pots are rebaited.

Some of the pots have conger hooks attached. The conger eels can attain weights of up to forty pounds and can be very dangerous: only the most skilled fishermen can deal with them. There are also pots for wrasse, a large fish with a set of teeth which cannot be cut with a knife. The bait used for these is crushed spider crabs.

After these inshore pots there are the offshore ones. These are placed about five miles out and are double pots, two pots together. These give the most abundant supply of crabs.

To a fisherman a crab means a cock crab of about eight pounds or over. An average catch is about eighty or ninety crabs and about ten or eleven good cock crabs. As they return home the men clip the tendons in the pincers in order to render the crabs harmless.

The last article is by P. Winder, who tells us about

THE REFECTORY AT CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The Refectory was the Abbey dining hall, which was built in the thirteenth century at the same time as the Chapter House, but the windows of this building were altered at the beginning of the sixteenth century, giving it the appearance of a later building.

A special interest and beauty is the wall pulpit from which one of the monks read to the others during meals. Beneath the pulpit on a platform considerably lower than the present platform sat the Abbot with the other important people.

In the body of the hall the tables were set lengthwise, and at the west end was probably a gallery, the whole arrangement being much the same as in an Oxford or Cambridge College hall to-day.

For many years the refectory suffered ill treatment and neglect. However, it is once again in good repair and is used for a great variety of gatherings. It has its own kitchen housed in the passage to the Abbey kitchen.

3B.

OUR first article is by Dawson.

THE FORESTRY COMMISSION.

The Forestry Commission's object is to see that timber is supplied as soon as it is required.

The life cycle of a tree is controlled by science. The seeds are collected by hand from the forests, and taken to laboratories, where they are tested for disease. Only those which endure the strict tests are passed for use. From the laboratories the seeds go to the nurseries. Here, some are planted in boxes, but most in well-sheltered and carefully drained beds. To give the seeds a fair chance of survival, hours of tedious weeding are essential. When they become small trees, they are removed from the nurseries, and planted carefully in the forest, well apart. Until the young trees produce strong and firm roots, they are frequently sprayed against such pests as green-fly. Grey squirrels do much damage, but owing to the bounty given by the Government of "a shilling per tail" this has been considerably lessened.

The Commission are all the time planting in wild and isolated districts of England and Wales, where building is almost impossible.

Waring next gives an account of

A TRIP BY BICYCLE TO RHYL.

One Sunday morning a few weeks ago I started out on a journey to Rhyl.

Having passed through Willaston and Two Mills, I eventually reached Queensferry, where I began the long and dreary climb up Aston Hill. When I reached Ewloe, it was eleven o'clock, and I stopped for some refreshments. Continuing, I pedalled through Holywell and many small villages. From a certain part of the Holywell road I obtained a magnificent view of the River Dee. About two miles further on, I stopped for lunch. As I was finishing my meal, I noticed it had begun to rain. I began to pedal feverishly towards St. Asaph, where my aunt lives. At one o'clock I was at my aunt's house, and found the place in a state of great excitement. I was told that the Princess Royal was visiting the town that day.

Feeling this an occasion which ought not to be missed I stayed in St. Asaph to see the Princess. After this I made my way home by way of Rhyl, Greenfield, Mostyn, Bagilt, and Connahs Quay. All this time, the rain had fallen ceaselessly, and I arrived home happy, but soaking.

2A.

WE commence with an article by Donahue.

A VISIT TO SPEKE AIRPORT.

One Saturday I visited Speke Airport. It was a dull, rainy day, and a slight mist covered the airfield.

Having visited the lounge of the airport, we then proceeded to one of the large hangars, where numerous "Vampires" and "Sabres" were being dismantled, and saw complete jet engines being tested. From here we passed on to the room which contains the fire equipment. Inside there is a scale model of the airport, which enables the men to practise without leaving the room.

