

M. Sampson.

THE VISOR



MAGAZINE OF
BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE

SUMMER 1957

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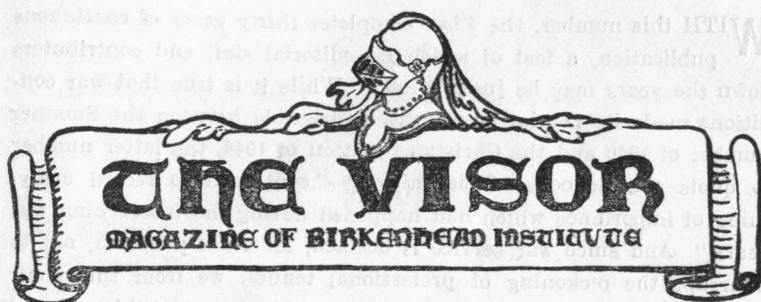
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1st XI. 1957.



C. E. Colley, G. Buckland-Evers, P. Sampson, E. Barrett, H. M. Wild, J. R. Newcombe,
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Editorial

WITH this number, the *Visor* completes thirty years of continuous publication, a feat of which its editorial staff and contributors down the years may be justly proud. While it is true that war conditions made its regular appearance impossible between the Summer number of 1940 and the Christmas edition of 1944, the latter number to quote the School's official history—"continued to record everything of importance which had happened during the intervening war years." And since war service is deemed, for other purposes, not to interrupt the reckoning of professional tenure, we from this chair make no apology in thus announcing the achievement of thirty years' appearance. This, in a district which lacks most overt signs of venerability, represents a considerable fragment of local history. Stated in another way, let us see what familiar features of daily life in this neighbourhood were as yet unborn when the first Christmas term number of the *Visor* was published in December, 1927. There were then no Mersey Tunnel, no Central Library, and of course no mammoth Technical College. The town still boasted two theatres, but Arrowe Park was still a comparatively remote estate and that part of Woodchurch Road immediately leading to it not much more than a country lane. In those days no bus ran along Whetstone Lane; indeed the bus system was then in its infancy, and route numbers were unheard of. As to the School itself, "The Mount Road Memorial Ground" (as the field was described in *Visor* No. 1) was then but newly laid out, the Secretary's Office did not exist, and gym, art room, and chemistry laboratory still awaited extensive alteration.

It is natural also at this time, with thirty years behind us, to look forward another two; for in 1959 the Institute will have reached its seventieth birthday. Though the Magazine is but a chick compared with that, it has nevertheless come to be an essential and valuable expression of our common life. As we commend this Summer number to our readers with some gratitude for having been spared so long—through many a crisis and a great world convulsion—it is our hope that we may still be found behind the editorial desk when, a few numbers hence, we shall be able to celebrate, in a worthy manner, the School's completion of seven decades of service to this borough and district.

Salvete

1B—McIntyre, A. D.; 2B—McCracken, A. K.

Valete

4B Williams, D.

2A Turner, P.

Staff Notes

AT the end of this term the School says good-bye with genuine regret to Mr. Allan, who has been appointed English Master at a newly-opened Grammar School at Maghull. Mr. Allan came to the Institute in September, 1945, and has thus been on the Staff for twelve years. He has given yeoman service during this period in many departments of the School's life and particularly as House Master of Tate. The *Visor* owes much to his zeal as treasurer, and there must be many members of successive 5B's who recall his successful, if often arduous, work with them in preparation for G.C.E. The Staff will remember Test Matches followed on his celebrated portable radio, and will most certainly miss the free, railway information bureau he conducted out of his encyclopaedic knowledge of British Time Tables, when he would, immediately and off-hand, not only quote the next train leaving Penzance for Thurso but also note all the 'Saturdays only' pitfalls en route. We wish Mr. Allan good fortune in his new appointment and trust he will find there a bridge four as expert and fraternal as the one he is now compelled to forsake.

Mr. Johnson, who has only been on the Staff for a few months, has been appointed Lecturer in Mathematics at the Birkenhead Technical College. We wish him every success there, when he takes up his new post in September.

Speech Day

SPEECH DAY was April 10th this year, a welcome change of date from the normally inclement Grand National week in which it has been customarily held for very many years; and for the second time we enjoyed the luxurious splendours of the hall of the Technical College.

The guest of the evening, who presented the prizes and certificates and addressed the School, was Sir Herbert Manzoni, City Engineer and Surveyor of the City of Birmingham, himself an Old Instonian. Sir Herbert drove to Birkenhead after leaving his office, and, as soon as the function was over, he drove back to Birmingham. We thank him most sincerely for finding time to visit us on the School's most important day in the calendar.

The trophies were distributed by our Chairman, Alderman W. E. Power, to whom the Head Boy presented a specially bound and suitably inscribed book in recognition of his services to this School.

The chair was taken by his Worship the Mayor, Councillor W. Curley Baker, J.P., whom we also wish to thank for the honour he paid us by presiding on this occasion. Among the distinguished guests we should like to mention were the Town Clerk (Mr. D. P. Heath), the Director of Education (Mr. H. Glyn Wilkinson), Alderman and Mrs. F. Garstang, Alderman C. J. Yates, Councillor S. V. Gallard, Councillor Miss E. M. Keegan, Councillor and Mrs. J. H. Kennedy, Councillor and Mrs. C. S. McDonald, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Davies, Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Goodwin, and Mr. F. T. Marsden.

PROGRAMME

SCHOOL "Song of Friendship" Edith Pearson

REPORT BY THE HEADMASTER.

(E. G. Webb, B.A.)

CHOIR "Alpine Song" John Ireland

"Lone Dog" Desmond Macmahon

PRESENTATION OF TROPHIES

by

ALDERMAN W. E. POWER.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION OF PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES

by

SIR HERBERT J. MANZONI, C.B.E., M.Inst.C.E.

(City Engineer and Surveyor, Birmingham).

VOTE OF THANKS.

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Jones, K. W.—English Literature, History, French.
Jones, S. J. R.—English Literature, French.
Jones, T. R.—Mathematics, Physics.
Naybour, R. D.—Physics (Distinction), Mathematics, Chemistry.
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Tudor, M. J. E.—Chemistry.

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Armstrong, R.; Barrett-Jolley, A. J.; Baxter, J. E.; Beswick, B.;
Buckland-Evers, G.; Carr, H. C.; Cathy, D. C. A.; Colley, C. E.;
Collins, M.; Copeland, A. E.; Cram, W. R.; Cusick, W.; Dalziel,
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K. E.; Nugent, L.; O'Connor, A. J.; Paine, B. G.; Salmon, R. F.;
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F. G.; Stanley, I. J.; Strickland, P.; Stubbs, D. S.; Sweeney,
D.; Weaver, W. H.; White, L. E.; Williams, G. B.; Williams,
M. D.; Wilson, J. R.

Internal Scholarships—

Henry Tate (School) Scholarships: Hopkner, K. R.; Jones, P.;
Mathews, D. A.; Walsh, T. J.

Scholarships and Awards—

State Scholarships: Peers, H. W.; Taylor, J. O.
University of Liverpool Entrance Studentship: Naybour, R. D.
Birkenhead County Borough Scholarships: Peers, H. W.; Taylor,
J. O.; Naybour, R. D.

PRIZE LIST 1955-56.

Form 1b—1st, Capstick, N. E.; 2nd, Sutton, R. J.; 3rd, Allen, R. M.

Form 1a—1st, Wood, B.; 2nd, Dodd, J.; 3rd, Glynn, S. J.

Form 2b—1st, Forrester A. A.

Form 2a—1st, Leeming, M. R.; 2nd, Johnson, W. G.; 3rd, Mattingley, J. M.

Form 3b—1st, Brobyn, C.; 2nd, Pulford, R. A.

Form 3a—1st, Kellett, G. L.; 2nd, Harding, A. G.; 3rd, Chesworth, D. C.

Form 4b—1st, Dixon, R. A.; 2nd, Lamb, W. D.

Form 4a—1st, McTear, G.; 2nd, Blaylock, P. A.; 3rd, Williams, C.

Form 5b—1st, Williams, G. B.

Form 5a—1st, Salmon, R. F.; 2nd, White, L. E.; 3rd, McDougall, H.A.

Form 6—English—Roberts, R. J.; History—Roberts, R. J.; Mathematics—Mathews, D. A.; Science, Physics—Mathews, D. A.; Science, Chemistry—Kellett, C. V.

Special Prizes—

Connacher Memorial Prize for English—O'Hare, J. R. A.

Solly Memorial Prize for History—Shales, R. A.; Stanley, I. J.

The George Holt Prizes—Science, Taylor, J. O.; Mathematics, Peers, H. W.; Languages, Jones, K. W.

The Forshaw Memorial Prize for Art—Baxter, J. S.

Special Prize for Physics—Peers, H. W.

Special Prize for Chemistry—Naybour, R. D.

Special Prize for Biology—Balt, I. A. A.

Headmaster's Prize—Jones, K. W.

Sports—

Chess Champion (Senior) Morgan, J. F.; (Junior) Barwell, D.

Victor Ludorum (Senior) Lee, D. L.; (Junior) Barrett, E.

Silver Cup for Games (Senior) Jones, H. S.; (Junior) Harris, T.H.

House Trophies—

Athletics—Atkin.

Cricket—Atkin, Westminster.

Chess—Stitt.

Cross Country (Senior) Atkin; (Senior Champion) Lee, D. L.

Cross Country (Inter) Westminster; (Inter Champion)

Forrester, A. A.

Cross Country (Junior) Westminster; (Junior Champion)

Johnson, W. G.

