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MAGAZINE OF
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EASTER 1956

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School Calendar

Spring term began	January 9th.
Half term	February 20th and 21st.
Spring term ends	March 28th.
Summer term begins	April 16th.
Half term	May 21st and 22nd.
Summer term ends	July 20th.
Autumn term begins	September 3rd.

Editorial

IF brevity is the soul of wit, then this term of eleven and a half weeks should have provided some hilarity. Yet while it is undeniable that, as always, we have been assisted along the sessional path by the gravity-removing remarks and attitudes of philosophers and humorists in our midst, at the same time it must be admitted that very short terms impose considerable pressure on all of us. Within this restricted time have had to be compressed the examinations for the fifth and sixth forms, a half-term holiday, the prize-giving (with all the preparatory work of our back-room boys which alone makes it possible and successful), and the Cross Country run. All this in addition to our normal work and games fixtures means that everyone has been kept busy though not necessarily out of mischief. Again, this term is usually the season when the weather is at its vilest. Although we have been fortunate on Merseyside in escaping the worst January rigours of the winter (which was only brought to a stand at our very frontiers) there have been weeks when we have taken up our tasks in temperatures more suitable to the Hetmen of Tomsk. Yet, as we write, the afternoons get perceptibly lighter, and we are optimistic enough to believe that this *Visor* will justify its title as a Spring number before we go to press. Until some far distant Utopia decrees that all school terms shall be roughly of equal duration, we must make the best of it. There are some compensations in getting our Easter holiday early after the trials of winter, and summer—despite the shadow cast by the certificate examinations—is made to seem longer thereby. Finally, we are convinced that, despite the shortness of the term, our readers will not find the *Visor* to have suffered, and will discover in fact that its pages prove our lives to have been as enterprising, as varied, and as entertaining, as ever.

Salvete

1A. Glynn, S. J.

Valete

Adv. Green, J. E.; Robb, I. A. A.

6. Cooper, N. S.; Walsh, T. J.

5B. Garnham, D. C.; Hodson, R.; Jones, D. T.; Smith, J. G.

4B. Easdown, R. J.; Neil, T. H.

1B. Ellames, D. A. D.

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Buses and their Passengers

IT was only after boarding in mistake for a 77 bus a number 43 at Whetstone Lane (where these strange conveyances offer themselves from time to time like temptation to the unwary) and sensing something as menacing in the atmosphere as when a Special Branch man attends the Annual Jack Spot Dinner, that I began to ponder on the highly individual character of the passengers on our local 'bus lines. For instance, while I am tolerated and at ease on all 'buses heading Woodchurch way (at least I have never yet had my money actually refused), let me but have the recklessness to sample a strange route and the crowd are as different as if I blundered into the encampment of a foreign tribe. After mature reflection on this curious phenomenon, I perceived that Birkenhead is not so much a County Borough as a collection of hostile clans whose ethnographic divisions correspond with 'bus route numbers.

Mind, I am no expert on all the services. I have never ridden on that intriguing OO line which is only used by apprentice-trainee passengers awaiting initiation ceremonies and promotion to a bus with a real number. Nor have I as yet applied for a passport and visa for a No. 40, though I have gazed with awe on the tropical kit of the intrepid pioneers Eastham bound. Of course I scarcely regard those green Crosville projectiles from another sphere as buses in the ordinary sense at all. I read their cosmic destination screens and speculate on their majestic orbit in Parkgate and Outer Space, and I have watched the planet men who conduct them, opening a shutter on their intermittent descents to the earth's surface, take a patronising peep at Singleton Avenue as though it were the Colorado Desert. And, not being either an absolute madman or a candidate for the George Cross, I have never got on a School 'bus. But for all that, I have had my moments of courage, and my contact with bus passengers, if not "extensive and peculiar," has been varied and rewarding.

Let me confess at the outset that the 64 remains one of my defects, since it only carries two kinds of being: those who live at Woodside at one end and at New Ferry at the other. These buses are constructed with chain permanently on, so that my only knowledge of their patrons is their Olympian disdain as they flash past the stops. No ordinary mortal has ever succeeded in obtruding himself into that celestial closed shop. But coming to humbler levels, I can tell you something about buses which do actually pick up people. There is the primitive democracy of the 21's. They learn their humanity

in a tough school along there, because on Bank Holidays they are invaded by aborigines who cross the river from England. The 2 and 6 are restless, since no one ever goes the whole way on them. All is emergency and improvisation like the Exodus from Egypt. Just as I have got used to the neck of the man in front, I look for him as the Psalmist says "and lo! he is gone." By contrast, all passengers on 28's have an air of permanent possession. I don't believe they ever get off, but spend the whole of their lives abroad. There they sit in conspiratorial pairs with a "Don't look now but . . ." manner. The 80 bus is aristocratic and exclusive, which explains why it is so rare. It is interesting to watch the traditional scrutiny of pedigrees in Prenton Lane before embarkation is finally permitted. This route (like all aristocracies) has its junior and subsidiary branches (Nos. 85, 86) where very wide buses are provided for a bewildering variety of very thin school girls. At the opposite extreme, I commend the 60 and 66. Their interiors are as cosy and domestic as Victorian Kitchens. They are packed with jolly old souls called Maggie, who resolutely clutch their purses in a wicked world, and who sport quivering flora on their superannuated bonnets. This is the only route on which I have been called 'luv' by the hostess without any suspicion of either sarcasm or design. However I must hurry on, and have no time to do more than mention the mournful lost souls and vampires on a Cross Docks 9, nor their unhappy spectral relations who flit to and fro on the ghostly 84 which, inaugurated in memory of the massacre of a load of stage coach passengers in Thornton Road two centuries ago, vanishes at cock crow. I fear I cannot do justice either to the elegant visiting 10 and 11 which, like my late Aunt Eunice, are rather prim and sedate away from home, but quite lively inside their own territory.

But when you come to the 70's, there I can speak with authority as a foundation member of the Prenton Dell route. 77 is above all the family bus where you must not be surprised if a harassed mother deposits a supernumerary infant on your lap or if a top deck peke or terrier licks your face with relish and affection. 71's are entirely different, where hard-faced adventuresses who know how to look after themselves smoke endless cigarettes and wear incredible tapestries in place of hats. 75's carry professional men who enter with an air of supercilious astonishment that the world should contain such a vulgar beast as you, dear reader. 70's always have a cheerful cargo, like Lombards on the way to the sack of Rome. Wide and resplendent 78's condescend in slack hours to transport mere 'tuppenies' who

feel as intrusive as a man in the first-class saloon of the Queen Mary who is only going so far as Cherbourg. But, on the whole, I think the 79 line remains the one with the most distinctive atmosphere. Like the peers in the Savoy Opera, it does nothing in particular; for it starts in a back crack in Oxton and ends abruptly downtown as though halted in an ambush. It is full of paradox. It carries only the local beauties and some crones who are really fairy godmothers in disguise. The former affect a pose of unresponsive hauteur (though they may at times be detected off guard); the latter carry big baskets and are ruthlessly bent on bargain, chaffer, and haggle in the shops of Grange Road. Obviously such a bus does not run on Sundays, since the belles and the witches require a day off to prepare for the conquests of another week.

