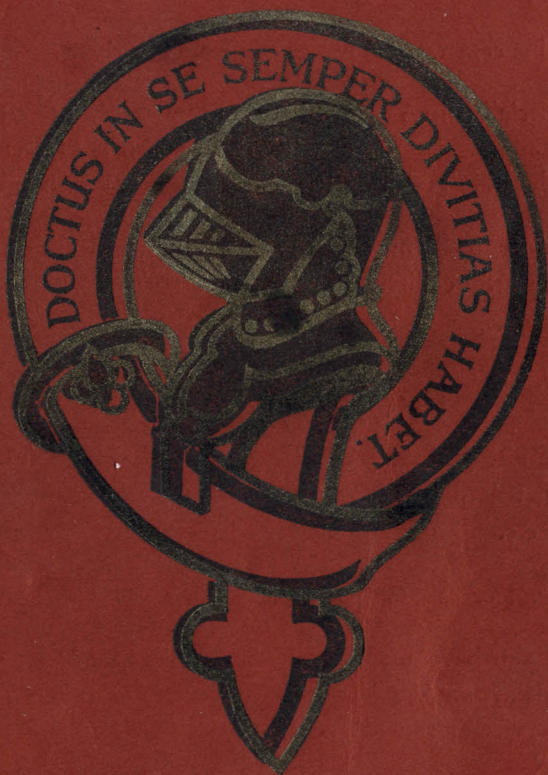


# THE VISOR

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MAGAZINE OF  
BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE

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EASTER 1957

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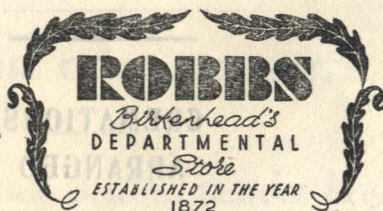
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Front Row—G. Buckland-Evers, T. R. Jones, R. F. Salmon (Capt.), T. Harris, V. W. Smith.

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## School Calendar

Spring term began .....	January 7th.
Half-term .....	March 4th—6th inclusive.
Cross Country Race .....	March 22nd.
Speech Day .....	April 10th.
Spring term ends .....	April 17th.
Summer term begins .....	May 6th.
Athletic Sports .....	May 23rd.
Half-term .....	June 10th and 11th.
Summer term ends .....	July 19th.



## Editorial

THIS term has been remarkable for two things. Firstly, it has been a very long one—as Spring Terms go—and this has enabled us to get through a large amount of work, in the class-rooms, on the field, and in the various School societies. That so late an Easter has some serious academic disadvantages can hardly be denied. For to begin the Summer Term as late as May 6th, seriously shortens the final term of the School year, and that at precisely the time when the shadows of the General Certificate Examinations seem to threaten a premature end to our normal activities. Again, seen from a fixture-card point of view, next term's cricket season has too much urgency about it to suit the easy tempo of summer. Yet, if the term which is now closing has been long, its character this year has determined the second consideration which has also made it notable. When was there such good weather in January and February? Who could have foreseen when we returned after Christmas how genial the temperatures were to be at a season usually remembered for foul thaw or grim north-easters? We recall some afternoons this term so mild that blazers were doffed, when it would have been easy to imagine that we had reached some drowsy afternoon in July with summer holidays around the corner. For so smooth a passage of the year's darkest period, for so unexacting a translation from the bare trees and hedgerows of winter to the rich promise of another Spring, (and indeed this time she has peeped at us so often from the wings before taking the stage that we greet her as an old friend), let us be profoundly thankful, since it has enabled us all to get much done with but little interruption. This has been a full term, and, as was said of a famous novel, 'there was something in it for everyone.' We think this Easter number of the *Visor* fairly reflects the scope and variety of our achievements over fourteen weeks, and we trust our readers will find it a worthy memorial of a really good Spring Term.

## Salvete

Pugsley, C. M.

## Valete

2A—Allen, R. M.

4A—Bewley, J. E.

5B—Beswick, B.; Gray, K. L.; Harford, D. E. W.

6S—Paine, B. G.

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## Staff Notes

**A**T the beginning of this term the School welcomed Mr. J. H. Thompson, appointed to take charge of the Modern Languages department. Educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he took honours in French and German, Mr. Thompson proceeded to the M.A. degree and afterwards studied at the London University Institute of Education. Before coming to the Institute, Mr. Thompson had been on the Staff of Preston Grammar School (1952 to 1956).

We welcome the appointment to the Staff of Mr. Johnson, who took up his duties at the School on March 11th, and who fills the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Bloor last Christmas. An old boy of Oldershaw Grammar School, Wallasey, Mr. Johnson took an Honours Degree in Mathematics at the University College of Wales, Bangor.

### *In Memoriam*

**I**T is with great regret that we record the death on January 7th of Mrs. G. Curtis, better known to generations of Instonians as Miss Booth. She was appointed to the staff of the Junior School in 1927 as Form Mistress of the First Form, and served in what was then the preparatory department of the Institute for nineteen years. Miss Booth married Mr. Gilbert Curtis on January 7th, 1946, and resigned her appointment at the School in the following July. She was thus the last surviving teaching mistress of the once flourishing Junior School, and her death breaks a link with an important part of our history. It is natural at such a time to recall the splendid work achieved over many years, before its closure, by the Junior School, which produced some of the Institute's finest pupils. They would be among the first to acknowledge their debt to Miss Booth; for she had exactly the right qualities for a first-form mistress. They were in a very real sense her children. She had a keen interest in their welfare, and, while strict, had just that right spice of humour to make their time with her rewarding and enjoyable. Nor are they likely to forget her devoted service with the Scout Cubs over a long period. We are glad that the School was represented at her



funeral on January 11th by the Headmaster and Mr. Allison, so that, in this parting from an old colleague and teacher, her former associates could through them pay their tribute for what she did so well in her day for Birkenhead Institute.

We also have to record with deep regret the death on March 23rd of Mr. John Paris, for many years an English Master at Birkenhead Institute, and for a brief period before his retirement owing to ill-health, Second Master at the School. Mr. Paris graduated M.A. at the University of Edinburgh in 1913, and served throughout the first World War as an officer in the Border Regiment. After some teaching in Scotland, he was appointed to the Institute Staff in 1920, and served the School for thirty-two years. To his former colleagues and to hundreds of Old Boys, this sad news will bring with it a sense of deep personal loss. Not only was Mr. Paris an inspiring teacher who had the gift of showing his pupils the greatness of English Literature, but he was also keenly interested in Rugby Football, being one of the founders of the Old Instonians Club. He played a big part in the change over during the early thirties from Association to Rugby Football and thus helped to establish our fine tradition in this code. He will be long remembered for his unfailing courtesy, for his sly humour which never wounded but produced many a bon mot, and for the atmosphere of equanimity he carried with him. His unruffled calm was the outward expression of an inner wisdom which was always at the service of his friends. He served this School well and he leaves us with a precious memory of a delightful companion and a true gentleman.

## *Cross Country Race*

NO fewer than 288 competitors turned out for Birkenhead Institute's Annual Cross-Country Race which took place on Friday afternoon, March 22nd. For once the weather was fine and warm, with a cool breeze which prevented conditions from becoming over-sultry, and which also went a little way towards drying some of the mud which made for heavy going in parts of the course.



The event, which began and ended at the school playing field in Ingleborough Road, was attended by the Chairman of the Governors, Alderman W. E. Power, who also acted as starter of the three divisions, Junior, Intermediate, and Senior, in which the race was run. All the races were keenly contested right down to the last man, and many first class finishes were seen. Great credit is due both to the competitors for their keenness and to Mr. Robins for his training of the boys and his organization.

## JUNIOR.

- 1st—Jones, N. V. (Atkin).  
 2nd—Steedman, A. (Westminster).  
 3rd—Gurden, J. R. M. (Atkin).