His Majesty King George VI. Coronation Cup—

Atkin, Champion House for the year.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. Coronation Cup for Rugby Football—Atkin.

SUCCESSES AT UNIVERSITIES.

University of Cambridge—

Degree of B.A. Natural Sciences Tripos. Part II. Class II.—
Mitchell, E. E. L.

Honours School of History. 1st Year Exam.—Bryant, W. N.

University of Birmingham—

Faculty of Science—

Degree of B.Sc. 1st Year Examination—Marrs, I.

University of Durham—

Faculty of Science—

Degree of B.Sc. 1st Year Examination—Mountfield, A. R.

University of Edinburgh—

Faculty of Medicine—

Degree of M.B., Ch.B.—Hellon, C.P.

Degree of M.B., Ch. B. 1st Year Examination—Hodgson, A. S.

University of Leeds—

Faculty of Arts—

Degree of B.A. (Honours School of French). 1st Year Examination—Phipps, F.

University of Liverpool—

Faculty of Arts—

Degree of M.A. (English Literature)—Smith, A. A.

Degree of B.A. (General Studies, with Hons. Class II.—Davies, B.

Degree of B.A. Special Studies in Economics, with Hons. Class II.
—Weir, C. W.

Degree of B.A.—Jordan, J. E.

Degree of B.A.—Parry, K.

Degree of B.A. Special Studies, 1st Year Exam.—Lindop, R

School of Architecture—

Degree of B.Arch. 4th Year Examination—Stewart, J. H.

Degree of B.Arch. 1st Year Examination—Hubbard, E. H.

School of Dental Surgery—

Licence in Dental Surgery. 3rd Year Exam. Pt. I.—Smith, H.

Faculty of Science—

Degree of B.Sc.—Turner, R.

Degree of B.Sc. 1st Year Examination—Cross, D. F. W.

Degree of B.Sc. 1st Year Examination—Horne, D. E.

University of London—

Imperial College of Science—Faculty of Engineering—

Degree of B.Ss. Part I.—Heath, P.

University of Manchester—

Faculty of Science—

Degree of B.Sc.—Taylor, E.

University of Wales—

Faculty of Arts—

Degree of B.A. 2nd Examination—Jones, N. N.

Degree of B.A. 1st Examination—Prodger, P. G.

Diploma in Education—

University of Durham—Citrine, T. G., B.A.

University of London—Gleave, J., B.A.

PROFESSIONAL QUALIFICATIONS.

Barrister-at-Law—Somerset-Jones, E., B.A.

Chartered Institute of Secretaries—

F.C.I.S.—Cutbill, D. H.

Institute of Incorporated Accountants—

Final Examination—Macdonald, I. S.

Association of Chartered Accountants—

Intermediate Examination. Certificate of Merit—Peterson, M. N.

Institute of Chartered Accountants—

Intermediate Examination—Taylor, F. W.

Institute of Cost and Works Accountants—

Intermediate Examination—Sherry, L. R.

Post Higher National Certificate in Naval Architecture—Miller, T. G.

Art Teacher's Degree—

National Diploma in Design and Liverpool Artist's Prize—

Yeomans, G.

Intermediate Arts and Crafts Exam.—Davies, K.

Merchant Navy Master's Certificate—Dawson, F. E.

Licence in Mersey Pilotage—Hodgson, J. B.

Licence in Mersey Pilotage—Young, E. F.

Ministry of Transport, Ship's Surveyor—Morris, W. G.

APPOINTMENTS AND AWARDS.

Professor Sir Henry Cohen, M.D., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.C.P.,

F.F.R., F.S.A., J.P.—

Barony of the United Kingdom as Lord Cohen of Birkenhead.

Wing Commander C. A. Alldis, M.A., D.F.C.—

The Air Force Cross, as Director of Training Wing, R.A.F.

G. N. Jenkins, Ph.D.—

Reader in Oral Physiology, University of Durham.

I. S. Melville, B.Arch.—

Lecturer in Town and Country Planning, University of Durham.

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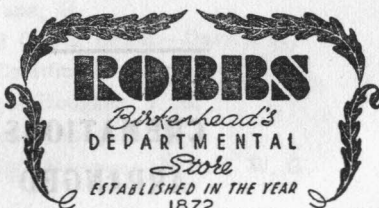
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New Registration Welcomed

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Athletic Sports

THIS year the Athletic Sports were held on Thursday afternoon, May 23rd, and proved extremely successful, although unfortunately the attendance was not as large as we had hoped for. This was the more regrettable because we were honoured by the presence of His Worship the Mayor and the Mayoress (Alderman H. Dawson and Miss B. Gill), who had been inaugurated only that week and in kindly visiting us were performing one of their first mayoral duties in Birkenhead. The Mayor had to leave before the end of the Sports in order to be present at another function, but the Mayoress remained until the conclusion, when she distributed the prizes to the winners, finding suitable congratulations for each individual in the long list.

We were pleased to meet many old and new friends among our visitors, but should like to make special mention of Alderman W. E. Power, the Director of Education (Mr. H. Glyn Wilkinson), Mr. W. M. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Wynne Hughes, and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Jones.

We should also like to express our sincere thanks to all who worked for the success of the Sports, especially the Ladies' Committee who so ably controlled the catering, and Mr. Robins and other members of staff who with the groundsman put in so much time on the preparations. And here, too, we must thank those parents and friends who helped by their contributions, especially Mr. Meggs, father of A. G. W. Meggs, 1946-1949. Mr. Meggs makes an award to the two best all-round sportsmen in the School, the award taking the form of a return railway ticket to Manchester, a ticket of admission to ground and stand at Old Trafford, and a postal order to cover incidental expenses. Last year's prize-winners had their trip to the Test Match ruined by rain, and in consequence Mr. Meggs generously awarded their prizes again.

Meggs Prizewinners, 1957:—

T. F. Hardy—Senior.

D. D. Jones—Junior.

Meggs Prizewinners, 1956 (awarded for second time):—

R. D. Naybour—Senior.

R. R. Blackwell—Junior.

RESULTS.

- 1 Cross Country Senior—
1 Harris, T. W.; 2 McIntosh, I. M.; 3 Burdett, F.
- 2 Cross Country Intermediate—
1 Forrester, A. A.; 2 Currie, P.; 3 Humphreys, K. E.
- 3 Cross Country Junior—
1 Jones, M. V.; 2 Steedman, A.; 3 Gurden, J. R. M.
- 4 High Jump—
2nd Form—1 Canning; 2 McIntosh, A.; 3 Steedman, A.
- 5 Long Jump—
1st Form—1 Davies, J. R.; 2 Young, G. G.; 3 Kevan, P. W.
- 6 Discus—
3rd Form—1 Boyd, R. V.; 2 Evans, N. J.; Elliot, J. K.
- 7 Shot—
4th Form—1 Hadfield, F.; 2 Byrne, R.; 3 Jones, J. G.
- 8 Discus—
4th Form—1 Phipps, F.; 2 Hadfield, F.; 3 Jones, J. G.
- 9 Javelin—
4th Form—1 Jones, D. D.; 2 Barrett, E.; 3 Phipps, F.
- 10 Shot—
Senior—1 Colley, C. E.; 2 Lowry, J. F.; 3 Greaves, G. K.
- 11 Discus—
1 Colley, C. E.; 2 Greaves, G. K.; 3 Evans, P. G.
- 12 High Jump Senior—
1 Harris, T. H.; 2 Irwin, P. L.; 3 McIntosh, I. M.
- 13 440 Yards Senior—
1 Hardy, T. F.; 2 Wylie, D. W. M.; 3 Lowry, J. F.
- 14 High Jump—
4th Form—1 Barrett, E.; 2 Jones, D. D.; 3 Chesworth, D. C.
- 15 100 Yards—
1st Form—1 Blease, G. R.; 2 Oldham, T. J.; 3 Davies, J. R.
- 16 220 Yards—
2nd Form—1 Steedman, A.; 2 Capstick, N. E.; 3 Squires, A. F.
- 17 440 Yards—
3rd Form—1 Forrester, A. A.; 2 McCarter, A.; 3 Mattingley, S.
- 18 Long Jump Senior—
1 Blackwell, R. R.; 2 Newcombe, J. R.; 3 Wylie, D. W. H.
- 19 100 Yards—
4th Form—1 Jones, D. D.; 2 Phipps, F.; 3 Hadfield, F.
- 20 220 Yards—
1st Form—1 Blease, G. R.; 2 Young, G. G.; 3 Oldham, T. J.
- 21 100 Yards—
2nd Form—1 Walker, C. G.; 2 Capstick, N. E.; 3 Squires, A. F.

22 Long Jump—

4th Form—1 Chesworth, D. C.; 2 Jones, D. D.; 3 Phipps, F.

23 880 Yards Senior—

1 Hardy, T. F.; 2 Harris, T. H.; 3 Walsh, T. J.

24 Obstacle—

1st Form—1 Fleming; 2 McCoy; 3 Parkinson.

25 100 Yards—

3rd Form—1 Boyd, R. V.; 2 McCarter, A.; 3 Mattingley, J. H.

26 Long Jump—

2nd Form—1 Steedman, A.; 2 Manley, P.; 3 Thomas, J. A.

27 Javelin Senior—

1 Colley, C. E.; 2 Hardy, F.; 3 Blackwell, R. R.

28 880 Yards—

4th Form—1 Barrett, E.; 2 Phipps, F.; 3 Chesworth, D. C.