But, I hear the 51 fans say, why this scant treatment of the Port Sunlight line? Well, to tell the truth I have a grievance. Since one of those blue monsters chased me on to the top of a wall in Derby Road, I have come to regard them not so much as 'buses as what a recent act of parliament called "offensive weapons."

W.E.W.

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THE announcement that the Annual Prize Giving this year was to take place in the hall of the Technical College, broke one of our venerable traditions. We have been going down to the Town Hall on this occasion for so many years that we had come to take it for granted that trophies and prizes could only be bestowed in that heavy atmosphere of Corinthic-Victorian decoration which was the conventional expression of municipal consciousness half a century and more ago. But now we turn to the Assyrian severity of a new style. It is perhaps a sign of the times (and most certainly of the expansion of the borough) that the meeting place should now be almost in the suburbs.

* * *

To the interest always aroused by the reading of the lessons at prayers by the prefects in turn—since some have the confidence which assures a fine pontifical delivery while others affect a more restrained rendering suitable to a devotional retreat—is now added considerable speculation over the length of the passage chosen. The ambitious sometimes take a whole chapter in their stride; the modest ration the milk of the word to a few verses. While one sympathises with those who for private reasons wish to regulate the duration of the first period by a choice of longer or shorter excerpts, we should all gain if these lessons were roughly of the same length as well as complete and coherent passages in themselves.

* * *

For the first time since the Spring term 'rehearsal' of the Summer examinations for the General Certificate began, arctic temperatures drove us out of the classrooms. Although February is not a month of which we can expect much (and it is the entrance requirements of the Examination Board which fix the date of the tests), the fact that we have hitherto been able to conduct them without interruption is something of a testimonial to Merseyside winters. At the same time, this year's experience only furnishes further proof of the serious handicap the absence of a school hall must always be, and shows the inadequacy of our grossly overworked 'gym.'

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ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

ATKIN.

SO far this term, and last term as well, there has not been much activity in the House competitions. The unusual situation has arisen of not having played a single House rugby match; and, if any are played, the results will have to appear in the summer edition of the *Visor*; this is unusual in itself. The only competition to be decided is the House Chess Competition. I am afraid Atkin displayed its usual weakness in Chess, and we finished bottom. We were beaten by Stitt 5—2, Westminster $4\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$, and Tate 5—2.

However, there are brighter days ahead; for in the next two competitions, the Cross-Country and House Rugby, Atkin is usually very strong. We have a particularly strong rugby side this year and hope to win the competition.

K.W.J.

STITT.

ALTHOUGH nearly two terms have passed, very little in the way of House Competitions has taken place. To date, only the Chess has been decided, and one examination held. The Chess proved very successful for Stitt, wins of $5\frac{1}{2}$ — $1\frac{1}{2}$, 4—3, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$, being gained over Atkin, Westminster, and Tate respectively. As a result, Stitt won the Chess competition and gained 3 points towards the Coronation Cup. The full Christmas examination results have not yet been issued, but, with only those of the Fifth and Upper Sixth forms to come, Stitt hold a valuable lead. The remainder of the term brings with it the House rugby matches and the Cross Country run. In order that Stitt should retain the Coronation Cup, it is imperative that all boys in the House use both their brawn and brain to the fullest advantage during the remainder of the year.

H.S.J.

TATE.

SINCE the last printing of the House notes, the original captain, J. E. Green, has left, and his place has been taken by T. R. Jones.

In the Chess Championship, Tate were successful against Westminster, winning by $5\frac{1}{2}$ — $1\frac{1}{2}$, and against Atkin, winning 5—2. The House lost to Stitt $2\frac{1}{2}$ — $4\frac{1}{2}$. As a result of these matches Tate is second in the Championship. All boys taking part in the games are to be congratulated on their efforts. Tate is fortunate in having two of its members in the final of the Junior Chess Championship.

It is essential that everybody does his best in the Cross Country and the Marksheets if Tate is to excel in the competition for the Coronation Cup.

T.R.J.

H.S.H.

WESTMINSTER.

WHEN the House notes appeared in the Summer Edition of the *Visor* the competition for the Coronation Cup was undecided. The position at that time was that Westminster and Stitt each had $18\frac{1}{2}$ points, Atkin had 18 points, and Tate $17\frac{1}{2}$ points, with the results of the examinations to determine the final positions. Stitt won the examinations with Tate second and Westminster third. This meant that Stitt won the Coronation Cup, Westminster being placed third.

So far this term only the House Chess matches have been played. This competition was won by Stitt, Westminster were third, after losing to Tate by $5\frac{1}{2}$ games to $1\frac{1}{2}$, and to Stitt by 4—3, but winning against Atkin by $4\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$. Houghton was the only member of the team to win all of his games.

R.D.N.

Libraria

ALTHOUGH the Upper 6th go from strength to strength, the Lower 6th is now almost non-existent. Whereas at one time a host of prospective intellectuals sat round the library table, to-day there is only one student; this fellow studies the useless art of judo. Among his minor interests are History, English and French. Messrs. Walsh and Cooper forsook this friend to join the staff of "une maison d'assurance" (by courtesy of S. J. R. Jones). It is to be noted that these two gallants lasted only six months in the Library, and those they have left behind them, committed to the rigours of an examination, cast longing eyes at the life of luxury upon which they now embark.

Our judo friend, who has gained the "orange belt," and is in hopes of gaining his "acid-yellow" belt with camel-hair lining, is quite happy at present. But what will happen next year? Left alone in the library, there is surely only one fate possible?

And what are the latest trends in 6th form fashions? Undoubtedly duffle-coats are in vogue. Everyone who is anyone has a duffle-coat. I refer, of course, to the buff-coloured rig-out and not the navy blue efforts which, I am told, are very inferior coats. Beards are also coming into fashion, and when the bearded duffle-coated intellectuals leave the building at four o'clock, they resemble a procession of Tibetan lamas. A reactionary movement is afoot, trying to persuade these fellows to wear bowler hats and carry brief-cases.

The Upper-Sixth form are a popular form. We received a libelous document from a fifth former; we were sprayed with potassium dichromate by a Sixth former; and the rest of the School sometimes obeys us. However, one thing is certain: that there are no diversities of opinion within the library, and that all men are equal (those in duffle-coats are, of course, more equal than others).