Time: 15 minutes 50.6 seconds.

### House Competition.

1st—Westminster	.....	324 points
2nd—Atkin	.....	429 points
3rd—Tate	.....	524 points
4th—Stitt	.....	571 points

## INTERMEDIATE.

- 1st—Forrester, A. A. (Tate).  
 2nd—Currie, P. (Tate).  
 3rd—Humphreys, K. E. (Westminster).

Time: 26 minutes 6 seconds.

### House Competition.

1st—Stitt	.....	372 points
2nd—Westminster	.....	400 points
3rd—Atkin	.....	419 points
4th—Tate	.....	432 points

## SENIOR.

- 1st—Harris, T. H. (Westminster).  
 2nd—McIntosh, I. M. (Stitt).  
 3rd—Burdett, F. (Westminster).

Time: 34 minutes 32 seconds.

### House Competition.

1st—Atkin	.....	549 points
2nd—Tate	.....	608 points
3rd—Stitt	.....	701 points
4th—Westminster	.....	787 points

## FINAL HOUSE POSITIONS.

1st—Atkin.	3rd—Stitt.
2nd—Westminster.	4th—Tate.



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At that moment he was in truth the picture of ruin and despair. He had but ten seconds ago rung the bell and bidden the answering footman bring him a razor, a piece of stout rope, a magnum of prussic acid, and a reliable revolver. From the lips on which Chancellors of the Exchequer and rickshaw men had been known to hang issued something which sounded very much like "This is it." And the cause of this collapse? Only two hours previously he had been traced to his lair by 'Fox' Simpson of the "Evening Hoot," whom everyone in the business knew as one of the smarter Fleet Street boys. Fewer perhaps knew that he was Alexander's implacable enemy. Forty-five years before, Alexander had put carbide in Foxy's inkpot. The insult rankled as if it had happened but yesterday. The journalist had waited a lifetime to avenge it, but only that morning had the document come into his hands which could lay low the tyrant who had so long eluded him.

The "Hoot" (6 p.m. Last City) of that evening is still known among pressmen as "Foxy's Edition" for in truth he was responsible for the two pieces of shattering intelligence which make it famous in newspaper history. In the Stop Press column appeared in small print "Suicide of Snipe"—an amazing scoop (though Foxy had the type set up three hours before it happened) which made every other editor in London gnash his teeth in impotent rage. Alongside that unobtrusive, almost apologetic announcement, was a flaring banner headline spanning six columns. "SNIPE UNMASKED" it read. "DAMAGING REVELATIONS." Beneath in facsimile appeared the document which even Alexander's millions had been unable to suppress. We reproduce it here by courtesy of the proprietors of the "Evening Hoot," 15.3.57.

#### REPORT ON ALEC P. SNIPE: SPRING TERM 1912.

Average Age 11.3.      Form IV.  
Arithmetic: Hopeless. Cannot count.  
English: Deplorable. Cannot write.  
Geography: Baffles description.  
Music: Has as much aptitude as a limp prop.  
Art: Highly comical and getting worse.  
Athletics: Combines the dexterity of a hippopotamus with the speed of an old-age pensioner.  
General Remarks: Should come to a bad end.

The last laugh, as you will perceive, lay with Alexander's old form master, and much good it did him; for he has been in Kensal Green Cemetery these twenty years.





A MEETING of parents of boys in the 5th and 6th Forms was held in the music room on the evening of January 16th. Its purpose was to emphasize the value and importance of Advanced work as a preparation for the varied careers now open in the modern world. After the Headmaster had addressed the meeting, parents had an opportunity of discussing individual problems with members of the Staff. There can be no question of the usefulness of such gatherings, and it is proposed to hold further meetings at regular intervals.

\* \* \*

Members of the 6th and Upper 6th Forms attended a conference arranged by the Student Christian Movement at Rock Ferry High School on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 12th. The main subject, on which Professor Reid was the principal speaker, was "Proof or Belief." Afterwards the audience, composed of advanced pupils from eight local grammar schools, split up into study groups for further discussion.

\* \* \*

Before half term we were given two reminders of the work being done to safeguard our well-being in the face of perils both internal and external. For the former, the huge vans of the mass radiography unit were drawn up outside the School, and many photographs of our lungs taken. Insidious as is the menace of the microbe, it does not always seem so immediately sinister as the reckless road-user. The lecture arranged by the police on road safety brought home the lesson that casualties can only be reduced by constant thoughtfulness and by close attention to the mechanical soundness of whatever means of transport we use.

\* \* \*

Photographs of a more conventional kind interrupted the daily round on the 21st and 22nd March. Not only was the usual panoramic view of all the members of the School taken, but an older tradition was revived in the photographing of each form with its form Master. In addition our buildings were taken from various points of vantage. The climax came with an official photograph of the Cross



Country Run on Friday, March 22nd, the Chairman of the Governors, Alderman W. E. Power, acting as starter. These photographs are to be preserved in a special album as a record of the great days of 1957 at B.I.

\* \* \*

We are glad to understand that the oldest club in the School, the Sixth Form Literary and Debating Society, has already begun a revival, with a talk given by the Head Master on March 18th on "State Education Systems and their effect on national character." Further lectures are being arranged as well as Film and Drama sections. This society did so much valuable work in the past that we are confident that it can still contribute much to the senior members of the School.

\* \* \*

We congratulate the following who were successful in the annual essay competition held by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Harding of 4A gained a special Book Prize in addition to the certificate awarded. Certificates were also won by Kellett (4A), J. A. Williams (2A), and Forshaw (1B).

## Libraria

HOW many of you have wondered what that beautiful word "Libraria" really means? Perhaps you think that it is an I.T.V. advertisement for pink gin, or the name of some washing product that improves even on perfect filth, or, more likely, a well-known automatic detector for concealed milk bottles? Well, you are all mistaken. Libraria means "the Supremely Handsome Ones." The inevitable question now is "What does Scientia means?" For a modern definition see "Scientists and other members of the insect-pest family," written by that distinguished biologist-cum-nitwit Ivor Neghead.

The two highlights of this term have been the coming of Mr. Thompson to ensure our State schols. in "l'examen Francais," and the visit to Rock Ferry High for the Schools' Scripture Congress. When several members of our company returned from this congress, they were convinced they had seen real angels there. On closer investigation it turned out that these heavenly creatures were, in actual fact, members of a local grammar school for girls. Roberts contented himself with muttering "Quel talent"; Walsh thought a member of the Girls' High School was Best (P. J. is not the only one who can make puns!). One of our scientist friends, Dashing Dave, left the conference imbued with a desire to learn the oboe. The



Sabrina who promoted this desire volunteered to give him lessons. The conference is mainly remembered, however, for the excellent chairmanship of one of the discussion groups. (Why does everybody call me big 'ead?).

So far we have been accepted at only one university, that exclusive one being situated in the pleasant vale of Dartmoor. When we went for our interviews we were astonished at the keen sense of discipline there, and the seeming lack of jocularity amongst the students who have a very distinctive uniform!

A great feature of this term has been the increase of social life. Our Lit. and Deb. members regularly deliver their speeches with fiery Gladstonian eloquence. It is unfortunate that the debate "This House thinks that all members of 2B should be transported to Inner Mongolia" and Lythgoe's long-awaited paper on "Knitting and Embroidery as I see it" have been postponed for the present.

The best is always kept until the last, and we shall now reveal to you the long-awaited secrets of the scientists. We should like to make acknowledgments to the publishers of "Night Life in Whetstone Lane," "The Secret Passions of Philip Jones," and "Bird Watching with Uncle Jell" from which the material has been taken. We mentioned in the last issue the fact that H\*\*\*\*r had three wives, but we are afraid that this statement is now obsolete. He has now decided to form a harem and live up to his title of Vice-Captain of the school. It is reliably reported that Newcombe may be seen on Widnes Station every Saturday pushing a match-box with his nose. This, of course, accounts for the rubicundity of the aforesaid proboscis.