29 Mile Open—

1 Kay, A.; 2 Rimmer, G.; 3 McIntosh, I. M.

30 100 Yards Senior—

1 Lowry, T.; 2 Wylie, D. W. M.; 3 Evers, G. B.

31 High Jump—

1 Boyd, R. V.; 2 Forrester, A. A.; 3 Peters, W. R.

32 880 Yard—

3rd Form—1 Forrester, A. A.; 2 Currie, P.; 3 Docherty, D.

33 440 Yards—

2nd Form—1 Steedman, A.; 2 Capstick, N. E.; 3 Hughes, D. L.

34 440 Yards—

1st Form—1 Blease, G. R.; 2 Oldham, T. J.; 3 Forshaw, D. N.

35 Relay 4 x 100 Lards—

Senior—1 Westminster; 2 Tate; 3 Stitt.

36 High Jump—

1st Form—1 Wade, R.; 2 Davies, J. R.; 3 Young, G. G.

37 220 Yards—

4th Form—1 Jones, D. D.; 2 Phipps, F.; 3 Chesworth, D. C.

38 220 Yards—

1 Forrester, A. A.; 2 McCarter, A.; 3 Boyd, R. V.

39 220 Yards—

Senior—1 Buckland-Evers, G.; 2 Hardy, T. F.; 3 Wylie, D. M. W.

40 Long Jump—

3rd Form—1 Boyd, R. V.; 2 Mattingley, J. M.; 3 McCarter, A

41 440 Yards—

4th Form—1 Pierce, W. V.; 2 Barrett, E.; 3 Hadfield, F.

42 Relay—1st Form—1 Westminster; 2 Atkin; 3 Tate.

42 Relay—2nd Form—1 Westminster; 2 Tate; 3 Atkin.

- 44 Relay—3rd Form—1 Stitt; 2 Tate; 3 Westminster.
 45 Relay—4th Form—1 Westminster; 2 Atkin; 3 Tate.
 46 Relay—Senior—1 Atkin; 2 Tate; 3 Stitt.

Victor Ludorum—Hardy, T. F. 24 pts.

Runner-up—Colley, C. E. 21 pts.

Junior Victor Ludorum—Boyd, R. V. 31 pts.

Runner-up—Forrester, A. A. 26 pts.

House Championship:—

1 Westminster 332 pts.

2 Tate 235 pts.

3 Atkin 172 pts.

4 Stitt 153 pts.

Fifty Years Ago

THE Charter celebrations held in the neighbouring city of Liverpool in June will recall to an older generation the previous 700th anniversary commemoration (of King John's Charter) half a century ago in 1907. While Liverpool's festival does not touch Birkenhead directly, it furnishes the opportunity to look back to that year in the reign of King Edward the Seventh and to recall life as it was in this neighbourhood at that distant time. Board the Woodside ferry boat "Lancashire" with me at George's Stage on some summer afternoon in 1907, and amid the press of river traffic—for Mersey was always crowded then—come "over the water" to Birkenhead.

Don't attempt to check your watch by the Liver Building Clock. That huge pile is as yet unbuilt, and, as there will be no radio or time-signal for you at 6 p.m., you would have done well to set your time-piece right by the one o'clock gun on Morpeth Wall. Our ferry captain and helmsman stand in open boxes; for their covered and glazed control cabins will only be provided on later-built boats. Here comes "Campania" for New York lately cast off from the Cunard mooring buoys off Rock Ferry. Her pride will be humiliated within a few months; for a mightier than she cometh. "Mauretania I." is all but completed on the Tyne, and her four tall crimson stacks will be here early in November. Threading our way through the paddle tug-boats and not a few full-rigged ships, we look south to the anchorage of "Conway" and "Indefatigable." At Woodside a vast traffic of horse-drawn vehicles crams the floating roadway, and

the luggage ferries "Oxton" and "Prenton" clear them at short intervals. Look into Woodside Station with its lines of purple and white carriages, property of the old North Western Railway. Its "blackberry black" engines look sombre enough alongside Swindon's masterpieces in green and polished brass, but both whistle with the shrill fierceness of their day. See the platforms piled with tin family trunks; for the light 'week-end' case is not yet. But what a transformation in the roadway! The six parallel tracks hold the brown and yellow Corporation electric cars, waiting to ascend the hill in dignified procession when all the ferry passengers have at length come through the turnstiles. There are the low-built New Ferry tram with its long knife-board seat on the top deck, the elegant eight-wheeler bound for Storeton Road, and the short open-topper which will finally come to rest alongside the newly-built wall on the western side of Victoria Park. The cab rank in the middle of the road is the rendezvous of red-faced, weather-beaten old drivers redolent of oats, straw, and horseflesh. If you fancy a hansom, there is always one to be hailed at Park Entrance, or if you are a family man, you may get a "growler" at Park Station. Here the black engines of the Wirral line, but now arrived from West Kirby, hand over their train passengers to the new and resplendent Mersey electric coaches. These are the pride of the district (your grandchildren will ride in them before they are finally withdrawn half a century hence) and look sufficiently like the rolling stock of the Chicago Elevated to justify the boast that the Mersey is the gateway to America.

Come further into the town, through the fine residential quarter called Hamilton Square. See the Public Library Building at the corner of Ewart Street, where later 'Elizabethans' will pay their rates, the 'new' G.P.O. and that famous Argyle Theatre, advertising on its walls in small type some names which will later convulse the world. Shop fronts are late Victorian in style, with a multitude of small panes, massive gilt lettering, rows of great white gas-globes, metal advertisement plates, or batteries of wooden news bill boards. Grange Road West and Oxton Road look what they are—place of residence reluctantly turning into shopping thoroughfares, as a glance at the domesticity of their upper storeys proves. As we press on into the nearer suburbs, we are in a town of small terrace-type, bay-windowed cottage-dwellings. If you have a mind to, you may rent half a dozen within the hour. Each has its brass curb above sand-stone steps and its Venetian blinds. Behind them in dim, cool parlours are mighty aspidistras, Goss China souvenirs of Rhyl and Black-

pool, antimacassars, American parlour organs, mantelpieces crowded with china dogs, and enormous portraits of Uncle George looking prodigious despite his thirty shillings a week. At these front doors milk is served from tin cans in half-pint measures and may well have come from a cow who, if residence within the borough ranks as a qualification, may count herself a citizen. And just around the corner is the bread shop which will, and does, bake in long black tins the bread you kneaded on the kitchen table. Animals dominate the scene without, and this is a town of stables;; for 'garage' is a term comprehended only by the very rich. Horses everywhere, clattering and clip-clopping on cobbles; horse-drawn ambulances; huge, lumbering furniture removal vans; and, if we are lucky enough to see it, the tumultuous onset of the frothing steeds who draw the fire-engine. As to-day is warm, horses and policemen alike are provided with straw hats, though the helmets of the latter lack the accommodating holes through which equine ears most amusingly protrude.

And the citizens? What a catalogue we can make of feather boas, muffs, parasols, cloaks, and black bonnets; of silk hats and frock coats; of norfolk jackets and eton collars; of murderous hatpins and skirts which sweep the ground; of urchins without either shoes or stockings; of curbside vendors of clockwork mice; of organ-grinders accompanied by disreputable monkeys in scarlet coats; of peak-capped sailor men; of postmen with hats like prison warders and police inspectors looking like Lestrade; of waggonette loads of Sunday School treats; of befrilled infants in incredible perambulators—in short, of a generation who will seem in time to come, as the Preacher said, "as though they had never been."

Conway Street at twilight with a vista of miles of twinkling lights on the tramway standards set in never-ending succession along the middle of the road; Birkenhead Park, a show place of the north, as it was when Paxton first laid it out in the 'sixties, and reached by a halfpenny tram ride from Argyle Street corner; Rock Park a sylvan paradise, Well Lane a moss-grown retreat, ancient Tranmere looking askance at the invading bricks and mortar of the parvenu borough, a stile leading to a footpath (one day to be called Singleton Avenue) and beyond it the deep peace of Wirral unawakened from centuries of slumber.

This is our town and district on that remote day in 1907. None who were living then could have foreseen world war, air raid devastation, submarine-blasted ships, inflated prices, pedestrian crossings. If ignorance of what the future had in store was bliss, that must have been a happy time indeed.



OUR editorial pointed out that this number completes thirty years' publication of the School Magazine. Throughout this long period the *Visor* has had but one editor. We congratulate our Second Master, Mr. Hall, on his occupancy of this post, to which the Magazine has owed so much of its success and trust that both may long continue to flourish.

* * *

We are pleased to announce the award of a Medical Research Scholarship at Oxford University to Dr. Meyer Makin. An Old Boy of the Institute, he studied at Liverpool University and in London after leaving the School, where it is interesting to note he was B.I.'s Scout representative at the World Jamboree in Hungary. Dr. Makin served in the Second World War and was awarded the Croix de Guerre for gallantry. He has researched in New York, has been Hunterian Lecturer before the Royal College of Surgeons at Lincoln's Inn, and until recently had been Medical Officer at the Madassal Hospital, in Israel.

* * *

Members of the School earned much distinction both in the Inter-Schools' Cross Country Race and at the Birkenhead Town Sports. In the former competition, the Institute team won handsomely, all six of our representatives being in the first fifteen home, and Rimmer of 5A coming second in the whole meeting. At the Town Sports held at the Port Sunlight Oval on June 1st, we record the following results:—Forrester (3A) won the Junior 880 yards; Byrne (4B) won the Junior Putting the Shot; Boyd (3A) was second in Junior Hop-Step-Jump and also second in the Junior Long Jump. The following were placed third in their respective events:—Wylie (5A), Intermediate 220 yards; Kay (5A), Intermediate Mile; Hardy (VI), i.e. the Senior 880 yards. The School's Senior Relay Team came third. The above are to be congratulated on these good results, which reflect the high standard of athletics in the School.