Then we went to the control tower. From the balcony around it we could see the whole airport, and I noted especially the radar scanners. Inside we saw how radar could direct planes. When we entered the recording and monowriting room we were told how the voice of a pilot could be recorded at the exact second, and could, if need be, be replayed at a moment's notice. As there was little else to see, we started to leave, not, however, before we watched the landing of a plane from the Isle of Man.

After this, we have an an article of local interest by MacMaster.

LIVERPOOL WATER FRONT.

The line of docks at Liverpool is roughly divided into three sections, North, Central, and South. Leaving Seaforth Sands Station, you will first pass the Northern section, extending from the Gladstone Docks to the Bramley-Moore Dock. In this section you will see at the Alexandra Docks the cold stores of the Union Cold Storage Co. Ltd., which are probably the largest, if not the most modern, in Europe. In addition to these you will notice the colossal grain silos belonging to the Liverpool Grain Storage and Transit Co., Ltd. At the Canada and Bramley-Moore Docks are cranes and hoists for supplying ships with bunker and cargo coal. The Central group of Docks extend from the Stanley Dock to the Princess Dock. Many years ago these docks were used by sailing ships and steamers trading to all parts of the globe, but, as the size and draught of ships increased, it was necessary to build larger docks to accommodate them. To-day the smaller types of vessels berth there. Beyond the Princes Dock, you cannot fail to notice three imposing buildings on the Pier Head, the Royal Liver Building, the Cunard Steamship Co. offices, and the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board Buildings, close to which is one of the immense Tunnel ventilation shafts. The South Docks stretch from the Pier Head to Herculeum Dock. Here you will pass more grain silos at the Brunswick and Coburg Docks, and at the Herculeum Dock are coaling appliances and accommodation for vessels discharging petroleum and fuel oil. Vessels carrying dangerous oils in bulk are not allowed to enter docks because the risk is too great. Two jetties have therefore been built in the river to the South of the Herculeum Dock, where vessels can discharge their oils through pipes leading to large storage tanks on land.

2B.

ALTHOUGH one of the smallest forms in the School, 2B supplied us with plenty of material. We begin with an article on the School Scouts' summer camp this year, by P. Chambers.

The School scout troop went to the Lake District for the summer camp. We camped on the edge of Lake Coniston and had a splendid view of Coniston Old Man. We were two miles from the town of Coniston.

When we arrived, we unpacked the tents and equipment, a job which nobody had looked forward to. By noon the following day, every tent and shelter had been erected, and all the necessary pits had been dug.

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Careers in the Coal Industry.—Modern Coalmining is very largely a new industry. More accurately, it is an old and vital industry which is being reconstructed to serve the present and future needs of the nation. While other forms of energy will help, the main source of power in the foreseeable future will continue to be coal.

Technical Careers.—Many well-paid and absorbing jobs are available and the Coal Board are ready to train you for them, either through a University Scholarship or—if you prefer to earn and learn at the same time—by taking you into the industry straight from school and providing technical training without loss of pay.

University Scholarships.—Highly-trained mining engineers are urgently needed. The National Coal Board offer a hundred University Scholarships a year : most are in Mining Engineering, but some are available in Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical Engineering and in Fuel Technology. They are worth about the same as State Scholarships and successful candidates receive them in full—parents' financial position makes no difference to the value of the awards.

Practical Training.—When you have qualified—either through the University or through technical college while working—you are eligible for a two or three year course under the Coal Board's management training scheme. Each trainee has a course mapped out for him personally and a senior engineer gives him individual supervision. If you come in to the industry on the mining engineering side, you have a very good chance of becoming, between the ages of 25 and 30, a colliery undermanager at a salary between £900 and £1,200 a year—or even a colliery manager with a salary in the range £950 to £1650.

Other Careers.—There are also good careers in the Board's Scientific Department and in administrative posts. Young men and women of good educational standard (who have preferably spent some time in the sixth form or have attended a university) are also needed in such fields as marketing, finance and labour relations.

