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MAGAZINE OF
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CHRISTMAS 1956

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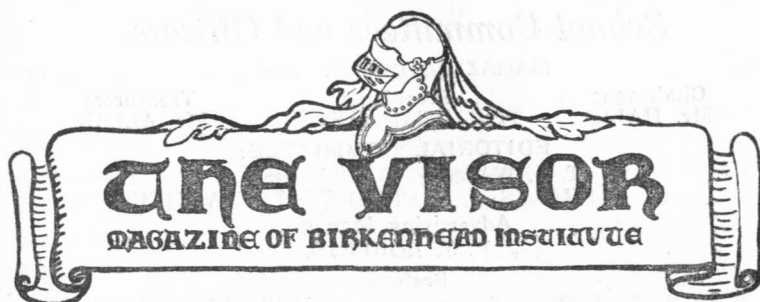
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R. F. Salmon, T. J. Walsh

K. R. Hopner, R. J. Roberts.

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School Calendar

Autumn term began	September 5th.
Half term	November 1st and 2nd.
Autumn term ends	December 20th.
Spring term begins	January 7th, 1957.
Half term	March 4th—6th inclusive.
Spring term ends	April 17th.
Summer term begins	May 6th.

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Scoutmaster: W. D. COUGHTRIE.

Assistant Scoutmasters:

F. E. TOMLINSON; J. B. GOODWIN; J. CLARKE.

Patrol Leaders:

R. CRAM; P. WINDER; B. ELLISON; A. MATTHEWS.

SENIOR TROOP.

Scoutmaster: J. CLARKE. **Troop Leader:** D. POTTER.

Editorial

THE history of Commonwealths shows us that they have a habit of flourishing during long reigns, and this has often been true also in many famous schools. Recent headships at the Institute have of necessity been brief ones; for the appointment of both Mr. Harris and Mr. Jones came at the end of their careers, as a climax to their many years of devoted service to the School. While the *Visor* has acknowledged our great debt to both, it is clear that as a company we are likely to gain in the future by a more permanent accupancy of the bridge. For this reason the School welcomes the appointment of Mr. Webb to the Headmastership in succession to Mr. Jones, in the hope that he will be enabled to hold the position over a sustained period, "long to reign over us" as the anthem says in another connection. Educated at Newport High School and University College, Cardiff, where he gained a first-class degree in modern languages, Mr. Webb held appointments at Pontypridd and Gillingham Grammar Schools before coming to the Institute as Senior Modern Language Master in 1946. During the war, he served with the Intelligence Corps, being a Staff Officer with Allied Forces Headquarters in Italy and later with the Allied Control Commission in Vienna.

With the beginning of a new regime in our long history, it has already been made clear that the best of our traditions are in safe hands. Our new boys—and those not so new—might well be reminded at such a moment that the Institute is the oldest school of its kind in this district and that in good times and bad, in seasons of tranquillity and in years of change, it has never failed to carry out the purpose of its founders, to prepare its members for the professions and to train them for places in life of scope and promise. To assist in the preservation of such a tradition, particularly in a day when there is some indifference to the past, is the duty of Staff and boys alike. This School magazine of ours is by no means the least expression of our consciousness of this obligation. While our previous volumes stretching back over thirty years prove that it has been fitly honoured, we must see to it, in the many numbers of the *Visor* which we trust the future has in store, that no one will detect the slightest falling away or charge us or our successors with unworthiness in our inheritance.

Salvete

Boyd, R. V.; Docherty, D.; Edwards, D. G.; Ellis, D. S.; Evans, N. J.; Anson, D. K.; Aspey, K.; Bell, A. R. C.; Blaylock, S. C.; Blease, G. R.; Brown, D. W.; Buckley, T. K.; Collins, J. F.; Cotgrave, A. G.; Davies, J. R.; Dixon, R. M.; Douglas, R. J.; Farrel, D. J.; Fleming, R. J.; Forshaw, D. N.; Fox, J. R.; Grey, G. F.; Griffin, D. E.; Hall, A.; Halligan, D. L.; Hillhouse, D.; Johnson, J. T.; Jones, A. K.; Kevan, P. W.; Laird, P. J.; Lindop, L. C.; Lowthian, A. F.; Lythgoe, G.; McCoy, K.; McCulloch, M. A.; Manson, I.; Mason, M. R. C.; Miller, P. J.; Mobbs, P.; Morris, J. W.; Muddiman, J.; Oldham, T. J.; Parkinson, D. S.; Peterson, J. L.; Pritchard, D. R.; Pye, A. A.; Raba, A.; Rigg, C. L.; Sanderson, R.; Story, A.; Sutton, R.; Swift, V.; Swindles, J. G. A.; Thomas, D. J.; Wade, R.; Wainwright, W.; Walker, J. L.; Webster, R. C.; Woodfine, E. T.; Woodworth, J. C.; Young, G. C.; Wills, J. N.

Valete

Galt, I. A.; Haggerty, G. A.; Hamilton, D.; Hunt, H. S.; Jones, H. S.; Jones, K. W.; Jones, S. J. R.; Naybour, R. D.; O'Hare, J. R. A.; Peers, H. W.; Pritchard, J. H.; Reed, G. A.; Shearer, R. D.; Taylor, B.; Taylor, J. O.; Tudor, M. J. E.; Armstrong, R.; Barrett-Jolley, A. J.; Carr, H. C.; Cathy, D. C. A.; Colley, C. E.; Collins, M.; Copeland, A. E.; Cram, W. R.; Cusick, W.; Dalziel, A. J.; Darlington, P. H.; Dennis, N. B.; Eccles, K.; Edwards, D.; Fildes, E. J.; Gilchrist, G. N.; Jones, R. A.; Jones, R. D.; Lee, D. L.; McCann, D. J.; McDonnell, T. A.; McLoughlin, J. B. A.; Miller, A. L.; Newton, K. E.; Nugent, L.; O'Connor, A. J.; Pinning, R. E.; Rogers, J. A.; Snowden, F. G.; Skinner, T.; Strickland, P.; Stubbs, D. S.; Sweeney, D.; Weaver, W. H.; Williams, G. B.; Williams, M. D.; Wilson, J. R.; Watt, F. G.; Paxton, T.; Stott, R.; Bell, A. R. C.

Staff Notes

AT the end of this term, the School bids farewell to Mr. Bloor with very great regret. Appointed to the Staff as a mathematics master as long ago as January 1921, Mr. Bloor thus completes thirty-five years' service at Birkenhead Institute. His academic course at Manchester University was interrupted by the Great War of 1914-18, throughout which he served as an infantry officer both at the Dardanelles and on the Western Front. After securing the degree of B.Sc., Mr. Bloor joined the Staff when Mr. Smallpage was Headmaster, and for many years ran the very successful Association Football

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Club of the School, which on more than one occasion played in Shield finals on Everton F.C.'s ground at Goodison Park. On the retirement of Mr. Wood in 1931, Mr. Bloor became Senior Mathematical Master, a post he has held for a quarter of a century. As he was on the reserve of officers, he also served throughout the greater part of the Second World War in East Africa as well as in India and Ceylon. Many Old Boys will recall his celebrated dog, a creature of fabulous attainments which included a capacity to mark problems in Algebra. Mr. Bloor, having thus given a lifetime of invaluable service to this School, in which we shall long remember his great efficiency in organising our many School functions both in the Town Hall and on the School Field, no one could deny that he has more than earned retirement, which countless old boys and all present ones hope will be long and happy. What can a colleague say who parts from Mr. Bloor after all these years with a very real sense of loss? Chiefly he will remember him for his unfailing wit and good humour, whether the skies were bright or overcast. No matter how difficult the day or however gloomy the atmosphere, Mr. Bloor could always be relied on to find the silver lining in the most unpromising-looking clouds. We shall always recall his long years with us with a genuine pleasure; for to be able to say of anyone that his friendship and willingness never varied, and that he helped to make other people's burdens lighter, is the best sort of praise, and he merits it from us to the full.

* * *

The promotion of Mr. Webb created a vacancy in the Modern Language department which has been very ably filled this term by Mr. Noble who has our good wishes for the future.

General Certificate of Education 1956

KEY.

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

ORDINARY LEVEL.

5A.

Barrett-Jolley, A. J.—Lang, H, F, M, P, C; Baxter, J. S.—Lang, A, F, M, P, C; Buckland-Evers, G.—Lang, Lit, L, F, M, P; Colley, C. E.—Lang, G, M, P; Collins, M.—F, M, P; Cram, W. R.—F, M; Cusick, W.—Lang, A, F, M, P, C; Eccles, K.—Lang, Lit, G, F, M, P, C; Edwards, D.—A, P; Gilchrist, G. N.—Lang, A, F, M; Hardy, T. F.—Lang, Lit, A, F, M, P, C; Haughton, D. J.—Lang, Lit, H, F, M, P, C; Lee, D. L.—Lang, F; Lowry, J. F.—Lit, H, M, P; McCann, D. J.—A, F, P; McDonnell, T. A.—F; McDougall, H. A.—Lang, Lit, H, G, L, F, M, P, C; McLoughlin, J. B. A.—Lang, H, G, F, M, P, C; Miller, A. L.—F; Paine, B. G.—Lang, Lit, F, M, P, C; Salmon, R. F.—Lang, Lit, H, G, L, F, M, P, C; Sampson, P. J.—Lang, H, A, M, P, C; Shales, R. A.—Lang, H, G, F, M; Skinner, T.—Lit, A, F, M, P, C; Smith, V. W.—Lang, Lit, H, G, F, M, P; Stanley, I. J.—Lit, H, G, L, F, M, P; Strickland, P.—Lang, F, M; White, L. E.—Lang, Lit, H, S, L, F, M, P, C; Wilson, J. R.—M.