At this year's Athletic Sports, it was decided to abandon our former practice of awarding prizes. All first prizewinners consequently gained medals, and seconds and thirds received a new type of card certificate printed especially for this year's Sports. We believe this practice will commend itself to all our competitors; for both the medals and cards will come to have added value to their recipients as the years go by.

* * *

From Monday, May 20th, School dinners have been run on the "family service" system instead of the general distribution plan. Not only does the new method save time, but it replaces the older canteen atmosphere by something closer to the family board and should be welcomed as a great improvement on the former arrangement.

* * *

We place on record the appointment of Old Instonian Mr. John P. Wilson to the recently established Lord Chancellor's Committee on proceedings in magistrates courts. In a celebrated High Court case earlier this year, some doubt about the desirability of full press reports in courts of first instance was occasioned, where this practice might possibly prejudice a jury in the Queen's Bench. The new committee will examine the question whether such reporting should be restricted, and it is to this body that the Lord Chancellor has done Mr. Wilson the honour of nominating him. After leaving the Institute and becoming an articled pupil, Mr. Wilson was admitted a solicitor in 1929 and subsequently became Clerk to Wallasey Justices. He now holds the post of Clerk to the Sunderland Magistrates.

* * *

Among the distinguished organists who gave recitals on the rebuilt organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, during the city's Charter Celebrations in June, the Institute is proud to claim one of its Old Boys. Dr. Caleb Jarvis gave the Saturday Evening recital on June 22nd, following performances earlier in the week by world-renowned players like the Vatican organist. Not only was Dr. Jarvis's handling of the famous instrument in St. George's Hall hailed by the critics as an outstanding achievement, but they also pointed out that he had acted as official consultant to Liverpool Corporation on the organ's restoration. The result—as the press said of this recital by an Old Instonian—"was a fresh revelation of the rebuilt organ and of the organist's own musicianship."

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ATKIN	STITT	TATE	WMINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

ATKIN.

THIS year has been disappointing in many ways for Atkin, mainly owing to the lack of ability of the boys in the lower forms. The senior boys, however, must be congratulated on their splendid efforts.

In the Rugby Competition, Atkin was second; Westminster was beaten handsomely but Atkin lost to Tate and then only managed to draw with Stitt.

The weakness at Chess was apparent again this year, the team losing all three matches. D. Mathews, however, must be congratulated on beating two of the School's best players.

There is a different tale to tell about the Cross Country Run. Atkin won this event for the tenth year in succession. This outstanding achievement was due largely to the efforts of the senior boys.

Atkin failed miserably in the Athletic Sports, an event which the House had won for the last six years. T. F. Hardy provided welcome consolation by being the Senior Victor Ludorum.

Even worse was to follow in the Cricket Competition. The junior team failed to win a game, and the seniors managed to win only one game.

With only the Summer Examination positions to be decided, it appears that Atkin will occupy a poor place in the Coronation Cup Competition and, if the House is to do better next year, there must be greater efforts from the junior members.

K.R.H.

STITT.

THE year began with Stitt finishing second in Chess, a rather disappointing result considering we had 3 first-team players in the team, but another star, Newcombe, was unable to play, and this weakened our boards. The final results were Stitt 6, Atkin 1; Stitt 3, Westminster 4; and Stitt 5, Tate 2—individual honours go to P. Jones, Carruthers, and Roberts.

Rugby was a different story. Owing to some inspiring play by the forwards, ably led by Morgan, and supported by Brocklebank, Byrne, Boyd and Roberts, we drew with Atkin and Westminster, and gave Tate a hard game.

As of old, Stitt showed a marked superiority in the classroom, winning the first examination by a convincing margin. This was due to the zest for hard work that inspired people like Mattingley, Kellett, Harding, Skinner, Boyd, Bather, Elliott, and McTear. (Several industrious Upper Sixth members also reflected credit on the House!)

The mainstay of the House this year has been the third forms, where Stitt has the lion's share of the brains and the brawn. The efforts of these boys saved us in the Cross Country, as well as spirited, courageous running from a number of seniors, the most outstanding of whom were I. McIntosh, a fine second; G. Parker and Rimmer, also well placed.

The less said about the Athletic Sports the better! The attractive young Mayoress's consoling remarks were not enough to alleviate the distress felt by all Stitt members at finishing a miserable last. On the brighter side, Boyd of 3A won the coveted Victor Ludorum trophy, and Elliott, Mattingley, Blackwell, McIntosh, Newcombe, Byrne, and Walsh all gained places in various events.

In the Cricket matches Stitt seniors and juniors both began well by defeating Atkin. The hopes that this inspired were shortlived, however, since both teams lost the last four games. A feature of the junior match against Westminster was the adventurous batting of Strutt and MacMaster.

The House boasts two members of the First XI., Blackwell and Newcombe, two members of the Second XI., Walsh and P. Jones, as well as McMaster and McIntosh who have played for the Colts' team.

Our outsider's chance of pipping Westminster, the favourites, on the post for the Coronation Cup now seems to have vanished, but this should not dishearten those members of Stitt who usually distinguish themselves in the Summer Examinations. Don't forget to keep the Green Flag flying!

TATE.

THIS year has not been a very successful one for Tate, and this is almost certainly due to lack of effort, rather than lack of talent.

In the Chess Competition, Tate lost 4-3 to Westminster, 5-2 to Stitt, but beat Atkin 7-0. This gave the House third place.

In the Rugby Competition, the team deserves all praise, since in spite of many injured or absent players, wins were recorded in all three games. T. R. Jones and Colley deserve special mention, and of the younger players Forrester was very promising.

On Sports Day the House finished second, and here it is certain that the final position could have been greatly improved had a little more effort been shown all round.

Tate finished last in the Autumn Mark Sheet and the Cross Country races, reflecting the general lack of interest in these events. It is essential that more interest be shown next year, as the House can ill afford these failures.

In the Cricket competition, the Seniors tied with the mighty Westminster side, beat Stitt, and lost to Atkin rather heavily, while the Junior lost only to Westminster. This earns Tate second place.

At the time of writing there remains only the Summer Mark Sheet, in which it is vital to secure as many points as possible.

R.F.S.

WESTMINSTER.

THIS year has been an eventful and successful one, the House having gained first place in the Chess, Athletic and Cricket championships, and second place in the Christmas examination and Cross Country championships.

Three victories were recorded in Chess, and Morton and Steedman must be congratulated on not losing any of their matches. The House lacked either brawn or ability on the rugby field and ended supporting the table. The back division played well, however, and in this respect mention must be made of Harris, Sampson, Phipps, and Jones, D. D. In achieving a second place in the Cross Country event the House feels that it gave Atkin—ten consecutive wins—a good race. The seniors, although having an individual winner in Harris, with Burdett and Kay third and sixth respectively, came a poor fourth, and this was a serious handicap. The junior and intermediate teams came first and second respectively. Steedman and Jones, A. T., ran well for the junior team, and Humphreys, Johnson, Wallace and Easdown took third to sixth places in the intermediate event.

This term, a victory by 97 points over nearest rivals Tate in Athletics and the Cricket XI's undefeated record give reason for the House to be pleased with its progress. A good all-round effort in Athletics ensured success, and for this reason it is difficult to mention special performances. Two good and somewhat unexpected results were Kay's win in the mile, and Harris's win in the high jump. The Fourth form should also be praised for their fine turn out. Tate were the only challengers at Cricket, the result of the senior match being a tie. The junior XI. took revenge, however, scoring a fine total of 112 for 4.

With just a little help from the academically-minded the much coveted Coronation Cup may well be in the House's safe keeping at the end of this year.

Libraria

AS we shall probably never have a chance to write again in the *Visor* unless we are asked to write an old boy's letter from Walton Gaol, we have broken away from high-pressure swotting in order to pen some lines of caustic wit for your delight. We think that it would be fitting now to meditate upon the education we have received at B.I., and discuss its value as a preparation for life in the outer world. Before we do this, we should like you to be clear about what B.I. actually stands for. You've guessed it, B.I. means Booze-loving Income Tax Evader. (Actually that was a very subtle joke; for if you are a Booze-Lover you must be an Income Tax Evader to be able to afford it!)

A boy who has been to B.I. has acquired a taste for the higher things in life like Shakespeare, harmony-singing, cheese and onion pie, and Hydrogen Sulphide. He has had a thorough grounding and preparation for married life. Any prefect will tell you that after having quelled 4B in one of their more truculent moods he feels confident that he can subdue a nagging wife with nonchalant ease.

What better practice could a boy have for staying up half the night with a crying baby than spending a couple of hours in the company of other crew-cut convicts in the penitentiary-like atmosphere of the "Dete" Room?

What better fits a prospective husband for the time when he will see a crowd of hungry faces turned towards him than the new Family Service? It is reliably reported that Hopner, perceiving this, has instructed the boys on his table to call him daddy. However, we hope Roberts gives his wife and children more than he gives the hunger-pinched wretches on his table!

When the time comes for the proud father to choose a name for his little beetroot-coloured son, perhaps he will honour the babe by naming it after one of the masters at his old school, and little Joe, Len, Dicky, or Danny will carry on the traditions of the B.I.

To turn to a more serious note we should like to thank all the masters who have helped and encouraged us throughout our school-days, and particularly, Mr. Webb, Mr. Hall, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Williams, who have given us immense help and much valuable advice in our sixth-form careers.

We should like to say cheerio to all our friends (perhaps they think they are our enemies!) in the Lower School, and remind them that any punishments we have given them have really been for their own good. As a tribute to the B.I. we should like to say finally that we have had a wonderful time at School and have enjoyed every minute of it. Good luck to all!