Whereas science students seem concerned merely with the material things of life, arts students are far more cultured. For instance, all our form are passionately fond of music. Steve can render a Chopin prelude in the style of Humphrey Lyttleton's All Stars. Brian prefers Eddie Calvert's interpretation of a notorious African river. Anthony has taken up the recorder; hence the title, "Orpheus, with his flute." Anthony has now put down the recorder. We are all authorities on the ballet and the opera, and there are performances of entrechats and pas de deux daily. Of course one must not show

one's bias in such matters: one must try at all times to detach oneself from oneself, must not one? One feels one should not deride one's own fellow-men for their heightened interest in the intricacies of science. Nevertheless, one cannot but feel that the neglect of one's culture cannot but be detrimental to one's education, can one?

The Library has acquired some new books. Now let that sentence seep in slowly; get the smelling salts and try to comprehend those words. Now take things easy and take the words one by one. The—Library—has—acquired—some—new—books. This fact meant that some older books had to go to make room for the new ones. The fated books concerned were the Harmsworth. The eight volumes have stood on the shelves for years, a constant source of useless information. When these tomes were published cross-bows were on the secret list. They have been moved to the cupboards beneath—the one on the right of the cocktail cabinet. The new books are very welcome, and our thanks are due not only to the School but to A. A. Smith for his gift.

It is strange to notice the effects that an impending examination has on boys. All of us are petrified. But we keep our thoughts to ourselves. Nobody mentions the subject; we put on a brave face and say that such trials are nothing to us. In fact, we know that they are everything to us. If we fail, we shall be forced to take a two-year holiday at establishments run on holiday-camp lines. Thus, it is essential that we succeed in June, and there are only 119,760 minutes left—at least, that was when I started this article: there are only 119,730 now, and so we must close; for there is not a moment to lose.

J.R.A.O'H.

Scientia

WITH the end of the term in sight we have been reminded that our Notes were due last Friday. As all good readers know, this form is a bit above writing form notes and has been since Summer 1954. (For ref. see *Scientia*, Christmas 1955). Actually, as Mr. M*!***Im says the real reason is that half of us just can't write at all. The departure of J.E.G., although fortunate in many ways, has made it necessary for us to drop our research into advanced physics and figures for an evening, and revert to the study of letters which we left behind well over a year ago.

The Easter term, usually a dull one, has been brightened for many of our members by the occasional excursion to certain Universities, provincial and other. Although none of our stalwarts can claim to have rivalled the experience of 'Honest Jack' on a similar trip last year, certain people have had jolly little times in Joe Lyons' cafes, whilst others prepared to complete the day by touring all the cinemas in town showing X cert. films.

Another experience which has overtaken us this term is the reading of the lesson each morning. The lengths of these pieces have varied quite considerably from T.R.'s 5-second quickie, to J.O.'s marathon of 5 minutes. In all fairness to the former, however, it must be said that he had an appointment with a man about a circus midget and, as Mr. S***y so aptly put it, "Brevity is the soul of wit."

It has just come to our notice that the song 'Pioneers' is to be performed at speech night. Although this has an army flavour, it reminds us far more of the old phrase that every geographer must have heard: "My great, great, grandfather was a pioneer—a very able man."

With regard to out-door activities, there is little to say except that during the season 8 members, too many to name, have graced the 1st XV. Congratulations, however, to T. R. Jones, who was again picked to represent Cheshire schoolboys against Lancashire schoolboys in the annual game during the Christmas holidays.

We conclude with the dreadful warning that a year in June, laddie, becomes 14 weeks, laddie, in simply no time at all.

Farewell.

H.S.J.

Form Notes

6A

THIS term the Lower Sixth Arts form has seen cataclysmic changes, the most important being the loss of two of its members who are known, to those readers who had the patience and intelligence to read and notes in the *Christmas Visor*, as "Haircut" and "Hairy Von," Cooper and Walsh respectively, of course. Many reasons have been put forward to us as the cause of their sudden departure, and, contrary to expectations, we are not going to publish the real reasons (as opposed to the imaginary ones put forward in the *Science notes*), because if we did they would be neither believed nor printed.

During the early part of this term, we of the Junior school were visited by, as the French so admirably put it, "un lapin." One of our members distinguished himself in one of the many pursuits, and owns, much to the envy of five members of the Lower Sixth Science, a one-sixth share in the aforesaid quadruped. And now to talk about the present form. We now abide partly in the Junior School and mostly in the Library. It is generally admitted by those who know us that we are a most unusual form. Everyone in it dresses alike, has the same likes, dislikes, hobbies, and pity for a certain member of the Upper Sixth who doubts the usefulness and sense of what the Japanese, French, Bulgarians, Croatians, and even the English, call Judo (a sport of which you may have heard). That, of course, is the sort of behaviour up with which we will not put. (Grammarians and Scientists note that sentence!). Everyone in the form plays chess for the School second team and for their house—Stitt, from which statement the more intelligent of you will have guessed that we are all in the same house. We fear that we have bored those of you who have persevered with us thus long, and we have also run out of any ideas we might have had. You will be relieved to find that my last words—but—approximately—twenty-seven—are that we are a unique form in every sense of the word.

R. and J.R.

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THERE are now 7 scientists, 1 artist, and Charlie in the 6th form.

Those of you who have read last term's *Visor* will no doubt be quick to notice a slight discrepancy between the opening sentence of this *Visor* and the opening sentence of the last 6th form notes.

Doubtless you will find elsewhere in this *Visor* an explanation of the mysterious disappearance of the two missing arts students, but I strongly advise you not to believe this, as the idiot who writes it is a member of the Budokwai, a notorious Oriental organisation which sends out black-belted lunatics, heavily disguised as part-time dustmen, to roam the streets and pounce on unsuspecting passers-by. The real explanation of their disappearance has not yet been made public, but there have been various conjectures as to their whereabouts. Have they gone to Blackpool? Is it another Burgess and Maclean case? Read next term's *Visor* for amazing disclosures about the scandalous negligence in this matter by the Knotty Ash Scouse and Wet Nelly Fanciers' Association.

During the bad weather we were invaded by a gang of hooligans, armed with snowballs, who took over control of the Junior School garden and forced us to go into hiding for a while. We soon recovered our courage, however, and managed to take a hostage. After we had hit him with a lump of wood disguised as *lls*pp he told us the nature and distribution of the enemy forces. With this new knowledge we were easily able to defeat our numerically stronger opponents.

One of the form's major occupations is listening to and playing records. Our tastes range from "The Rock Island Line" to "Rock-a-beating Boogie." This repertoire is much greater than that of 6A, whose sole contribution to our harmonising is a pepped-up version of "Gavotte in E Flat Major" by Long-haired Fred and his Cool Six.