5B.

Armstrong, R.—Lang; Beswick, B.—A, C; Carr, H. C.—W; Cathy, D. C. A.—Lang, G; Copeland, A. E.—Lang; Dalziel, A. J.—A; Darlington, P. N.—G, W; Dennis, N. B.—A; Evans, P. G.—M, C; Fildes, E. J.—W; Gray, K. L.—F; Harford, D. E. W.—C, W; McIntosh, I. M.—Lang, F; Newton, K. E.—F; Nugent, L.—G; O'Connor, A. J.—Lang; Snowden, F. G.—M; Stubbs, D. S.—A; Sweeney, D.—A, F; Weaver, W. H.—Lang, Lit, F, M; Williams, G. B.—Lang, Lit, A, F, M; Williams, M. D.—Lang, F, W.

SEPARATE SUBJECTS—ORDINARY LEVEL.

6A. Roberts, R. J.—L.

ADVANCED LEVEL.

Galt, I. A.—P, C, B; Haggerty, G. A.—G, ordinary level C; Hamilton, D.—P, C, ordinary level M; Hunt, H. S.—G, P, C; Jones, H. S.—M, P, ordinary level C; Jones, K. W.—Lit, H, F; Jones, S. J. R.—Lit, F; Jones, T. R.—M, P; Naybour, R. D.—M, P (Distinction), C; O'Hare, J. R. A.—Lit, H, G; Peers, H. W.—M (Distinction), P (Distinction), C; Pritchard, J. H.—P, C, ordinary level B; Reed, G. A.—M, P, C; Taylor, B.—Lit, F; Taylor, J. O.—M, P, C; Tudor, M. J. E.—C, ordinary level G.

As a result of their successes at the Advanced Level, Peers and J. O. Taylor were awarded State Scholarships, and Naybour won a Liverpool University Scholarship. All three were awarded a Birkenhead County Borough Scholarship. We heartily congratulate them.

The School Trip to Germany

THIS summer the School trip abroad was to Germany. The town at which the party were to stay was Rudesheim, which is situated on the banks of the Rhine.

Leaving London, the party went to Dover, and from there they crossed the Channel to Ostend. The crossing was fairly calm, although one member of the party, who shall remain nameless, managed to receive a good soaking from one rather high wave. Ostend was reached in the early evening, and from here the boys travelled by train across Belgium through the night. Most of them slept on this stage of the journey but were awakened by a customs official at the German frontier. This gentleman asked if there were any cigarettes, tea or coffee, to be declared. When he had left, the train continued on its way and arrived in Cologne at about 1 a.m. As the train for Rudesheim was not due until about 6-30, it was decided to take a walk around Cologne. The first building to catch the eye was the magnificent cathedral just outside the station. The boys, accompanied by Mr. Malcolm and Mr. Thacker, then walked down to the Rhine, where they watched the barges moving up and down the river in the darkness. After this they made their way back to the station, where after a time they were discovered by a nurse, who, thinking they looked cold, took them to a small room where they expected a glass of brandy, but instead were given either a brown liquid which resembled coffee in a queer sort of way, or a glass of milk.

The train for Rudesheim arrived at 6-30. On arrival in Rudesheim the party went straight to the hotel, where some boys went to bed for a short sleep. One or two, however, decided to explore the town. It was found to be an old town surrounded by fields full of grapes. Behind the town was a form of chair lift which carried one over the fields of grapes to a huge war-memorial upon a hill. Needless to say this was frequently visited.

Staying at the same hotel were two other parties. One was of boys from London; the other of girls from Leicester. These two groups accompanied our boys on all the various trips.

Of all the trips which were going to take place, the most eagerly awaited was that to Heidelberg. This trip took the coach along the famous Autobahns of Germany. In the town of Heidelberg the castle was one of the most interesting places visited. Here the party was

shown the largest wine-vat in the world. It was so large that there was a dance floor built on top of it. The famous University was also seen. The return journey took the coach through Mannheim, Worms, and Mainz.

There were trips along the Wisper and Mosel valleys, which provided some of the best scenery in Germany. Wiesbaden was another of the many towns visited. Here, as in almost every other town, many souvenirs were bought. Pennants were bought in great numbers, and a great amount of exchanging went on during the week spent in Germany.

The trip by boat down the Rhine to the Lorelei Rock was another very eagerly awaited trip. The traffic on the river was very heavy, and consisted mainly of large barges moving either by their own power or being helped by tugs. Some of these barges were seen to have tents pitched on them. When the party arrived at the Rock it was found that a large number of steps had to be climbed before the top was reached. This climb, however, was well worth the trouble, as the view from the top was wonderful. You could look down and see the Rhine winding its way through the Rhine Gorge, or you could look out into the distance and see the hills and forests of Germany.

Night time in Rudesheim proved to be very gay and extremely enjoyable. In one street, the "Drosselgasse," the only buildings are taverns, each one of which has its own small band; and this street is the centre of enjoyment at night. There were also many cafes, and of these nearly every one had a juke-box which played until the early hours of the morning.

One of the most enjoyable parts of the holiday was the time when the boys visited wine, champagne and brandy factories. At each of these they were escorted around the cellars, where there were thousands of bottles and wonderful carved barrels, all full of wine. The boys were also shown the many stages in the making of the wine, and to end their visit each factory gave samples of their product.

During the stay in Rudesheim it was found that English newspapers could be purchased, and so each morning there was a great rush to buy one to see what the latest Test score was back at home in England.

The week soon went, and, before the boys knew where they were, it was time to go home again, and it was with great reluctance that they climbed aboard the train on their long journey home after an absolutely wonderful holiday.

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PERHAPS you never heard the full story how the above programme, after a period of indifferent success, rocketed to fame, won the Victor Telorun Trophy (for a ninety per cent. identity response from viewer group Gamma) and even challenged its American counterpart by keeping Grandpa Huggenheimer of Bison Jaw, Texas, awake, with a malicious grin on his toothless and evil old face, for a complete and continuous half-hour.

Well, at the beginning of the now famous session which worked this miracle, compere Aaron Meldreus descended according to custom into the studio audience, while behind him (as the final gurgles of three strangled citizens testified) snaked and coiled the cable of his portable microphone. So far all was as usual. But for once he gave the celebrities a miss. Hurriedly passing the Horse of the Year as well as the holder of the Tiddly Winks Triple Crown, he halted before a citizen as ordinary as you or me—one Ebenezer Pook of Hecktwistle (Lancs.) and summoned him to become the dissected hero of the evening. Upon Eb. showing a reluctance to accompany him (in gestures which closely resembled the diffidence of a speaker-elect at the Commons, except that they were genuine) persuasion was offered by two stern faced B.B.C. technicians, each armed with a club, who hoisted him on the platform and saw to it that he stayed there. Crashing chords from a military band built up an atmosphere suitable to the accession of a new Japanese Emperor, and above them a titanic voice thundered "This was your life!" Ebenezer, perceiving that Aaron's accusing forefinger was pointed directly at him, was reduced to so pitiable a state of collapse on the B.B.C. sofa that every T.V. set within a 20 mile radius of Shepherd's Bush sweated profusely in sympathy.

And then the inquisition began. An insinuating yet menacing voice behind the arras said "Time for your castor oil, dearie," and in a flash, Eb. was in the arms of his old nurse, a reunion which appeared to cause him so much rapture that he gave a masterly impression of an attack of convulsions which brought down the house. This was mere prologue, however. In succession, the research department produced his old crony, Willie Brown, who, showing the liveliest recollection of some joint but private drama in their lives, promptly blacked Ebenezer's right eye for him; Mr. Pook senior, a villainous but still active septuagenarian, who bellowed "Where's my strap?" and the General Certificate Examiner who had awarded Ebenezer five per cent. in French and who read extracts from his epic translations with a sinister leer. By this time Eb. looked something like a man

who has been fished out of a river and then carelessly left in the path of a steam-roller.

But the highlights of the programme were still to come. Next was heard an insistent bark "Get a move on there, 27095!" The studio audience began a tentative clapping at this, thinking it bore reference to some martial passage in Ebenezer's life. But they were speedily disillusioned when, instead of a drill sergeant, the cheerful visage of the warder in charge of Gallery C at Parkhurst Jail peeped coyly round the screen. Thus was demolished in a matter of ten seconds the reputation of Hecktwistle's most respectable greengrocer, who for several generations had been held up as a model to that borough's aspiring youth. At that moment, too, an area secretary of the Blackmailers Union sorrowfully reached for red ink and a ruler, and closed one of his most lucrative accounts. Aaron now fired his final broadside, though perhaps even he was confounded at the upshot. Scarcely had the dulcet tones of Mrs. Pook hailed her spouse, when an angry woman from the audience (who it appeared also shared that tender relationship with Ebenezer) burst on to the stage like a rocket. The best parts of the subsequent riot were decently concealed from viewers at home behind the Interlude Windmill and the appropriate strains of "Once I had a secret love," but not before a talent scout from the office of the Director of Public Prosecutions had been seen earnestly engaged at the studio telephone.