We leave you with two important questions: Why does a certain young lady serenade a certain fair young biologist every night with the haunting strains of "Charlie is my darling"? Why can the strains of "Oh! No John, No John, No-o-o John, no!" be heard wafted on the night breeze, in the vicinity of the A\*\*\*\*p residence?

Now, we must bid you farewell in the words of the immortal bard "Ta, ra, well! Wackers!"

"HAIRY VON."

"BLACK DAN."

## Scientia

THE time has come once more when the activities of this intelligent and athletic form must be recorded in the *Visor*.

Firstly, I must tell you that we are now, once more, the occupants of the Advanced Physics Lab. We were removed from the Junior School just when we were beginning to master the art of



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dealing from the bottom of the pack and of throwing darts into Alls\*pp's head with nonchalant ease

Most of us have been for interviews to various Universities, ranging as far afield as Hull and London. Thoughts of Honest Jack's successful trip to Leeds were uppermost in our minds as we set off, but I am sorry to say that we all returned without having followed his example.

A source of great amusement (for those not immediately concerned) and a certain amount of trepidation (for the performer) has been the reading of the lesson in the morning. It has been a matter of Hobson's choice regarding the passages of the Scriptures chosen, and, as a consequence, there has been no repetition of Tommy's brilliant effort last year.

The Chemistry lab. has been the scene of several experimental triumphs this term. The most successful of all, however, was not included in the syllabus set by the N.U.J.M.B., and it resulted in the ignition of a large quantity of M\*th\*w's hair.

As well as taking a major part in our chemical experiments, M\*th\*ws takes a keen interest in classical music. His main interest is in the art of playing the oboe, and he resents the allegation that he is more interested in the young lady who plays the instrument than the music.

Mention must be made of those two morons who inhabit the Library, Weary Willie Walsh and Tired Tim Roberts. They have formed an unholy alliance which rivals the partnership of that late lamented pair who used to occupy the library, Cuthbert, the tame midget, and Pussyfoot, the mad musician. We resented the insinuations behind the questions which they posed in last term's *Visor*. H\*pn\*r was offended by the suggestion that he has three wives—he has only two. Welsh and Roberts are not as perfect as they would have everyone believe. Behind their facade of respectability lies a vice-ridden interior which is seen only on rare occasions. Not many people know that Walsh is the Caucasian knee-dancer whose sinful displays have made him the toast of the Scotland Road Tommy Steele Fan Club. It is also a fact that Roberts's most prized possession is a combined corkscrew and bottleopener which he manages to find a use for on every possible occasion.

At this juncture I must end my epistle—not because there is nothing else to write about, but because the fines for libel are very great.

P.J.



## Form Notes

6A.

THOSE venerable gentlemen who drew up the School calendar must have, as they planned the Easter term, been thinking of the old proverb "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"; for this term there have been no examinations, but numerous recreative distractions. For instance, we have made our annual descent on the astonished inhabitants of Landican, and brought back varying accounts of the depth of the Storeton mud. The House matches have been played, and the Technical College again visited for Speech Night (every member of 6A winning a prize). A dormant Literary and Debating Society has been revived, and Film and Dramatic branches formed. The Photographer has risked his lenses both on the whole School, and on individual forms and teams. The fact that the School photograph contains two twin-brother janitors should considerably raise our prestige in the town. Lastly, two lectures provided welcome reliefs from the strain and toil of living and Moliere. Early in February, a representative of Birkenhead Constabulary "put us wise" about Road Safety; and, more recently, both the Sixth forms visited Rock Ferry H.S. for a lecture, given by Professor Reid of Leeds University, on "Proof and Belief." The lecture was followed by group discussion.

In past weeks, our Science friends have forsaken the trivialities of Tit Bits and Blighty for the noble art of Chess. Indeed, this game seems to have become the form's major activity. We wonder how much longer their brains (and pride) will stand the strain of thus venturing into artistic circles. We notice also that our neglect of Rugby has been criticised by the sportsmen of the Upper School. Although we hope to be represented at Cricket next term, for the present we prefer to be consoled by the fact that "The first in beauty" is the "first in might."

L.E.W.

5A.

IN T. Harris we obviously have a keen lover of nature, as can be seen from his article on

### VANDALISM IN THE COUNTRYSIDE.

In a land possessing some of the most beautiful scenery in the world is it not fitting that the countryside should be cared for by the inhabitants in order that the maximum of pleasure may be derived from it? This, however, is not so. The countryside is defaced by hoardings, pylons, and all the horrors of modern architecture



and by the people themselves who litter the countryside with tins, bottles, and paper bags of all descriptions.

In the very beautiful Lake District the freshness of the scenery is mingled, most distastefully, with the ugliness of the modern age; pylons have sprung up among the fields; quarries have been dug, and the miners' old huts have been left in a most dilapidated condition—truly an eyesore. The most beautiful lakes have been ponded back by unsightly dams which interfere enormously with the life of the country's few remaining wild animals, forcing them to live under conditions quite foreign to those of yore.

The picturesque little villages of England and Wales have had their beautiful old lamp-standards torn down to be replaced by ugly lamp-posts of modern design, and even the sides of once lovely cottages have been defaced by hoardings.

Surely, if the coming generation is to grow up to be proud of its native country, it should be allowed to see the country's natural and not artificial beauty.

And now A. Kay recounts something which most of us have surely experienced, when he writes about

#### MY FOUNTAIN PEN.

I like my fountain pen; it has character. It floods, squirts, jams, blots, dries up, and sometimes writes—providing an endless smudge in royal blue.

Filling my pen is always a major operation involving extensive preparation. First, blotting paper must be spread in great quantities over a great area, and then the ink-bottle is placed centrally before I attempt to extract that little lever from its hollow resting place.

The pen is then immersed in ink and the lever waggled—whereupon the ink rises, with a suckling gurgle, into the little rubber tube. By a similar and equally enthralling process, the ink creeps up the outside of the pen, and my hands assume a blue tint. A frantic search follows, and the inevitable handkerchief appears, to wipe up the mess.

Variations of this operation occur in the form-room when the contents of my inkwell come to light. A rubber which I lost three terms ago appears transfixed by the nib of my pen. Encouraged by this inky find, I investigate further and extract a blob of soggy blotting-paper, two rotten pen nibs, and a lump of hard chewing-gum. But by this time, my nib, which has unfortunately been employed as a fish-hook, has become hopelessly twisted and bent, and it is useless as a means for furthering my complaints on paper.



And finally D. Brocklebank tells us in his article about

### MY PROSPECTIVE HOLIDAYS.

I have been invited to spend the coming summer holidays with my pen-friend in Germany. First of all, however, he is coming to spend several weeks with me.

He lives in Hildesheim—a quaint old town in Hanover, Prussia. It stands on the banks of the River Innerste, and is about twenty-four miles south-east of Hanover. It is also quite near to Hamelin, which is associated with the legend of the Pied Piper.

Almost all of the houses in Hildesheim are very old and date back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There are, however, a large number of modern houses being built on the outskirts of the town.

Needless to say I am looking forward very much to this visit and the chance of seeing some of the famous places of historical interest in the area.

### 5B.

**P**ARKER, who was lucky enough to spend a holiday in the exhilarating climate of Chamonix, relates an exciting mountain adventure. He calls it

### THE GLORY OF THE ALPS.

During last summer, while at Chamonix, we made the decision to make an attempt on the north face of the Eiger. On the crisp morning of August 28th, four of us set out for the great Berta glacier which is about 6,000 feet above the great climbing centre. Our equipment was of the best French make and was expensive, and we were confident of success although the weather seemed rather unpromising high up. We walked unroped up the glistening glacier until we came to the foot of the formidable "pyramid" where so many men had violently met their deaths. Then after a long rest in the warm sun we stripped to the waist and roped up.

