

Magazine of the Birkenhead Institute

THE VISOR

APRIL 1970

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FOR
Boys*



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SCHOOL GOVERNORS

ALDERMAN G. F. DAVIES, J.P. (Chairman)
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ALDERMAN J. FURNESS, J.P., COUNCILLOR MISS E. M. KEEGAN,
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COUNCILLOR A. E. WISE, MR. E. G. WILLIAMS,
MR. B. S. HALLIDAY, MR. F. SCORER,
MR. W. THOMAS, MR. H. WELSH.

EDITORIAL

So change is here at last! Soon we shall leave these "hallowed walls", inscribed and crumbling as they are.

In nostalgic mood, we remember that possibility mooted in the mid-fifties of amalgamation with Rock Ferry High School and the extinction of our name. That daunting prospect failed to materialise, however, and now we are assured of the retention of the name well-known in Birkenhead since 1889 of 'Birkenhead Institute' albeit with the addition of the cumbersome 'County Comprehensive School for Boys' and removal to a more spacious site on Bidston Hill.

None of us now serving in the B.I. will remember personally the early worthies in the history of the school, such as Mr. George Atkin, Chairman 1884-1907, Mr. G. A. Solly, Chairman 1908-1941, Mr. W. S. Connacher, first headmaster 1889-1903 and Mr. J. A. Smallpage, headmaster 1903-1929, but a number of us do retain lively memories of more recent headmasters — Mr. E. Wynne Hughes, Mr. G. W. Harris, Mr. A. O. Jones and, of course, our present headmaster, soon to leave us, Mr. E. G. Webb. The assistant staff of the Institute in those days did not come and go with frequency as is the case in educational circles today. They, like their headmasters, gave the majority of their lives to the service of the one school, were revisited by Old Boys and even taught those Old Boys' sons. One thinks of such stalwarts as Mr. Hall, Mr. Bloor, Mr. Allison, Mr. Thacker, Mr. W. E. Williams, Mr. Sorby, Mr. Paris and Mr. Bolton, all retiring after a lifetime of service to B.I. All, headmasters and staff, were men of character remembered long by those they taught. On our present staff Mr. E. C. Townsend is now the longest-serving member while both Mr. L. T. Malcolm and Mr. J. G. Allan first joined the staff nearly 25 years ago.

That the Institute retains the affection of very many of its past pupils was well exemplified by the large attendance of Old Boys from all parts of the country at the Commemoration Dinner, arranged by Mr. Malcolm, held in the Town Hall last November on the occasion of the eightieth anniversary of the founding of the school. Speeches were made by Sir Herbert Manzoni, former City Engineer of Birmingham, Dr. E. Brooks, M.P. for Bebington, Mr. E. G. Webb and Mr. S. Denerley, who, as future Headmaster, announced that our old-established houses of Atkin, Stitt,

Tate and Westminster were to be joined by Cohen House and Davies House in the new school on Bidston Hill; a fit tribute to men who had done much for the school.

But enough of nostalgia! We must now look forward to the new rôle the B.I. has to play in the future education of Birkenhead's young gentlemen, wish its future headmaster and staff amenable and industrious pupils and hope that, as in the past, all will firmly believe that 'Doctus in se semper divitias habet'.

J.G.A.

STAFF — MARCH, 1970

Headmaster: Mr. E. G. WEBB, B.A. (Hons.)

Deputy Headmaster: Mr. L. T. MALCOLM, M.A. (Senior Science)

Mr. J. G. ALLAN, B.A. (Hons.) (Senior English).

Mr. D. BORDESSA, B.A. (Hons.)

Mr. J. E. BROWN, B.A. (Hons.)

Mr. B. J. CONNAH, B.Sc. (Senior Mathematics)

Mr. A. DAVIES, B.Sc.

Mr. W. L. EDGAR, Dip. in P.E. (Senior P.E.)

Mr. J. D. O. HUGHES, Cert. of Ed.

Mr. D. S. W. JONES, A.T.D.

Mr. P. J. MILLER, B.Sc.

Rev. G. TUDOR OWEN, B.A.

Mr. S. B. PIERCE, B.A. (Hons.) (Senior Modern Languages)

Mr. A. K. RICHARDS, B.Sc.

Mr. E. V. SHAW, A.R.C.M., A.T.C.L.

Mr. R. H. SQUIRES, B.A. (Hons.)

Mr. W. TAYLOR, B.A. (Hons.) (Senior Geography)

Mr. B. THORNTON, M.A. (Senior History)

Mr. E. C. TOWNSEND, B.Sc. (Senior Chemistry)

Mr. G. S. WHEAT, B.Sc.

Mr. D. A. YATES, Dip. Ed.

French Assistant: M. C. LE FLOHIC

School Secretary: Miss I. I. COJEEN

Laboratory Assistant: Mrs. M. A. GOLDSBROUGH

SCHOOL PREFECTS

Head Prefect: P. M. DE SANTOS

Deputy Head Prefect: P. J. VERNON

C. BERRIDO

T. N. BIRKETT

J. R. DAVIES

D. W. J. GREGORY

C. J. GRIFFITHS

W. JARVIS

P. LAITHWAITE

I. A. LEA

S. A. OWENS

R. G. SHALLCROSS

P. SMITH

P. S. P. WHEARTY

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

The year 1970 will see many changes in Birkenhead Institute. In September the school will start its new academic year in different buildings and will receive not its previous two Forms of selected pupils, but six Forms of pupils who will come to the school from the various Junior Schools of the town.

As I am leaving at the end of this Spring Term to take up my new duties in charge of the Woodchurch Co-educational Comprehensive School the moment has come for me to reflect a little on the past and to thank all my colleagues for their work and assistance during the years I have been in the school — twenty-four in all, ten as an assistant and fourteen as Headmaster.

During these last fourteen years many staff have come and gone, and some are still with us. I thank them all for their help. In the same period we have had a new General Science Laboratory in the basement, had the other laboratories re-fitted, had the annexe rebuilt internally, provided the Junior Library, The Wilfred Owen Memorial Library, and had new lighting and heating throughout the school. We have lived through many changes in the General Certificate of Education "O" and "A" Level Examinations, seen the introduction of the Secondary Schools Certificate of Education Examinations, and received many more boys into the VI Form, to continue their studies up to the age of 18 plus and then to go on to further full time study at University and other Colleges.

The Summer Term will bring a new Headmaster, Mr. S. Denerley, B.A., to take charge of the new Birkenhead Institute Comprehensive School. It will bring no other changes for boys nor for the teaching staff until the end of the academic year in July. Then some of my present colleagues will be separating, most of them remaining with Birkenhead Institute, but the others taking up different posts. Those due to leave the school then are:—

Mr. E. C. Townsend, B.Sc., who has served longer than any present teacher, since 1944, Mr. B. J. Connah, B.Sc., who has eight years service, Mr. S. B. Pierce, B.A., who has seven years service, Mr. B. Thornton, B.A., who has six years service, and Mr. J. E. Brown, B.A., after two years service — all these will be joining me at Woodchurch, while Mr. W. Taylor, B.A., after ten years in the school will be joining the staff of the Park Comprehensive School. Mr. R. H. Squires, B.A., will be retiring from teaching after eighteen years service in Birkenhead Institute.

It will take me a long time to realise that I am no longer a member of the Birkenhead Institute team — for we have always worked as a team — but all my colleagues will join me in wishing that Birkenhead Institute will continue to flourish in its new buildings and new capacity and continue to hold a high place in the esteem of the inhabitants of Birkenhead.

I shall ever be grateful for the support of staff, boys and parents and for the happy years I have known in the school.

My sincerest thanks must be expressed for the friendly, loyal and invaluable help I have received from the Deputy Headmaster, Mr. L. T. Malcolm, M.A. When he moves to the same post in the new building he will have completed twenty-five years service as a teacher in his old school. The school will never know a greater champion nor a more devoted servant.

Finally, I must thank the School Secretary, Miss I. I. Cojeen. During her long service under four Headmasters she has worked for us all, staff and boys, with quiet efficiency in her many capacities. No words could fully express the gratitude I feel for her help.

E. G. Webb.

STAFF NOTES

Since our last issue of this magazine, four members of the Staff have departed to other fields. Mr. D. J. Crompton left to become a Lecturer in Education in Denbighshire; his place in the English Department was partly filled by Mr. A. Jebb, who had been teaching in South America but who left after two terms to teach his main subject as Senior Geography Master in a school in Devonshire. Mr. J. S. Tait, who had been teaching Chemistry here for a year, left to take up an administrative post in the N.E. in Field Studies and Mr. R. Hale, teaching Mathematics, returned to University for further studies.

We have welcomed in their places Mr. A. Davies from mid-Wales to teach Mathematics, though he too is to leave us in April to teach in Wrexham. Mr. P. J. Miller, an Old Boy of the School, had been teaching Chemistry at Grange Secondary School and transferred to us to fill the gap in the Science Department — he will soon be returning to that building as

Chemistry master! Mr. D. A. Yates has joined us as Librarian and second in the English Department with special interest in Drama, having previously taught at Wirral Grammar School.

What of the future B.I.? Some of the present staff will be severing their connection with the School perforce. Mr. E. C. Townsend, now our longest-serving member of staff, will be going to Woodchurch Comprehensive, accompanied by Messrs. Connah, Pierce, Thornton, and Brown; Mr. Taylor is transferring to Park Comprehensive; and Mr. E. V. Shaw will be in charge of Music in a group of Middle Schools.

To the new B.I. Comprehensive will go: Mr. J. G. Allan, as Head of English with 17 years' service in the School; Mr. D. S. W. Jones, Housemaster of Stitt, with 10 years' service here, as Head of Art and Craft; Mr. A. K. Richards, with seven years' service, as Head of Science; Mr. D. Bordessa, Mr. J. O. O. Hughes (who joined us in 1953), Mr. P. J. Miller, Mr. G. S. Wheat and Mr. D. A. Yates. Leading the way will be the 'big guns' of the new establishment: Mr. L. T. Malcolm, Deputy Head, Old Boy of the School and teacher here since 1945 of Physics (as who can fail to know?), Head of Science in later years; and Mr. W. L. Edgar (who joined us in 1965 from Bootle), present Head of P.E. and future Head of Lower School, where his imposing mien and rugby-player's physique will surely be of inestimable value.