You know what a success "This was your life" has been ever since. Poor Ebenezer was stopped at Dover while making a vain bid to fly the country, and he was the first of a long list of fugitives. But all this is in the best interests of British fun, and everyone must make sacrifices. There was at one time, it is true, some difficulty in getting studio audiences until the happy thought of a B.B.C. governor solved the problem. He revived the press-gang.

Coronation Cup, 1955-56

Event	Atkin	Stitt	Tate	W'minster
Athletics	1st	6 4th	0 2nd	4 3rd 2
Chess	4th	0 1st	3 2nd	2 3rd 1
Cricket	1st =	5 3rd	2 4th	0 1st = 5
Cross Country	1st =	5 3rd	2 4th	0 1st = 5
Examinations	3rd	3 1st	9 4th	0 2nd 6
	2nd	6 3rd	3 4th	0 1st 9
Rugby	1st	6 4th	0 2nd	4 3rd 2
TOTAL POINTS	31	19	10	30

Result: 1. Atkin; 2. Westminster; 3. Stitt; 4. Tate.

War Memorial Prize

AFTER the last war an appeal was launched for funds so that a memorial tablet in memory of the Old Boys of the School who had died could be erected in the entrance hall. Subscriptions were received from parents, Old Boys, and friends of the School, and the tablet was unveiled after a memorial service on December 18th, 1949.

The balance of the fund was invested, and the interest is used to provide annually an Old Boys' War Memorial Prize, which is presented at the Prize Distribution. The Prize is awarded by the Trustees, six Old Boys of the School, to the boy who has most merited the award by some noteworthy performance or achievement in athletics, or any of the School's sporting or recreational activities during the preceding twelve months.

THE WINNERS OF THE AWARD.

1948—49	A. A. Smith.	1951—52	G. M. Dodd.
1949—50	A. A. Smith.	1952—53	T. S. Hodgson.
1950—51	J. R. Morris.	1953—54	A. S. Hodgson.
		1954—55	...		I. Marrs.

The Trustees have awarded the Prize for the year 1955-56 to H. S. Jones.

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THE School was visited during October by Dr. Bartels, Headmaster of a Grammar School in Hamburg, and an authority on geography with several volumes to his credit. Actually he was one of a party of ten German Headmasters invited by the Foreign Office and the West German Government to examine English educational practice at close quarters. Although Dr. Bartels spent some time visiting other schools in Birkenhead and Wirral, studying both our methods of administration and teaching at the Education Offices, the Technical College, and Modern Secondary Schools, he made the Institute his headquarters, attended prayers and for some weeks became a familiar figure in the class-rooms and corridor. We are credibly informed that he thought us all hard workers. Some of our number are to be congratulated on creating so masterly an illusion for the astonishment of the schoolboys of Hamburg.

* * *

The July *Visor* was unable to record the inaugural performance of the School song, which was first heard officially at breaking-up at the end of the School Term. First impressions—which are said to be the most lasting—were that the song is both vigorous and impressive, recalling in its words, which we owe to Mr. Allison, the history of the School, and expressing in music, rendered by Mr. Shaw in his own inimitable manner, the atmosphere of many stirring contests at Ingleborough Road. If the song is reserved for public occasions, it should compare favourably with the best compositions of its kind, and come to be esteemed by generations of Instonians.

* * *

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This term has seen the Library and the Advanced Laboratory revert to their true status as places of work and research by the Sixth form, since they are now no longer form-rooms, and club life therein is discouraged. The ground floor of the former Junior School Building has therefore become the actual home of those in the second year of the Advanced Course. The first-year Sixth at present use the form-room of 2B, owing to what insurance companies call an act of God. So potent were the brave waves ascending from the assembled crania of form 2B during the first half of the term that part of their ceiling collapsed. The form was promptly hurried across the frontier and found a refuge in our celebrated dark room, where, as the poet says, "nature and nature's laws lie hid in night." How 'temporary' this arrangement is likely to be depends on the time it may take to persuade an august municipal department that the roof of their old home still awaits repair.

Libraria

THIS term has been one of great change and widespread activity.

The first event of significance happened when a certain tall, long-haired, unshaven character came back to the fold. He made his unwelcome presence felt at once. Forgetting where he was, he endeavoured to flog "Personal Accident" policies to some of the scientists, and said he considered that certain masters were very lucky to have obtained Insurance for their cars. He also considered M*t**ws a bad moral hazard!

We were only back at School a short time when we were given our marching orders and we sorrowfully quit our comfortable home in the Library to join our friends (?) the scientists in the frozen wastes of the Junior School, the scene of so many happy frolics last year! At first we were forlorn, but soon found our new home to our liking after we had become hardened to the silly chatter of the scientists and their harmless eccentricities such as standing on their heads and singing the "Ying Tong Song" while playing Chinese Brag.

Our biggest complaint is that people such as Jivin' John Newcombe and B.I.'s answer to Elvis the Pelvis, Kellet the Zealot, those syncopated, rock'n rollin' hep-cats, disturb our sleep by occasionally uttering at the tops of their tuneless voices such extraordinary phrases as "Don't bother me now, man. I'm gone, real gone!" Then they "go" and shiver with demoniac rhythm, and gleefully profess "We're gonna rock around the clock to-night!"

Our other pleasures in the Junior School consist of playing darts, "St. Bruno" Allsopp being the expert, and availing ourselves of the literary benefits of the "Listener" and, we regret to say, more frequently, the "Picturegoer." However, we are very proud that all members of the form give generously to the Spastic Children's fund. At the time of writing this article, T. R. Jones and P. J. Lythgoe are both in hospital. We hope that by the time the *Visor* is published they will both be well, and meanwhile we wish them a speedy recovery.

It is very heartening to see several of our number offering, in their own inimitable way, their solutions to the problems of this troubled world. The result of this is that the form is fatally divided, "Hugh" and "Tony" being now almost as popular as "Bill" and "Elvis." We must warn the Lower School, however, that if this disunity in our ranks should tempt them to try to usurp our authority, we shall once more find ourselves united against the common enemy.

There are many questions to which we should like to know the answers concerning our scientist friends. Is there any truth in the rumour that P. Jones is really the daring Count Bartelli, the fiendish masked wrestler appearing twice-weekly at New Brighton? Why does Allsopp take Chlorophyll tablets? Is it true that H*p*r really has three wives? For answers to these and other astounding riddles see next issue of *Visor*.

We end by wishing everyone a very Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

"BLACK DAN" ROBERTS.

"HAIRY VON" WALSH.

P.S. Don't forget to hang up your stockings.

Scientia

U6S now consists of 3 Stittites, 2 from Atkin, 2 from Tate, and 1 from Westminster, all of us being prefects. We have 2 of our members in the 1st XV., 1 in the 2nd XV., and 2 in the Chess team. We also have a soccer player and several expert Darts players.

The main topic of interest at the beginning of term was the unexpected return of one of the missing lit. mob. You may remember some of the various wild conjectures made on his disappearance, but I can now exclusively reveal to all readers of the *Visor* exactly what happened to him. The truth is that the poor chap, in a wild moment of insanity (or was it drunkenness?) created chaos amongst the in-

habitants of the library by threatening to do some work. This wild reactionary was seized by the rest of the lit. mob and kept in solitary confinement until he returned to his normal comatose state.

There are several budding politicians and a few anarchists in our midst. Heated discussions on such important national crises as tea-brewing have taken place, the culmination of these being an attempt by Ch*rl** (the original Son of Fred) to gain control of the Junior School and to set up a counter-revolutionary government. His slogan of "Free Tea for All" was not supported by the populace of the Junior School, however, and the uprising was ruthlessly crushed. Although this attempted coup was unsuccessful, Ch*rl** has not yet given up hope of converting us all to his cause.

From the previous paragraph, the more intelligent amongst you may have gathered that our form room is in the Junior School, not the Advanced Physics Lab as has been the case with previous U6S forms. The two artists share our form room, but, as we are morally, mentally, and physically superior, we suffer only a slight annoyance from the idle chatter, mistaken ideas, and (as Mr. S*rb* puts it) specious arguments.

This term much of our time has been spent writing begging letters to all the Universities of which we could think, and filling in many application forms. It is reported from a reliable source that Ch*rl** has applied to Dnepropetrovsk, just to make sure.

There are two innovations on our time-table, one being a period of general studies with the Headmaster, during which our soap-box politicians let forth an unparalleled stream of oratory and invective, and the other being music. I am afraid that our musical ears are not as good as they might be, for they have been ruined by listening to Bill Haley.

One of our members is a left-over from last year's Sixth, who decided to come back because he thought that the School could not do without him. He now leads a life of ease of necessity, because he was found to be suffering from high blood pressure. At the time of writing he is absent, ill, and Lythgoe is in hospital suffering from appendicitis. We all wish them a speedy recovery and hope to see them back with us soon.

Having exhausted all the topics of which I could think, I shall have to bring this article to a close and to write THE END.

P.J.

Form Notes

LOWER 6A.

IF "two's company, and three's a crowd," we in 6A must have been fairly packed this term, since 6A consists of one Englishman, one Welshman, and one Scotsman. But we form an extremely poor trio. We are not three wise men, or even three musketeers. We are just plain Jock, Taffy, and Bill.