The only professional climber among us was George Schatz, a part-time guide during the summer, who was a great friend of the leader of our party, Phil Tusker. He led the first pitch of 60 ft., and I followed, being the least experienced of our party.

When we were all safely on the first belay ledge, we continued up a narrow chimney, which is a crack in the rock. Chimneys cannot be climbed, and the only way to ascend them is to go up backwards using back and hands. Two years before two men had been killed on this same pitch, and we found evidence of their passing—pitons hammered into the rock, which we used as safety measures.



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So far the whole climb since leaving Chamonix had taken nine hours. We now resolved to bivouac on a wide ledge at the top of this pitch. Our only means of protection from the weather was a vinyl sheet, but we passed the slow night quite pleasantly in eating and drinking. The following morning we arose in glorious sunshine to see Chamonix gleaming in the valley far below.

The next pitch was the most severe of the whole climb, and it was here that the second man on George's rope fell. He fell only fifteen feet, but he was left hanging 10 ft. out in space over a 2,000 ft deep cwm. After we had rescued him we found him to be very shaken, and the previous night's sleeplessness did not help either.

After a quick decision we had to go back, which we did by descending in rappels of a hundred feet at a time. We did not reach the top of the Berta glacier until four hours later, and then it took two and a half hours to reach Chamonix. That evening we relaxed in a hotel and thought about the glory of the Alps.

P. S. Collins concludes with an account of a visit to

#### LIVERPOOL STADIUM.

I was very lucky to be a spectator at the finals of the boxing tournament sponsored by the "Daily Mirror" newspaper. There were twenty bouts during the tournament which lasted for over three hours. The rounds in boxing are of three minutes' duration.

The gallant losers all had an opportunity to win a trophy which was presented by the famous radio, television, and recording star, Frankie Vaughan. The best loser of the evening was D. Vernon of Battersea A.B.C., London.

The quickest win of the evening was gained by T. Andrew of Brighton, who had won all his contests to reach the final by first-round knock-outs. He once more showed how he punches with skill and power when he battered P. Parkinson to defeat in forty-nine seconds of the first round.

The show ended with all the boxers in the ring receiving their prizes which they had been so eager to win since the tournament began last December. Whilst the Stadium was growing quiet because most people were leaving, one could still hear the Sports writers ending their thoughts of the evening on a type-writer.

The crowd parted: the lights of the stadium went out, and the show was over.



OUT of the wealth of interesting material produced by this form, we commence with Kellett's wanderings round Wirral, which he entitles

### A HIKE.

In October, with a friend, I set out on a two-day hike to survey some of Wirral's windmills.

At twelve o'clock we arrived at Willaston, and having taken our bearings, we proceeded to Mill Lane to the one hundred and ten foot high windmill whose sails were once found in the village after it had been struck by lightning. When the wind was not strong enough to turn the sails, steam was used. John Hale was the last miller to occupy the mill about forty years ago, when the bakery on the opposite side of the road was employing forty men in two shifts.

We next set out for Raby, where we arrived at two o'clock. The most remarkable building of this village is the "Wheatsheaf Inn," which was built in 1611. We left Raby by a path which became overgrown with nettles, with the result that we had to climb fences, and I had to throw two rucksacks over a stream and a fence at the same time. However, when we reached the main road, A540, we walked towards Heswall, and at the 'Devon Doorway' cross-roads we came to our next windmill. This mill, built of Cheshire sandstone and almost covered with ivy, is about thirty feet high. It was last used about a hundred years ago, being three hundred years old and almost certainly the oldest windmill on the West Coast.

At four-thirty we arrived at Border Stud Farm, where we camped for the night, and after our tea, which consisted of "bubble and squeak," liver, sausages, mandarins and cream, and tea, we went to bed; but it was dark. At six o'clock the next morning we arose. It was foggy and very cold outside. Having washed and dressed, we had breakfast, which consisted of spaghetti and beans, bacon and eggs, and milk.

When we left the farm, it was still foggy but not so cold. We passed through Brimstage and about a quarter to twelve the sun broke through the clouds. When we reached the top of Rest Hill, our final windmill, Higher Bebington Mill, was in sight. This mill is about 100 feet high, but as it is surrounded by buildings we soon departed, in high spirit, to our homes with the sun shining brilliantly overhead.



We continue with Christopher Lee's most revealing article on

### THE LAMB AND THE LAPWING.

The lengths to which birds will go to protect their young have always amazed me, and, in particular, one example which I saw in the Pennines has always stuck in my memory.

When I saw a lamb behaving in a peculiar manner, I stopped to watch. It was looking most inquisitively at a lapwing about a foot away in the grass, and raising first one foot, then the other, it appeared nearly to touch the bird.

The lapwing retired a few steps and the lamb followed whereupon the lapwing made a little charge, which sent the lamb running to its mother, grazing near. The lapwing then rose, and dropped on the lamb's back, just touching it with its claws. Then it alighted on the ground before the lamb. All this was repeated several times, until the lamb, always the more timid and uncertain of the two, finally decided it had taken risks enough, and ran to its mother, now some little distance away.

The lapwing doubtless had eggs near to where the lamb had been grazing, and its demonstrations had the object of keeping the lamb from the nest.

We conclude with P. Bird's account of the visit of a group of this form to H.M.S. "Whitby."

On Friday, March 8th, 1957, a party of boys from IVa, accompanied by Mr. Robins, went on a visit to the frigate H.M.S. "Whitby," which was moored in the North Wallasey Dock. As we went aboard the ship, we were met by an able seaman, who conducted us around.

First of all we were shown the depth-charges throwers, in sets of three, which throw the depth charges over the mast and bow of the ship. The throwers are loaded from a horizontal position, and their fire can be kept continuous by firing a 'stick' at a time. Then we were shown a motor rescue launch, which the sailors could launch, and get under way in three minutes. From there we went to the enclosed bridge, which had asdic recorders and radar screens, compasses, and telephones for communication to all parts of the ship. On either side of the bridge were two aeroplane and submarine observation posts.

Next we went to see the turret of the 4.5 inch twin-barrelled radar controlled gun. This gun has a range of two miles, and is capable of firing forty-four rounds an hour, although the men of H.M.S. "Whitby" have only been able to achieve the rate of thirty-six rounds an hour. The gun is semi-automatic, which means that



the shells are loaded manually on the conveyer belts, but automatically fed into the gun. For peace time exercises this frigate carries nine hundred shells for the gun.

Our tour was concluded by a visit to the engine-room where the engineer told us that the twin engines could develop 1,500 horsepower each, sufficient to produce a top-speed of thirty-five knots. Also we noticed in the alley-ways plans of the ship which showed how it could be sealed off into sections in times of emergency.

#### 4B.

**M**ANY of the boys in this form appear to be "Rock'n Roll" fans, and we begin with an article by A. J. Hartigan entitled:

#### SKIFFLE.

Skiffle music is composed mainly of American folk-songs, and is sung by a skiffle group. These groups consist of a bass, a wash-board, two guitars, a banjo, and drums, and many of them have home-made basses. These are made out of a tea chest with a piece of wood fixed to the side. From the top of the wood to the middle of the chest is tied a piece of string. Skiffle music probably originated in America when negro tribes used scrubbing boards to wash the clothes. As they scrubbed up and down, they sang in tune with the beat, then the menfolk would join in with guitars or banjos, and thus skiffle arrived. One of the world's best skiffle groups is that of Lonnie Donegan, but there are many others.