Finally, I would ask anyone who wishes to join my fan club to write his name on the back of a photograph of a £5 note and send it to me. By return of post he will receive an Everton supporter's badge and a copy of "The Football Enthusiast's Complete Manual of Train Wrecking in Six Easy Stages," by Professor Fred Moriarty-Crun, professor of polygamy at Bootle University and part-time cymbalonx and ocarina player to the court of the Emperor of Holly Bank.

P.J.

WE begin with an article by Landeg White which, he assures us, came from the Solar Gazette, 230,000 A.D.

Since we left Earth, 198,000 years ago after the Great Catastrophe, much work has been going on to try to discover something of the lives of our ancestors. Recently, however, excavations near the primitive little village of Liverpool have unearthed a so-called newspaper called the **Daily Mirror**. From this, have been estimated, not only the number of inhabitants of Earth, but also their way of life. It appears that the Earth was divided into countries, each having different customs and languages, the centre of its so-called 'civilization' being the tiny islands of Great Britain.

The inhabitants of these islands were called "Brits," the male of the species being known as "Brutes," and most of the young "Brats." Their diet consisted mainly of "steak and onions," or "fish and chips." It is not known what these were. The "Brits" and particularly the "Brats" appear to have found these meals extremely appetising. This process of "having a meal" was followed by a ceremony of religious origin entitled "washing up." It is not known to which God this ceremony was addressed.

These our ancestors appear to have had little or no idea of entertainment. Only two games, called "Rugby" and "Marilyn Monroe" seem to have existed. The majority seem to have passed their time in boredom.

From these discoveries it is obvious that these "Brits" were far behind us in intelligence, but it is extremely puzzling to find that they considered themselves very up-to-date, and to excel both their predecessors and contemporaries in intelligence.

We continue with an article by T. Skinner, entitled

A VISIT TO AINTREE RACECOURSE.

One Saturday of last September my father did not go to work because he wanted to go to Aintree to see the British Grand Prix motor car race, and to my pleasure he said he would take me with him, and so at about a quarter to nine that morning, after checking our luggage, we set off. Soon afterwards we were on the bus on the way to Aintree. It seemed as if the journey took only a few minutes, because I fell asleep, but in fact the journey there had taken an hour.

It was eleven o'clock when we had found a good place to watch the race, which had already started, but, to our relief, a man whom my father had made acquaintance with told us that it was not the main race. Although it was only a friendly race it was very exciting, and it was not long before the smell of turning tyres and burning oil

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

There have been a good many changes in our way of life since the beginning of the century. In warfare, the possibility of complete annihilation is now a stark reality; transport is now spoken of in terms of hundreds of miles per hour; the modern way of life is altogether estranged from the conception of our ancestors. If we may believe G. B. Shaw it seems that the old order may return in the shape of a stone age. But whatever changes may ensue, however much our civilization may undergo change, one thing at least is certain: that, at NIXON'S OF BIRKENHEAD, we may be assured of receiving the very best quality and service.

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reached my nose. When this race ended, which was at a quarter to twelve, we sat down on the hill which was just behind us, and ate our dinner. Behind this hill was a shunting station, and from a signal box the railway man could see almost all the events without paying to enter the grounds. During this time, while we were eating, there was a bicycle race on the course; this seemed very slow after the cars.

The next event, which was the British Grand Prix, started at two o'clock; this was very exciting, and although there were many spills, especially when one car spun off the track right in front of us, there were no serious accidents. Throughout the twenty-seven three-mile laps, Stirling Moss, Britain's ace driver, and Fangio, Argentina's ace driver, were never more than a few yards apart, but they were well ahead of all the other cars. At the finish, Stirling Moss beat Fangio by a car's length, so becoming the first British driver to win the British Grand Prix.

At the end of the racing the crowds filled all the streets, and I had never seen so much traffic in all my life. It took us nearly half-an-hour to walk to the bus-stop, and then we had to wait a further half-hour before getting on a bus, but once we were on we settled down for the rather crowded but not unpleasant journey home after an exciting day.

Our next article is on rather a topical subject for this form and for the time of the year, and is by Salmon.

Let us consider the General Certificate of Education as viewed by various members of the School. To the first-former it is probably 'some exam that you take later on.' To the fourth-former it is 'some stupid exam or other that we take next year, but we needn't worry about it yet.' To the fifth-former it is the object of all his work, the goal to which he must continually strive, the bane of his existence. If he is conscientious, then it comes as just another, more difficult exam, but if he is not, then he realizes that it is a test which must be passed, and he starts revising, harder and harder, staying up later even than his wild life has previously led him as he tries to digest "Modern Europe," "Concise School Physics," "Man and the Earth," "Northanger Abbey," and similar indispensable text-books.

A test of the success of his efforts is provided by what is generally known as the "mock," a preview of the ordeal to come. Having had the results of the February exam, we are, as it were, gathering ourselves for the final hedge, the last jump. So, dear reader, we crave indulgence if we seem at times abrupt, haggard, off-hand, pre-occupied. Remember that the G.C.E. must come to us all at one level or another.

FIRST of all we start with some general Form notes compiled by G. B. Williams and K. L. Gray:

Since Christmas there has been a craze for photography in the form, and some artistic results have been produced with the kind co-operation of some of the masters. This term there has been a great disturbance in the form's normal routine in the shape of the "mock" School Certificate examination, some pupils being entered only by a hair's breadth for the actual examination. By far the most popular period this term has been Art (we will leave the reader to guess why!).

We have a good many rugby players in the form, but they have not had an exceedingly good season. The usual argument still takes place around the dinner-table between the aeronautically-minded of us and the nautically-minded (whom, for purposes of anonymity, we shall call "the old sea-salt"). Part of the term has also been devoted to the finding out the occupations most suited to each of us. Much hilarity resulted from the revelation of some of our members' fondest and most secret ambitions. At least, we have one "law-man" amongst us.

We follow next with an article by P. Darlington entitled:

A SUMMER OUTING.

During the first week of the Summer holidays, I went with the Air Training Corps to camp at Barry, near Cardiff. The place at which we stayed was the Royal Air Force station at St. Ahan. The Camp has a well-equipped gymnasium which includes a boxing ring, swimming bath, and an indoor hackey pitch. There were also billiard tables and table-tennis, which were much in demand in the afternoons, which were free. A large number of aircraft were on the station, including some Shackletons from Coastal Command. One morning we were conducted upon a tour of the hangars, radio room, and workshops, where we saw aircraft being serviced and repaired. On sunny mornings, we would be taken down in R.A.F. transports to Porthcawl Beach where we sunbathed, played, and swam. The last day before we were due to leave was spent with the Air Sea Rescue branch, and the highlight of the day was a trip in a high-speed rescue launch. The next day, we reluctantly departed after an enjoyable holiday which would be long remembered.