T. J. WALSH.

R. J. ROBERTS.

Scientia

THE exam. has overshadowed everything this term, which as a consequence has been rather dull, enlivened only by Sports Day and the House cricket matches.

We now have three fully-fledged car drivers in the form. This fact is all the more remarkable since they all think that the sole purpose of the amber light is to save waiting for the green.

These notes would not be complete without reference to the two artists, both of whom bear a strong resemblance to two of Ned Kelly's Australian Bushwhackers (not to be confused with Ned Kellett's Dock Road Scouse Wackers, the well-known skiffle group). Few people knew that Welsh's life-story has provided the libretto for that popular operetta, "Tales from the Storeton Woods." It is disclosed in a book called "1,001 Uses of the Iambic Pentameter in the Modern Kitchen" that that well-known forger and French-polisher, R. J. Roberts, is a rissole addict.

Now that our final year at the B.I. is nearly over, we can look back over our seven years here with a feeling of pride tinged with regret.

In the 1st form we were at the mercy of a School Captain who would have made an excellent sergeant-major, judging by the way he drilled us in the yard at the end of break. We then progressed to 2A, and some of us still bear the scars to show that we took Latin with Mr. Th*m*s.

The year that we were in 3A, 1953, was a memorable one, since it was the year of the Coronation and of the ascent of Everest. At the end of the school year Mr. Harris retired, and so, when we came back to go into 4A, Mr. Jones was Headmaster. The School suffered a tragic blow in this year—Charlie joined us. Overcoming this handicap with a certain amount of difficulty, we went on into 5A to take the G.C.E. "O" level, and then, because we liked these exams so much, we decided to come back for two more years to take the Advanced level exam.

During our seven years here, we have surmounted such difficulties as having to work and being put in detention. We have defeated the Landican bog during the course of many cross-country runs (except on one memorable occasion when one of our number, together with the oft-remembered Stoss, managed to lose himself in the wilds of Landican). We have suffered attacks on person and property, including a carbylamine attack which was perpetrated by some traitors in our midst. Added to these misfortunes we have watched Tranmere Rovers falling even further down the league before our eyes. Feeling proud of ourselves for having survived these ordeals and still coming up for more, I will (to change the person) end my article and for the last time (I hope) as the writer of "Scientia" sign myself P.J.

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Form Notes

6A.

HELLO! once more from the better side of the Lower Sixth, which is, most unexpectedly, still complete despite the fact that our jilted Casanova, St*n**y, persists in annoying Mr.Th**p**n (known affectionately to his cronies as "la cheminee humaine"). But if Jock is torn apart by that revered gentleman we shall not worry; for his broken heart is making our existence utterly miserable.

However, to more important things. We gleefully bring to your notice the fact that in the last edition of the *Visor*, the Scientists failed either because they were grammatically incapable or just too lazy, to produce 6S Form Notes. (Even had they done so, the notes would probably have been rejected as useless).

But it must be stated that the Scientists were a little more energetic than we were, on the recent Annual Sports Day. Nevertheless, we faithfully "did our bit." White condescended to load the starting gun for Mr. Squires. An attempt to re-load it with blank caps was thwarted, and thus prevented the occurrence of what might have been a most amazing sight.

Now we are studying laboriously for our Summer Exams, which are not quite as important as those to be taken by the Fifth and Upper Sixth Forms, who must struggle along in this intolerable heat. To those who deserve them we extend our heartiest best wishes, especially to our colleagues, Hairy von Walsh and Black Dan Roberts, even though the latter has an insane desire to hurl us all through the Library windows, as he says, "to keep in practice."

Also because of these examinations several members of the Lower Sixth have been made acting-prefects. But now to less important things, which naturally suggest Jock. His daring and Scottish mania for arguing have suddenly been challenged. There is constant strife, but, because of his lack of authority, Jock does not win, and so my wager is laid on Mr. T. But just one more explanation. If you should pass by the Library door and see that the handle is red, do not panic, laddies, and think that Mr. T. has finally caught Jock and spread him over the door; the answer is simple—the redness is due to the nauseating concoctions brewed by the Scientists who have, unfortunately for us, their Chemmy Lab. next door to our seat of learning. And so, until our now spent brains have recuperated and thought of some more words of wisdom, we must bid you adieu.

GENTLEMEN of the Birkenhead Institute! Hello, folks!

It is with deep regret that we recall the disappointed and despondent faces of the rest of the School on finding that last term's *Visor* contained no 6S Form Notes. The reason for this national calamity is not that that we had spots before the ankles, the nadgers, or the galloping abdabs, but that our excuse for a form-room is blacker than a Fifth-former's neck, and it is impossible to see anything more than Mr. 10 o'clock L*w*y's nose after a hectic night out at the Old Age Pensioners' Club.

The form was well represented in the Annual Sports (Victor Ludorum and all that), but we feel it significant to note that the once mighty Atkin finished in a sorry state, due no doubt to the absence of a very able champion. ("How are the mighty fallen!").

At the time of writing we are looking forward to the River Trip, during which many fascinating sights are to be seen. However, we are informed that no member of 6A is going, because, (a) they have little faith in their own moral strength, (b) they would not be able to stand the delicate smell of bar chipshop, and river, (c) they might feel compelled to throw overboard one Haggis-faced member of the miserable trio, and thereby lose their only source of amusement.

An exciting half-term holiday was enlivened by expeditions to the heights of Hilbre and the depths of Blackpool. (How low can you get?).

Now, for the benefit of the uninitiated, we shall close with a short regues gallery of the form:

"Vic": Incessantly being reprimanded for allowing his harem to follow him up Whetstone Lane.

"Sambo": the "demon" bowler of the 1st XI. who always renders his opponents well and truly "out."

"Henry" (the Ham): Still resists all attempts to be humanised, but has, we hear, actually spoken to one of the opposite sex.

"Bucky": The "Bring 'em back alive" blond chaser.

"Low": Still with the Old Age Pensioners.

"Rob": The "x" quantity (female) in the life of this Salmon still retains the secret of her identity. Bess? No, that's the name of his bike.

"Tom": On the Blackpool Trip proved that two can occupy a seat as comfortably as one, and, with Sambo, is always "flogging a dead horse" to the Upper Sixth.

"Fred" (the Head): The curly-whirly dame stunner, or "Casanova Mk. II."

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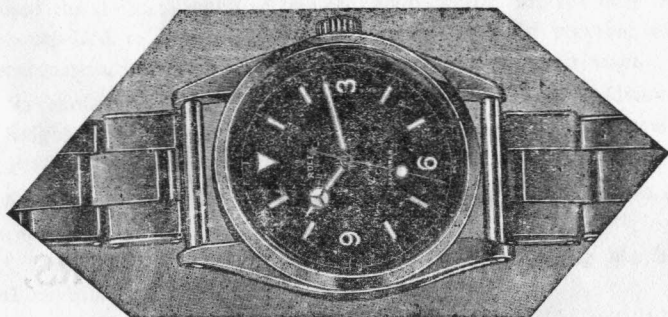
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Alas, we must now close as we have an exam in five minutes, and we must get some revision done.

Put that penguin out, Baxter, old man. Good night.

R.F.S.

H.A.M.

J.S.B.

5A.

WE number thirty-one persons in our form, thirty facing the black-board and one, slightly older, facing the form, all present at 8-55 a.m. and 1-55 p.m. promptly every day when doorman Keating closes the door.

I think we can say that we are one of the most active forms in the School. At Cricket we are represented in the 1st XI. by R. R. Blackwell, C. Colley, and T. Harris. In the 2nd XI., D. Edge, G. Greaves, and A. Kay represent us. In this year's Athletic Sports our name was upheld by Blackwell, Colley, Evans, Greaves, T. Harris, Kay, Mackintosh, Rimmer, Wylie, and Williams; of these Colley, Greaves, Harris, Kay, and Mackintosh represented the School at the Oval in the Town Sports. This year we have lost our sea-legs, as we do not have swimming (what a pity), but we use our energy up in the gym.

We have, as always, nearly all paid for our *Visors*. The advanced "Lit. mob" tend to think that Mackintosh is one of them since he is studying for History, his only subject in the G.C.E.

Next term, as all of the School knows, we are taking part in the B.B.C.'s quiz-game "Top of the Form," and we are represented by our "Top of the Form" McTear.

This term all 5A have had our "Medical." This has brought to light the fact that some of our class-mates cannot see! We now call them the "Blind Ones."

Following our form's tradition some new haircuts have been introduced. Edge has had a "Golliwog" haircut. Lomax's haircut changes with the weather. Morgan spends most of his time studying Latin, and, observing some pictures of Caesar, decided to copy this haircut. The recent spell of sunshine has created a number of "coolies" in our form.

Our name will be spread abroad this coming summer as C. Williams and D. Morton are accompanying the School on the trip to Belgium, and D. Brocklebank and A. Kay are going to Germany.

Our form master, Mr. Malcolm, is helping some of us to find suitable jobs. (We can only conclude from this that he wants to be rid of us).

We now close our form notes and return to our "frantic" revision for the dreaded G.C.E.

G. and K.

5B.

PARKER begins the form's contributions with an account of his
ASCENT OF THE GREPON.

The Aiguille de Grepon is a huge needle of rock, five thousand feet high, in the French Alps. It is in some of the most distinguished mountain scenery in the world, and is surrounded by such peaks as Mont Blanc and the Eiger tower.