Our masters sadly deceived us at the beginning of this term by telling us that "arts are the essence of life." But rumours from other quarters disagree, and we fear the worst. After gracing 6A for fifteen weeks and four days, what have we to show for it? We cannot croon like our scientific friends. We have not mastered the highly technical pastimes of "pontoon," or "rummy." Their "literature" is, we must confess, beyond us; we cannot appreciate it. We, alas, cannot describe the shape of a flea's left ear eight million years ago. We do not know how many neutrons an atom of Praseodymium, or even of Ytterbium, contains. We shall make poor citizens; we can only kill in ones.

Ah! but mention Virgil, Moliere, Paradise Lost, or Adam Smith; there we can speak with authority. 6A is rarely to be seen without a copy of Aeneid, Berenice, or Europe 1648—1870. And this is not merely ostentation—we do work. There is some achievement in knowing that "struthiocamelinus" means "relating to an ostrich." The Science man's accusation that we affect a struthiocamelinine indifference to world affairs, by burying our heads in the sands of olden time is sheer nonsense. A scientific age, without education, without law, and especially without inland revenue, would be unusually chaotic, even for a scientist. Our recent studies of Hades, as it is described by Virgil and Milton, suggest that perhaps, after all, the essence of true science is the art of keeping alive.

L.E.W.

6S.

GREETINGS, gentle folk!

This year the form is composed of ten scientists, who may be divided into three groups: Nits, or physio-chemic mathematicians; Wogs, or physio-chemi-biologists; and Glurks, or geo-bio chemists. This motley crew is forced to contaminate its scientific genius by learning that language of the Outer Hebrides—Russian.

The form has contributed seven members to the 1st XV. and six to the 2nd XV., unlike the poor misguided Lit. bods in the Library, who play nothing more dangerous than Shove Ha'penny.

AN ARMY MARCHES ON ITS STOMACH

EVERYONE knows how necessary it is for an army to be well fed in order to be successful, and even to-day the great Napoleon's words are true. In the stress and turmoil of modern life, it is important that the family is well nourished. And where better to obtain this nourishment than at NIXON'S of Birkenhead where one is assured of the very best quality that can be obtained?

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In our first abode, the Junior School, we firmly established culinary and table-tennis departments, but the admixture of table-tennis balls and toast proved indigestible. Then, after being forcefully ejected from our royal domain, we spent a brief sojourn in the ruins of 2B form room. However, we were again kicked out into the Junior School, being forced to live with, not only the Lit. mob, but also that stuck up crowd of Charleys—the Upper Sixth, who expressed their resentment by inducing the cat to spend a night in our form room; enough said.

Birkenhead has recently proved too small for us, so that we have often migrated to Liverpool to pick up any spare knowledge that happened to be lying around the University.

Having thus disclosed our scandalous goings on, we close with a warning to all inferior members of School that next year we shall all be PREFECTS, we hope.

R. I. P.

(Real is Positive).

5A.

A. KAY, obviously a keen naturalist, begins the form's contributions by enlightening us about the habits and characteristics of

THE FISHER MARTEN WHO CANNOT FISH.

This large relation of the polecats and weasels is a native of North America. He is about the size of a fox—from 24 to 30 inches long—and has a black-brown coat which is grey on the head and neck. The most remarkable thing about him is that he loves eating fish, and yet does not seem to have learned how to catch them. His usual diet consists of hares, squirrels, mice, frogs, and small birds, but what he dreams of is to find a dead fish; then the frogs and mice can come out to play.

Such treats, however, do not often come Fisher Marten's way, and sometimes he is driven to make a strange feast; he kills and eats porcupine, in spite of the jabs he receives from their needle-sharp quills. Oddly enough these do not seem to worry him; for a Fisher Marten is often caught with a number of the quills still sticking into his skin.

The Fisher Marten moves about mostly at night, and, if he is scared, is as agile as a squirrel. His home is far above the ground in the top of a tall tree, where he finds a hole in which to build a nest, and where, in spare moments, he dreams of a tasty meal of fish.

We now continue with a thrilling account of a mountaineering incident by G. Parker who was

TRAPPED IN A GULLY.

During this summer we were climbing in the Ogwen district in Snowdonia. A noted feature of this district is the Devil's Kitchen, which is so named because it is a semicircular, sheer cliff of about three miles in length. The sides of this cwm are treacherous because of the slime and wet lichen on the rock. Looking up from Lake Idwal, one can see small grooves in the face of the cliff; these marks are gullies.

Plans had been made to climb Glyder Fawr, a Munro mountain, labelled like this because it is over three thousand feet. Four of us set out at about ten o'clock from where we were staying. We did not carry ropes, because this climb did not necessitate them. An hour later we arrived at the foot of the Devil's Kitchen, above which is Glyder Fawr, a huge peak which dominates the surrounding mountains. From there it took one and a half hours of hard rock scrambling to reach the summit. After a snack we thought that it was time to return, as a storm was brewing and it is not very easy to climb on wet rock. It only took us twenty minutes to reach the perimeter of the Devil's Kitchen where we wondered which was the best route of descent. I noticed the opening of a gully, and after too hasty decision we decided to go down. This was where the fun started!

The first fifty feet or so were comparatively easy, but then it became harder, as the gully became more sheer and wet. Every time I put my hand or feet on a clod of lichen, it came away from the rock. After descending a hundred feet we came across a chockstone which needed combined tactics to get over it. We proceeded for another few feet, and then we came to an overhang with a thousand feet drop below it.

We had to turn back. "Turn back" did I say? We just could not; every piece of vegetation came away in our hands, and we could not overcome the chockstone. When we finally did so, it was not so difficult. We had been in that position for half an hour, and in the gully over two hours!

After that breath-taking adventure A. H. Jackson calms our pulses when he tells of his hobby, which is

RECORD COLLECTING.

Collecting records is usually an expensive hobby, but one can join clubs which every month issue records at only a fraction of their original price. Youth clubs are also starting record collections; each member pays a subscription every week, and somebody from the club chooses a record. In our house we have a similar record club; we all pay our subscription, and every week one of the family chooses a record. Our records vary from the "Creed" sung in Russian to the latest rock'n roll.

On Radio Luxembourg there are many record shows which play the latest releases of different companies. Many papers have supplements on records and artists, and you will hardly find a paper which does not have a critic on records. Some papers devote all their space to records and have the record tables of U.S.A. and England with the sheet music of both countries. They have articles about the top artists of the week and the words of the songs in the "Top Twenty" hit parade.

We conclude with a description by D. B. Morton of A VISIT TO THE RATHAUS IN PADERBORN.

During my stay in Paderborn, Westphalia, I decided to go into the Rathaus or Town Hall. As I wandered into the front hall, a man came up to me and asked me what I wanted. I said that I wanted to see the inside of the Town Hall, and he very obligingly showed me round.

As we walked up the stairs, three large windows faced us. On these were scratched designs and pictures of Paderborn. On the top floor the man took me into the council chamber where the Burgermeister or Mayor held his meetings. In this room there was a large round table with chairs surrounding it, and lights were set in the ceiling. This was all modern, although the outside of the building was very old. On the wall above the door of the room there was a picture, carved in wood, showing the parts of the town which had been burnt in the Second World War. Off this council chamber there were two smaller rooms, the "Red" room and the "Blue" room.

The man told me that everything which could be seen of the town from these rooms had been flattened by the Americans in the Second World War because the Mayor at that time, a strict Nazi, had refused to surrender. The Mayor himself led the citizens to clear the ground when all hostilities were over in order to erect new buildings. These have now been erected and the whole town is quite modern with concrete-faced buildings.

N. S. COLLINS opens the form's contributions with his summary of the rules and characteristics of

FIVE-A-SIDE FOOTBALL.

Five-a-side football is played between teams of five players. The ball must not be kicked over the height of four feet, and players all have a turn in every position on the field. Goals must be scored when a player is in his opponents' half by kicking the ball through the goal posts, which are eight feet long and four feet high.

Every player wears a football shirt with the number very clear so that the referee can give a free kick against him or a warning if he commits a foul. The player who plays in the half-back position must stay in his own half, whereas the centre-forward must not be in his own half. If he is, a free kick is awarded against him. Finally, the players must not go into the goal-keeper's area because they are committing a foul.

Next, K. Nelson gives us

AN INTRODUCTION TO ANGLING.

Angling (or fishing as it is called by the profane) is a gentle sport practised by those with a desire for the higher things of life. If you decide to go fishing you will probably become a coarse fisherman. This term applies to the type of fish you catch, and does not refer to your character.

On your first day you will probably meet the beginner's friend and expert's enemy, the gudgeon. If you mention this fish to an angler when others are biting, he will call it a nuisance and advocate a law making it illegal, but if you mention it to one with an empty bag, he will call the gudgeon a "stout little chap" and a "good fighter," adding that he wishes one would bite to prove it.

One last word of warning; do not buy a fishing basket. If you do, you will find that it is either too small for all your tackle, or it is so heavy and large that it is impossible to carry it for two yards without collapsing from exhaustion!

After that interesting article T. Jones relates what happens when

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN.

When the Circus came to town there was great excitement among the children. It arrived with its hundred wagons and trailers at night-time, and the circus hands worked all night to get the big top up. When it opened there were large audiences every night until it ended; for Billy Smart has his own fine service.