We must not miss this opportunity to say farewell to two long-serving members of the team. Mr. R. H. Squires joined us in 1952 and in his 18 years of service with us ("and it seems all that!") has taught Latin, English, History and R.I., has been in charge of cricket, cross-country running and chess and has latterly been the School's Careers Master. He is to retire at the end of the Summer Term; we wish him many years of healthy, pleasurable retirement.

It is with regret that those of us remaining with B.I. have to sever our teaching connection with Mr. E. G. Webb, headmaster of B.I. for 14 years, and Head of the French Department for many years previously. Headmasters, by their very position, tend to become solitary, isolated beings, shut off in that sanctum from lesser mortals. But they **are** human, **do** have a sense of humour and **do** appreciate **their** staff. It was pleasant indeed to listen to Mr. Webb recalling in jocular vein, at a farewell dinner and presentation by the staff on the last evening of term, the personalities, the incongruities and the mishaps of B.I. teaching, both as assistant master and headmaster. A very retentive memory is needed to recall 96 colleagues and countless pupils encountered at B.I. over his years of service here. We have appreciated his leadership through the past years and wish him the best of fortune in the difficult task that lies ahead in the re-organisation of Woodchurch Comprehensive School.

Finally, we welcome Mr. S. Denerley, our new Headmaster, who will be joining us in April, faced with the no less formidable task of welding two schools of differing traditions into one. The coming year will be a trying one for everybody concerned in re-organisation and we wish him well in moulding the future of B.I.

J.G.A.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION N.U.J.M.B. RESULTS — SUMMER, 1969

ORDINARY LEVEL

FORM 5A:

G. B. Adams (6), P. R. Bowen (5), J. T. Bride (7), C. H. Candeland (3), D. J. Corran (5), A. B. Davies (9), D. Flint (9), J. R. Fraser (9), K. Hodgkinson (8), E. James (8), G. A. Jemitus (8), J. R. Jones (7), P. J. Kewin (5), D. C. Knight (3), S. J. Ladyman (9), P. Landay (7), J. E. Lawrence (8), P. J. Leadbetter (8), R. P. Lewis (7), S. J. McCormack (4), A. Mason (5), A. H. Nelson (8), A. Phillips (5), C. Pierce (6), K. B. Pugh (9), A. Roberts (4), R. Roberts (7), M. Shaw (9), J. B. Shields (7), A. J. Tulloch (9), G. D. Wilson (9).

Form 5B:

A. Beckitt (2), R. G. Birkett (4), P. D. Bonnett (3), I. C. Christie (3), A. D. Davies (3), J. L. Gibson (4), G. W. Goodall (2), I. A. Hammond (3), M. J. Hughes (2), P. K. Johnson (2), D. J. Kelly (3), S. J. Lea (5), T. F. Lennon (2), M. Macmaster (5), J. K. Medcalf (2), R. W. Parkin (3), G. P. Power (5), S. Roberts (2), M. E. Robinson (5), I. H. Rowan (3), W. E. Scully (1), B. N. H. Smith (5), J. Sutton (5), D. L. G. Thomas (1), M. A. Thompson (5), B. E. Wade (3), A. D. White (4), M. Wood (3), P. Wood (1).

N.U.J.M.B. RESULTS — SUMMER, 1969**ADVANCED LEVEL**

R. J. Ainslie (M., P., C.), J. Beattie (P.), M. J. Carty (M., P., C.), S. A. Drake (Gen.S., M., Fur.M., P.), S. L. Easdown (Lat., F.), H. J. Fallowfield (Gen.S., Geog., C., B.), D. A. Garry (Gen.S., M., Fur.M., P.), J. R. Haddow (Gen.S., Eng.Lit., His., Geog.), J. Hall (M., P., C.), J. Hawkins (C. B.), C. J. Hughes (His.), G. B. Johnson (Gen.S., M., Fur.M., P.), J. D. Lee (M., P.), D. C. McBride (A., F.), M. P. Nicholas (Geog., C., B., Geol.), P. M. O'Hare (Gen.S., Eng.Lit., His., Geog.), P. J. Pagan (P., C.), P. Rimmer (His., Geog., A.), J. J. Roberts (Gen.S., P., C.), P. J. Roberts (M., P., C.), D. F. Sailes (A.), D. E. Welch (His.), D. J. Wilson (Eng.Lit.), P. J. Woods (Eng.Lit., H., Geog.).

Key:

Gen.S.—General Studies; C.—Chemistry; Eng.Lit.—English Literature; B.—Biology; His.—History; Geog.—Geography; A.—Art; F.—French; M.—Mathematics; Fur.M.—Further Mathematics; P.—Physics; Lat.—Latin; Geol.—Geology.

SALVETE

A. E. Hodges, M. J. Gibbs, C. J. Blundell, J. Clark, J. Daniel, P. G. Hazelhurst, L. Ithell, P. G. Davies, R. W. Jones, T. D. Kelly, H. T. Owen, C. Sharpe, R. J. Sheldon, M. F. Williams, P. Young.

P. W. Astle, T. M. Bowen, D. Buckley, G. Callister, R. B. Cantillon, M. J. Caraher, C. Caton, D. E. W. Chatterton, C. R. Clark, R. K. Cutchlow, M. T. Dalton, A. Dean, A. R. Ellis, S. W. Evans, R. E. Fairclough, P. Fleming, N. Foster, P. T. Grannon, P. Gray, K. Griffiths, R. P. Hess, K. J. Hitchell, S. P. Holden, K. C. Hudson, E. D. Howells, B. G. Johnson, K. Jones, L. Q. Jones, P. Kershaw, I. McCann, R. J. McGowan, M. McGree, S. P. McLaughlin, G. R. McNichol, C. Malam, M. R. Mason, J. Masterson, C. P. Mealor, R. G. Mosses, A. J. Oliver, H. C. Otton, G. Patterson, D. G. Piercy, L. R. Ravenscroft, P. S. Reeve, A. J. Reid, B. P. Reid, M. J. A. Richards, A. E. Russell, G. J. Silk, S. H. Smith, S. D. Taylor, G. K. Walton, P. E. Waters, P. Whalley, G. Wigfield, A. R. Williams, I. J. K. Williams, K. Wilson, V. Wilson, S. Yates, P. F. Shakespeare, M. McDonnell.

VALETE

C. P. Owens, M. Daly, M. N. F. Devenish, G. Coleman, B. N. Beckley, D. L. Owen, P. G. Spencer.

R. J. Ainslie, J. Beattie, M. J. Carty, S. A. Drake, S. L. Easdown, H. J. Fallowfield, D. A. Garry, J. R. Haddow, J. Hall, G. R. S. Hammond, J. Hawkins, C. J. Hughes, G. B. Johnson, J. D. Lee, D. C. McBride, B. W. McGarvey, D. Mabbutt, M. P. Nicholas, P. M. O'Hare, P. J. Pagan, P. Rimmer, J. J. Roberts, P. J. Roberts, D. Sailes, P. F. Taylor, D. E. Welch, D. J. Wilson, P. J. Woods.

G. B. Adams, C. H. Candeland, P. J. Kewin, D. C. Knight, S. McCormack, A. Phillips, C. Pierce, A. Beckitt, R. G. Birkett, P. D. Bonnett, I. C. Christie, J. L. Gibson, D. W. Goodall, I. A. Hammond, M. J. Hughes, P. K. Johnson, J. R. Landsborough, T. F. Lennon, M. MacMaster, J. F. Medcalf, R. W. Parkin, S. Roberts, M. E. Robinson, D. L. G. Thomas, B. E. Wade, A. White, M. Wood, P. L. Wood.

P. Cave, P. A. Mercer, D. A. Tresidder, L. Kendall, D. E. Owen, J. D. Smith, J. W. Reilly, W. M. Bird, A. H. Nelson, I. A. Kearvell, S. J. Lea.

SPEECH DAY, 1969

The Prize Distribution last year took place in the School Hall on March 27th, 1969, when the chair was taken by Alderman G. F. Davies, J.P., and Councillor R. Kimberley kindly presented the prizes and certificates as listed below:—

PRIZE LIST, 1967-68

First Forms	Hall, S.	Morris, J.	McDonald, K.
Second Forms	McKie, R.	Lewis, A. D.	Devenish, M. N. F.
Third Forms	Williams, G.	McClenahan, I.	Roberts, P. G.
Fourth Forms	Davies, A. B.	Flint, D. J.	Pugh, K. B.
Fifth Forms	Berrido, C.	Griffiths, C. J.	
	Braddock, J. V.	Jarvis, A. W.	
	Caton, J.	McCormac, W. G.	
	Davies, J. R.	Vernon, P. J.	
	De Santos, P. M.		

Lower Sixth

English	Welch, D. E.
History	Woods, P. J.
French	Easdown, S. L.
Geography, Chemistry,	
Biology	Nicholas, M. P.
Mathematics,	
Physics	Drake, S. A.
General Subjects ...	Garry, D. A.

Special Prizes

Old Boys' Memorial Prize ...	
	Ashworth, T. L.
Connacher Prize for English ...	
	Harper, C. R.
Wrayford Willmer Prize	
(for special services to the	
school)	Williams, J. H.
Headmaster's Prize ...	
	Whitehead, P. R.
George Holt Prizes	
General Studies, Chemistry,	
Physics	Hall, P. W.
History, French ...	
	Leeming, G. R.
Physics, Mathematics	Abbott, S.

Good work at Advanced Level:

Ashworth, T. L.
Murphy, A. R.

Henry Tate (University) Exhibitions:

Abbott, S.
Ashworth, T. L.
Hall, P. W.