The best type of guitar to use in this music is the Spanish type, although electric guitars, which are very loud, are popular. Skiffle music is now just as popular as "Rock'n Roll" and has swept America. Another type of music similar to skiffle is Calypso, which is becoming more popular than "Rock'n Roll" in America. "Rock'n Roll" is fairly modern, yet skiffle has been played for many years in the United States.

We continue with an interesting article about a practical hobby, which has been contributed by A. E. Dawson and P. Mountfield.

#### BUILDING A KAYAK.

During the summer holidays, we were out together, and we saw some of these caves in a Sealom which is a competition in handling and manoeuvring kayaks in broken water. We were attracted to this sport, and, liking woodwork, we decided to build a kayak. Mr. Hughes solved the problem of building facilities by kindly allowing us to build it in School. We obtained the plans from P. W. Blandford, the famous designer and canoeist, and we studied them carefully. Much time was then spent touring timber yards to get the



right wood, and this was followed by the hard work of sawing and planing it to the right sizes. The cutting-out of the frames demanded a high degree of accuracy, but, once this was accomplished, assembly could be started.

Then we were confronted with a problem. Ordinary glue would melt in water, and we had to find a shop which sold marine glue. We commandeered two of the tables used for technical drawing for use as building stocks. Eventually the framework was finished and, at the time of writing, the skeleton is being covered with canvas. This is a really satisfying task, as the canoe now begins to take shape. All that remains to be done is to paint the hull and, when the *Visor* is published, the kayak will be in commission.

Finally, A. D. Smith tells us about

### SHARKS.

People are surprised at the number of sharks around the coasts of Britain. They always think of sharks as living in the Pacific, around coral islands. It is true that they are to be found there, but they also come to Britain because of the large shoals of fish. These sharks are found mainly on the west and south coasts of our country. The largest shark seen around Britain was just off Looe in Cornwall and was a thresher shark, which gets its name from its enormous tail with which it threshes the water. The Basking shark is found lying in the warm water or slowly moving along eating fish.

Shark fishers usually fish from launches, but a large number of ordinary fishermen have been surprised by sharks. One man was reeling in a small fish when it was stolen by a shark which overturned his boat. These sharks, however, are not man-eaters because they have plenty of food, and so there is no need to worry when you go swimming this summer.

### 3A.

WE begin the contributions from this form with an article by M. Donahue, which is an excellent description of a pleasant landmark.

### HILBRE ISLAND.

Hilbre is a small island of red sandstone off the coast of Wirral at West Kirby. At high tide it is completely surrounded by water, but at low tide it is possible to cross the mile or so of wet sand. This has to be timed very carefully, however; for the tide comes sweeping around the Island very quickly, and it is easy to be cut off. Hilbre holds a great attraction for bird-watchers. There, every Spring and Autumn, thousands of waders and ducks gather before they migrate. A permit is needed to go on the main island, where



there is an observatory, but the shore around it and the smaller island, linked to Hilbre by a narrow strip of sea-weed-covered rock, are very interesting.

It was about three o'clock when I set off from Red Rocks, the nearest point on the mainland to Hilbre; the sun was shining, and it was reflected by the still-wet sand. The island was surrounded by a haze and could hardly be seen. As I drew further from the shore, the silence was only broken by the shrill cry of sandpipers and oyster-catchers and the faint bustle of the mainland. Hilbre grew more distinct, and soon it stood out black against the sun. I reached it at last after crossing a swift, deep channel, and, once on the rock, I had to be careful of the slippery seaweed. The spit of rock sloped and formed a hollow in the middle, and here was a deep pool with a sandy bottom. For half an hour I explored the rock pools, the crannies and the fissures in the rock face, and the surrounding sand.

At last, with the sinking sun on my back, I trudged back to the mainland tired but pleased. I have since been to Hilbre many times and have seen the thousands of seabirds often there, but that first and best visit will always stick vividly in my mind.

Elliott continues by comparing

#### BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

If you were to live in Britain for a few years and then go to live in America, you would realise how far ahead America appeared to be in machinery, domestic appliances, and what are generally known as "gadgets." When you arrive in America, you can see the jagged skyline with the Empire State building standing out. In England, the highest building is usually the spire of a church. Taking a taxi, a large, stream-lined, fast car compared with the black British box-like contrivance, you would arrive at the hotel quickly. On arrival you would be shown into a large reception hall, and a porter would carry your luggage to your room.

Each bathroom—and sometimes the bedroom—is fitted with a showerbath; for the Americans realised a long time ago that showers were more healthy than ordinary baths. The kitchen is the heart of the building and here everything is electrically operated. There are washing-up machines, deep-freeze chambers, refrigerators, built-in-wall ovens, electric mixers, and electric toasters. On leaving the hotel and walking down the street, you would immediately be struck by the great amount of noise. The vehicles themselves, multi-coloured in yellows, blues, and greens, are square-looking and stream-lined. These are only a few of the wonders of a modern American city.



We conclude with an article by B. W. Doveston entitled

### WINTER BIRDS.

In winter, most of our birds fly to warmer countries, because the food which they usually eat cannot be obtained at this time of the year. But we have a few resident species that stay with us all the year round. These birds can survive on the food left out for them. The thrush family can easily survive the winter on the berries from the hedges, and many people throw crumbs on the garden for them. The blue-tit is what you might call an acrobat. He nearly always finds a piece of fat hung up for him in a tree or on the washing line. Robins and chaffinches are also common visitors to the garden.

In this season, the gulls and rooks become very cheeky. When pieces of bread are thrown out for the smaller birds, they swoop down and steal them, because they themselves have a hard time finding food elsewhere. They rarely do this in summer, as food is not scarce. But not only are birds seen inland, many sea birds come to our shores in winter. Beside gulls there are waders, dunlins and turnstones. Curlews rest on the moors but come down to the shore in winter. Sanderlings, knots and oyster-catchers also feed on the shore in winter.

### 3B.

**G.** SHORTHILL begins the form's contributions with an article in which he tells us of the pleasures obtained from

### A RIDE TO LLANGOLLEN.

There are many ways of reaching Llangollen from Birkenhead, but the one I like most is the one I took last October. I set out at half-past eight and made my way to the New Chester Road, which I followed until I came to the North Wales fork, where I turned off. On arriving at Queensferry, I then went to Mold, 6 miles away, and continued over the "Rainbow" into Loggerheads, following the Ruthin road. Here I saw some beautiful scenery, but, as I later discovered, I was to see some more much more wonderful.

From Ruthin I went to Llangollen, which proved quite a task since I had to ride up hills with gradients of 1 in 10, 1 in 7, 1 in 6, and some of 1 in 4. The main hazard of the day was when I tried to apply my brakes, and several bits of steel wire came from within the lever, the cause being that some of the strands of the cable had frayed and snapped. In Llangollen I bought a new cable before going to explore this very old and quiet town.



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of Wood, Price, and Latham, who submitted interesting articles. Pride of place goes to J. A. G. Williams for an excellent description of a

### MOUNTAIN RESCUE.

One of the most exciting and thrilling feats that I have ever witnessed occurred when the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Squad gave a demonstration of their skill on the cliffs of Criccieth Castle. This took place during an annual three-day festival held by the British Legion, and to make it sound realistic the R.A.F. announced their presence by the sound of two very powerful and fast-moving heavy wagons, one ambulance, and one jeep.

The demonstration began with different members of the team demonstrating the use of the various equipment for quick descent using ropes. It is surprising how quickly they can do it; one of the more skilled men climbed up and down the cliff face without the aid of any ropes at all.

This came the highlight of the Rescue Display. A very heavy member of the team volunteered to play the part of an injured mountaineer or pilot. The volunteer first climbed down the sheer cliff a little way and lay on a ledge. Next a sledge-like stretcher with big wooden runners on it was lowered with ropes and pulleys towards the injured man with a team of men on each side of it. The well-built man was then put on the stretcher and secured with leather straps.