When the stay of the Circus drew to its end, the circus hands again worked all night to take the big top down. Later the same night all the animals that could not be carried by the trailers walked down to the Town Hall. There was a funny sight when the elephants set off; the front elephant held a lamp in its trunk, and the back one left with a rear lamp tied to its tail. The caravan and trailers did not leave until a few days later.

We conclude with an account by C. Turner of those brave men who face the perils of the seas to bring us fish:

THE DORYMEN.

The hardest seafaring men in the world are the Dorymen. They go out from the schooner in little boats each hardly bigger than a dinghy, and brave the rough weather to catch fish. Their boats are carried on the deck of the schooner, and are piled on top of one another. These little boats are lifted from the deck by a large derrick and are held over the side until the doryman takes his place; they are then lowered into the water. Usually the water is dotted with hundreds of these little craft.

The dory has two small sails in order that it may move about quickly. When the wind dies down, there are a pair of small oars in the boat, which the doryman uses.

When the small boat returns to the schooner's side, it is always well loaded, and the seamen have to be careful that it does not capsize, as the gunwales are almost level with the water. To spear a fish above the water the doryman has to rise with a wave, so that, when he comes level with the rail of the ship, he stabs a fish, and throws it into the schooner. Then he waits for another wave.

After emptying his boat he goes out again and catches more fish. He then returns and goes out again, several times. When the doryman finishes fishing, the boats are taken aboard, and the schooner returns to port.

4A.

P. WRIGHT begins the form's contributions by relating the story of
A TRIP UP SNOWDON.

After waiting among hundreds of sightseers and tourists, I boarded the small but immensely powerful little train at Llanberis Station. When it had stoked up with about half a ton of coal, the little train puffed noisily out of the station. Its smoke is very dirty, and blackens one's face if it blows accidentally into it. Up and up the little train puffs at about six miles per hour through beautiful valleys, cuttings, and magnificent scenes of lakes and mountains.

After about an hour of breath-taking beauty the train grinds to a halt at the highest railway station in Great Britain. The Snowdon range stretches in all directions as far as the eye can see. Also one can see the Isle of Man, St. David's Head, the mountains of Cumberland, and a great part of North Wales. When I had finished a short snack on the mountain-top, I boarded the little train, and off we went again down the mountain. About half way down, the little train stops for photographers on the very brink of a great drop. Far below one can see a village, where cars and 'buses look like toys; this makes one afraid to board the train again. Down and down the train puffs, until it stops at the station. I alighted from the train, and caught the 'bus back to my aunt's house to tell her of a most enjoyable day.

C. Lee continues with an article telling us of the peculiar sport of
RAZOR FISHING.

This peculiar form of fishing is practised in the Channel Islands. In Jersey, the largest of the group, there is only one beach where razor fish can be found, and then only at certain times. When I was asked by my aunty to bring the salt cellar and come razor fishing I was very surprised, but in the end I decided to go.

On reaching the shore my aunty pointed out to me a small conical rock about half a mile out on the beach down by the water's edge. Razor fish can be found only in a small area around this rock. We walked towards the rock for a very long time and then began to search for razor fish holes. These holes are in the shape of a diamond, and are about as big as one's finger nail. Into the holes we poured a little salt and waited.

After a few seconds, if the hole is occupied, jets of water shoot out, followed by the razor fish. Many readers may have seen a razor shell lying disregarded on the shore; it is about six inches long, and has white marks on the inside and brown marks on the outside, and resembles a laminated piece of wood.

Razor fish are considered a great delicacy by the true Jersey people, but I myself did not like them.

We conclude the contributions with an account by P. A. Bathier of his
HOME LIBRARY

One of my hobbies is collecting books. Since an early age I have tried to obtain as many as possible, either by buying them for myself or asking for them as presents, and have now a useful home library. I think that books add to one's knowledge, and also provide a constant source of pleasure. One can never learn too much, and books are a means of widening the horizons of knowledge.

Recently, I was lucky enough to acquire a complete works of Shakespeare and eight other beautiful volumes to add to my collection, which includes books on all subjects, arts and sciences alike. Other much-valued possessions are "The Miracle of Life," "The Wonderland of Knowledge," and "The Life and Characters of Dickens." I have also a Short History of English Literature.

I shall always continue my interest in books, and one of my main ambitions in life is to buy as many as I can.

4B.

ALTHOUGH the standard of articles submitted by this form was not generally high, several boys whose work cannot be published owing to lack of space deserve special mention. R. Hill, L. Johnson, and R. Byrne obviously put a lot of effort into their work and should be congratulated. We begin the form's contributions with an article by A. Dawson telling us all about

PICK-UP DUTY.

Early this year the Royal Mersey Sailing Club asked our Scoutmaster if a few of our scouts who were interested in sailing would like to help them out.

On the Saturday we arrived at about 2-30 p.m. at Rock Ferry Pier, where we met an official of the Club, and went down to the landing stage with him. For the occasion the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board had lent the club their latest surveying launch to act as a rescue boat. There were six of us, and so we tossed up to decide who should go on the flagship, and who should go on the launch. My friend Dave and I won, and so we put on our sailing jackets, as it was raining and the wind was gusting up to about forty knots.

The sea was very rough, and all the competing boats were double-reefed. But we had to cruise slowly after the fleet, watching out for anybody who might have capsized. At the extreme end of the course we spent forty-five minutes waiting for the last boat to go round the buoy. Here we felt the motion of the launch; every time we went down into a trough we could not see anything at all. I was sick, but all the regular crew seemed quite unconcerned.

About six o'clock, when the races had finished and the launch went to take the race committee off the flagship, our skipper decided it was too rough and that there was a risk of damaging the launch, and so everyone on the flagship had to go to Liverpool and come back by ferry boat. We were put ashore, and went home feeling rather unsteady and very hungry.

Next we have a very interesting article by B. Waring entitled

A VISIT TO EDINBURGH CASTLE.

When I went to Scotland for my holidays, I went to Edinburgh Castle. The castle is built of great sandstone blocks, and is situated on a huge block of lava. In front of the castle is the Princes Street garden which has a clock made of flowers. Inside the castle are the crown jewels of Scotland, which were used to crown Robert Bruce.

The castle has been turned into a museum which contains weapons of olden times. There are sentries at the main gate and other important places. In a part of the castle is one of the smallest chapels in Britain, where there is a book which contains the names of all the people of Scotland who died in the war.

In the courtyard there are cannons, one of which is fired at one o'clock every day. Another interesting feature is the room where Mary, Queen of Scots, slept. On the whole I enjoyed my visit to the castle, and it is well worth a visit from anyone who visits Edinburgh.

We conclude with an article by J. G. Jones about that very controversial subject

ROCK'N ROLL.

The most popular music to-day among teenagers is rock and roll. One thing that people must be clear about is that rock and roll and jazz have nothing whatsoever in common.

Although many persons over thirty think this music is disgraceful, I should like to point out to them that the same thing happened to them when they were teenagers and the grown-ups of their day then told them the same thing about the music they listened to.

Rock and roll first came from hill-billy songs, and that famous rock and roll singer and composer, Bill Haley, defines it like this. "You take a waltz, turn the music upside down and hep it up a bit, and, man, this sure digs swell."

People say that rock and roll films are of no use because they only cause riots. It is quite true that riots have been caused, but it is a few in a crowd that cause them. Also there is a big difference between riots which are happening all over the world to-day and riots where people dance in the streets. The police should be glad of the change from the riots where shop windows are broken, hospitals stormed, and people lynched.

Will the readers of this article please ponder over what I have said, and they will see that rock'n roll is not so bad after all. And so in the meantime "Happy rock'n rollin, cats!"

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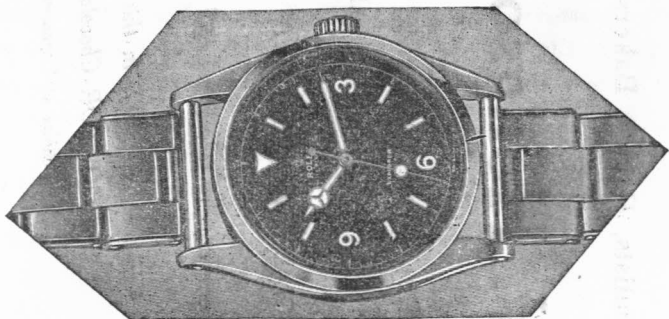
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WE begin this form's contribution with some Form notes compiled by A. A. Forrester.

This term, the form has done reasonably well, although school-work, with the notable exception of one boy, has not been perfect. Each week the form provides, on an average, eleven players for the Bantams. This number includes a very able captain in McCarter, who has led the team through two notable victories, one draw, and a very narrow defeat. There are two keen cyclists in the form, Douglas and Litherland, both of whom have recently met with accidents. Douglas lost by a knock-out in a fight with the road and spent an enjoyable day away from school. Litherland, however, decided that a week's absence was much more to the point and returned to School to tell us that, despite our gloomier hopes, he had only pulled a ligament in his neck. Guy Fawkes Night was celebrated by every member of the form with the exception of one boy who mysteriously failed to appear the next morning. It only remains now for me to wish the School, on behalf of the whole form, a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

We continue with an article by B. W. Doveston, which is entitled

THE SONG THRUSH.