Henry Tate (School) Scholarships:

Drake, S. A.
Garry, D. A.

Whitehead, P. R.

Johnson, R. I.
Leeming, G. R.

Haddow, J. R.
Nicholas, M. P.

JOINT MATRICULATION BOARD

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

Advanced Level, 1968

Abbott, S.	Gen. Studies, Mathematics, Further Mathematics, Physics*.
Ainslie, I. E.	Mathematics, Physics.
Armstrong, R.	Physics, Chemistry.
Ashworth, T. L.	Gen. Studies, Mathematics, Further Mathematics, Physics.

Cook, R. F.	Art.
Flint, J. G. E.	Biology.
Griffiths, A. J.	Gen. Studies, Eng. Literature, History.
Hall, P. W.	Gen. Studies*, Mathematics, Physics*, Chemistry*.
Harper, C. R.	Gen. Studies, Eng. Literature, History.
Howarth, T. E.	Gen. Studies, Physics.
Johnson, R. I.	Gen. Studies, Mathematics, Physics.
Jones, L. G. T.	Gen. Studies, History.
Kelly, J. D.	Gen. Studies, History, French.
Leeming, G. R.	Gen. Studies, History, Geography, French.
Mitchell, A. T.	History.
Murphy, R. R.	Gen. Studies, Mathematics, Further Mathematics, Physics.
O'Keefe, M.	Biology.
Pack, H.	Gen. Studies, History, French.
Pratt, K. L. T.	Physics.
Sherlock, J. G.	Eng. Literature.
Whitehead, P. R.	Gen. Studies, Eng. Literature, Geography, French.
Williams, C. N.	Gen. Studies, Chemistry, Biology.
Williams, J. H.	Gen. Studies, Physics, Chemistry.
Williams, M.	Gen. Studies, Physics.

* denotes Distinction

Ordinary Level, 1968

Armitage, M.	Gaywood, W. C.	McAllister, L.	Shallcross, R. G.
Barnes, D. W.	Gibson, J. L.	McCann, D. W.	Smith, D.
Beckley, B. N.	Grayson, J. R.	McCormac, W. G.	Smith, J. D.
Berrido, C.	Gregory, D. W. J.	Morrison, G. J.	Smith, L. D.
Birkett, T. N.	Griffiths, C. J.	Noonan, A. C.	Smith, P.
Braddock, J. V.	Griffiths, G. W.	O'Brien, R. M.	Sorensen, M.
Byrne, P. M.	Haresnape, S. W.	Owen, D. E.	Tuohy, J.
Caton, J.	Hodgson, R. W.	Owen, D. L.	Vernon, P. J.
Cotgrave, M.	Holland, S. J.	Owens, C. P.	Wade, B. E.
Croft, S. C.	Jarvis, W.	Owens, D. A.	Waters, A. T.
Davies, J. R.	Keating, P.	Owens, S. A.	Whearty, P. S.
De Santos, P. M.	Kendall, L.	Pinnington, S. J.	Whitehead, P. J.
Doyle, M.	Laithwaite, P.	Price, P. M.	Wood, P. L.
Evans, B. S.	Lea, I. A.	Rigby, L. S.	
Fairhead, J. W.	Lee, B. M.	Rimmer, J. R.	
Fisher, D.	Lewis, W. P.	Roberts, P. K.	

SPEECH DAY, 1970

The last Speech Day to be held in our present building was held on March 16th, 1970, in the School Hall. Fittingly, our guest on this important occasion in the school's history was The Rt. Hon. Lord Cohen of Birkenhead, P.R.S.H., M.D., D.Sc., Sc.D., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.C.P., President of the General Medical Council and, most important of all, distinguished Old Boy of the School.

The Chair was taken by the Chairman of the Governors, Alderman G. F. Davies, J.P., who expressed the warm thanks of the Governors to Mr. Webb for his 24 years of service to the school and their best wishes for his success in his new post at Woodchurch.

Bouquets were presented to Mrs. Webb and the Ladies' Committee (Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Blaylock, Mrs. Rushton and Mrs. Macklin) by the captains of the teams they have catered for voluntarily over so many years, long after their own sons had left the school.

The Headmaster, after reporting on a year which produced better than average Ordinary Level results and much achievement in the sporting and cultural fields, paid tribute to the help he had received from the Education Committee, the Governors, the Director of Education, Ladies' Committee and, above all, his teaching colleagues, for no matter how much money is spent on equipment the real work is done by the individual teacher. He particularly thanked Mr. L. T. Malcolm, the Deputy Headmaster, for his tireless efforts, and Miss Cojeen, School Secretary through the periods of office of four headmasters, without whose assistance he felt the school might well collapse.

Lord Cohen, who declared himself averse to long speeches, spoke of his previous attendances at B.I. speech days, both as actor (one line in 'Much Ado', spoken very slowly, to make it last) and prize distributor (1935, when the school hall seemed to have shrunk somewhat in size). This was a very different society from that he once knew where the craftsman's individual skill was paramount; he warned that technical advance in science, and conquest of disease, was not enough; human qualities were of the greatest importance in life. "If science advances with gigantic strides, are we advanced in love and meekness?" He felt proud to have belonged to B.I. and to be the guest at the last Speech Day in the Hall/Gymnasium.

Prizes and Certificates were then presented as follows:—

PRIZE LIST, 1968-69

First Forms	McKie, J.	Turner, G. M.	Flewett, D.
Second Forms	Morris, J.	Hall, S.	Kiver, R. J.
Third Forms	Lewis, A. D.	McKie, R.	Russell, A. J.
Fourth Forms	Morris, R.	Williams, S.	McClennahan, I.
Fifth Forms	Davies, A. B.	Macmaster, M.	Smith, G. N. H.
	Flint, D. J.	Power, G. P.	Sutton, J.
	Fraser, J. R.	Pugh, K. B.	Thompson, M. A.
	Ladyman, S. J.	Robinson, M. E.	Tulloch, J. A.
	Lea, S. J.	Shaw, M.	Wilson, G. D.

Lower Sixth

English	Whearty, P. S.
History	Griffiths, C. J.
Geography						
Biology	Laithwaite, P.
Latin						
French	Davies, J. R.
Physics						
Mathematics	De Santos, P. M.
Chemistry	Vernon, P. J.
Music	Owens, S. A.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Old Boys' Memorial Prize	Wilson, D. J.
Connacher Prize for English	Woods, P. J.
Solly Prize for History	Haddow, J. R.

George Holt Prizes :

Latin and French	Easdown, S. L.
Geography and Biology	Nicholas, M. P.
Mathematics and Physics	Drake, S. A.
Chemistry	Carty, M. J.

Wrayford Willmer Prize

(for special services to the School)	O'Hare, P. M.
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Headmaster's Prize

(for services as School Captain)	O'Hare, P. M.
Good work at Advanced Level	O'Hare, P. M.
Good work at Advanced Level	Fallowfield, H. J.
Good work at Advanced Level	Garry, D. A.
Good work at Advanced Level	Johnson, G. B.

Henry Tate (University) Exhibitions :

Carty, M. J.	Johnson, G. B.
Drake, S. A.	Nicholas, M. P.
Garry, D. A.	

Henry Tate (School) Scholarships :

Davies, J. R.	Laithwaite, P.
De Santos, P. M.	Vernon, P. J.

JOINT MATRICULATION BOARD**GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION****Advanced Level, 1969**

Ainslie, R. J.	...	Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.
Beattie, J.	...	Physics.
Carty, M. J.	...	Mathematics, Physics*, Chemistry.
Drake, S. A.	...	Gen. Studies*, Mathematics*, Further Maths., Physics*.
Easdown, S. L.	...	Latin, French.
Fallowfield, H. J.	...	Gen. Studies, Geography, Chemistry, Biology.
Garry, D. A.	...	Gen. Studies, Maths., Further Maths., Physics
Haddow, J. R.	...	Gen. Studies, English Literature, History, Geography.
Hall, J.	...	Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.
Hawkins, J.	...	Chemistry, Biology.
Hughes, C. J.	...	History.
Johnson, G. B.	...	Gen. Studies, Mathematics*, Further Maths., Physics*.
Lee, J. D.	...	Mathematics, Physics.
McBride, D. C.	...	Art*, French.
Nicholas, M. P.	...	Geography, Chemistry, Biology*, Geology.
O'Hare, P. M.	...	Gen. Studies, Eng. Literature, History, Geography.
Pagan, P. J.	...	Physics, Chemistry.
Rimmer, P.	...	History, Geography, Art*.
Roberts, J. J.	...	Gen. Studies, Physics, Chemistry.
Roberts, P. J.	...	Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.
Sailes, D. F.	...	Art*.
Welch, D. E.	...	History.
Wilson, D. J.	...	English Literature.
Woods, P. J.	...	English Literature, History, Geography.

* denotes Distinction

Ordinary Level, 1969

Adams, G. B.	Hammond, I. A.	Lennon, T. F.	Robinson, M. E.
Arch, L. A.	Hodgkinson, K.	Lewis, R. P.	Rowan, I. H.
Beckett, A.	Hughes, M. J.	McCormack, S. J.	Scully, W. E.
Birkett, R. G.	James, E.	Macmaster, M.	Shaw, M.
Bonnett, P. D.	Jemitus, G. A.	Mason, A.	Shields, J. B.
Bowen, P. R.	Johnson, P. K.	Medcalf, J. K.	Smith, G. N. H.
Bryde, J. T.	Jones, J. R.	Nelson, A. H.	Sutton, J.
Candeland, C. H.	Kelly, D. J.	Parkin, R. W.	Thomas, D. L. G.
Christie, I. C.	Kewin, P. J.	Phillips, A.	Thompson, M. A.
Corran, J. D.	Knight, D. C.	Pierce, C.	Tulloch, J. A.
Davies, A. B.	Ladyman, S. J.	Power, G. P.	Wade, B. E.
Davies, A. D.	Landay, P.	Pugh, K. B.	White, A. D.
Flint, D. J.	Lawrence, J. E.	Roberts, A.	Wilson, G. D.
Fraser, J. R.	Lea, S. J.	Roberts, R.	Wood, M.
Gibson, J. L.	Leadbetter, P. J.	Roberts, S.	Wood, P. L.
Goodall, G. W.			