Full details can be obtained from any Divisional Headquarters of the Board or from the National Coal Board, Hobart House, London, S.W.1.

For the first few days we were not allowed to bathe, because we were warned that there was a steep dip in the lake bottom, about forty yards from the bank. Some of the seniors went out and, having found the drop, roped it off. The rest of our stay passed very pleasantly, with visits to local places of interest, swimming in the lake, basking in the sun, and playing such games as cricket and deck quoits.

We continue with an article by D. G. Croft entitled

THE PROGRESS OF TELEVISION.

Television was invented by John Baird. He made his first television "station" out of a box, tins, cycle-lamps, cardboard, knitting needles, and pegs. With this device he could send an office-boy's picture into another room.

When people started to buy the Baird "Televisor," its screen measured six inches by four inches. It was not long before plays were being televised from a small part of Alexandra Palace, London. The world's first television announcer was Leslie Mitchell.

This wonderful invention was stopped during the Second World War as the Alexandra Palace television mast was used in the radar defence of London.

To-day it takes thirty technicians to run a television show, and for outside broadcasts a complete television station on wheels is needed. For long distance outside broadcasts, midget relay stations are used, and they send pictures from one hilltop to the next.

We conclude with a true story by J. Pendleton.

An elderly couple were both interested in elocution, and, being of Welsh nationality, they were keen competitors at eisteddfodau. The gentleman had been a teacher of elocution for years and was an authority on the subject. He therefore taught his wife and put her through her paces. The day came when they competed against each other on the same stage and at the same Eisteddfod. He told her that she was wasting her time, as she had not studied her piece sufficiently well. In the end she came away with the first prize and he with the second prize. This news eventually found its way into an American newspaper under the heading: "Wife beats husband." The people in question were my grandparents.

IA.

THE first article is by A. Williams, who calls it

SAILING.

A few weeks before the Sailing sseason finished, my Sea Scout-master, Mr. Milligan, rang up to see if I could go sailing in his fourteen foot sailing-boat on the West Kirby boating lake.

On arriving at the club-house we changed our clothes and began to make the vessel seaworthy. We took off the canvas cover and slid the yellow mainsail into the boom. Then we hooked the boom into place on the mast. It was not long before the sail had been hoisted, and soon the jib was also in place.

The launching of the boat, which was called the 'Rosinante,' was almost as difficult as that of the 'Argo'! The reason for this was that a larger boat than the 'Rosinante' had anchored outside the lake during a storm. Unfortunately, the moorings were not secure and she had broken away from them, and drifted to the sea wall, where she was battered about so much that she sank.

The other exit to the marked out area was occupied by a small sailing boat which was being rigged out; so we had to wait until the vessel was moved away.

Eventually we moved the boat down to the lake-side and soon we were afloat. We turned into the wind and set course for the other side of the lake, and the 'Rosinante' sailed away beautifully.

We conclude with an article by R. Orme entitled

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Going into the House of Commons is a very pleasant experience. When you first go into the hall you are given a form to fill in, and after giving this in at the desk you go along a corridor and enter the Gallery.

The Speaker sits in a very big chair, and in front of him sit three other men by a big table, upon which are several very thick books and a mace.

When the Speaker wants somebody to speak he calls upon him, and the Member always begins by saying "Mr. Speaker."

However, listening to speeches is rather boring, and after a time you are glad to go out.

IB.

ALTHOUGH the form submitted a large quantity of material, the standard of composition was not very high. However, we commence with a description by B. Price of

FARMING.

Life on a farm is not easy, and if you owned cows you would have to get up early to milk them. The farm which I stayed on belongs to my uncle and has no cows. It is situated on the Malvern Hills in Worcestershire. The stock consists of thirty sheep, two sows, two pigs, some piglets, hens, geese, guinea-fowl, and one horse.