This thrush is one of our favourite songsters. It is well known to most people as a bright and lively bird, but to fruit growers and gardeners as a nuisance. This is because it takes great toll of their fruit. However, the song thrush is a most beneficent bird. Not only does it destroy large numbers of grubs, slugs, and other pests, but it is a champion snail hunter and is worthy of our protection for this alone. Thrushes have their own "anvil"—a favourite stone upon which the birds crack the shells of the snails. The bird rears two or three broods in the year, and its mud-lined nest with its four sky-blue, spotted eggs adds a familiar sight to our hedgerows. A great many nests come to a sad end at the hands of bird-nesters, but, happy to say, there is not much likelihood of the thrush's becoming scarce under normal conditions.

We conclude with an interesting contribution by D. Timmons, entitled

RAILWAY SIGNALLING.

The first railway signalling was done by men standing at the side of the track using a system of red, green, and white flags by day, and lamps by night. It was soon found that the time interval between the showing of the signals was unsatisfactory, and in 1839 the block system came into operation. By this method, no two trains could be on one section of the track at the same time. By 1840, Semaphore signals were controlling these blocks. Hand-operated at first, they were soon controlled by pulleys and wires from a signal-box. The electric telegraph came into use to communicate from one signal box to the next. In the quest for more safety, a form of completely automatic signalling was aimed at. This was made possible by the development of electricity, and automatic signalling could then permit the running of over forty trains per hour, compared with the twenty trains possible under manual signals.

Nowadays, as well as the visual signal, there is often a train stop-arm in use. This rises from the side of the track and engages a trip-cock in case the driver should overrun a signal at danger. Light signals are greatly used, and, when fitted with hoods and special lenses, they can be clearly seen from a long distance. All these inventions have greatly added both to the safety and the punctuality of our trains.

3B.

THE standard of work submitted by this form was not generally high. However, we commence with an interesting account by G. Shorthill, obviously a cycling enthusiast, of

A VISIT TO THE HARRIS STADIUM.

For the first time I went this year to the Harris Stadium, Manchester, to see the cycle track races, which were very enjoyable. Firstly, Reg Harris presented bouquets to the three world champions who had come to race that afternoon, A. Maspes and G. Ognà of Italy and N. Sheil of Great Britain. The first race was a revenge match between the reigning world champion, Maspes, and Harris; it ended in a win for Maspes. Then came the professional omnium in which riders compete in several events and have points allotted to their names. At the end of the series the winner receives his prize.

The winner in this case was Moneretti, an Italian. Moneretti won the series in the end, and it was truly his day; for he broke the British record for the one mile standing start in 1.59 minutes. This and many other exciting events made the long ride home enjoyable.

Most boys in this form wrote of visits to castles or described their camping holidays. The best of these was Boyd's account of his

VISIT TO BEAUMARIS.

One day during the school holidays my brother, my cousin, and I decided to cycle to Beaumaris to visit the castle. As we were camping just outside Conway, we decided to leave everything under cover and set off in the early afternoon, passing through Bangor and crossing the Menai Straits by means of the Menai Bridge. From here we followed the road to Beaumaris.

On our arrival at Beaumaris we entered the castle, buying a guide book and paying sixpence entrance fee. Following the directions of the book we first explored the outer wall. This wall consisted of a series of small towers which were connected by dark and continuous passages. At intervals the gloom was broken by gleams of light coming through slits in the wall. The first major thing we saw was the "Gates Next the Sea" which was formerly used for the intake of provisions for the garrison. Next to the gate was "Gunners' Walk" from where sentries watched over the prisoners in the dungeons beneath.

Following a passage, we finally blundered through the dark down a wooden staircase which led to the outer courtyard. There we saw a cannon together with a few cannon balls which gave it a realistic look. From here we continued our exploration of the inner wall.

At the north and south ends were two gatehouses, one of which, the South Gatehouse, was never completed. This wall incorporated six towers, South-West, Rustycoker, Chapel, Philardbathe, North West, and Middle. Inside Chapel Tower is an Edwardian Chapel where the men worshipped. The castle was surrounded on three sides by a moat. It was built by Edward I. in twelve ninety five.

As it was getting late we decided to set off home, feeling that we had really learnt something.

We conclude with a selection from the form notes of R. Davies.

This year the form welcomed five new boys, Ellis, Edwards, Boyd, Docherty, and Evans. Two of these boys, Evans and Boyd, were first and second respectively in the half-term marksheet, and they all seem to have learned to play rugby quickly; three of them, Boyd, Docherty, and Evans, having played for the Bantams XV.

Our form master is Mr. Richards, and there are twenty-six members of the form. At the end of last term we lost Forrester who went into 3A.

The Bantams have won several of their matches, having beaten St. Anselm's, Grove Park, and Park High. They drew at St. Edward's and lost to Wirral Grammar School. Finally, in the under-fifteen chess match against Liverpool Collegiate, we were proud to have Pendleton in the team, who won his match.

2A.

WE open this form's contributions with an article submitted by R. Allen which is entitled

BLUE JOHN MINES.

Have you ever been to Castleton in Derbyshire? It is a small village situated in a valley and is famous for its Blue John Mines and for the many fascinating articles which are made by the craftsmen of the village. If you were a visitor to the village in search of souvenirs, you might be offered, amongst other things, ashtrays, vases, jewelry or bookends, in tiny old-fashioned cottages at the mouths of the caves. Blue John, mined in the local caves, is several shades of blue in appearance and in some cases has purple running in layers through the rock. There are many mines, but the one I found most interesting was the Speedwell mine. The entrance consists of a steep flight of steps which lead down to a small boat. A guide takes visitors in this through the twisting caves, explaining, as he goes, the points of interest. On the way he lights candles in the rock, and these give rather an awesome atmosphere. On the return journey he snuffs all the candles. Even on a cold day, the air outside seems warm after the icy dampness of the cave. I could go on telling you about this village, but I suggest that you go and see it for yourself.

We continue with another interesting article which has been contributed by J. Gurden and which describes for us

A VISIT TO A STATELY HOME.

One summer, when I was staying in Northampton, I visited Castle Ashby, which is one of the homes of the Marquis of Northampton, who also owns the famous showplace in Warwickshire, Compton Wynnyates. Castle Ashby is the family seat, and parts of the house are Elizabethan, with a front designed by Inigo Jones. It is built around a courtyard, and a Latin inscription in stone letters forms a gallery around the top. The Marquis showed us his famous paintings which included some very famous originals by Van Dyck and Gainsborough, and also one by Mantegna which he told us is the most valuable painting in a private collection in Europe.

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One of the bedrooms had walls which were completely covered with tapestries worked by two daughters of a previous marquis, and in an old library were books printed by Caxton which nobody is allowed to touch because the paper is so fragile. There were enormous stone-floored kitchens with wide fireplaces complete with the original spits. The modern electric cooker and refrigerators looked quite out of place. In a small room called the Painted Bower there is a secret hiding-place in the ceiling which was often used in the time of Cromwell. After visiting the house we walked in the beautiful gardens and parklands designed by the famous landscape artist, Capability Brown, and then fished for pike, roach, and perch, in the Lake.

We conclude with a short article by D. McRae which is entitled

A VILLAGE.

A few years ago I spent my summer holidays with my uncle and aunt in a little village in Buckinghamshire which was situated several miles from the county town of Buckingham. The name of the village was Maids Moreton and it only had one street—the Main Street—and there were only ten houses in the whole village. There was running water in the village, but it had only just been put in and half way down the street there was an old pump which still worked.

Half of the houses were of a more modern type, but the remaining five were typical cottages of the traditional English type with thatched roofs and whitewashed walls. If anyone wanted to buy anything, there was one general shop in the village, and you often had to travel into Buckingham. While I was there, my uncle took me to a neighbouring brick-factory in which he worked and showed me the various processes in the making of bricks. When I at last returned, it was like coming back to civilization again.

2B.

ALTHOUGH this form submitted many articles, many were not original and had to be omitted. However, we begin with a very interesting article by D. McKelvey, which is entitled

MODEL YACHTING.

I belong to a model yachting club and am going to try to tell the reader about this hobby. The beginner is taught to use different sails for different winds and various nautical terms like 'running' and 'beating.' When the yacht is 'running' it is sailing with the wind and the sails are let right out. A spinnaker is sometimes used to give the craft more speed. A yacht is said to be 'beating' when

it is sailing against the wind and the sails are taut. Sometimes the yacht turns around, and to prevent this the front sail, the jib, has to be slackened very slightly. When you have mastered all these points you can enter your boat for the many races which are held up and down the country. I think that his hobby is very interesting, and one of the most beautiful to watch.

We continue with an article, contributed by J. D. Little, entitled

A VISIT TO THE 'QUEEN MARY.'

This year I spent my holidays at Littlehampton in Sussex, and one day we went for a drive to Southampton. Here we went to see the docks and also went aboard the 'Queen Mary.' The first thing I noticed, as I walked up the gangway, was the size of the ship. It was just like entering a huge hotel. A guide conducted us around the ship and showed us the beautiful swimming pool and the cinemas. On one corridor there were shops where passengers could buy any thing they wanted. Next we were taken to see the cabins and state-rooms. The cabins are small rooms containing either one or two beds according to size. Each has a telephone and an electric fan installed. There are many bathrooms with hot and cold showers, and comfortable lounges for the passengers to relax in. Finally we were shown the beautiful dining-room which has a large map painted on one wall. This shows the daily position of the ship as it travels on its journey between Southampton and New York. At the end of a very enjoyable and interesting tour, we were given a menu-card as a souvenir.