Success in external Music Examination

Dixon, J. N.	McLaughlin, R. A.
Doherty, J. E.	McLaughlin, S. P.
	Morrison, J. P.

LIBRARY NOTES

This has been my first year as librarian. On arriving at the school, I was pleased to find such a well-stocked and smoothly-run library, and thanks are due to Mr. Bordessa who ran the library so efficiently last year in the absence of an official librarian.

This year, although many books have been added to sixth-form stocks, much of the available money has been spent on books suitable for the lower and middle school, as next year the library will have to cater for a much larger number of younger readers. The Chemistry, French and English departments in particular spent much of their allowance on junior text-books and readers.

Not that the sixth-forms have been neglected; as well as the many new books purchased in all subjects, we have been most fortunate to receive a notably generous donation of more than 30 expensive science text-books from an old boy of the school, now Professor M. B. Perry, of Queen's University, Ontario. At the moment, in fact, the Wilfred Owen library contains more than 4,500 books, three-quarters of which are reserved for the exclusive use of sixth-formers.

The Junior Library holds above a thousand books, many of which are works of fiction, and it has been very popular with the lower school this last year. I would like to offer my thanks to Adams, Arch, Foxon and S. Williams of the fifth-form who run this section of the library completely without my assistance or interference, and to Blundell, Hazelhurst, Kelly and M. Williams of 3A who give such valuable help to the Lower Sixth librarians and myself with the unenviable task of trying to maintain some semblance of order in the Wilfred Owen Library.

D. A. Yates.

Clubs and Societies

CHESS NOTES 1968-69

Owing to the revised rules of the Wright Shield Competition which precluded us from having any interest in the competition after the first term, it was decided for the first time since the competition was started to withdraw from it this year.

We did, however, instead enter the competition for the Cheshire Shield Senior Championship, but were unfortunately eliminated after the West Zone preliminary matches, having suffered convincing defeats by Rock Ferry H.S. ($6\frac{1}{2}$ — $1\frac{1}{2}$) and St. Anselm's College ($7\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{1}{2}$), Wallasey G.S. (8—0) and Calday G.S. (7—1).

The House Competitions produced a very close result indeed. In matches Stitt and Tate tied, each winning four matches, but in the over-all reckoning Stitt just managed to defeat Tate by half a game.

Complete results were as follows:—

Senior:

Atkin $2\frac{1}{2}$ — Stitt $4\frac{1}{2}$.
Tate $4\frac{1}{2}$ — Westminster $2\frac{1}{2}$.
Atkin 1 — Tate 6.
Stitt 5 — Westminster 2.
Tate $5\frac{1}{2}$ — Stitt $1\frac{1}{2}$.
Atkin 4 — Westminster 3.

Totals	Matches Won	Games
Tate	3	16
Stitt	2	11
Atkin	1	$7\frac{1}{2}$
Westminster	0	$7\frac{1}{2}$

Junior:

Atkin 1 — Stitt 6.
Tate 2 — Westminster 5.
Atkin 2 — Tate 5.
Stitt $2\frac{1}{2}$ — Westminster $4\frac{1}{2}$.
Atkin $1\frac{1}{2}$ — Westminster $5\frac{1}{2}$.
Stitt $5\frac{1}{2}$ — Tate $1\frac{1}{2}$.

Totals	Matches Won	Games
Westminster	3	15
Stitt	2	14
Tate	1	$8\frac{1}{2}$
Atkin	0	$4\frac{1}{2}$

Final Result	Matches Won	Games
Stitt	4	25
Tate	4	$24\frac{1}{2}$
Westminster	3	$22\frac{1}{2}$
Atkin	1	12

The House Chess Championship for the current School year 1969-70 has been won by Tate, who have emerged indisputable victors by winning all their matches in both Senior and Junior competitions.

Results in detail are as follows:

Senior	Matches Won	Games Won
1st—Tate	3	18
2nd—Stitt	2	11
3rd—Atkin	1	7
4th—Westminster	0	6

Junior :

1st—Tate	3	14½
2nd—Westminster	2	11
3rd—Stitt	1	10
4th—Atkin	0	6½

Final Result:

1st—Tate	6	32½
2nd—Stitt	3	21
3rd—Westminster	2	17
4th—Atkin	1	13½

R.H.S.

THE MUSIC CLUB

During the term there have been more examination successes in the musical knowledge papers set by Trinity College.

In Grade I a merit certificate has been granted to R. A. McLaughlin (83%) and an honours certificate to Stephen P. McLaughlin, who gained 100% which is outstanding.

In Grade II J. P. Morrison gained a pass with 71%; James N. Dixon an honours certificate with 85%; and J. E. Doherty also gained honours with 92%.

A composition by S. A. Owens will be performed in the hall of the Technical College during the schools music festival, and this will be his second work to gain recognition in this way.

At last, in this our final year in this building, certain other recognitions have been granted.

Firstly, the Headmaster has awarded certain boys, mentioned above, prizes to be presented at the forthcoming prize distribution in the school hall, in recognition of the fact that for many years now boys from this club have brought credit to the school at festivals and examinations prepared for in lunch hours and competed for in their own time.

Secondly, this year for the first time, a subject prize has been allocated in music, and has been rightly awarded to S. A. Owens, who has served the school as deputy pianist at assembly, competitor at festivals and candidate at advanced external examinations throughout his membership which will terminate when he takes up the position he has now gained in St. Luke's, Exeter, where it is hoped he may reach Graduate status in the course of the coming years.

If he does so he will be the fourth professional musician turned out by the club and the school as we have Andrew Thomas as a viola player in the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, E. W. Ward teaching music in a big school at Sheffield and D. Walford in Theological College, where he intends to take Holy Orders in addition to his past experience as a School Music Teacher.

It may be remembered that still older old boys are Dr. Caleb Jarvis — City Organist of Liverpool and Examiner at the University and Ronald Settle, Musical Director of the Playhouse. We hope these old boys feel that this present club has done its share to keep up the musical tradition they helped to start.

E.V.S.

**THE SCHOOL MENAGERIE
(The Animal Club)**

This establishment has been open to the boys of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd years of the school since the arrival of Mr. Wheat. However, at the present the stock of animals is reduced somewhat, but even so it has been a success with the aid of members of the 5th form.

Up to now and until July, the numbers of the animals available to the members has been restricted, owing to the lack of room. But expansion will be available with the acquisition of larger premises with the move to the present Grange School building. This increase in size will be put to use to house more animals.

A small fee each term for the members has been considered by Mr. Wheat in order to obtain petty-cash for buying more animals and the necessary foods. It has been suggested that the Animal Club hours be extended to include time after school hours when the school as a whole moves to the new premises of Grange.

L. Arch and S. Williams (5A).

6th FORM FIELD STUDY IN SNOWDONIA

The last day of the Spring Term 1969 saw the Upper and Lower Sixth Geography sets go off by coach on a field study to North Wales and, in particular, to the Llyn Llydaw and Idwal-Tryfan areas. The day turned out to be mild and sunny — in fact, ideal weather for such a venture.

The first stop for the party was at Pen-y-pass at the eastern end of Llanberis. Then, under the guidance of Mr. Taylor, the group set out to explore the geology and geomorphological features of the area. On the Miners' Track, igneous rocks such as augite, dolerite and felsite were noted and many started to collect samples but weight resulted in many being shed before reaching their destination in Birkenhead.

At Cwm Dyli the party stopped to make sketches of geomorphological features around Llyn Teyrn. The small lake had been formed behind a rock bar of rhyolite tuffs and columnar dolerite in a cwm or glaciated hollow excavated in the Pleistocene Ice Age. The practical work was needed by those taking 'A' level Geology in order to make a field note book as proof of practical work.

The group followed the Miners' Track to Llyn Llydaw which demonstrated a moraine-dammed tarn and the characteristic morphology of such deposits. By this time most people were wishing that they had brought their sandwiches with them on the trail and so the majority turned back to the coach while a handful of eager prospectors continued to the other side of the lake to find copper ores in disused mines.

When the party had reassembled at the coach and had enjoyed a well-earned rest as well as their fill of various assorted sandwiches, the coach moved to the second area of interest. It stopped near Llyn Ogwen by the Mountain Rescue centre at Idwal Cottage. The party then walked up towards Llyn Idwal and sketched several of the area's landforms on the way to Idwal Slabs. This is an example of inclined volcanic tuff veined by quartz in tension joints and along sheer planes but is more noted as a training ground for rock climbers. The party then climbed up the arete on one flank of the cwm and, while the energetic members scrambled to the top, the rest stayed near the bottom collecting rock specimens.

All managed to get back to the coach where the tea served was the residue of one's lunch. The day had been well spent. The group had seen in the field many fine examples of glacial features in an ancient volcanic area, points which would not have been noticed by the average visitor without access to the background knowledge of structure, geology and morphological processes.

R. G. Shallcross (U.VI).

ONSLAUGHT AGAINST THE PALAEOZOICS

In late March of the year nineteen hundred and sixty nine, a large band of Upper and Lower Sixth Geographers set out on safari into the country of the Palaeozoics. We were to tread where we had never trod before in order to bring back to the homeland priceless treasures of untold glory and age.

Fortunately for us, we had managed to secure the services of the famous guide, Mr. Taylor, known by his friends as Mr. Taylor. This guide knew the terrain like the inside of a black cord jacket.

The trip began at 8 o'clock one bright, sober school morning. The pioneers gritted their teeth as they passed the hours, pitting their wits against one another.

Suddenly the 11th hour had arrived. From here we had to go on foot. Our throats were dry and, sweating from the baking sun, we left the coach.