K. L. Gray, who is obviously a lover of nature, gives us:

NATURE STUDY.

The study of British wild life is one which, in these days of inexpensive transport, must commend itself as a hobby to those who need one which is inexpensive, interesting and inexhaustible. It is inexpensive because the beginner needs nothing but his eyes, a pencil, a note-book for jottings and rough sketches, and patience. The first thing to do is to learn something of the habits, homes, and appearance of our wild animals. To accomplish this, it will be easier for the beginner to divide the countryside into several parts such as: woods and their surroundings, fields, forests, moors and highlands, the river bank, etc., and to keep a special part of your notebook for each. There are several "rules" to be observed. Go quietly and alone to the country, or, if you have a companion, talk as little as possible. Some of the most interesting glimpses of wild life are obtained when the naturalist is keeping all his senses awake. I am sure that the reader will find that this hobby is restful, rewarding, and extremely interesting.

4A

OUR first article is by McTear, who vents his opinion on

SUPERSTITIONS.

The person who inaugurated superstitions was, in my opinion, an idiot. Furthermore, the person who allows himself to be governed by superstitions is a bigger idiot still. If I were to announce that henceforth anyone who put his left shoe on his right foot and kept it there all day, would come into a fortune, no one would believe me. Yet people listened to the man who said it was lucky to put one's vest on inside out. I presume that in a heat-wave this ruling is transferred to one's shirt.

Who invented that vest superstition, or the throwing of salt over one's shoulder, or the turning over of one's money at the new moon, or who decided that two magpies mean a dividend when one swallow doesn't even mean a summer. However, since I am asking the questions, I should answer them. Unfortunately I cannot.

As yet, I have mentioned only painless superstitions, but there are others, which can bring about unfortunate consequences. Take for example a broken mirror. In these days of lip-stick and eyebrow pluckers ladies are wont to carry about with them bags—vanity bags, toilet trunks, or whatever you like to call them. These they invari-

ably leave lying about. Consequently a person who uses a chair as a chair usually finds himself sitting on one of these vanity bags, from which issues the ominous crackling of a broken looking-glass. The result? Seven years' bad luck.

Prophecies and fortunes are often connected with gypsies. Should a caravan full of gypsies bless a bungalow, can you imagine that bungalow being transformed into a castle, or find itself gifted with a new drainage system? I am sure you cannot.

We all know that it is unlucky to cut our nails on Friday, and most of us have our suspicion about Sunday. The best plan is to cut them twice a week, namely on Wednesday, which brings health, and on Thursday, in order to enjoy wealth. In fact, as long as we stick to the manicure programme, it should not matter how many new moons we see through glass.

It is also reputed that if you pour hot water on the door-step, as the bride and bridegroom leave the house for their honeymoon, another marriage will be agreed upon before it dries up.

The origins of most superstitions seem to be lost in the legendary midst of the past. However, I can at least answer one question. What is the good of superstitions? The answer is—none. Why then am I talking about them? That I cannot answer either. Thus, with that ridiculous conclusion, I take my leave.

Greaves tells us about

BRITAIN'S HOPES FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

This year, the Olympic games are going to be held at Melbourne, Australia. A special stadium is being erected, and an Olympic town is being constructed to accommodate the athletes from the four corners of the world. Britain's strongest hopes lie in the long-distance events. In the sprint-distances and other field events she stands hardly any chance of any wins. However, this weakness is being overcome by the meeting of athletes at special floodlit stadiums for training together.

At the swimming pool, prospects look brighter since a considerable number of swimmers have equalled the best times in Europe, some even equalling world-record times.

The chief competition in the long-distance events comes from Russia and Hungary, and in sprint-distances the Americans hold a small lead over a long list of countries. In swimming, nearly all the competitors have equal chances of winning, but those at the peak of fitness will inevitably come off best.

CONTRIBUTIONS by P. Wild, R. A. Dixon, and C. E. Hughes have had to be omitted owing to lack of space. However, we begin with an article by L. R. Sykes describing

AN AFTERNOON OF MY HOLIDAY.

During the last summer holidays I went to Lytham St. Anne's, near Blackpool. I went with my mother, and the best hour of our stay was when we went for a trip in an aeroplane.

Although my mother had booked our tickets, we had to wait in a queue. We waited for nearly an hour. The aeroplane in which we were to fly carried fifteen passengers.

At last it was our turn, and we handed in our tickets and climbed into the aeroplane. As my mother and I were rather light, we sat in the back seat. There were two smaller boys who were shrieking with delight.

We turned, and went to the end of the runway. Then we stopped while the pilot received permission to take off. The runway appeared to be moving backwards, and we increased speed until we took off.

Beneath us the crowds of bathers looked minute; and, when we were over the sea, we seemed to be hardly moving. There were only one or two bumps as we turned back round Blackpool Tower. We gradually came lower and lower. The landing was as smooth as the take-off, and it was not long before we were back where we had started.

We continue with a contribution by D. Moyes about

EARLY RAILWAYS.

The first public railway was called the Surrey Iron Railway and ran from Wandsworth, London, to Croydon. It was opened in 1804, and the coaches were hauled by horses.

The first steam locomotive was not invented by George Stephenson, but by Richard Trevethick, a Cornishman. The reason for Stephenson's fame is the fact that he invented a locomotive on which all modern steam locomotives are based. He made use of such things as improved valve gear and many-tubed boilers.

The first railway accident took place in 1830 at Parkside on the Liverpool to Manchester line on the day that the line was opened. The train stopped at Parkside to take in water. Mr. William Huskisson, President of the Board of Trade, got out on the line to speak to the Duke of Wellington. While he was talking, a train approached on the other line. In trying to get back into his carriage, he fell in front of the train and had one of his legs so badly crushed that he died within a few hours.

THE first article is by G. Owen and it is called

A VISIT TO A CARGO SHIP.

I visited the "Clan Sutherland," a year or two ago, when it was lying in Vittoria Dock. At that time it was one of the most modern cargo ships afloat.

First we walked about on the bridge and saw the helm and numerous other gadgets, and then we visited the Chart Room, in which there were tables carved with maps and charts.

Back on deck we saw how the anchor was raised or lowered before we went down into the holds, which were full of tractors and bull-dozers destined for foreign parts. In the radio room, where various electrical equipment was kept, we saw the ship's radar, which showed a complete plan of the Mersey and Liverpool Bay. A shadow was moving round the screen, and when it came across a ship, that part of the screen "blinked." We then looked at the ship's funnel, and at the bottom of this we found a small room containing all the ship's games equipment.