Then began the perilous descent of the cliff face to the beach below. The team on the sides of the stretcher guided it while the men at the top lowered it to the shingle below amidst the crowd, who were applauding loudly.

Those of us who have never visited the continent will read with all the more interest Glynn's account of his

### VISIT TO MOHNESEE.

Mohneese is a huge lake in the Ruhr Valley part of Germany, which I visited while I was living in Detmold in Lippe. The famous Mohne Dam which was destroyed during the war is found here, and is now partly rebuilt. This dam is one of the largest in Germany.

The natives of Mohneese say that during the building of the dam a village had to be evacuated because of the lake which was formed, and when the water in the lake is low it is possible to see the top of the church spire of the village.

The lake is now used mostly for pleasure: yacht races are held on it. Some fishermen earn their living from this lake, which is very good for fishing. Also the water is warm, and many people go there for swimming in the summer.



Mohnesee has not yet recovered from the blow which ruined it during the war, and it is doubtful whether it will ever again be an industrial area.

Walks of local interest can provide a constant source of pleasure. A favourite one, that from Thurstaston to Hoylake, inspired D. Delves to relate the story of

#### AN INTERESTING WALK.

One day of our half-term holiday two friends and I decided to go for a long walk; so, after packing some lunch and a ground sheet, we set off. Firstly, we walked to Thurstaston where we descended rather too rapidly the steep slope down to the beach. There, to our astonishment, we saw a huge colony of sea birds. There were literally thousands of them: they rose into the air like a massive black cloud which made the beach dark with the shadow.

As we continued our way, we found many interesting shells which had been washed up by the tide. When we had our lunch we lit a fire with driftwood, but this was soon put out by one of our members who scored several hits with large stones from the cliff top.

After packing up the remnants of food we buried the papers and proceeded towards Hoylake. Upon reaching Hoylake, we decided to walk around the sea wall, where we all managed to saturate our feet in an outlake of the boating lake, but we reached safety and then crossed a large golf course. Here we had a battle to see who could push the others down the grassy slopes.

As I picked myself up from such an encounter, I saw a small woven tuft of grass, and when I put my hand inside this I found a little baby mouse which I hastily put back into the nest.

From there we went into Hoylake, and partook of a cup of tea, after which we went home feeling very tired,

#### 2B.

**A**LTHOUGH this form continues to submit many articles lacking in originality, M. Chesworth is able to tell us of his interesting experiences in

#### KEEPING WHITE MICE.

Keeping white mice is a hobby which nearly every boy is attracted to, for it is the antics of the tiny creatures that are so amusing. Mice can be bought for as little as one shilling and sixpence each.

You can, if you like, make a cage, which, to house a pair, would be about 1 ft. 6 ins. high, 2 ft. long, and 1 ft. broad. In one top corner it is advisable to have a little box 4 ins. square, to which a



ladder or a piece of wood leads up. This should be the sleeping quarters of the mice, and the sides of the little box should be packed to keep them warm. The cage should always be kept very clean, being washed with boiling water once a week, and the sawdust on the floor should be changed about once every two days.

Their food should be as follows:—a little peas and oats with beans, some bread soaked in milk and squeezed until almost dry, dog biscuits, bacon-rind, and some lettuce, with water to drink.

Mice can be trained to do many tricks, and if properly cared for will live for many years. It must not be thought that there is any cruelty in keeping white mice, as they have all been born and bred in a cage. The white mouse is a descendant of the common field mouse. Cats, however, should not be allowed to see them, as they do not know the difference between pets and wild mice.

Therefore, if you decide to try mice, treat them well, and they will provide you with many hours of enjoyment.

We continue with R. Proctor's account of

### THE ENJOYMENTS OF LLANDUDNO.

Llandudno is situated on the North Wales coast, which has many landmarks; one of these is the Great Orme on the South side which towers to a height of seven hundred feet. The bay is crescent-shaped, and there is a large promenade.

There are rowing-boats, small motor-boats which do half-hour trips to the sun-valve operated lighthouse, and large steamers which sail from the three-quarter mile long pier to Puffin Island, off Anglesey, and the Menai Bridge. The town itself is quite large and has many amusements. During the day you can travel up the Great Orme in a bus specially designed with a safety device so that it cannot slip back. There is also a tram hauled to the half-way station where you change into another tram which climbs more quickly. You can also travel round the Orme along Marine Drive and then to Glodaeth Woods and the Little Orme.

In the evening there are Picture Houses and at the Pier Pavilion a marvellous variety show where such people as Alma Cogan, Vic Oliver, and Semprini perform. There are also the Catlin Follies at the Grand Theatre, and quite often there is a circus with a fun-fair which has many wonderful features.

Llandudno is a good place for a splendid holiday and amusements of every kind.



We conclude with A. Thomas's visit to the

### CHEDDAR CAVES.

Cheddar Caves, one of nature's most beautiful works, are a sight to be seen by all. The most popular way to go to Cheddar is by bus as the scenery en route is very beautiful and one is taken right to the caves after passing through the Cheddar Gorge.

In the caves there is electric lighting which is reflected from various mirror-like pools. The stalactites which hang from the roof are formed by millions of years of water dripping and running down the walls and other rugged pieces of mineral. The guide, hitting the mineral stalactites in turn, produced a simple tune, each stalactite giving a crystal-clear note. Stalagmites, which form upwards from the ground, are still a puzzle to me as to their formation. On our way through the caves we saw a stalactite and a stalagmite directly opposite each other, and were told that they would probably meet in about four million years.

The atmosphere in the caves is very damp on account of the endless dripping. The noise made by all this dripping is indescribable. After our tour round the caves we came outside to find the air seemingly fresher than ever before.

### IA.

**W**E begin with a story by John Fox entitled

#### NO LUCK FOR THE GERMANS.

It was a fine morning during World War II., and Britain and her allies were driving the Germans back towards the sea. The Germans were hemmed in on three sides, and their only escape was by sea on the south side. By now, most of their allies, the Italians, had fled or surrendered, and close guard was kept on the coast to try to prevent the Germans from escaping by sea.

It was during his spell of duty that Baptain Sunder, flying an unarmed Auster, spotted long lines of German tanks, soldiers, armoured cars, and staff cars, heading for the beach. When he looked out to sea, he saw a large fleet of ships, mostly fishing boats, heading for the beach near which the Germans would soon be.

He radioed back to the allied defences and ordered the guns to give the area five rounds gunfire. Suddenly, an American destroyer appeared, bearing down on the fleet. Already, three fishing boats had been sunk, and more were being battered by shellfire.

At last, the fleet turned back, and headed out to the open sea, leaving a disappointed German army on land.



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It was during his spell of duty that Baptain Sunder, flying an unarmed Auster, spotted long lines of German tanks, soldiers, armoured cars, and staff cars, heading for the beach. When he looked out to sea, he saw a large fleet of ships, mostly fishing boats, heading for the beach near which the Germans would soon be.

He radioed back to the allied defences and ordered the guns to give the area five rounds gunfire. Suddenly, an American destroyer appeared, bearing down on the fleet. Already, three fishing boats had been sunk, and more were being battered by shellfire.

At last, the fleet turned back, and headed out to the open sea, leaving a disappointed German army on land.



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W. Wainwright contributes this essay which he calls

### HOLIDAY.

Tim and Mary were orphans. Their father had been killed in the war, and their mother died just after they were born. One day, a wealthy man and woman came to the orphanage to see if they could find a boy and girl to go on holiday with them as they had no children.

When all the orphans had been lined up, the visitors picked Tim and Mary. They were so thrilled when they found out they were going to Rome. Early next morning, they caught the plane, and, after a few hours, arrived at Rome. They stayed in Rome for only a few days, so that they could go on a tour of Italy. First, they went to Venice, and sailed up the canals in the queer boats. Then they went to Naples, and even to Sicily and Sardinia.