Our guide clasped his hammer, priceless to the palaeontologist, and walked out in front. He surveyed the land and gave his first order, which we accepted almost without murmur, in this land of the Palaeozoics. "Onto the Lawley!" was the order. The Lawley is a ridge of Uriconian age, set high above the surrounding Ordovician and Silurian territories. From here we could survey the land.

Our first task soon took shape. We were to scout over the land, plotting its land use distribution on maps. For this to take place we were split into groups, though there was some indignation when it was discovered that our guide was to remain behind on the Lawley. Each group would survey a different but overlapping sector to the south east, and this land would be our first taste of the Palaeozoics.

The survey took us what seemed to be a decade, but finally the coach came into view and, after struggling the last few steps, revealed our guide eagerly awaiting the news.

Eventually the last of our party reached the outpost and, surprisingly, no losses had been incurred. To celebrate, a large feast was held, after which the Palaeozoics were interrogated, cracking easily under the strain imposed by Mr. Taylor. Yet all that could be learned from them were their names and serial strata such as Trinucleid trilobite from the Caradoc or Cyclorema gastropod again from the Caradoc.

Soon the time had come to move on in the direction of Hope Bowdler and our destination, Soudley Quarry, the site of great numbers of Ordovician fossils. The strata here yielded Heterorthids and Harknessella brachiopods and small trilobites, extinct arthropods rather like wood lice. On the word we rushed forward swiftly, attacking the strata until not a piece remained untouched. It was not long before the retreat was sounded by the inevitable guide. Of course, there were always stragglers, determined to remain as long as possible and we even lost one of the party, Steve, who fell asleep at the top of the quarry. Fortunately, he was just in time to catch the coach as it slowly departed.





Time was getting short and we had no hope of completing the original plan of campaign so, to cut losses, it was decided that we would make one last effort to encompass the Silurian strata.

We at last made our stand in a small stream at Upper Millichope, where the Silurians were contained within a small cliff face which stood on the opposite bank.

The blood pounded in our veins once we were out of the coach door and the attack began. Feverishly we hacked away at the rocks, finding on the battlefield dead shells and trilobites about 400 million years in age. Nevertheless, this our last campaign was our most successful, hauling in brachiopods, namely *Atrypa*, *Dalmanella*, *Leptaena* and *Rhynchonella*, a few crushed nautiloids and graptolites as well as the elusive trilobite, *Dalmanites*.

Ordered retreat as the sun began to set left us exhausted, but the effort made was well worth every ounce of energy.

P. J. Vernon (UVI).

ATKIN	STITT	TATE	W'MINSTER
			
HOUSE NOTES			

ATKIN

Since the last edition of "The Visor", we have had the inter-House Cross Country, the Athletic Sports, Cricket and this year's Rugby and Chess matches.

Our most notable results were in the Cross Country and Athletics, in both of which events we gained second position owing to great efforts and enthusiasm from all competitors. Our Cricket was less successful and we only managed to win one game, against Stitt, in the Senior House Matches.

In the Rugby we were unable to make any improvement on the results of the previous year. Despite not winning a game, our Seniors were not disgraced and once again produced the better play against the stronger opposition. Our Chess has shown a slight improvement since last year, but we could have done better.

So we are again looking forward to equal, if not greater, success in the remaining events of the inter-House sporting calendar, and I am sure we will not be disappointed.

STITT

The last year in our present building and probably the last year for a long while that inter-House rivalry will remain unchanged. So it seems a natural time for a bit of nostalgic glancing back at our record over the last decade and I think on reflection we might be proud of our achievement.

It does not seem all that long ago when it was considered a momentous occasion for Stitt to win anything at all in the School competitions. But looking back over the last six years, Stitt has been Champion House on no less than five occasions, being pipped by our keenest adversary, Westminster, for the title last year.

What is even more pleasing is that we seem to be on the right road for a more successful year than ever before as at the moment we have already won the Rugby Shield and look a good prospect for Chess and inter-House Sevens.

Fortunately for Stitt, the Cross-Country Competition will not be held this year for it was lack of any sort of success whatsoever in this event which cost us the School Championship last year.

The cricket results are always a gamble to forecast and we certainly would not be rash enough to rate our chances very highly but one can never tell in a queer game.

However, the athletics is another story entirely and with such field and track men as P. Smith, Laithwaite, Jarvis, Hodgkinson, Corran and Mason amongst our seniors we should do at least as well as our successful effort last year, when we finished a clear hundred points ahead of our nearest rivals. Our congratulations to P. Smith (Senior Victor Ludorum), Hodgkinson (5th year Champion), Duckers (3rd year Champion).

The results of a successful House depend entirely on the members of that House and on the spirit that is engendered by them. A spirit of friendly and keen rivalry and the pride of belonging; the urge to win even against the most formidable opponents and, most of all, the will to give of one's best. And all those boys who are not selected for the teams, for one reason or another, also have an important role to play as supporters. So that everyone in our house has the opportunity to be able to boast that he has made the effort and tried his best for Stitt.

TATE

Cricket 1969

Senior

A potentially good team was well beaten by a useful Westminster side. The Tate fast-bowling barrage, however, ably backed up by keen fielding from Lawrence, Haresnape and Reilly, proved too strong for Atkin and Stitt, who were unable to stay the pace. On the whole the performance of the team was reasonable.

Junior

The Junior team defeated Atkin and Stitt, but lost to Westminster. D. C. Jones and Gleeson provided a strong attack, backed by good fielding, but the batsmen lacked the aggression essential in limited-over matches.

Rugby 1970

The Tate Senior team, although containing only three first-teamers, was rated fairly highly. In the match against Westminster, Lawrence, one of our key players, was absent through injury. We were deservedly beaten by an inexperienced but keen Westminster side and the simple fact is that Tate were too complacent. Intent on not finishing wooden-spoonists, there was a noticeable determination in the remaining matches, where Tate heavily defeated Atkin and came out narrow losers in a great tussle with the much-fancied Stitt team.

The Junior side with an enormous pack overwhelmed Westminster and Atkin and came back from losing 10-0 to beat Stitt 13-10. Ithel, McKay and Wade deserve special mention for the Juniors.

As a result, Tate finished second, but one wonders if Stitt would be Champions had Griffiths and company put up as admirable a performance against Westminster as against Atkin and Stitt.

Chess 1969-70

Three fine Senior victories were the result of superb team spirit throughout the tournament. This was evident in the effort of our reserves who, although not doing brilliantly, performed to the best of their ability and did not let the team down.

The Juniors, having defeated Westminster and then Atkin by convincing margins, confirmed Tate's supremacy in this activity and made Tate the Chess Champions.

WESTMINSTER

The Coronation Cup 1968-69

Westminster dominated the House Cricket Competition, winning all six games. In the Senior matches the bowling of Candeland, Welch and Smith proved very useful. The batting seldom went past Wood, Easdown and Wilson. The closest match for the Juniors was their victory over Tate by one run.

Through an all-round effort we also dominated the Cross-Country Competition. Cotgrave and Wait did very well in the Junior run and Nicholas won the Intermediate. In the Senior Course, Welch finished first, followed closely by James. Intermediate and Senior obtained first place and the Juniors second place.

We did rather badly in the Athletics Competition, which Stitt and Atkin ran away with. It was in the track rather than the field events that we gained most of our points with Cotgrave, James, Welch, Wilson, Whearty and J. D. Smith doing rather well. We won the Senior Relay when Stitt got themselves disqualified.

Both Seniors and Juniors contributed equally to our being Champion House.

This year, however, has begun rather badly.

In the Chess Competition the Juniors have done quite well, but they are not up to last year's standard. Turner, Parke, Harvard and Tellett are playing well. The Seniors lost every game as usual; though Russell is to be commended.

Our rather mediocre performance so far is due in part to the loss of last year's Upper Sixth, who virtually monopolised cricket, rugby and chess. This time, however, exactly the opposite is true — the Chess Team, but particularly the Rugby Team, in the Seniors, is composed of fourth-formers to a large extent. Even so, the Seniors managed to win all but one of their games, and in the game we lost against Stitt, one-half of our regular forwards were unable to play, a fact which contributed very largely to our defeat. Pugh, Griffiths and Flint played very well, while Whearty scored a total of thirty-two points out of forty-seven.

Another even greater reason for our bad performance is lack of determination. In the Senior Chess matches many of the team were in a hurry to get their games over and done with. The Juniors, however, fell to stronger teams. They had a very good match against Stitt, where they showed great spirit. Taylor, Sheldon and Parke played very well indeed and scored the majority of points.

So far we take third place in the Rugby Competition, and we will probably take third place in the Chess Competition. Westminster looks forward to a more successful summer season.

P.J.W.

Original Contributions

DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN

The quiet street
Smog swirls silently,
Around the still group
Of people, waiting,
Staring at the door, from where
Are heard
Footsteps, slow yet clumsy.
The coffin, draped in black,
Carried by six
Slaves of Death.
A child cries. Why not?
Surely being born here was bad enough,
But dying!
The hearse moves off, the groups disperse,
Silence, emptiness.
Except for the laugh of a freed soul.

R. Bowen 3A.

"MISSION ACCOMPLISHED"

The calm, unrippled surface of the lake was suddenly disturbed as they lowered themselves into the black, cold water. They caught their breath involuntarily as their skin crawled with the cold. In the distance they could see the lights of the town and, silhouetted in the silvery rays of the moon, Boris Bey's yacht.

With strong strokes they were soon treading water under the over-slung bows of Boris's yacht. Neither of them spoke, and yet, as though by telepathy, they began to climb the anchor chain, slowly, steadily, the sound of their breathing harsh against the gentle lap of waves and creaking of timbers. Soon they trod the deck, their movements stealthy, their heads turning this way and that to make sure they were not observed.

The taller of two men beckoned to the other. He responded immediately, his damp skin shimmering in the moonlight, by passing a small object to him. This object, wrapped in oilskins, was a gun.