In the morning I awoke and took the sheep to the moors, put them in an enormous pen, and left them. When I arrived back at the farm, I fed the hens, geese, and guinea-fowl. Having done that, I cleaned out the pig-sties and laid down clean straw on the floor. Next, there was the horse's stable to clean out and new straw to be laid there. After I had done that, there were a hundred-and-one minor jobs to be done, such as fixing fences.

In the evening, there were the sheep to bring home, and then I went to bed after a long and tiring day.

We continue with an article by J. Morris entitled

THE RACING MEETING.

Brrr! The five thousand miles motor race had just begun, and all the traffic was held up. The race went on quietly for three days; then, on the fourth day, a sudden disaster happened. Somebody spilt a gallon of oil on the sharpest bend in the race. The first car approached it at about fifty m.p.h. It got on the oil, and overturned. The second car came up, and collided with the first car, and it too overturned. The third car was close behind, and, after hitting the second car, it crashed down a precipice, hitting a farm at the bottom.

Before the wreckage could be cleared away, the fourth and fifth cars also crashed down the precipice. The ambulances and breakdown lorries soon arrived and started to clear the wreckage. The first two cars caught fire, and the Fire Brigade were called in to put out the flames. Afterwards, the damage was estimated at five thousand pounds and twelve men's lives.

RESULTS TO DATE.

Wirral Grammar School	Won	12 — 6
Birkenhead School	Drawn	3 — 3
Park High School	Won	11 — 3
Wade Deacon Grammar School	Lost	0 — 14
Rock Ferry High School	Won	14 — 0
St. Anselm's College	Lost	6 — 11
Grove Park Grammar School	Lost	3 — 8
West Park Grammar School	Won	21 — 3

Old Boys' Notes and News

WE congratulate Mr. Merfyn H. Roberts on gaining the first prize in the architecture section of the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales at Pwllheli, last August. The award, which was made for Mr. Roberts's plans for the re-development of a Caernarvonshire village, is the culmination of the studies he began as an art student while in the VIth Form at the Institute. Mr. Roberts graduated in the School of Architecture at Liverpool University and holds the diploma of Master of Civic Design. He is at present on the staff of the Birkenhead Borough Architect's Department.

* * *

Yet another success in the Arts last summer was that gained by Mr. Ray Rushton, now an Art master in a secondary school at Dover. Three of his paintings were accepted by the Redfern Gallery during its August exhibition. This is the leading London Gallery for the display of modern art, including works by such celebrities as Picasso, Augustus John, and Epstein. Mr. Rushton has also exhibited at Dover and Norwich.

* * *

Wing Commander C. A. Alldis, D.F.C., has been appointed to the Flying Command of Hullavington R.A.F. Station, Wiltshire. The appointment follows the special conversion course on Provosts and Meteors which he attended at the Central Flying School. Mr. Alldis went from the Institute to Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He was already a member of the University Air Squadron when the second world war broke out and, after gaining his commission at Cranwell, was attached during 1941-2 to Number 144 Bomber Squadron. In 1943 and 1944 Mr. Alldis was a chief instructor to bomber units, and then was posted to Air Headquarters in Vienna. Between 1947 and 1949, he was Assistant Air Attache at Moscow. Since then he has acted as Assistant Secretary to the Chiefs of Staff Committee. We venture to offer further congratulations to an old boy of the School who has had such a distinguished career in the R.A.F.

University Letters

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES,
BANGOR.

STUDENTS' UNION.

1st November, 1955.

The Editor, The *Visor*.

Dear Sir,

I little thought when I used to read the University Letter that one day I myself should be composing one, and I hope it will compare not too unfavourably with its predecessors.