The morning was cool and still on our day of departure, and nothing stirred the heather-like bushes around our climbing hut. Everything was quiet, and the sun bathed the snow in yellow rays. We had had a comfortable night in the hut, as we had every amenity, and so were fit and fresh. After crossing a huge glacier, the four of us reached a deep couloir or dip, where we had to be careful, since hidden crevasses made the snow treacherous. Our leader, an experienced Alpinist, led us to the foot of the Grepon, and, although it was only six o'clock in the morning, we had been travelling for two hours. The Aiguille looks like Cleopatra's Needle in some respects, as it is as sheer as a 'sky-scraper' and as magnificent as a full-sized mountain.

The first pitch of the climb was well marked by the scratches on the rock, made by boot-nails, and we had no difficulty in belaying ourselves. By eight o'clock we had climbed two thousand feet in fine style, and we reckoned that we should reach the summit by one o'clock, if the rock was dry and clean. There was no snow on this sheer face, as there was on the West face, and so all our climbing was energetic rock work. As we should have to descend this side, we left all our spare clothing and ice-axes at the two-thousand foot mark, a wide grassy ledge. To save time, we climbed in ropes of two men, I being the second man on Marcel's rope. Above this ledge were two slabs of rock, each five hundred feet high, at right angles to

each other like an open book. Because of the angle, the next few pitches were dangerous, and there were no protruding rocks on which to belay ourselves. While Marcel was climbing and I was paying out the rope, I noticed some pitons which had rusted into the rock.

At this point of the ascent, the sun was beating mercilessly on our tanned backs, and we could see Chamonix shining in the wooded valley below. Our leader was a few hundred feet above us, looking like an ant clinging to a wall. A few hours later, at half-past twelve, we reached the summit and had a clear view of the whole of the glorious Alps and part of France. We had our meal of Pemman and biscuits with Vitamin tablets to finish.

It took us only three hours to descend, a hundred feet at a time, and we were soon back at the ledge where we had left our equipment. By seven o'clock, we were back at our hut after a very rewarding and exhilarating day.

E. Woods describes his

VISIT TO THE DENTIST.

As I walked through the wet streets, I thought about the nagging pain that was still with me. The Dentist's house appeared, and immediately my toothache vanished, or did it? I knew from previous experience that, if I turned round and went home, it would return very quickly. I began to wonder whether any of the wonder cures constantly advertised on I.T.V. would work; but, of course, there is only one way, and that is to have it extracted. What was there to fear any way? All the dentists would do, would be to put a little mask over my nose—last time that mask went over my nose the dentist needed a new mask, but this time was going to be different. What was the matter now? I had stopped again: perhaps the dentist's was not open to-day. "Oh, yes, he is," I told myself, and very soon I was confirmed on that point; for suddenly there was a loud scream from inside the house, and a young lady came out in great haste. I decided I could not go in, but it was too late; for the assistant had come to comfort the lady (who, I learned afterwards, had seen a mouse). I went in and immediately felt more confident.

About half-an-hour later, I was once again in the wet streets, but without that little piece of yellow-black tooth, which caused me to lose more sleep than some months homework which I had not done.

THERE were many interesting articles written by this form, and Lee, Carbery, and Bird were unlucky to have their contributions crowded out. Bather begins, advising us to

LOOK AT YOUR CHANGE.

When you receive a handful of small change for some purchase, do you ever look at it, except to take in at a glance that it adds up to the correct amount? We are so accustomed to handling money that we take in the value of a handful of coins very quickly, but we scarcely stop to look at the individual coins. Proof of this is the large number of foreign coins which continue to circulate freely.

A woman who had made a purchase in a shop thought a half-penny in her change looked odd. She examined it more carefully, and found it was a metal disc with a hole in it. On it was an address which seemed vaguely familiar. She took it home to her husband who recognised it as the medallion that had dangled from the collar of a dog which he had owned eighteen years previously. The dog had been killed. It was an astonishing coincidence that the disc should be handed back to his wife after so many years; but more astonishing was the fact that it had been circulating as a half-penny for years without anybody's noticing it—or at least worrying.

A minister, a few years ago, found a coin in the offertory box, unlike any he had seen before. It was made of brass, bearing the date 1837, and the picture of a man on horseback, and with the words "To Hanover."

So next time you receive your change, have a good look at it, for you may be lucky and find a priceless coin!

W. Pierce contributes an amusing article entitled

UNDER OPPRESSION.

I was carried along with other unfortunates on a sea of bodies into the tightly packed train. We were to be transported to a place where there would be ease for our pains and yet a place where there could also be more pain and discomfort. My arms were pressed to my side by the enormous number of bodies forced into the smoky, sweaty carriages. I listened to the complaints of my fellow-sufferers, some with strange accents as if they came from over the "water." At last, we reached our destination, and everyone could breathe freely as the fresh air rushed in through the now open doors. We filed past uniformed guards, who checked our pass-cards as we went through the barriers. The procession of people continued, all with one thought in mind—to seek refuge from the force which was over-

whelming them. We finally reached a high walled refuge. There was a long queue, but finally, all were admitted and given tallies which bore the number of the hut or billet which they could use.

Once dressed for action I set out into the blaze of sunshine, which I realised, to my discomfort, to be a very disturbing feature of going to an open-air swimming pool.

4B.

THESE two articles show the imagination which seems to prevail in this form, and for the first we thank Richard Hill who gives us worthy advice on how to spend a memorable afternoon

TIGER HUNTING IN EAST FINCHLEY.

I have entitled this article 'Tiger Hunting in East Finchley' not because it is connected in any way with tiger hunting in that veritable seat of learning, but because I have been presented with a blank piece of paper and I can think of no better way of attracting the attention of the powers that be, who select the articles. Incidentally, who does select the articles? Does a small, dapper little man in a bowler hat come down from some obscure ministry armed with a red pencil to cross out the painstakingly copied article of the fifth-former, or the "Afternoon at Colwyn Bay" of some minute first-former? Are the articles shaken up in a barrel and selected by a blindfold prefect, or is a happy afternoon spent by the prefects making them into paper darts, and printing only the ones which are not lost?

All such goings on are shrouded in a cloud of mystery, and I suspect that no one but the chosen few will ever know the answer. Have I unearthed some unsolved mystery equal to that of the 'Marie Celeste'? If not, and if this article never reaches the enlightened pages of our School magazine, I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that I have told nobody anything about "Tiger Hunting in East Finchley."

And for the second, we thank Ferguson for his article on

SUSPENSE.

I crouch there with my eyes fixed on my enemies; they stand all around me. The farthest person from me holds a deadly missile in his hand. The looks on the faces of my enemies grow menacing; they walk slowly in towards me. Then, just as the first one is nearly within reach of me, they all stop. They just stare at me. I glance down at my only weapon, a short, frail, piece of wood. I think to myself, "I'll be lucky if I come out of this alive!" It is this waiting, this waiting for the attack that sooner or later must come, which

frays one's nerves, and I keep repeating to myself, "If I don't survive this attack, which will surely be the last, I shall be letting my friends down."

The man at the other end starts to run towards me, the men all around me drop into menacing crouches, the man hurls his missile at me; there is only one thing to do and I bring my piece of wood up and hit out at the missile. I feel the fierce thud as it connects, and then the shout goes up, "It's a six." Suddenly I went limp, and the perspiration dripped from my brow: we had won the match on the last ball.

3A.

WE commence with some Form notes compiled by Johnson, W. R. Jones, and Saunders.

The term has so far been rather uneventful for 3A. Of course, there have been the Sports, in which Boyd excelled, becoming Junior Victor Ludorum, and just missing the School long jump record by a few inches. Also at the Birkenhead Town Sports Boyd was second in the 'hop, step and jump,' and second in the long jump, and on this occasion he was joined by Forrester, who won the half-mile.

There have been two Cricket matches, against Rock Ferry High School and Wirral Grammar School, both of which, although there were eight members of this form playing, including the captain McCarter, were narrowly lost.

At half-term the positions in form were first, Mattingley; second, Elliot; third, Edbrooke.

During the hot weather this term the form has been to the baths in Rock Ferry, which proved most enjoyable.

Now we have an interesting article from Doveston,

SILAGING ON A FARM.

Silage is a form of grass which has been compressed so hard that the air is driven out. If the air was left in, it would go bad, and would smell very strongly.

When it is prepared properly, silage is an excellent food for cattle through the winter months, when it is cold and there is a shortage of grass.

When the grass is of reasonable height, it is cut, wet or dry. It is collected straight away, because the grass would turn to hay, if left out too long.

On the back of a tractor, a buck-rake is rigged up, which consists of about ten to fifteen sharp metal rods protruding from a metal

framework, attached to the hydraulic lift of a tractor. When the tractor collects a load of grass, it brings it to the silage pit, which is about 150 feet long and about 40 feet wide. The grass is spread out and allowed to settle. When it is quite high, a heavy tractor is used to compress the grass, by rolling backwards and forwards on it.

The level gradually rises to its required height. The heat has to be regularly tested by a German instrument called a Silometer which is like a thermometer. It consists of a long tube, sharpened at the end. Inside is a long thermometer, and at one end a dial, where the temperature is indicated. The rod is pushed into the compressed grass, to find the temperature of the silage. 120 degrees F. is a good steady temperature while the silage is being prepared. It sometimes attains a temperature of 160 degrees F., which is far too high, and it has to be rolled straight away to reduce the temperature. The purpose of silage is to keep grass preserved. Hay is not as good, because in the process it is inclined to waste the blades of grass, whereas silage does not. The proteins in the grass are in the blades and not in the stalks, that is why silage is becoming more popular with farmers.

We conclude with an article by Douglas which he entitles

THE FIRST HAND GUN.