Motioning to his companion to follow him, the taller of the two slowly walked towards a companionway at the side of the ship. They made their way along this, quietly and quickly, occasionally stopping to ensure their safety. At the end of this companionway, tucked beneath a staircase, was a small, solid-looking door. It was at this door that the two men stopped. The tallest tried the door; the knob turned and the door swung inwards.

"Come on!" whispered the taller man, and they entered the room.

Bang! the door slammed behind them and the lights came blazing on. Momentarily blinded, their hands shielding their eyes, the two men froze as though they were statues.

"So, my two inquisitive young friends have come to pay me a visit? Good".

The two men stiffened as this guttural voice boomed out.

"Bey!" gasped the smaller of the two.

"Against the wall, my friends!" barked Bey's guttural voice. "Drop that package, Johnson".

The taller of the two dropped a small canvas bag, with the gun in it, and began to speak.

"Well, Bey, what's the plan now?"

"You'll find out soon enough, Mr. Busybody Johnson!" Bey replied. He then picked up the gun and, with no prior warning, crashed the barrel across Johnson's face. Johnson reeled, and, as Bey raised the gun to strike again, kicked himself vigorously towards Bey. The two men began to roll on the floor and a guard, from outside the cabin, rushed in. Mervill, the smaller of the two men, threw a hard punch at the guard's face, and, as he fell, kned him in the face. The guard's head crashed into a small table, and he fell to the floor in a crumpled heap.

Wham! Another guard, unnoticed by Mervill, had come into the room. Mervill fell back onto his right knee, twisting it awkwardly, and then the guard threw himself at him. Mervill twisted his body to the left and the guard crashed to the ground. Bey's gun, which was near Mervill, finished the guard off and he was able to get to his feet. Johnson was brushing the dust off an old book, in his hand, and Bey was on the ground imploring Johnson not to turn him over to the authorities.

Bey's real name was Von Henkervitch, a Nazi thug. He had escaped from Germany during the last years of the war, when all was lost, with a not inconsiderable fortune in art treasures. He also took a book with him, containing the plans for a new weapon, a killer virus.

This virus was perfected by a Polish scientist named Allain Poleskii, and would have fatal effects within four hours of entering the body.

"It's not here, Mervill," said Johnson: "It's not here!"

Mervill's face dropped, and then, with a set expression on his face, he walked over to Bey.

"Right Bey," he said, digging Bey in the ribs with his foot, "Where's the virus?"

"What virus, my friend?"

Mervill's next kick sent Bey to the other side of the room and it was followed up with a few quick thumps to the face.

"Come on, Bey, where is it, before I really get rough?" shouted Mervill menacingly.

"Okay, you guys! Stop! Stop! Okay; it's in the villa, by the village".

"Okay, Mervill, tie him up," said Johnson, throwing Mervill a strong-looking rope. He then crossed to the door, stepping over the prone figures of the guards, and went out. A few minutes later Mervill followed him out.

What Bey had omitted to tell the two adventurers was that the villa was a magnificently well-preserved 14th century fortress, well guarded, and almost impregnable. Its walls terminated in sheer cliffs on three sides; the fourth side was protected by a ravine and a drawbridge.

The next night the sky was overcast, the clouds chasing one another across the sky, the moon pouring its silvery radiance down, through cracks in the fleecy armour of the sky. The two men, clad in sombre garments and with haversacks on their backs, slowly climbed the road to the villa. The juggernaut shape of the ancient fortress squatted like a toad on its bastion-like chunk of rock. No noise ushered from its inky blackness and no light clove the veils of shadow around it. The drawbridge was down, and, from far beneath, the noise of water, musically ringing in the night, could be heard. The two men lay at the side of the road, about ten yards from the drawbridge, and waited to see if there were any sentries about.

They then moved to the drawbridge, and, like fleeting shadows quickly crossed. Underneath the walls of the fortress, the shadows seemed to swallow them up. The large gate, criss-crossed with bars of iron, had a small door in one corner. This was shut, but with the use of some instruments from his haversack, Mervill soon had it open.

The door's hinges squealed their disapproval at the disrespectful treatment of her lock and the two men waited to see that all was well. It was.

Having next to no idea of where the virus was kept, they decided to capture a guard and try to force the information off him, but there again, they did not know where to find the guards.

"The dungeons, I bet!" exclaimed Mervill, suddenly quieting his voice and jumping at the echo which resounded about him.

"Good idea," whispered Johnson, glancing about furtively. "Most of these old fortresses have a central court-yard and the entrance to the dungeons are usually there. Quick! I think there's someone coming!"

The court-yard was bathed in moonlight. Its ancient walls, rugged and crumbling, were clothed with ivy. At intervals along these walls, apart from the eastern wall, were set doors, strong-looking doors with plaques on them.

"Our job is much simplified, Merv," whispered Johnson. "One of these doors may be the lab., where the virus is kept".

"Stop! stay where you are!" a voice boomed out of the shadows, and three guards, in uniform, rushed at the two men.

Merv threw himself to the right, drawing a gun, and loosing off two shots at the guards, one of whom crashed to the ground. Johnson threw himself onto one of the guards and they both rolled on the ground. As the third guard turned, a gun in hand, to face Mervill, he was met with a hard kick in the groin, which doubled him up, and knee in the face, which sent him sprawling to the floor. He attempted to rise, but sank back again, unconscious.

"Good work, Merv," congratulated Johnson. "We'd better throw all caution to the winds now and, if we find the lab., put those grenades in. We'll have to shoot our way out as most of the guards will be awake now".

As though to ratify this statement a bell started to ring somewhere in the depths of the castle. This seemed to electrify the two figures into furious activity. They rushed from door to door and, eventually, Johnson stopped at one.

"Merv, quick, over here! Bring the grenades".

He then, with use of his gun, blew the lock off the door and, with a hard kick sent it crashing inwards. He groped for the light switch, found it, and rushed into the room. Mervill was right after him, galvanised into action at the sound of shots behind him; a grenade in each hand.

After assuring themselves that the virus was in the room they produced a large bottle of concentrated acid, and, after a quick struggle with the lock of a cupboard, dropped the virus phials into the bottle. There were four of them in all. The bottle was then shaken, the phials thus broken, and the virus killed. They rushed out of the room, tossing the grenades in after them to make sure of the virus destruction. They were met by a hail of lead and, throwing themselves earthwards, returned the enemy fire with unerring aim.

The laboratory was now well gone; the rooms nearby were also blazing, and the attackers' positions were floodlit in the flames.

Grenades and guns helped the two adventurers to reach the gates, but the drawbridge was raised.

"Quick, Johnson, up those steps!" cried Merv.

They both dashed up some stone steps and, near the top, found themselves confronted by two uniformed figures. These two figures were like snails as they reached for their guns; Johnson made them pay for it in hard lead.

The drawbridge was controlled by a simple winch with a ratchet control. Merv destroyed the ratchet with a grenade and the chain rushed down, like a stream of oil, clattering on the rocks below. The drawbridge met the rocks with a sickening crash and Merv and Johnson could not get to the bottom of the stairs quickly enough.

There was a welcoming click of a gun bolt, but no shot, and Merv threw himself across the passage and into a shadowy figure. He was sent reeling back as a gun butt met his shoulder. A shot immediately followed, lighting the passage, and a bullet plucked at Merv's jacket. Johnson fired almost simultaneously and the figure fell to the ground.

They rushed across the drawbridge, their feet echoing hollowly on the well-boards. Shots followed their hasty retreat but they were none the worse for their encounter.

"Mission accomplished," said Johnson, laughing over a glass of iced lime juice. "And none the worse for our encounter".

"Speak for yourself," said Merv, pushing his shoulder up, to reveal a blood-stained bandage. "But that's life, I suppose".

P. A. Nicholas (Vb).

VANDALISM: A POINT OF VIEW

In the past few years, vandalism has increased in almost the same proportion as the population. This leads to the conclusion that vandalism is caused by the lack of controlled sources for releasing excess energy. Although the population has increased, no facilities have been provided by the town councils for the youth of the town. The only youth clubs in most towns are provided by the Church and, as the majority of people do not attend Church regularly, the Church cannot afford to keep these clubs open. It is also a fact that membership of these youth clubs also includes membership of the Church. This discourages young people because most of them cannot be bothered with attending Church.

In Birkenhead, there are council-run youth clubs and these are far from adequate for the large youth population in the town. Furthermore, these are boys' clubs — the girls of Birkenhead have no clubs.

This is the first generation never to experience a war and so it can be seen that some of the young people have substituted violence and vandalism

for war. Young people now make danger for themselves because they cannot live without it. Danger adds spice to life and it can bring people closer together (like sheep, perhaps?). Wrecking a telephone box or train can also provide an excitement in the thought of being 'wanted' by the police and also acting as a threat to the Establishment. On the other hand, the vandals may be having their revenge against the very people who are trying to turn us into mindless beings, programmed to serve the bureaucrats.

Individuality is also a prize sought by young people and, very often, it comes by performing a daring, if not stupid, thing, like smashing buildings and government property. It seems that most people have not got the incentive to attain individuality by means of peaceful pursuits. The 'Skinheads' used to be individualists before other people started to copy them. The Skinheads then had to become even more adventurous (dare I say that?) in order to set them apart from other people: that is, they terrorised people and vandalised other people's property.

"Prevention Is Better Than Cure" — perhaps it is too late to stop vandalism. Cure, however, could come in several forms including corporal punishment, Borstal, and, probably the best idea, the introduction of various clubs in order to help young people to do something constructive with their superfluous energy. Borstal would, without doubt, instil bitterness into people and this would lead to further acts of violence.

The introduction of youth centres for the young people would be more effective because pent-up energy could be released in the channels of organised games such as rugby, football and swimming. However, would the council erect such buildings? It seems to the young that the majority of councils are too busy wasting their time and money (which might be otherwise spent) on such things as mayor's parties and other such functions where the mayor can dress up in ridiculous clothes (along with his fellow dignitaries).