I suppose the first impressions of a Fresher will remain with him all his life. The bewilderment which accompanies his baptism into his new life increases as his first few weeks roll by. The series of parties and excursions and meetings seems endless, and the first few weeks are spent in a dream existence of the social round. Consequently the shock is very great when he discovers that work is proceeding around him, and he has to jerk himself into reality once again. One of his initial tasks, when he has settled into digs and found his way around, is to order his life in the most useful fashion. He finds that he has a great deal of spare time on his hands and must make his own adjustment between work and play. This is more difficult than it sounds; for released from the discipline of school the Student can indulge in too many enjoyments for his own good. Here is another snag about University. At Bangor all social life is concentrated in the Collège. There is no outside attraction, and therefore the Student finds his enjoyment in the College Society. But as there are nearly sixty of these clubs, life can become rather hectic to say the least. These few points may help to prepare the way and soften the shock of this year's 6th Form. If any plan to come to Bangor, there is quite a contingent of Merseyside Students, and most important, there are five from B.I. So they will not feel lost. Another attraction of course is that home is close enough to return for odd week-ends, and therefore life need never become monotonous.

May I send my best wishes to all trying the "Advanced" this year? And I hope that even if they cannot all win State Schols., they will be successful. A good certificate is the key to a contented mind to a student. All the 3rd year Advanced will know what I mean by that.

Hywl Da.

Yours sincerely,

PHILIP PRODGER.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

11th November, 1955.

The Editor, *The Visor*.

Dear Sir,

To embark on a narrative, be it never so brief, of all the glories of this historic city, where the architectural splendours of mediaeval foundations and the drab shapelessness of nineteenth century additions rub shoulders, would require, like Macaulay's Dr. Nares, too long a portion of so short an existence; or, if you like, more paper than economy will permit. Allow me, then, to select for your delectation but a handful of the sparkling gems adorning the glittering tiara which symbolises Cambridge in its might and majesty. Trinity, with its Great Gate embellished with the noble profile of its Tudor patron is still what Macaulay called it a hundred years ago: "The greatest educational establishment in the World"; no less renowned are the Great Court, where the shades of Bacon and Newton talk science to the melodious murmur of the fountain, and the Chapel, whose choir, alas, no longer matches its resplendent interior. Alongside this matchless memorial of the eighth Henry stands its nearest rival, St. John's. Its chapel is second only to King's, its courts, in pleasing contrast to Trinity's, are cobbled, and the whole atmosphere of the college breathes History; it was here that the gallant Strafford learned his watchword "thorough," and it was perhaps on the Bridge of Sighs, underneath which the Cam has glided on its tranquil course for over five centuries, that Tennyson visualised the brook which flowed on for ever. The tragic memory of Henry VI. is enshrined for ever in the noble chapel of King's, whose trebles are surely the most soul stirring choristers in Christendom. The Organs up here harmonise perfectly with their surroundings; and those scientists who designed the Royal Festival Hall would have done well to study the acoustics at Christ's or Queen's. And we must mention Downing—the epic tragedy of Cambridge architecture; the unfinished Hyperion: the college whose benefactor endeavoured to erect a greater court than Trinity's; but it was found that the Tudor craftsmen had carried the secrets of their art to their graves. And now, we must draw to a close. No doubt your readers crave for more; the appetite once whetted by a glimpse of Kaleidoscopic Cambridge can never be sated. But the Tripos lights flash their red, amber, and green far more swiftly than we like. I will wish the nursery of my youthful endeavours peace and prosperity, and return to my appointed task: digging in the graveyards of the past.

Yours etc.,

W. N. BRYANT.

THE STUDENTS' UNION,

BEDFORD STREET NORTH,

LIVERPOOL.

Autumn, 1955.

The Editor, The *Visor*.

Dear Sir,

In last term's magazine I wrote "These lines may well be the last of the present writer's to appear in the pages of the *Visor*," and, although not wishing to emulate Pope's "fulsome dedicatory," who so oft promised "to give scribbling o'er," I feel I must send you a "University Letter," being more than proud to have continued the tradition established between the Institute and the world-famed Liverpool School of Architecture.