The first hand gun ever used was a rough metal tube about three feet long, closed at one end and fastened to a straight stick. It was loaded through the muzzle with bits of metal and stone which were rammed down to the closed end. One man held it firmly braced under his arm whilst another applied a fuse or match of smouldering tar to a touch-hole, thereby igniting the gunpowder.

The gun went off with a tremendous roar, a burst of flame, and a great cloud of smoke. If the enemy were not more than a hundred feet away, a few might be slightly wounded. But the gun was just as likely to burst, and in doing so, kill the men who operated it.

3B.

FROM F. Almond, who appears to be quite a Charley, comes this humorous self-confession.

SO STUPID.

I opened my eyes and looked at the clock; oh, only eight o'clock, I thought, back to sleep for another hour. I rolled over and suddenly the time sank in—"Eight o'clock?" I yelled in alarm. "Crumbs, I'll be late." I was out of that bed like a streak of greased lightning, and picking myself up from the tangle of clothes on the floor, I got dressed and went downstairs—the hard way. Still rubbing myself I snatched a hasty breakfast, and thinking that my mother had

also slept in, I dashed out—into half-a-dozen empty milk bottles. For the third time in fifteen minutes I picked myself up and carried on. On arriving at the bus stop I saw the bus pulling out, so I chased it and jumped on, only to lose hold of my satchel. The driver kindly waited while I retrieved it, and then we set off. At five to nine I reached the school gates out of breath and very exasperated. The janitor was coming across the yard so I called out,

“Why are all the doors locked?”

“It’s Saturday, son,” he replied.

Then D. Burgess enlightens us on his hobby of

COCKLING.

Cockling is an enjoyable pastime, and to follow it I often go to Moreton Shore. It is advisable to wear other than best clothing because of the amount of digging and kneeling to be done. You must wait until the tide has gone out, and then, using your hands, you dig the few necessary inches into the sand. It is tedious work but well worth while if you like cockles. Likely places to explore are water-filled hollows in the sand. It takes only a couple of hours to fill a large bag, and, when you have brought them home, they should be rinsed clean of sand and then boiled. This having been done, the cockles are rinsed again, and after being immersed in salt and vinegar they are ready to eat. They taste delicious and will remain palatable for many days.

Finally, N. McLaren discloses his knowledge of

THE WOODPECKER.

Whilst walking along one of the most beautiful lanes near the Oxtou Cricket Club, one might hear a loud, echoing “ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.” This is the laughter-like call of the Green Woodpecker, which is now becoming a fairly common bird.

It is interesting to watch it as it creeps up tree-trunks, tapping at the bark and removing insects. Its colouring is green above and greenish-yellow below, with red round its crown. The Green Woodpecker is also found in parks and woods, and it frequently visits the trees in one’s own garden. It builds its nest in a tunnelled out hole in a decayed tree. It feeds mostly on insects, grubs, and beetles, and lays four to seven white eggs in April or May.

When insect food becomes short it resorts to nuts, berries, and fruits. Its main delicacy, however, is ants, for which it will gladly leave a tree to dig up an ant-nest. The ants are caught on the tip of its long tongue. So if you are out one Sunday, keep your eyes open for this beautiful bird.

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OUT of the wealth of information submitted by this form, we commence with P. Tooley's description of the wild life on

BURTON MARSH.

Burton Marsh is the paradise of bird-watchers, egg collectors and duck shooters.

If you go to the marsh in late April or in May, the first thing you are likely to see is a peewit chasing an unwanted gull, rook, or crow from the precincts of its nest. As you walk on, you will hear the horrible cries of black-headed gulls above you. After you have walked about a mile you will see startled redshanks fly up at your intrusion, but unless you take them completely by surprise you are unlikely to find their nests which they well conceal by training grass over them.

On the marsh there are about four colonies of tern with about thirty to forty nests in each. You can soon tell when you have reached a ternery; for the inmates will fly down at you nearly hitting your face.

Whilst wandering about you will come across many mallards' nests, and if you are lucky a sheld-duck's nest in a burrow. The sheld-duck is easily recognised by its black and white plumage.

Near the Welsh side of the marsh where it is sandy you may see a black and white bird with a long orange-red beak which it uses to crack oyster shells. This bird, as may be expected, is the oystercatcher, and if you look hard you may find its nest with three or four eggs in it.

At the end of the day you will be most sorry to leave this interesting place.

We continue with J. Gurden's article, the title of which may be interpreted in more than one way:—

A FISHY STORY.

One of my hobbies is fishing; so, during the half term holiday, I went fishing in the Shropshire Union Canal. I packed my tackle and bait, and caught the 10-35 a.m. 'bus from Woodside.

On arriving at Backford, I alighted, and after a few minutes' walk arrived at the canal. I assembled my tackle, baited my hook with a red worm, and cast into the water. After about forty-five minutes I caught a 3-oz. gudgeon, but, as this was too small to use as live-bait for the pike which I hoped to catch, I returned it to the canal, rebaited my hook, and cast again. At about one o'clock I was joined by two other boys.

After a while one of them shouted that he had caught a fish. At that moment about twenty-five members of a cycling club were crossing the bridge above us. They all dismounted and leaned over the bridge to see the catch. When this was reeled in, it turned out to be a piece of wood, which brought loud cheers from the onlookers. I then fished for the rest of the afternoon, but caught only two roach. However, fishermen are always optimists, so, better luck next time!

We conclude with McGregor's account of the activities of:

PORTPATRICK.

Portpatrick is a small fishing village in the downlands of Scotland, and situated in Galloway on the West Coast.

During the nineteenth century there was a weekly mail-boat operating, until the man-made harbour was destroyed. When the outer harbour was being built the designer said that the huge concrete blocks used were completely gale-proof, but he had not reckoned with the Atlantic, and, shortly after, all that remained was a heap of concrete and sandstone.

To-day Portpatrick is a busy fishing-village, and sometimes as many as forty boats arrive every day, so that it is possible to walk from wall to wall of the harbour several times without walking over the same boat twice.

Most of the boats catch herring, and usually every morning, amidst the rumble of heavy lorries and the cry of gulls, the fleet is unloaded. And then the surplus fish are packed in drums and taken to the fishmeal factories.

There are sometimes long periods when the boats do not return, and the lorries are parked round the harbour while their crews sleep under tarpaulins. But hardly any of the boats belong to Portpatrick; for most of them come from other parts, and sometimes from other countries.

Portpatrick also has a few other assets, but above all it has some of the most beautiful scenery in Scotland around it.

2B.

FIRST from this form comes an amusing short story by J. Rich, who tells us of the cunning of the

THREE ROGUES.

"Oh dear!" said the waiter in a despondent tone, "we haven't had many customers lately." But at that moment in swaggered three dirty-looking men, and the waiter said to them, "Ah, good sirs, what can I do for you?"

The tallest answered gruffly, "I'll 'ave sausage'n mash; how about you, lads?"

"Ar, we'll have the same, hey, Joe?" he suggested to a stout man with a jagged scar on his forehead.

After a pause Joe said in an enlightened tone, "Yeh."

They all sat down at the table and began to whisper. After they had eaten the meal, the waiter came up and said, "That will be nine shillings, please." Whereupon the three toughs stood up, and Joe said,

"I'll pay for 'em." Then all three began to quarrel as to who should pay. Each seemed unusually anxious to pay for the others. Finally Joe said, "All right, we'll 'ave a game of Blind Man's Buff to settle who shall fork out. The first one caught'll pay."

They contrived to blindfold the waiter, and, while he was groping about between the tables they slipped silently out. At last the waiter was successful in grabbing a body to which he clung despairingly, and still blindfolded he said,

"Come on, give me the nine shillings you owe me, you thieving hound." This was most unfortunate for him: for he had caught and half-strangled his employer who had come to investigate the noise. The waiter apologised, but because business was so slack he was expendable, and therefore he could be seen at the front of the queue outside the Labour Exchange the next morning. There he met the three toughs who were at the Exchange, as usual, trying not to get a job. He therefore called to a passing policeman and laid charges against them. Needless to say they received their deserts.

A. McIntosh concludes with a brief account of

THE WORLD JAMBOREE.

The World Jamboree for scouts will be held at Sutton-Coldfield and promises to be an exciting event. As is customary, there will be representatives from all over the world, including Siamese, Italians, French, Swiss, and Norwegians.

The 64th Troop from Birkenhead is one of the few troops which will have a full troop there, and also there will be Lord Rowallan and Lady Baden-Powell, wife of the famous Chief Scout and founder, Lord Baden-Powell. All sorts of events will take place during the ten to twelve days which the camp will last, and scouts will exhibit models which they have made. It is probable that the distinguished visitors will not remain for the duration, but there will nevertheless be much fun, any untidy results of which will be cleared up after the camp breaks up.

ALTHOUGH the general standard of contributions from this form was poor, there were a few articles worthy of publication. A. G. Cotgrave, obviously a nature lover, tells us of his friend,

THE BLACKBIRD.

I was in the garden when I first saw my blackbird friend, perched on a tree and whistling merrily. He was quite an old bird with a bright orange beak. He became a regular visitor, and every morning I used to hear him whistling in the tree. Then, one day, I did not see him, and he did not return for about two weeks.

Then one day I saw him perched on the hedge. I was mowing the lawn at the time, and he jumped off the hedge and started hunting for worms. He saw a few peanuts which had been thrown in the garden by somebody. He pecked one and seemed to like it. He then stood cheekily in front of the lawn-mower and would not let me cut the grass. I now listen every morning for him, and the first person out always frightens him so that he gives a terrible squawk.

John Fox writes of his

WHITSUN HOLIDAY.

For my Whit holidays, I went to my Aunt's house in Wales. It was fine when I arrived there and met my uncle, waiting at the station with his car. He drove me to the house, which was about a mile away. The first thing I did was to help my uncle with the gardening.