Young people, themselves, can also play their part by helping to maintain these buildings. Young people need to be needed and a sense of responsibility can work wonders with some people. However, there will always be a small group of people who will try to cause trouble, for example — In Birkenhead, there is a youth centre run by St. - - - -'s Church and this is constantly being vandalised, causing a great deal of damage. Surely these selfish and stupid actions cause great "disheartment" to the people who are trying to maintain the clubs?

It seems fairly obvious that, for vandalism to stop, help from people of all ages will be needed in order to prevent it. Older people will have to come to a better understanding with young people and teenagers will have to learn to be more tolerant towards other people. Above all, the Government will have to realise that vandalism cannot be prevented by force and more subtle methods will have to be employed.

B. Williams (5A).

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

A knowledgeable authority to whom we showed this point of view thought it only fair to point out:

1. "No facilities"? Inaccurate — every Council has paid Youth Officers (in Birkenhead there are two) and pays towards the maintenance of Youth Clubs. There is a Youth Committee on which club members serve.
2. Boys-only Clubs? Except for the Shaftesbury, they are mixed in Birkenhead.
3. "Mayor's Parties"? The public control of Council expenditure would not permit these. The cost of ONE Youth Club would pay for 20 years of a Mayor's entertainment, which he only does in the name of the town. Apart from traditional "robes" which are handed on, a Mayor pays for all his own clothes! In Birkenhead — apart from the reception of official visitors to the town — there is only one annual "Mayor's Party", an official Ball, each year.

Editor.

THE STORM

The orchestral-elements strike up;
the wind gives a high whistle,
the angry timpani comes
booming out.
A sudden clash
of lightning-cymbals,
a storm-symphony
building up
into a great crescendo
of the elements.
Every instrument plays
its best,
until,
breathless,
the orchestra slowly
fades away
except for the slow beat
of the conductor's baton.
Just enough to keep the world
alive.

J. Morris (3A).

A THING OF BEAUTY

A single, delicate flower
all alone in a world
of tin cans, old prams, and broken bottles.
An island of beauty
in an ocean
of stark rudeness.
To pick it would be to kill.
To try to keep the pure beauty alive
would be futile.
Yet it can't be left there.
All alone; the only thing of beauty
on that filthy rubbish tip.
But only there does it belong.
There, where it may be alone and
wonderful — a single flower.

J. Morris (3A).

"WE ALONE LIVED TO TELL THE TALE"

The dust settled, and an ominous silence hung in the air. Gradually as the dust settled more it revealed three forlorn figures, lying, as if dead, in the dust. A groan was uttered by a battered figure through his cracked throat, and another, until an eyelid flickered, and opened; then you pushed yourself up and observed the nature of your bleak surroundings.

Limbs and muscles aching, you stand like a lifeless statue in a garden wondering, dirty-faced. You walk over to what appears to be rags, which are in fact human beings, small boys compared with men. A quick shake, though painful to yourself, and you manage to revive the others. Slowly, but carefully, they stagger and stumble to get to what appears to be a seat.

"Fine mess we're in, eh? Vic!" came my voice.

"Yeah", coughed he.

"We came to find Mother Redcap's secret cave; instead we found . . .
. . . . Need I say more?" Michael's voice sounded like a banshee and our ears were tingling.

"Well", said I, "we appear to be in a cave, dunno how we'll get out though". None of us could do anything but agree as it seemed so hopeless.

After an eternity (or so it seemed!) we gave up looking for a shaft. Our breaths were now long-drawn; air was short.

"Wonder what . . . " Vic paused, catching his breath, "what caused it?"

"I reckon a weak rock gave . . . " Another rumble and the roof fell in. We were flung like twigs in a hurricane round and round, rocks following us. There was a very powerful force buffeting us. We couldn't do a thing to help ourselves; it was just hopeless, or so we thought. Then, there was a burning sensation that seemed to creep under one's skin, and fought to get inside the brain cells. A splash of red and a million other colours and the Vortex stopped.

Our bodies, like so many egg shells, were flung to the ground which was strangely warm. An unfamiliar mist gave us a nagging fear that something was wrong. It cleared. Then, a few moments later . . . We saw . . . HELL!

Merseyside was a smouldering glowing relic. The air was misty; wreckage was littering the ground. Everything was burnt to a cinder. We all together rubbed our eyes disbelieving, but no! This nightmare was real!

For miles around, there was wreckage and carnage. We trembled, beads of sweat running down our faces. It was real! Twisted, tortured buildings and houses were blown apart, their shells standing out gaunt against the skyline.

As we advanced, looking for survivors, we formulated a theory. It must have been a nuclear or atomic attack. We came across a piece of metal mashed into pulp. Something was inside that metal, probably squashed unmercifully to death. Many bodies, if you could call them that, were buried under the red smouldering wreckage. Fortunately, we found food easily, but we couldn't begin to imagine what had happened to every one else.

From a high vantage point we looked across to Liverpool.

Here we just couldn't believe it. The River Mersey had a charred black bottom over which were tons of rubble. Surely, only a devil from the darkest depths of hell could have caused this!

We slept a troubled sleep that night. Next morning (the air had seemed hotter yesterday) it was about boiling point. We found it was dangerous to travel fast as high radiation clouds kept giving out electrical charges. Then, a groan came to our numb red ears. Its very sound pierced our skulls as it dug into our very souls.

A VOICE!

"How?" The man (for that is what it was) they uncovered was a little better now. His twisted face and body having little protection, his very skin was torn open like a burst paper bag.

"It . . . was . . . hell! Some strange shapes fell into the Mersey and Liverpool. One fell here! They were probably "A" Bombs. I watched people being blown apart, the terrifying faces of people crying out for mercy, children screaming, searing blasts of murder that struck one down brutally, scorching, burying itself, in weak human flesh. People just walking around driven mad, crying for mercy from the Lord, laughing hysterically at their hopeless predicament. NO! It was useless crying, only death could bring relief. Never will I . . . I . . ." his voice trailed off until not a breath of life flickered within his soul or body.

"He's dead! Let's go and try to get help!" said I. Then . . . "Stop! Look! A diary! Let's write down what we know!"

So we did. We told the terrifying tale to the diary about all that was left of people. Each pencil stroke gave off its different piece of the story. We entered daily from then on until . . . one day . . .

"We seem to be a lot better off now".

"Yes" came Vic's reply. "But I hope it will never happen again. I hope!"

As I entered for the last time that week, I wrote . . .

"As I enter these words, let those who read this book realise what good man **cannot** do. Why should people pay the price of death, if their

superiors cannot even realise that, to them, life is held dear. The dead should hold rank! **Not** their superiors! So let man realise that there will be no peace for his soul if he has the deaths of millions on his shoulders".

Then, as fate had planned, the three boys were burnt to a crisp as an atomic bomb blew them to tiny pieces worth their weight in gold.

To that let us add no more, for human words cannot describe the evil man has wrought. It should be a lesson to man, it is a lesson to man . . . Or is it?

Kevin Jones (1S).

DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN

The revolving wheel claws at the motionless sky

The machine, lying dormant among pistons and brakes, gropes

— Like a fish out of water.

The young man stares into space — and groans!

His head tells the story of the accident — like a book.

Gashed and gaping, he slowly dies.

While his blood burbles over the grey pavement,

Illuminating all in a cloak of red.

Death's cloak!

60 m.p.h. — that's slow for him,

But death comes quickly to his side.

The skidmarks etch out the final fling—

The final episode in the speedy life of that young man.

Carburettor, tank, brakes, wheels — they can be repaired.

Not so with the lifeless shell of the young man

Who raced against time — and lost by 50 years.

R. McKie (4A).

"TO ALL NEW BOYS -----!"

To get into B.I. you have to be very smart, not only smart in dress, but smart in the head. Otherwise, you will smart elsewhere.

Your hands may shake a little as you approach the large building, but, be assured, when you get inside and look around, and meet the tutors, you will shake from head to foot.

There are lots of interesting things to do here, but try not to let anyone catch you doing them.

There are plenty of Physical Activities. We have P.E., Rugby and Cross-Country, with a refreshing bath after them, with hot and cold running water. Unfortunately, the hot-tap has been temporarily out of order for the past 10 years, I'm told. Nevertheless, into the bath go our brave B.I. boys, and, out they come, a lovely shade of blue, because B.I. boys' first rule is cleanliness. Why, they don't even wear their rugbw shirts twice, but then, they don't even **see** them twice. If you're last out, you just take the one that's left, even if it has only got one sleeve. And it's no use mummy blaming our headmaster, as he doesn't wear a rugby shirt!

One thing that has even me baffled is I've had four pairs of gym shoes this year, but only the left shoe has disappeared from each pair. I'm left with four right gym shoes. Other boys have said that the same thing has happened to them. I'm off then later to look for a one-legged, left-footed, cross-country hopper.

You'll find lots of friends at Birkenhead Institute. In fact, you're never alone. That's why I'm writing this welcome note in the gents. It's nice and peaceful.

I'm sure you'll enjoy all this and more when you come. Well, that's the school in a nutshell (pardon the expression!) One last thing — you may bring your nice new bike without fear of anything happening to it, as there are locks fitted inside the bike sheds, that make them thief-proof. Hey! stop that boy! Put that shed down! After him! Follow that shed!

M. Wray (2B).

METAMORPHOSIS OF A SCHOOL

Slowly,
gradually
the ultra-modern butterfly
emerges
from its old, black chrysalis.
A school;
our school
slowly changing
into a comprehensive
world of cement,
shining metal,
and synthetic materials.
We, the pupils,
changing too,
meeting
new friends,
new teachers,
a whole new world.
A whole new world
for us
after
the rebirth.

J. Morris (3A).

A THING OF BEAUTY

come walk with me world
to see where
they nailed our
beautiful visions on a tree
and cry with me tears of shame
then kiss me
for they are still living
within us for
then it was our victory

Anon (L6).

MY LIFE

My Life, to most
is barren.
Outside, it is school.
Inside, to me,
a fantasy.
Homework, music —
Frigid turbulence, fills the air,
Of my bedroom, my world.