At length, this grand tour finished, and Tim and Mary came home. But they never went back to the orphanage because these kind people had decided to keep them as their own children.

To conclude, R. Webster looks forward to

### SEPTEMBER.

September is the beginning of Autumn, which is a busy time for everyone. Autumn is a colourful season, with all the leaves changing from green to golden-brown and red. When we have gusty, stormy days, the leaves blow all over the place, and, when it rains, they go soft and decay. At this period of the year, we get colder weather and more storms. The nights become darker very early.

The gardeners take up the summer roots and plant other vegetables for the winter. They also cut the grass ready for winter so that it will not grow too long. Then they burn all their dead plants and leaves, and this makes a smoky smell. Owing to these Autumn changes people have to prepare their clothes for the winter.

The animals are also preparing and they gather their nuts and food to last them all the winter. The birds migrate to different countries, because our climate is not hot enough. The farmers are busy at this time of the year gathering in their harvests such as wheat and corn. The animals, such as horses, cows, and pigs are put inside sheds because of the cold weather, and, instead of eating grass, they feed on hay all winter.

Also, at this time of the year, insects make their nests for winter in a warm place like a dark corner of the house. Wasps are pests at this time of year, and, when my mother is making jam, they are always flying around.

I think September is a very interesting season, and I am sorry when it ends and Winter begins.



**W**E begin on a topical note with an article by A. K. Jones who writes about

### BLOOD SPORTS IN BRITAIN.

Should blood sports be allowed to continue? That is the question which Britain is asking herself, and to which no answer has yet been found. The hunting of deer by hounds is a point about which the R.S.P.C.A. feels very strongly; so much so that they are going to submit a Bill to Parliament, which, should it become law, will make the hunting of deer by dogs a criminal offence.

Of course, the number of deer must be kept down, especially on Exmoor and in Devon where they abound. They are also a great nuisance to farmers—destroying many crops and breaking down fences; hence the suppression. But the R.S.P.C.A. considers it cruel to hunt deer with dogs, yet it is also inhumane to shoot them; for should they be only wounded, they might experience great pain. But, when deer are caught, the severing of their main arteries results in almost simultaneous death.

The fox is also a great problem to farmers and the countryside as a whole. He is a constant raider of fowl and will kill all of the chickens in a coop, yet eat only one or two. He is very cunning, knows the lore of the woods, and will always give the hounds a merry chase. Hunting the fox is also quite dangerous to both men and horses, and there are many accidents which result in many horses being put to death.

Following this, we accompany A. Storry on

### A SEARCH FOR HIDDEN TREASURE.

It was the year 1746 when the sailing ship "Blue Dragon" stood out from Plymouth Harbour, bound for South America on a quest for hidden treasure. It was early morning, and the hands were aloft reducing the canvas by half because of a rough and stormy sea. But, after several days of this sort of weather, the swell dropped; all sail was crammed on, and the ship clipped along at a fair rate.

One sunny day a week later there came a sudden shout from the cross-trees of "Ship on the starboard, cap'n." That worthy studied the newcomer as it rose on the horizon, then snapping shut his glass with an oath he cried, "Bear away, helmsman, for 'tis a pirate." But to no avail, for the buccaneer was a speedier vessel, and soon the Jolly Roger could be seen fluttering at her mainmast.

In the ensuing battle the pirate ship was utterly destroyed, but "Blue Dragon" had also suffered, losing her mainmast. However, the ship's versatile men soon rigged a jury mast and three days later the ship reached her destination—a shaded South American



cove. A party went ashore and soon retrieved a treasure of fabulous wealth. It was brought aboard, and after several days of rest the "Blue Dragon" set sail for home with the prospect of luxury for all of her crew.

And we end with an article by K. McCoy who seems to be adept at

### HELPING FATHER AT HOME.

One fine sunny morning I asked my father if I could help him in any way. He said that I could, and so after hurrying my breakfast I went out to him in the yard. On asking for something to do, I was told to fetch forty sacks from the garage and place them in the van. I made several journeys to complete this job, and we finally set out at half-past nine to go to the saw-mill for some wood-shavings.

We went along Hoylake Road for about three miles and then turned to the right into the timber-yard. My father parked the van in a shed to prevent hindering the timber lorries. Then we filled the sacks with shavings from beneath the electric saws, and loaded them on the van before starting back.

On our arrival back home we unloaded the sacks, then spent the remainder of the day in distributing the shavings in the hen-coops.

### *Literary and Debating Society*

THIS Society suddenly blossomed forth this term after being dormant for over two years. Our first meeting, held under the excellent chairmanship of Mr. Allison, was concerned mainly with drafting a constitution and preparing a programme for the remainder of the term. Walsh was elected secretary, and Salmon assistant secretary. It was decided that the Committee should consist of a voluntary panel, and Mathews, Allsop, Kellett, and Smith all offered their services.

We were very fortunate in having the Headmaster give a most enlightening and interesting talk entitled "State Education Systems and their effect upon national character." This meeting, which was held in the austere surroundings of the music room, was a great success, and the variety of the questions put to Mr. Webb testified to the interest of members in the subject.

Several lively features are proposed for the remainder of the term, and we hope for a larger attendance from members of the Sixth form to whom the Society is limited.

Finally, we must thank Mr. Allison for the help and interest which he has shown in the Society. He has sown the seed that will bear fruit.

T.J.W.



## **School Music**

**D**URING the past term the Recorder and Music Club have continued to meet on Wednesdays at 4 p.m., a weekly fixture to which visitors are always welcome. It does not matter whether they have come to join or only to listen, provided that they come in a sincere frame of mind to enter into the spirit of the activities which they will find in progress.

We still have two grades of recorder played (first step and elementary) and one member who regularly plays the violin both with the rest and as a soloist. Some boys take an interest in reading the music and turning over the master's pages for him without being told when to do so. Simple though this seems, it is good practice.

One boy accepted a singing engagement at a recent concert and used the facilities of the music room for practice to such good advantage that the master, being impressed and encouraged, attended the recital and was pleased to hear a very creditable and well received performance which did the School credit.

Many boys visit the Music room during the dinner hour when many informal but useful quarter-hours of music-making result. The group is only small, but the time is well spent.

E.V.S.

## **School Scouts (23rd Birkenhead)**

**Scoutmaster:** W. D. COUGHTRIE.

**Assistant Scoutmasters:**

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

**Patrol Leaders:**

R. BROOKS; M. DONAHUE; R. ALLSOPP.

**SENIOR TROOP.**

**Scoutmaster:** J. CLARKE.

**Patrol Leaders:** T. HARDY; P. SAMPSON.

**T**HIS term the Group has continued to hold regular meetings on Wednesday and Friday evenings and its monthly Whist Drives organised by the Ladies' Committee have been very successful.

The first activity this term was a Remembrance Service held at St. Saviour's Church in honour of our founder Lord Baden-Powell. This was followed the following weekend by an all-night game for the senior scouts of Birkenhead, called operation "Rescue." The centre of the game was in Storeton Wood, but it spread as far as Thurstaston and Parkgate.





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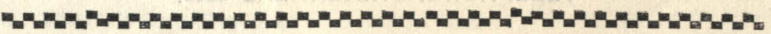
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Later this year, the 6th St. Stephen's Group and our Group are combining in order to perform a Scout Show. This will probably take place next November.

A representative of the Group, T. Hardy, has been selected to attend the World Scout Jubilee Jamboree, which is being held in this country this year. Once again the Group are holding their summer camp near Worcester, and they hope to be able to visit the Jamboree on several occasions.

T.H.

P.S.

## Rugby

THE Senior School has not had a very satisfactory year. The side has been very young and inexperienced, and one hopes that it has learnt a great deal from its mistakes. We look forward to having a much improved team next year in fitness, knowledge, and skill.