At half-past ten I went to bed, and in the morning I went down to the woods with my cousin to chop some firewood. When we came back to the house, we had our breakfast, and then got the bus to Wrexham. I arrived in Wrexham and went to the market with my aunt to get something for dinner.

The next day dawned, and I remembered that I had to go home that day, and so, after tea, I started packing, and my uncle took me down to the station in the car.

L. Lindop closes the form's contributions with the story of

HOW THESEUS LIFTED THE STONE.

There was once a princess in Troeyene called Aithra. She was the daughter of Pittheus the king, and had a very strong son called Theseus. His father was king, King Aegeus of Athens. When Theseus was fifteen, he was told to go to a bush on a hill near the temple, to lift a stone, but he could not lift it.

His mother sighed as he came out carrying nothing, and said, "Try again next year." The next year, he tried again, but still could not lift it. In order to lift it the following year, he wrestled, boxed, and hunted, until everyone admired his strength. When he was eighteen, his last chance to lift the stone came. He went into the thicket, and tugged and pulled with all his strength, and was rewarded when the stone moved and rolled over. He found beneath it a bronze sword with a hilt of glistening gold, and a pair of golden sandals, and ran out of the thicket waving them in the air.

Aithra wept when she saw him. Then she said, "Come so that we can see the sea." And, showing him Attica, where the Athenian people dwell, she said, "Take your sword and sandals, and go to your father the king; for he is waiting for you to rule after him."

1B.

FROM the meagrely talented work of this form comes an article by P. Kevan, who asks if it was

A PIECE OF WOOD OR A BODY.

The Mersey is a large and important river: consequently many ships such as liners, tugs, and dredgers are frequently to be seen there. Also, one may occasionally see an oil tanker bringing crude oil from the Persian Gulf. But the very strange adventure which befell me occurred while I was crossing the Mersey on a ferry-boat.

A large tanker was anchored in mid-river, and, as might be expected, the attention of the passengers was focussed on it. At that moment some inexplicable urge made me look away, and it was then that I saw what I took to be a piece of driftwood. Closer inspection, however, revealed it to be a body, and I cried out a warning. My friend came to my side and confirmed my opinion, and the next moment the bows of the steamer made contact with what we now believed to be a man's stomach.

The captain, who had heard my warning shout and investigated it, radioed to Liverpool telling the River Police about these events. By then the body had drifted fifty yards astern and was wallowing in our wash. When we landed at Liverpool we saw a River Police patrol cruiser speeding towards the middle of the river, and that same night reports in the "Liverpool Echo" confirmed our suspicions.

This is followed by an account from G. Grey who appears to like
VISITING THE "GREAT ORME" ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

I have visited the "Great Orme" twice—each occasion being on a Sunday afternoon. To reach there you must travel along the road to Wales, and, having crossed the border, you follow the road to Abergele and Rhyl, of which towns the latter is not far from Llandudno.

Llandudno is situated in the lee of the "Great Orme"—a very large mountain surrounded by a landscape of most beautiful sights. After paying your shilling toll you have the choice of two roads to the top. The first winds along the coast where there are fine flat spaces to play outdoor games, a few odd, roofless houses, and a building which looks like a cross between an air-raid shelter and a pill-box. The second road leads directly to the summit, and along this you may, if you wish, travel in a tram-car.

On the summit is a large building, a gift shop, a cafeteria, a sweet-stall, and an amusements arcade. The five places combined are called "Randy's Place" and belong to the famous professional boxer, Randolph Turpin. Next to the bar can be seen his collection, which includes a Lonsdale Belt, his boxing gloves, and a varied assortment of other cups and trophies. His "Place" is well frequented during the holiday periods by carefree crowds of sightseers. I think that I will visit Llandudno again before very long.

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Film Society Notes

TOWARDS the end of last term the School's first Film Society was formed under the chairmanship of Mr. Mealar.

The society aims to encourage the appreciation of the better types of film, and has been meeting fortnightly this term to discuss films which members have seen in the district.

Film-visits, too, are arranged. This term members went to the Continental, Wallasey, to see "Ten Days to Die," a film on the last days of the Hitler regime, by a famous German director, G. W. Pabst. Members also receive a copy of "Sight and Sound," a first-class magazine on cinema. For the present membership is restricted to the Sixth.

Language Club Notes

EVEN in the June heat the Language Club continued its thrice weekly meetings. This term we even added an extra language to our collection—Spanish, which means that boys interested can now make the acquaintance of Russian, German, and Spanish, in their spare time. It is hoped next term to arrange film-visits whenever films in the appropriate languages are being shown.

OLD BOYS' SECTION

Old Boys' Notes and News

THE Association Sub-Committee mentioned in the last issue of the *Visor*, besides laying plans for the revival of an Old Instonians Association has recently been busy arranging a number of social activities. A Dance will be held at St. Saviour's Hall on July 20th, at the end of a week which will see the Old Boys and the School matched at cricket on the School field. On July 27th a Car Rally will be held, starting at 6-0 p.m. from the Wellington Hotel, Haymarket. If you are interested, you should contact Norman Little at the Singleton Avenue Post Office.

One of the plans referred to above is for the establishment of an Old Instonians Club with premises, modest at first, situated centrally in Birkenhead. Information about any likely premises would be welcomed by Roy Binyon, 264 Spital Road, Bromborough (Brom. 1151). He would also be pleased to hear from any Old Boy interested in forming a group for activities other than soccer and rugger (e.g. cricket, tennis, table-tennis, chess). It is possible that the Sub-Committee will be able to offer its help.

Old Instonians are glad of the opportunity to help to encourage the School's sporting activities by the award to each House of an Annual Sports Prize to be presented to the boy who has by his example done most during the year to foster sport in his house. The prizes will take the form of vouchers which can be exchanged for sports equipment.

Old Instonians R.U.F.C.

ANOTHER season is now over, and once again the Old Boys' Rugby Club can look back on a successful year. The 1st XV., although their record is not quite so impressive as in recent years, won 19 games and lost 11. The 2nd and 3rd XV.'s both turned in excellent performances, the former team winning 23, drawing 1, and losing 4, whilst the 3rd XV. won 18, drew 1, and lost 5. As the future of the Club lies in the 2nd and 3rd XV.'s, we can look forward with confidence.

Over the past few years the overall performance of the three teams fielded regularly has been outstanding, all teams invariably winning many more games than have been lost. The points totals have also been impressive; as an example, the 2nd XV. have scored nearly one thousand points in the last two seasons, with approximately three hundred against.

It is very encouraging to see the number of younger members who have made their mark as players (no pun intended), and any boy leaving School can be certain that he will rapidly get his chance in the senior fifteens if his ability warrants it.

The Isle of Man Tour took place last Easter as in previous years, and all members who went enjoyed themselves both on and off the field. The standard of Rugby probably suffered somewhat as a result of the "off the field" exertions. Nearer home, the local Sevens Competitions provided the Club with many enjoyable games. At Shell Sevens the Old Instonians reached the semi-final, only to be beaten by a strong Wigan O.B. team. The following week, at Birkenhead Park, we were knocked out by our traditional friends and enemies, Old Parkonians, by three points to nil in the second round. This gave them revenge for a defeat by us at Shell. However, we met them once again at Caldys Sevens, and reversed the result this time, beating them in the second round. We lost to Old Wirralians in the third round, in an exciting game which went into extra time.

The social life of the Club was not neglected during the year, and members enjoyed a varied programme of dances and dinners.

We would, at this point, like to put on record our sincere appreciation of the help and encouragement which we have received from

the Headmaster, Staff, and Boys of the School. The Boys in particular have been of great assistance in many active ways, ranging from playing for our teams to assisting us in our money-raising efforts. The Headmaster and Staff have supported our endeavours in many ways, and have helped enormously with their friendly co-operation. We thank you all, and look forward to many years of close co-operation between the School, to which we are proud to belong, and the Old Boys' R.U.F.C. G.A.T.

Old Instonians A. F. C.

THE 1956/57 season now lies behind us, and we can look back on a progressive and successful year. The 1st XI. were finally placed joint 2nd in the first division of the Liverpool Old Boys' League with a record of 22 played, 16 won, 2 drawn, 85 goals for, 41 goals against, 34 points. This is our highest position attained in this league in the post war years, and was achieved by a consistent run of good football. We had one remarkably good run from December 1956 to the end of February 1957, when we played 8 games, and won every one.

The 2nd XI. finished 8th in the second division, with a record of 22 played, 8 won, 14 lost, 0 drawn, 63 goals for, 69 goals against, 16 points. Whilst this leaves room for improvement, it betters their record of last season.

We have obtained a change of ground at Arrowe Park for the 1957/8 season, and this will be a big improvement on our previous one, which left quite a lot to be desired. Unfortunately our negotiations for a share of private ground did not materialise, but we are trying to get a half share in a further ground at Arrowe Park with a view to fielding a third XI. next season. This we feel will be to the advantage of boys leaving School who might prefer to play one or two seasons in a more junior league before playing for the senior teams.

On March 23rd last, we held our end-of-season dance at St. Saviour's Hall, Oxtown, and this proved every bit as popular and successful as our Christmas dance at the same venue. Some 200 people attended, and a good time was had by all.

At the Club's Annual General Meeting held on May 27th, a decision was taken to change the name of the Club to Old Instonians A.F.C. This is to conform with the policy of reconstituting the Old Boys' Association, and, whilst a certain amount of sentimental regret must attend this decision, we realise that this move will be for the best in the future. J. KERNAGHAN, Hon. Secretary.

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