We conclude with an article by R. Proctor, describing for us the beauties of a trip to Wales by sea.

A STEAMER TRIP TO NORTH WALES.

You board the steamer at Liverpool, and at a quarter to eleven precisely the gangways are taken down, and the ship gets under way. On the way down river you pass Seacombe and Perch Rock Fort on one side and Gladstone Dock on the other, familiar landmarks to us all. If it is high tide, the ship will probably take the rock channel past Moreton. At low tide this channel is nothing more than sand, slime and, as its name suggests, rocks. In my opinion this is the better way, because you can see land all the way. Quite often, however, there is a bad swell from the land.

An hour and a half after leaving this channel the steamer passes the Constable buoy, and the Great Orme's head can be seen in the distance. It is still some time, however, before you reach Llandudno, and here some passengers disembark, while others embark for the

trip to the Straits. The ship gets under way again, and you pass the Orme with its sun-valve-operated lighthouse. Next you pass Puffin Island, with its puffins, and Bangor, Beaumaris, and many small villages. At last, rounding a bend in the Straits, the ship approaches the Menai Bridge. When I last went on the trip, I went to see the 'Conway,' but if you like walking you can walk over the bridge itself or go to Church Island, which has a graveyard on it. It is not really an island now, because a road has been built over it to allow funerals to go by road and not by boat. Then it is time for you to catch the steamer back home after a very interesting trip.

1A.

THIS form produced some very original and interesting articles, and we regret that we are unable to publish as many as we should like, owing to lack of space. J. Morris begins by giving an account of his

AFRICAN JOURNEY.

It is eleven o'clock at night, and my parents, a friend of ours, and I, are setting out to go to the Victoria Falls.

In the dark of the night our headlamps glare at birds and make their eyes shine very peculiarly. Eventually the pearly grey fingers of dawn come stealing over the still, dark night.

At about mid-day our brakes developed trouble; there is no garage anywhere about, nor are we likely to pass one, and so we are obliged to carry on without brakes. Eventually we arrive at Livingstone; we are tired and travel-weary, ready for a good night's rest.

The next morning we go out to explore. We find ourselves near the Victoria Falls. There is a rainbow in the great chasm, and a great roaring issues from the water pouring into the chasm.

We walk along by the forest, which is full of green vegetation watered by the spray. Birds of marvellous hues flit through the trees and fly between the shrubs and coloured flowers; monkeys swing from bough to bough. On we walk, admiring the wonderful things that are to be seen. We stay a few days more, and then we have to start our five hundred and seventeen mile journey home after our enjoyable stay at Livingstone.

K. Buckley was lucky enough to take part in

A FISHING TRIP ON A TRAWLER.

One day when I was nine years of age my father received a letter from his friend asking if my father and I should like to go on a fishing trip on a trawler. My father replied that we would.

In a week's time we were ready to go, but on the day we set out it was raining, and the sea was rough. We arrived at the port and met the captain of the ship in which we would sail. For the next three weeks we should be at sea, and so we had plenty of old clothes to wear.

The crew were happy men, always singing or carving boats, and the captain was always joking with them. After a week we reached the fishing ground and cast the nets. The next day we had a good catch, and so the men were kept busy with the nets. The week's fishing was good, and we hauled in the nets for the last time and headed home.

On the way home we encountered a storm, which delayed us for three days. When we reached port, we wished the captain and the crew goodbye, and were met by my mother who had been worried by our delay and was glad to see us home safe and sound.

R. Dixon continues with his description of a most interesting

TOUR OVER A TANKSHED.

This particular tankshed that I visited housed two Centurion tanks and a small lorry. Each of the tanks had a big gun. There was also a firing range for machine guns. It was twenty feet long, and there were two rows of sand bags situated at the bottom of it. After seeing all the guns in the big shed, I went into a separate part of the shed where there was a medium-sized field gun. Then I went to another firing range where there were some .22 rifles. Here the soldier in charge let me sit in a tank seat; then I went home.

D. Anson completes the form's contributions. His article is written in praise of

CHESHIRE.

Probably the first city in Cheshire is Chester. Its history dates back to when the Romans ruled Britain.

Among the many interesting things in Chester is the wall, with its north, south, east, and west gates. If you walk right round the wall, you have walked half a mile. Chester is also famous for its rows and the River Dee.

Birkenhead, another great town of Cheshire, was founded in 1703 when a rowing boat was the only means of travel across the Mersey. The town is famous for its shipping, and has one of Britain's finest ship-building firms.

It does not matter where you live in Cheshire. I am sure you are all proud to be citizens of such a lovely county.



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WE begin this form's contribution with an article by A. F. D. Lowthian which is entitled

TRAVELLING THROUGH THE COTSWOLDS.

When I went to Warwick at half-term I travelled through the Cotswold hills. We travelled in the car through many old towns and villages. One of the most beautiful towns was Bourton-on-the Water, which had a scale model of the town behind the old New Inn, and also a Witchcraft exhibition of relics found by archaeologists during the last fifty-six years. Broadway is said to be the prettiest village in England and is visited by many Americans when they are here. I saw in a shop window electric candles which really looked like real, lit candles. We also saw Chipping Camden, a beautiful town, but not as beautiful as Bourton-on-the-Water or Broadway. I found a building which was nearly falling to pieces and which was held up by scaffolding. I could just make out the date on it, which was fifteen sixty five. We also saw a great many more places, but they are too many to mention here.

We continue with an interesting article by K. Aspey, who describes for us

A VISIT TO A COALMINE.

One day my family went for a trip to a coalmine near Birmingham. We had planned to go on the Saturday and to stay until Sunday at the Golden Boar Hotel at Wolverhampton. We had arranged to see the sights of Birmingham on Sunday and to visit the mine on the Saturday that we arrived. We had much to look forward to when we arrived by car at Wolverhampton, and hurried straight to our hotel and changed into old clothes.

Soon we were at the mine and ready to go down the shaft. My uncle, who worked there, gave us all a pair of overalls and a helmet with a light fitted to it. We stepped into the "cage" with a few miners and were soon speeding down to the bottom, which was about three hundred feet below the surface. When we reached the bottom, we could hear the whirring of machinery and the clinking of pick-axes against the coal. It was very hot. We looked around, and we noticed metal rails on the floor for the trucks to take the coal to another shaft further along. We saw that at the end of the corridor was a large belt which had buckets attached to it. We discovered that this carried the coal to the top of the shaft, emptied it, and then come back for more. And so, after a very interesting day, we returned, very tired, to our hotel, and had a good night's sleep.

The next contributor is J. Muddiman who tells us about his interesting

LIFE ON A GUNBOAT.

At the age of three, I went to live on a steam gunboat called the 'Grey Shark' which was once captained by Peter Scott. This ship was a sister-ship of the 'Grey Goose' which is now used for testing gas turbines. The 'Grey Shark' took part in the battle of the Narrow Seas, and was also at the evacuation of Dunkirk. She was towed away from the Battle of the Narrow Seas when a shell had pierced her boilers. We found a great many bullets embedded in her armour, which was an inch thick with one and a half inches around the magazines. There were also a few live bullets in the magazine, and my father found these while acetylene-burning some of the armour away from it.

I lived on her for five years during which time she sprang a leak once and broke her mooring ropes twice. We had left her for about a year when we heard that she was being broken up for scrap metal.

We conclude with an article submitted by A. Storry with his description of

A VISIT TO LONDON.

It is the day of my departure. I am visiting my Uncle George who lives in London. The cases are on the way, and I am leaving on the 10-15 a.m. train from Liverpool, which reaches London at 8-0 p.m.

When I arrived, my uncle was waiting close by in his car. He took me to his house, where we had supper, and then I went to bed. The next day my uncle took me to Bertram Mills's circus, and we saw Coco the Clown, with other clowns, and elephants, monkeys, ponies, and many more. The following day we went to see St. Paul's Cathedral with its beautiful colour design. It was built by Sir Christopher Wren, who also built other great buildings. One day, as we were going towards the Tower of London, the car broke down, and it had to be towed to the garage. We therefore boarded a 'bus to continue the journey. When we arrived, we went to see the White Tower and the Tower of London. The next day, however, I had to go home.

Chess

THE club has now reached this term a membership of over 50 boys, which is a promising sign for the future. Changes have been made this year in the organisation of the Senior and Junior Championship Competitions, which are to be decided on the final positions in the Chess Club Ladder. In this way every member will have the opportunity of participating in the competition throughout the season and showing his merit, and the final results are more likely to reveal the players who are consistently good. Club nights have not always been well attended, owing partly to the clash of other activities. All members, especially those who aspire to play for the School, should endeavour to practise as much as possible, and members who stay for dinner are reminded that play is permitted to them from 1-20 to 1-45, if they apply to Mr. Meador for a set. In this connection all members are exhorted in their own interests to ensure that boards and sets are returned complete to the cupboard immediately after use.

On 29th October, J. F. Morgan gave an interesting informative talk on 'Variations of two standard openings,' which might have been attended profitably by more of the younger members.

Our results in the Wright Shield Competition to date have not been impressive, but, in consolation, it may be said that we appear to have been matched with our strongest opponents this term, and it may be hoped that we shall achieve more success next term. It is, however, rather disconcerting to note that many games have been characterised by an undue element of careless play which should not appear at this stage.