### FIRST XV. versus:

Rock Ferry (Home) .....	Won	15—3
Wirral G. S. (Home) .....	Won	6—3
Wirral G. S. (Away) .....	Lost	0—22
Rock Ferry (Away) .....	Won	17—0
Grove Park (Home) .....	Won	12—5
Birkenhead School (Away) .....	Lost	0—35
St. Anselm's College (Home) .....	Lost	6—8
St. Anselm's College (Away) .....	Lost	3—6
St. Edward's College (Away) .....	Lost	3—30
St. Edward's College (Home) .....	Lost	3—41
C. G. S. West Park (Home) .....	Lost	0—17
Wade Deacon G.S. (Home) .....	Lost	0—19
Wade Deacon G.S. (Away) .....	Lost	6—37
Caldy G.S. (Home) .....	Lost	6—11
Park H. S. (Home) .....	Won	8—0
Park H. S. (Away) .....	Won	8—6
Oldershaw G. S. (Home) .....	Lost	3—33

SECOND XV.: Played 17 Won 7 Lost 19.

COLTS: Played 14 Won 5 Lost 9.

BANTAMS: Played 11 Won 6 Drawn 2 Lost 3.

2nd YEAR XV.: Played 8 Won 3 Lost 5.

1st YEAR XV. : Played 4 Won 2 Lost 2.



## Old Boys' Section

### OLD BOYS' NOTES AND NEWS.

AT a Special General Meeting held at the end of last year, the Birkenhead Institute Old Boys' Association was declared defunct, and its assets and responsibilities were taken over by the Old Instonians R.U.F.C. Since then, a Sub-Committee of that club has been formed with the aim of discharging those responsibilities, one of which is seen as the eventual re-forming of a strong, active Association. The composition of the Sub-Committee is as follows:

Chairman: The Vice-Chairman of the Old Instonians R.U.F.C.

Secretary: R. Binyon, 264 Spital Road, Bromboro' (Brom. 1151).

Representing the Old Instonians' R.U.F.S.: T. P. Bolam, N. G. Little, L. T. Malcolm.

Representing the Old Boys' A.F.C.: R. Dorrity, E. Molyneux, C. Thompson.

Two meetings have already been held, and it is hoped to give news of further progress in the next issue of the *Visor*. Meanwhile, those interested in the Sub-Committee's activities should contact its secretary.

\* \* \*

In January a distinguished Old Instonian, Captain James St. Bellis, returned to Birkenhead, where he hopes to settle in retirement after a career of notable service overseas. After leaving the Institute in 1923, he served apprenticeships with the Pacific Steam Navigation and the Elder Dempster Companies, eventually becoming a Master. At the time of the Japanese entry into the second world war, Captain St. Bellis was in Malayan waters commanding the survey-ship Endeavour. He took part in the allied North African and Italian landings in command of assault craft. For a short period after the war he was King's Harbour Master at Milford Haven but eventually returned to Malaya as Director of Marine. He held the appointments of Harbour Master and Resident Magistrate at Port Swettenham and was also Scout Commissioner for Selangor State as well as Superintendent of the Malayan Nautical Training School. When "Britannia," carrying the Duke of Edinburgh to Australia, called at Port Swettenham, Captain Bellis's arrangements for its reception received special acknowledgment from the Vice-Admiral Commanding Royal Yachts. The *Visor* wishes Captain Bellis a happy retirement after his many years of service to the Commonwealth.

\* \* \*

We congratulate M. N. Peterson on his recent success in the Intermediate Examination of the Institute of Chartered Accountants. He was placed seventh out of over a thousand candidates sitting in



England and Wales, gaining one of the nine certificates of merit awarded—a performance which augurs well for his future in the profession.

\* \* \*

Mr. Peter R. H. Taylor of the Bank of Australasia was transferred in February from the Head Office at Australasia House, Strand, London, to the Melbourne Office. Before sailing to take up his new appointment, he sent a quantity of books dealing with geography and commerce to the School, which we are glad to acknowledge. Mr. Taylor, who lived at Barnston when he attended the Institute, increases the number of Old Boys who are working 'down under,' and we wish him every success at Melbourne.

\* \* \*

#### OLD BOYS' A.F.C.

With the fixtures now drawing to a close we can look back on a most successful season. The 1st XI. are at present top of the first division of the Liverpool Old Boys' League with the following record: Played 19, Won 13, Drawn 2, Lost 4, Goals for 73, Goals against 40, Points 28.

We have had many enjoyable games and not a few hard exciting tussles. We were surprisingly beaten in the second round of the League Cup Competition by Old Holts—whom we beat the following two successive weeks in the league encounters. This goes to show the ever attractive uncertainty of cup-tie football.

The 2nd XI., whilst not as high in the second division of the division of the Liverpool Old Boys' League with the following record: as reflected by the goal average in their record of: Played 14, Won 6, Drawn 0, Lost 8, Goals for 36, Goals against 41, Points 12, and as they still have several games in hand over many of their opponents, have every prospect of improving their position before the season ends.

We have been honoured by the selection of two of our members for the League representative side to play in an inter-league match on March 30th.

We are hopefully negotiating for a new playing pitch at Arrowe Park for next season, which should be an improvement on our present one, and we are also endeavouring to obtain a share of a private ground in the district. Should both these possibilities materialise they will advance yet further our hopeful plans for next season.

Socially, our Christmas dance was a most successful and enjoyable evening, at which we were most pleased to welcome the headmaster and Mrs. Webb. A further social evening was enjoyed by our members during March.



We should be extremely pleased to welcome to our midst any boys leaving School this summer who wish to enjoy a game of soccer and at the same time retain an active association with their contemporaries and with the School. Any boy wishing to contact us will get full information from Mr. Malcolm, whom we had the pleasure of welcoming as a non-playing member this season.

J. KERNAGHAN, Hon. Secretary.

\* \* \*

#### OLD INSTONIANS' R.U.F.C.

Once again another Rugby season is drawing to a close, and we can look with satisfaction on the Club's playing record. The 1st XV. has, to date, won 16 games and lost 7; the 2nd XV. has won 18, drawn 1, and lost 5; the 3rd XV. has won 14, drawn 1, and lost 5. All three teams have many more points in their favour than against. The Club has thus maintained its excellent playing-record of the last few seasons.

The Seven-a-Side Tournaments are nearly here, and we hope to enter in several of the local Sevens, including those at Birkenhead Park and Caldy. Naturally, we should be grateful for any vocal support which any of the Schoolboys can give on these occasions. In addition, we wish the School Seven the best of luck in their Tournament; they invariably put up a very good show.

At Easter weekend the Club is making its usual trip to the Isle of Man, where we shall play in the Seven-a-Side Tournament on Easter Saturday. We also play two normal games on the Friday and Monday. This is a very enjoyable weekend, both playing and socially.

It will be seen that the Club offers excellent Rugby and a happy social life to any Old Boy wishing to join, and our Membership Secretary, Mr. J. R. Lamb, 48 Whitford Road, Birkenhead, would be glad to hear from Old Boys wishing to join the Club, either as players or non-players. I would also remind boys still at School that they can become Associate Members of the Club, there being no subscription for this class of membership. Naturally, any boys leaving School who wish to continue their interest in Rugby are more than welcome to the Club.

In conclusion, we should all like to thank the Headmaster, Staff, and boys for the help and co-operation which they have all given the Club during the season. Many of the boys have played for the 3rd and 4th XV's during the year; we thank them for their help, and hope that they have enjoyed the games. We look forward to welcoming them as full playing members when the time comes to leave School.

The Old Instonians' R.U.F.C. sends its best wishes to the School, with the conviction that it has many years of success and honour before it.

G. A. THOMAS.



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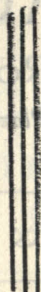
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