By this time we were hungry; so we had some tea. After tea we visited the engine room, where we saw lots of machinery, pipes, gauges, and slippery ladders covered with oil. Everything we touched was greased. Next we passed through a doorway and down a long passage, along the wall of which ran a large pipe, and on enquiring what it was I discovered that it was the shaft of the propeller. The passage was very damp, and I was glad to come out of it. By this time it was time to leave, and so after a very enjoyable afternoon I returned home.

We conclude with an article by D. Chesworth

A DAY IN ANGLESEY.

During half-term, my friend and I went to Anglesey. We left Woodside Station at 8-50 on a cold morning, and after arriving at Chester we had a half-hour wait before the train left for Bangor.

We waited in the waiting room, and at last we boarded the train, which left on time. As we went along the coast, we passed holiday resorts and quarries. We reached Bangor at five past eleven and started hitch-hiking to Bodorgan. We were lucky in finding enough lifts to take us there, and we then walked about half a mile to Bodorgan Gardens, where we had our dinner under a tree which kept dropping showers of snow on us.

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After dinner we walked along the beach and climbed a slight incline to the top of what proved to be a cliff. We walked inland as the sky darkened and snow began to fall. After walking for a mile through fern and bracken we reached a farm, where we asked the way. We then proceeded and after another mile and a half of walking we were given a lift on the trailer of a tractor. The snow had stopped now, but it was replaced by a biting wind.

At last we left the tractor and recommenced our walk. After passing through a village called Bethel we were given a further lift, this time by lorry as far as Bangor station.

We had our tea in the waiting-room and caught the half-past five train back to Chester, where we boarded the train for Woodside, arriving there at eight o'clock. We parted at Woodside to board our respective buses, and as soon as I arrived home I had my supper and went straight to bed after a very tiring day.

3B

WE start with an article by K. Stewart entitled

LIVING IN A FIRE STATION.

I have lived at Central Fire Station ever since I was born and have seen the machines turn out to fires many times, but I still feel a thrill when I hear the sound of the bells.

There is great excitement on the station when a fire-call is received and the alarm sounds. The fireman on watchroom duty immediately alerts all personnel required to man the machines, at the same time switching on various lights, which are immediately over the engines, to indicate which engines are needed. The colours are red for the pump, orange for the pump-escape, green for the turntable ladder, and blue for the emergency tender.

The crews race to these vehicles, and they must all be off the premises within ten to fifteen seconds.

When not at fires, the men do a great deal of ambulance work, and they must also service all the machines. There are many drills in the yard, the best to my mind being the ladder drill up the side of the tower. An annual inspection is held, and the men give a show of work for the Mayor and the Town Councillors.

Next we have a contribution from L. Pollock, which he calls

MY VISIT TO THE PALAIS DES NATIONS, GENEVA.

Last year, during my holidays in Switzerland, I paid a visit to this very important building.

I was met by a guide at the entrance to the Assembly Hall, and in this room I saw the speaker's chair and the seats of the representatives of the countries forming the U.N.O. At each seat there was a microphone and earphones, and by the turn of a switch any of the five official languages, which are Chinese, English, French, Russian, and Spanish, could be heard or spoken. This is the largest room and holds more than two thousand people.

There were many other important rooms, such as the Council Room, Committee Room, and the Library, which has space for a billion volumes.

The World Health Organisation also has its seat at the Palais des Nations.

In the grounds are the flag-poles displaying the flags of the Member States and also the famous armillary sphere which rotates very slowly and on which are the signs of the Zodiac.

Before leaving I paid a call at the Souvenir Shop for a memento of a very interesting and instructive visit.

We close with D. Roberts' account of

MY FIRST HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND.

It was last summer that I paid my first visit to Scotland. We, that is to say, my mother, father and I, only had a six day visit there, but it quite sufficed our curiosity for we had not been before.

We started off at six-thirty on a Sunday morning; our goal that day was Ayr. As near home as Lancaster we took the wrong road, but presently we found the right one again. Shap Fell was crossed, and we were at Gretna Green by eleven o'clock. For the rest of the day the scenery was plain.

It was on the second day that the scenery became more interesting, and we could see the Isle of Bute in the distance after leaving Ayr. The next stage of our journey, from Gourock to Dunoon by ferry, was very interesting. After waiting a short time we boarded the boat. We continued to Fort William, but before we reached it we had another small ferry to cross at Ballachulish.

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Proceeding next day, we passed through Inverness, the most northerly point of our tour, and then, through the roughest country we encountered, to Crathie

We stayed there the night and next day proceeded to Braemar, and then on down the Devil's Elbow to Perth. We finished off that day at Callendar near the Trossachs.

On the Thursday we went on to Edinburgh, about fifty miles away, and we spent the rest of the day there. The final day was our journey home. We travelled all day and arrived home at seven-thirty.

2A.

WE begin with J. Mattingley's contribution describing

AN INTERESTING WALK.

We are fortunate to live in Wirral, where there are many interesting walks. One of the best of these is along the promenade from Seacombe Ferry to Hoylake.

This promenade is one of the longest in the country, and on a fine day this is as grand a walk as you would find anywhere. Excepting a gap of few hundred yards (near the site of old Leasowe Castle) it is possible to walk from Seacombe to Hoylake along promenade and sea-wall. This is a distance of ten miles, and there is something of interest every yard of the way.

I, myself, walked from Leasowe to Meols in February. I was glad that I had remembered my binoculars; for there were many kinds of birds to watch. I saw several oyster-catchers, sandpipers and redshanks. I enjoyed this walk very much, and was ready for an enormous tea when I arrived home.

We continue with an account by M. Ashdown.

A VISIT TO A CHOCOLATE FACTORY.

One day in November I paid a visit to Cadbury's Chocolate Factory at Moreton. As I entered this modern building, I was surprised by the enormous size of the conveyor belts which run the whole length of the building. At the beginning of the belt I saw a man called the "feeder." His job is to "feed" chocolate centres into the machine. These travel along the belt and are then coated with chocolate, after which they are dried. They are then wrapped and packed. One would not think that so much effort went into the manufacture of a half-pound box of chocolates.

We conclude with a contribution by J. D. Macmaster entitled

THE MERSEY PILOTS.

I have been to the dock many times with my father, and on several occasions I have spoken to Pilot Apprentices. Theirs is no easy life; for they learn their job when very young, starting as boat-hands.

At the moment there are 165 pilots and 51 boat-hands with the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board. They are always on duty, and can be called out even during their rest periods.

It usually takes twelve hours for a pilot to bring a ship into port and return to his boat. A pilot has to have a good physique; for some vessels can only be boarded by a Jacob's ladder, and this is no easy task in rough seas.

The latest pilot boat is the 'Edmund Gardner,' named after a former chairman of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board. There is room aboard her for 32 pilots, 18 apprentices, and 5 officers. Her modern aids to navigation include radar, echo-sounding apparatus, radio-telephone, and a loud-speaking telephone system. Two motor-driven boarding punts are carried to convey the pilots to and from ships.