Results in detail are as follows:—

v. Alsop H. S.	Lost	1½—5½
v. Liverpool Collegiate School	Won	4½—2½
v. Merchant Taylor's Crosby	Lost	1½—5½
v. Wallasey Grammar School	Lost	1½—5½

Rugby Club

THE 1st XV. with Salmon as captain have shown plenty of keenness and enthusiasm. The side has suffered some heavy defeats owing, in a great many cases, to the opposition's superior physique. On a number of occasions the defeats would have been narrowed if the three-quarters had made full use of the opportunities given them. Watching the opponent instead of watching the ball has been the cause of many mistakes and some very poor handling.

The forwards have obtained a good share of the ball in the tight and loose scrummages, but the ability to back up and keep play moving is not all that it might be. With more thought and speed this side should look forward to some good results in the near future.

Colours have been awarded to G. B. Evers and V. Smith.

R. F. Salmon, G. B. Evers, S. Harris, and T. R. Jones have been selected to represent Birkenhead G. S. XV. at Birkenhead Park on Boxing Day.

The 2nd XV. are playing a very good standard of Rugby football. They are improving in every match. Quite a number of the present team will be filling places in the 1st XV. before the end of the season, if they continue to fulfil the promise now apparent.

The Colts XV. has relied far too much on the forwards, especially on Byrne and Hadfield, who have set the team a very fine example of good, hard, intelligent play.

The three-quarters do not make full use of the natural abilities they possess; they are fast and of good physique, but they must learn to use these attributes to the full. Phipps at stand-off half has played very well during this half of the season, but must have more confidence in his three-quarters.

The Bantams XV. were most unfortunate to lose the match against Wirral G.S. owing to a silly mistake, made in the last minute of the game, when Wirral were awarded a penalty in front of the posts.

McCarter as captain and pack leader is learning to control the play and his team most efficiently. At the moment, the forwards are playing well, the backing up and general play being of a very good standard. If every member of the team will learn to take and give a pass when moving at speed, they should develop into a first-class side.

The Junior Bantams are in no way as bad as the results would suggest. They are trying to play open football, passing the ball and backing up. On some occasions they are inclined to over-emphasise this method of play. The forwards are blending well and are set a very good example by Hughes and Capstick. The three-quarters are doing well, and a good understanding is developing between McKelvie, scrum-half, and Dodd, stand-off half, and the centres, Steedman and Manly. We look forward to seeing this side develop into a good Bantams XV. next year.

The 1st year are showing great keenness and enthusiasm for rugby even to the preliminary training laps of the School field. Some find this an effort, but they always give a good account of themselves at the finish. They do not go into action until next term when we hope to see some good matches with other Schools.

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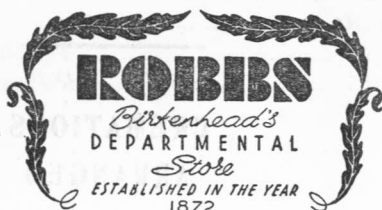
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RESULTS.

1st VX.

Rock Ferry High School	Won	15— 3
Wirral Grammar School	Won	6— 3
Birkenhead School	Lost	0—38
Grove Park Grammar School	Won	12— 5
St. Edward's College	Lost	3—30
St. Anselm's College	Lost	6— 8
Oldershaw Grammar School	Lost	3—23
West Park	Lost	0—17
Park High School	Won	6— 5

2nd XV.

Rock Ferry High School	Won	39— 3
Wirral Grammar School	Lost	3—12
Birkenhead School	Lost	0—28
Grove Park Grammar School	Lost	3—12
St. Anselm's College	Lost	6— 9
Oldershaw Grammar School	Won	43— 0
West Park Grammar School	Lost	6—14
Park High School	Lost	24— 0
St. Edward's College	Lost	11—14

Colts XV.

Wirral Grammar School	Lost	0—17
Birkenhead School	Won	34— 0
Grove Park Grammar School	Won	6— 0
St. Anselm's College	Lost	0—28
St. Edward's College	Won	14— 8
Oldershaw Grammar School	Won	22— 0
West Park C. Grammar School	Lost	0—20
Park High School	Won	9— 0

Bantams XV.

Wirral Grammar School	Lost	5— 8
Grove Park Grammar School	Won	19— 0
St. Anselm's College	Won	17— 3
St. Edward's College	Drawn	3— 3
Park High School	Won	18— 0
West Park Grammar School	Won	6— 3

2nd YEAR XV.

Wirral Grammar School	Lost	0—63
Birkenhead School	Lost	8—17
Park High School	Lost	6— 9
Birkenhead School	Won	9— 3

Music Notes

DURING the term there have been regular meetings in the music room at 4-0 p.m. on Wednesdays. Everything has consisted of practical "music making," chiefly with recorders. The first part of the meeting has been devoted to teaching those who are new to this instrument. They have been helped by older boys and also by Thomas (2E), using his violin. The second part of each meeting has found the more advanced people playing in two and three parts, whilst the new players watched, or, in easy parts, joined in with the more experienced. Each meeting has terminated with violin music, when possible accompanied by advanced recorder players in addition to the piano. Attendance has been regular, although numbers could be better, and a cheerful and profitable time has been enjoyed by all. New members will be made welcome.

Old Boys' A. F. C.

THE Old Boys' Soccer Club have entered the new season with a highly optimistic outlook. With an active membership of nearly 40, we are fielding two teams in the Liverpool Old Boys' League. We also have contact with a Junior team, composed mainly of Old Boys, playing in an age-limit league locally. If any boys leaving School in the near future would care to join them, the Secretary will be very pleased to hear from them.

The Old Boys took part in the Liverpool Old Boys' (Grammar Schools) Shield Competition—an unusual tournament in that any Old Boy of the School may play, irrespective of whether he normally represents them. Consequently a very good standard of play is met, and excellent games are enjoyed. This year we fielded a very strong side, with players from other local clubs rallying to the School's colours. After a fine, keenly-contested game in the first round, we defeated Liobians (Liverpool Institute Old Boys) 2—1. In the second round we met old friends and rivals in Old Maricollians (St. Mary's College, Crosby), and after a most exciting game we were narrowly beaten 4—3, after fighting back from a 4—1 deficit, a very good performance when one remembers that many of the Clubs taking part are quite entitled to field their senior teams from the I-Zingari League, which is a stronger league generally than the Old Boys' League.

In our League campaign, after an indifferent start we are running into form now and playing some very good football. Our last two league games have been won 8—3 and 12—1, and in the first

round of the Liverpool Old Boys' League Cup Competition we defeated Old Bootleians (who are currently top of the league) by 3-1, this after being 1-0 in arrears at half-time.

The social side of our activities is not being neglected, and a social evening was enjoyed by our members during November, whilst our Christmas Dance is arranged for December 31st at St. Saviour's Hall, Oxtun. A second Dance will take place at the same venue on March 23rd, 1957, and we shall probably be having another social evening in the New Year.

We have been pleased to welcome several new members since the beginning of the season, from Old Boys who have heard of our activities, and needless to say we shall be delighted to hear from any fresh Old Boys, who may be assured of a friendly welcome to our midst and a fine comradeship amongst many friends with whom they might otherwise lose touch. If you don't play but are interested in watching—well, we play on our home ground at Arrowe Park most Saturdays, and the old familiar black and yellow colours will soon identify us for you.

J. KERNAGHAN, Hon. Secretary.

Old Instonians' R. U. F. C.

THE Rugby Club has now started another season, and so far is maintaining the promise of last year's successes. The first XV. has settled down to a strong side, and has lost only two games to date. The second XV. has an even better record, having lost only once, whilst the third XV., although not yet playing quite as well as it did last season, has lost four games. All teams have scored more total points than their opponents.

The Presentation Dinner in honour of Mr. A. O. Jones, held last September, was a great success, and sixty Old Boys were present. On behalf of the Club, Mr. Jones was presented with an inscribed silver tray, golf clubs, a golf-trolley, and a cheque. The evening was also very enjoyable socially, with many amusing speeches. The speech by Mr. Jones was particularly notable, tracing the growth of the Club from the date of its formation, by Mr. Jones, in 1935.

Owing to the increasing membership of the Club, it has been found necessary to appoint a Membership Secretary, to be responsible for recruiting new members and to deal with all applications for membership. Mr. J. R. Lamb has taken over this position, and any Old Instonians who wish to join the Club, either as playing or non-

playing members, are invited to write to Mr. Lamb at 48 Whitford Road, Birkenhead (Telephone Birkenhead 8605). A sincere welcome awaits all Old Boys who would like to join. We particularly invite boys leaving School, many of whom are Associate Members, to keep up their interest in the game by joining the Rugby Club.

Several Old Instonians have established themselves in senior Rugby. Andy Hodgson plays for Edinburgh University first XV., and for Birkenhead Park when home. Ken Jones, now at Leeds University, has also played for Birkenhead Park, and Harry Smith now plays for Liverpool University first XV. These members are following in the footsteps of Stuart Huntriss, Ken Carr, Jasper Bartlett, and Bill Garry, who achieved success in senior circles. It is good to know that the Old Instonians are keeping up their reputation for producing good Rugby players.

Christmas will be nearly here when these notes appear, and the Club would like to wish the Headmaster, Staff, and Boys of the School a very happy Christmas and a successful and enjoyable New Year. Best wishes to you all.

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