The first few days of the term were given to a Freshers' Conference organized by the Guild of Undergraduates and intended to introduce us to the incredibly complex University life, which though initially bewildering is soon seen in clear perspective. In addition to lectures at the School of Architecture, much work has to be done at our drawing boards. The studies are open every evening until half-past nine, and, even at this early stage, I have sometimes found it necessary to work late. Architectural students seem to have very little time for Guild activities!

Dewy Autumn mornings with mist on the River are turning to frosty and foggy Winter mornings; I am already looking forward to visiting the Institute on the last day of term, and by the time the *Visor* comes from the printer, Christmas will be but a few days off. Another year passes; time relentlessly continues. How many people who leave school realise that about a quarter of their life is probably over? "University Letters" are a kind of vantage point; we look back to the Institute and forward to the rest of our life opening out ahead.

I remain, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

E. H. HUBBARD.

CITY AND GUILDS COLLEGE UNION,

LONDON, S.W. 7.

30th October, 1955.

The Editor, The *Visor*.

Dear Sir,

I am aware as I begin this letter that my contributions to the *Visor* during the last two years, although written in partnership, have sometimes borne an ominous resemblance to a certain B.B.C. programme featuring Seacombe dustmen. This letter, therefore, will either raise my literary *Visor* standard to a normal level or submerge it to the level of "Why has this fellow nothing unprintably better to do than to censored word well write this sort of thing?"

Perhaps it would be as well to explain why this letter is not headed "University of London Union." London University is sub-divided, unlike some, into various constituent colleges, one of which is the Imperial College of Science and Technology in South Kensington. Unlike most, this college is again subdivided into the Royal College of Science, the Royal College of Mines, and the City and Guilds College. The latter is the engineering section of I.C., and is generally accepted as the best of its kind. The whole of Imperial College is being expanded or rebuilt to the tune of £15 million, and things are rather chaotic now that the builders have moved in with their sand, huts, etc. Nevertheless the final result in a few years' time will be well worth the temporary inconvenience.

The three colleges of I.C. each has a mascot, that of Guilds being 1902 veteran car, recently returned to active service after having been out of commission for a while. This occasion was the return of Brighton hopes and called for celebration during one lunch break. It was unfortunate for the police that their car arrived whilst an important scientific experiment was being carried out. It was found that, during the descent from the fourth storey of Guilds to the pavement of Exhibition Road, the liquid contents of a fire bucket did not spray out sufficiently far to pass anywhere near either side of a police sergeant's peaked cap.

In case I have given a wrong impression, work is done here now and again. However, there is no time for any in the initial throes of arrival, what with Freshers' Socials, Dinners, and Club and Society Teas. There are facilities, by the way, for almost everything in which anyone could conceivably be interested. The musically-minded may have a free concert each lunch break simply by standing in Prince Consort Road outside the Royal College of Music.

I should like to encourage anyone at B.I. who is thinking of pursuing a course in science or engineering to come to Imperial College. London is different from any of the provincial cities and is the best place to learn to stand on your own feet—except in the Tube during the rush-hour! Perhaps the best advice I can offer to prospective Guildsmen at B.I. is not to try to exercise your right on a London zebra crossing. If you decide to do so, at least buy a single ticket to London, and the spare money can be used for flowers. Queensferry pales into insignificance beside the twice-daily London traffic acrobatics. Last week I travelled on a bus which was two hours, repeat two hours, late, reckoning from when it left the depot in the morning. With apologies to London Transport (generally not much more than an hour late!), or perhaps to those who spend so long repairing a burst water main, and to anybody else who has been libelled,

I am, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

P. HEATH.

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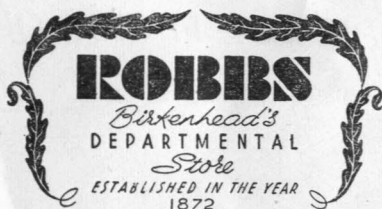
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