In the River Mersey, the pilot service calls not only for a high order of seamanship, but also for a mathematical and calculating brain.

2B

OUR first article is by D. Burgess, who writes about

MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

I went to Talacre for my holidays last year. We boarded a train to Chester at Woodside and then took another train from Chester to Talacre. We arrived in the afternoon and went for the shopping, before unpacking our luggage.

The next morning we had breakfast, and then went for a walk to the beach where we saw a great many giant jelly-fish and one or two star-fish. After this we went home for dinner, and after dinner we walked across the fields behind our dwelling.

Next morning we went to Rhyl, where we bought presents to take home to our relations. We had our dinner there before returning. That evening we found a stray dog, which kept wandering about near the house, and we kept him with us until we returned home.

On the following day we went for a picnic on the beach, returning home in the afternoon, and the day after we went by bus to Prestatyn.

It was a long journey and the 'bus had some steep hills to climb. We spent an enjoyable day in Prestatyn, and when we returned we had to start packing up some of our things ready for the journey home next morning.

In the morning we finished our packing and caught the train to Woodside via Chester. At Woodside we caught a 'bus home, and our holiday was over.

This is followed by an article by G. Stewart called

A VISIT TO HOOTON AERODROME.

Last summer I went to Hooton Aerodrome to see the "Air Force At Home" display. After waiting a long time at Woodside I boarded a 'bus and arrived at the Aerodrome about a quarter of an hour after the start of the display.

Still, I was determined to have as good a time as possible; so I went in. On entering I was confronted by a W.A.A.F. selling programmes. I bought one and then went to see some of the temporary "converted" hangars. These contained guns, Meteors, tanks, and trucks, and one contained a cafe and some amusement stalls. In another I noticed a table, where the courses of the 'planes were being plotted, and another hangar contained an aero-engine (Rolls Royce), a dinghy, and a parachute.

Outside I saw some radar equipment and some more amusement stalls. All the time 'planes were flying past. A Sea-fury swept across the sky, followed by a Hawker-Hunter. Canberra bombers knocked down dummy houses with bombs. Gloster Meteors landed and took off ceaselessly.

Near the end of the programme the Canberras showed their superb handling qualities, and I went home thinking and talking about all the wonderful things which I had seen.

IA

MOST of the boys in this form wrote accounts of their holidays; the best of these was an article by J. Gurden, entitled

MY CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

Last Christmas I spent an interesting week with my parents in Devonshire. The journey southwards was made on Christmas Eve, via the Severn Tunnel. We arrived at Torquay in the evening and found the bay illuminated by coloured lights, as on summer nights.

On Christmas morning we were all busy exchanging presents, and after dinner we went to Hay Tor, which is an outcrop of rock on Dartmoor. Here, we raced up the hill to work off the effects of plum

pudding and Devonshire cream. While we were there, we saw a railway track along which quarried stone was taken many years ago for the construction of London Bridge.

Next morning we set off early to visit my grandparents at Porlock in North Somerset. The sun shone brilliantly as we drove through the beautiful valley of the River Exe and the Lorna Doone country. But, on the top of Exmoor, when we should have been able to see the Bristol Channel, a sudden hailstorm together with mist reduced visibility to a few feet, and we had to go very slowly down the famous steep hill into Porlock.

The following day we spent a very interesting half-hour exploring Kent's Cavern, which goes underground for half a mile, and contains amber-and-cream coloured stalactites and stalagmites, many thousands of years old. From there we went to Brixham, where we saw the keel of the new "Mayflower" under construction, and a number of fishing trawlers from Brittany and Normandy.

Another day we had a lovely run over Dartmoor to Plymouth. On the way we passed the beauty spot, Dartmeet, and the drab buildings of Princetown Prison. The Dartmoor ponies wander over the road because motorists often feed them, and so we had to drive carefully. In Plymouth it was exciting to see the Hoe, the quay from which the first "Mayflower" sailed, and also the famous Eddystone Lighthouse. We were very sorry when our holiday came to an end and it was time to return home.

Continuing in the holiday spirit we have an article by J. Dodd, entitled

SURF-RIDING.

During my summer holidays in Cornwall I spent many enjoyable hours surf-riding.

This is one of my favourite sports; for there is plenty of fun and many duckings. All you need is a bathing costume and a surf-board. If you cannot obtain one, anything down to a borrowed tea-tray will do.

When a wave of four or more feet high breaks behind you, you dive forward, and the surf will sweep you forward. If you dive too soon, you will take a trip to the sea-bed. The same will happen if you jump too late. When you dive ahead of the wave and miss it, the wave will break over you, gently sending you for a unique trip underwater. If you should be tempted to part company with your surf board you will again sink to the seabed.

We conclude with an article by T. Mannion concerning

THE WORLD'S LARGEST EXPLOSION.

The world's largest explosion was not caused by an atomic bomb, or by anything man-made; nature was responsible.

In August, 1883, the island of Krakatoa, lying between Java and Sumatra, blew up. The noise of the explosion was heard 3,000 miles away in Western Australia, and smoke rose seventeen miles in the sky. This giant explosion caused a tidal wave of one hundred feet high which swept the coast of Java, killing 36,000 people. The "ripples" from Krakatoa were noticed at Cape Horn, 8,000 miles away!

The explosion had one good result: it showed the direction of the prevailing winds which we now know blow ten to twenty miles up in the sky. The fine volcanic dust was blown up into these tremendous altitudes and it could be clearly seen. From the progress of this enormous dust cloud, the movement of the upper air could be studied. The pumice dust from Krakatoa circled the earth in about thirteen days. The same dust was still floating in the upper atmosphere two years after the explosion.

IB

WE begin with an article by Latham which he calls

MY EARLY SCHOOLING.

I started school for the first time when I was four. On my very first day I got some plasticene in my hair, and the teacher, not knowing any other way, cut off the patch of hair affected by the plasticine, which, as can be well imagined, caused much anger on my mother's part. I spent two years at that school, part of which were passed in my aunt's class. Of course I had to be very careful not to call her aunt in school, and this was by no means easy.

After the summer holidays, I was sent to Boarding School, where, like most schools of this sort, there was a bully. Having made a friend very quickly, I decided to teach this bully a lesson, and my friend and I secretly laid hands on this scoundrel and gave him the hiding of his life. Pillow fights were very common, although the culprits could be caned if caught.

Since the school was near the sea, we often visited the beach where we went swimming in summer. I used to come home on Sunday afternoons, once every fortnight, because the school was not far from my home.

Three years later I left this school and came to Woodchurch Road, where, after one and a half years, I finally took my examination to be admitted into the Institute.

Hughes next tells us about

THE FIREWATCHER.

In a glade in a great forest stood a tall and forbidding tower. Few people might have guessed what it was—a fire-watching tower, Inside it there are men who are continually on the look-out for forest fires. If one is seen, the men send word by radio to the base, some miles away.

At the base, the bearing of the fire is recorded, a siren rings, and a crew of firefighters take off in a plane to the blaze. Here they are dropped by parachute, and it is their responsibility to see that the fire is brought under control. This is dangerous but necessary work; for thousands of pounds' worth of damage is done to timber every year, although a great deal is being saved by these men. Although many fires burn themselves out, many are controlled by these brilliant highly skilled men.

We finish, with McIntosh's description of

A TRIP TO ABERDEEN.

Three years ago my family and I went on our two weeks' holiday to Aberdeen. The taxi drew up at our house at nine o'clock, and we were soon on our way to the station. When we arrived, we found that we had an hour's wait for our train. But this, of course, did not lessen my excitement in any way.

When the train arrived, we jumped aboard, and no sooner had it started than I immediately joined my younger sister in slumberland. When I awoke, it was to find that the train had stopped. But we had not reached our destination yet, and, determined to keep awake, I waited for at least another half-hour, when to my great excitement I heard those welcome words of my father, "This is it." At last we were in Scotland, with our holidays before us.

Rugby

AT the beginning of the season the 1st XV, with K. Jones as captain and five of last year's team, showed great promise, willingness, enthusiasm, and playing ability.

As the season progressed, these qualities waned, consequently resulting in a poor season, as the results show.

1st XV

Date.	Opponents.	Gd.	F.	A.	Rslt.
Sept. 21—	Wirral Grammar School	A.	12	6	Won
Oct. 5—	Birkenhead School	H.	3	3	Drawn
12—	Park High School	H.	11	3	Won
15—	Wade Deacon Grammar School	A.	0	14	Lost
Nov. 2—	Rock Ferry High School	H.	14	0	Won
9—	St. Anselm's College	H.	6	11	Lost
12—	Grove Park Grammar School	A.	3	8	Lost
30—	West Park	A.	21	3	Won
Dec. 7—	St. Edward's College	A.	3	29	Lost
17—	Calday Grange School	A.	3	6	Lost

2nd XV

Date.	Opponents.	Gd.	F.	A.	Rslt.
Jan. 14—	Wade Deacon Grammar School	H.	5	13	Lost
25—	Rock Ferry High School	H.	3	10	Lost
Feb. 8—	Oldershaw Grammar School	A.	0	6	Lost
29—	Wirral Grammar School	H.	9	3	Won
Mar. 7—	St. Edward's College	H.	3	28	Lost

Chess

THE principal activities of the Chess Club this term have been confined to the completion of the outstanding fixtures in the Wright Challenge Shield Competition and the playing of House matches.

In the remaining four matches of the Shield Competition we won one match, drew one, and lost the remaining two. Our win was secured against Holt H.S., whom we beat soundly by $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$. We drew with Liverpool College and were well beaten by both Liverpool Institute ($1-6$) and Caldy G.S. ($\frac{1}{2}-6\frac{1}{2}$). Our final result in the Competition was, therefore, Played 8, Won 1, Drawn 3, Lost 4.

The House Chess Competition was won by Stitt with Tate runners-up. Results in full were:

Stitt	$5\frac{1}{2}$	—	Atkin	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Stitt	4	—	Westminster..	3
Stitt	$4\frac{1}{2}$	—	Tate	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Tate	$5\frac{1}{2}$	—	Westminster..	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Tate	5	—	Atkin	2
Westminster.	$4\frac{1}{2}$	—	Atkin	$2\frac{1}{2}$

The Junior Chess Competition has been won by Barwell, who secured his game against Doveston by default. The finalists in the Senior Competition are H. S. Jones and Morgan.

Music

THIS term Mr. Shaw has been concentrating on the School recorder group. The members meet regularly in the dinner-hour, and the practices are extremely popular. Although most of the boys play descant recorders, a few have mastered the treble and tenor instruments. They have been rehearsing those songs which were heard on Speech Day, including "Author of the Whole Creation," by Bach, and Schubert's "Cradle Song." Besides those two songs, the whole School sang "Pioneers," by Martin Shaw, and the younger boys sang "The Song of the Music Makers," and "Orpheus with his lute." Altogether, the School rendered five songs, which are proof of the keenness shown in the subject. The recorder group will continue to meet, and it is especially pleasing to see so many young boys taking up the instrument. Mr. Shaw or the Chairman will be delighted to welcome any newcomers.

J. R. A. O'HARE.

OLD BOYS' NEWS.

WE have pleasure in recording the appointment in January of Mr. Sidney Marchant as Chief Assistant in the Birkenhead Central Library. He joined the Library staff on leaving the School in 1928, as a junior librarian, and for some years recently was in charge of the Reference Library. Mr. Marchant, who is well known to students doing research work, succeeds Mr. W. Galt who is now Deputy Librarian.

* * *

We regret to record the death on January 3 at his home at Thornton Hough of Mr. John Mawdsley Furniss, C.B.E., one of the Institute's most distinguished Old Boys. He was 78. Mr. Furniss went from the Institute to a junior post in the Old Bank of Liverpool, from which the present famous Martins Bank grew. He rose rapidly in his profession, and eventually, after acting for some time as district manager at Newcastle-on-Tyne, returned to Liverpool to become the bank's Chief General Manager. In 1939 he was appointed a Director, and five years later, on his completion of 50 years unbroken service, he was honoured by the King with the award of the C.B.E. The School is justly proud of its connection with such a great career, a reminder of its capacity to produce lives of the highest eminence in our public and commercial concerns.

* * *

We also regret to report the death on January 16 of another old Instonian, Mr. Thomas W. G. Jones of New Ferry, formerly Headmaster of St. Anne's School, Birkenhead. Mr. Jones proceeded to Chester College from the Institute, and after holding teaching appointments at Holy Trinity and the Deli Schools, was made Headmaster of St. Anne's in 1934, where he served until 1947.

* * *

It gives us great pleasure to note the appointment of Mr. G. A. Wetherell, F.R.C.S., as Assistant Orthopaedic Surgeon at Clatterbridge Hospital, Wirral.

* * *

Our congratulations also go to a former member of Staff, Mr. D. J. Williams, on his recent appointment as Principal of the new Singapore Polytechnic.

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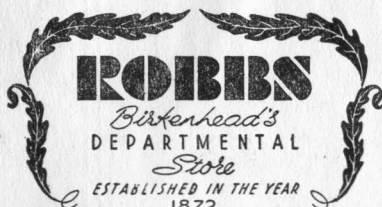
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