R. Bowen (3A).

THE PEARL

Down deep lies
the oval of grey,
sleeping.
It awakens;
a knife,
the shining steel penetrates
the wall of living flesh,
and reveals,
the pearl,
a shining white orb of wealth.
Then, stripped of it's wealth
is thrown back,
a dead pauper.

S. D. Gaskell (3A).

BOA !

Wreathing and writhing like a wailing cat wrought with pain
the gruesome form of the gasping man groped at the glistening knife,
his last hope of freeing himself from the grip
of this choking constrictor that crushed the breath from his heaving body
and, with his last sinful breath, he swore at the infallible Thing
that created this gargantuan killer.

M. Worthy (4B).

LE PASSÉ, LE PRÉSENT ET APRÈS

Les Français ne savent pas préserver le passé, ils s'acharnent, souvent en vain, à le détruire, ou du moins à le dénigrer. Oh, certes, il est des choses qu'ils n'oublient pas, des préjugés qui restent encore fermement enracinés dans leur mémoire et qu'ils se transmettent de génération en génération. Un des mythes les plus tenaces est celui de "la Perdue Albion"!

En Angleterre, c'est tout différent. On ne tourne pas le dos au passé; on l'adapte en le maquillant, ou bien l'on y puise les idées nouvelles. Les résultats sont parfois très amusants.

L'Angleterre ressemble à une vieille demeure du Moyen-Âge dotée du chauffage central (quoique le feu à l'âtre résiste avec une ténacité opiniâtre et donne un caractère assez primitif aux intérieurs anglais), d'ascenseurs et d'un point-levis électrique, et dont les fossés remplis d'eau abritent des sous-marins nucléaires. Jamais je n'ai vu le passé faire si bon ménage avec le présent, la tradition résister avec tant d'aisance et d'autorité aux offensives du modernisme. De même qu'il y a deux grandes institutions politiques, les Conservateurs et les Travailleurs, il y a deux Angleterres, celle des chapeaux melons et des "public-schools", et celle des cheveux longs et des "psychedelic clubs". Les Anglais ont gardé leurs "lords" et leur respectabilité, mais ils ont découvert les "hippies" et la "permissive society". Loin de s'ignorer ou de se regarder "en chiens de faïence", l'ancien et le nouveau se sont influencés, au point que l'on a vu des "lords" se conduire comme des hippies, et ces mêmes hippies proclamer leur liberté en arborant les costumes hauts en couleur de l'aristocratie du XIX^e siècle. Bref, si le passé ne leur convient pas, les Anglais l'habillent aux couleurs du présent, telles les Rolls Royce que l'on bariole de couleurs psychédéliques (cf. les Beatles) ou les pièces de Shakespeare que l'on transplante brutalement dans les décors métalliques du XX^e siècle.

Parfois ils s'y réfugient et installent leurs banques dans des demeures anciennes et étriées, aux tourelles minuscules et aux murs noircis par les ans, (ou par la fumée qui est le principal aliment des poumons britanniques) et aux fenêtres desquelles on s'attend à trouver les châtelaines de Walter Scott plutôt que le visage rond et orné de lunettes d'un employé de bureau.

Et, lorsqu'il n'y a pas d'autre solution, les Anglais pillent délibérément les trésors du passé. Nombreux sont les compositeurs de "Pop Music" qui vont chercher des thèmes et des rythmes "nouveaux" chez J. S. Bach, par exemple. "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose" a dit quelqu'un un jour. L'Angleterre d'aujourd'hui illustre merveilleusement cette boutade. "So far, so good", mais non contents de préserver les contrastes du passé et du présent, les jeunes anglais ont une tendance déroutante à cultiver les contradictions. Tout va très vite maintenant, les modes changent à un rythme effréné; les hippies à la crinière abondante ne sont plus la seule attraction des rues de Liverpool; en effet, un nouveau type vient d'apparaître. Il s'agit du "skin-head", qui, comme son nom l'indique a le crâne rasé de très près.

Les filles ne sont pas en reste. Après avoir laissé monter leurs mini-jupes jusqu' à un point où il ne leurs reste plus qu' à redescendre ou tout bonnement disparaître, elles montrent une tendance fâcheuse à cahcer sous de longs manteaux noirs ce qu'elles exhibaient si généreusement aux yeux pas si flégmatiques que ça des gentlemen.

Tout ceci est sublime, mais "du sublime au ridicule il n 'y a qu 'un pas"

Claude le Flohic.

APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH

Your appointment with death—
it's tomorrow at 10,
tomorrow.
The dentist, he smiles, his white coat
not yet stained.
Smiling he sits you down, the perfect host.
Check-up first.
A tap here and there;
tension rises.
(I know him—
"If in doubt, tear it out",
and he does!)

Into the gloomy cavern looms
the drill.
The white pillars stand defiant,
defiant to the last.
Your hands feverishly grasp for,
for what?
And then the horned devil,
eyes flashing, horns glistening,
places upon you, the mask;
the silent hiss of his slave
and sleep.
Walk out, hand grasping mouth.
Dentist looks pleased.
He stands contented,
Washes his hands,
"Mustn't let them see the blood;
might scare them away!"

S. D. Gaskell (3A).

THE LAST STAGE COACH

The stage coach had just pulled away. Joe Fenley slammed the door of the inn behind him, after he had changed the horses of the coach going to London. It was a cold, windy, autumn day. The sun was just setting behind an ominous bank of black cloud. At this time of year the inn was empty, and he was alone in the gloomy early evening light. He knew he would have a peaceful night because the next stage wasn't due to arrive until late next day. The only chance of any other disturbance would be of an unexpected traveller but that was very unlikely with a storm on its way.

He looked through the small window towards the setting sun which was now only a bright ribbon of light on the distant horizon. The skeletons of the leafless trees were bent over by the moaning wind that made the old branches creak. As the light slowly faded, Joe turned and walked towards the fire. At each end of the large oak mantelpiece there were two candles which he lit from the flickering fire, at the same time lighting his old curved pipe. The rest of the large room was dark as he stood in front of the fire casting a large shadow over the room. He sat down in a large chair, backed in cushions, and put his head back. He looked up at the forest of beams that cast dark patterns on the ceiling above.

The wind became stronger, roaring down the chimney, causing the flames to flicker and fan out as though trying to back away from some unknown danger. Outside the door the dry leaves rustled their way along the cobble stones, driven by an ever-greater wind that whistled through the cracks in the door. Then it began to rain. The rain pattered on the windows, gently at first but then faster until the windows became a mass of water. Joe felt he was safe inside but still he drew closer to the fire, away from the biting cold. He took out a book and began to read as there was nothing else he could do. While he was deeply engrossed in his book he thought he could hear a stage approaching but thought nothing of it until he realised there was no coach due. The sound became drowned in the roar of the wind and splashing of the rain as it hit the windows. But then it became clearer and louder and he could hear the clopping of the horses' hooves and the rattle of the stage as it clattered its way over the cobbles outside. Joe lit a lantern, put on his hat and cape and strode over to the door. He undid the latch and the door was blown open by the wind. He braced himself and with head down, marched into the storm, holding aloft the lantern. He could still hear the stagecoach pull to a halt. He looked up, expecting to see a team of six horses harnessed to a coach but instead there were only the wind-swept trees on the other side of the yard. He looked about, holding the lamp in front of him but still he could see nothing. He turned around with a puzzled expression on his face and headed for the open door. The firelight cast a shadow of himself behind him which made him feel uneasy, as though someone was about to touch him on the back unexpectedly. He quickened his pace towards the door and on reaching it slammed it behind him. He didn't turn to look at the door until he was safely in his chair with his hat and cape off and even then it was only a quick glance. He tried to forget about what had happened by reading his book once more but the thought was still fixed at the back of his mind.

After a while there came a knocking on the window behind him. He feared that if he looked round it might be something he didn't want to see. After a short time spent in restraining himself he suddenly turned to see the image of a man's face peering in at him. Although the face was blurred by the rain he could clearly see the hollow, straining eyes. The face was motionless, just staring and expressionless. He rushed towards the door and flung it open. As he did so the howling wind forced the slanting rain into his face, causing his eyes partially to close. He looked towards the window but there was nothing there, but on looking through the window from the inside the face re-appeared, still staring. It was exactly as though he was seeing his own face in a mirror. He locked and bolted the door and sat down again and the next time he looked up the face had vanished. Just as he was going to go to bed he suddenly heard the bolts being unlocked and, turning in a flash, he saw just in time the latch being lifted. The door flew open and the driving rain poured in, making the fire flicker violently and causing all the candles to go out. A shadow was cast on the walls by an object which was invisible to Joe's eyes. Joe could just about make out the shape of the shadow and realised it was a man with a three-cornered hat and cape, who also had a horse-whip in his hand. Joe was horror-stricken as he realised that the object that he could **not** see was heading straight for him. Joe tried to back away as far as the surrounding walls would permit. Then his chance came; he was between the thing and the still-open door. With a wild surge of energy he scrambled towards the darkness of the doorway, knocking over the tables and chairs in his mad flight from the unknown. He rushed out of the door and towards the stables beside the inn. He fumbled at the latch with quick glances behind him for any sign of the shadow. At last the door opened and he rushed inside and grabbed the mane of one of the frightened horses. With the wide-open eyes of terror he jumped onto the horse's back causing the horse to bolt for the stable door. The rain was still driving in his face when the horse

galloped down the lane with Joe clinging to its neck. He dared not turn round for he still feared that the thing was sitting on the horse behind him and it didn't matter how hard he rode it would still be behind him.

He must have ridden as hard as he could for about 10 miles along the mud-covered lanes when at last he rode into a village brightly illuminated from the lights in the surrounding cottages. The horse pulled to a halt in front of one of the houses. The occupants must have heard it and opened the door to see who had arrived. On opening the door bright light flooded out onto the rain-lashed mud outside. The horse, startled, reared up. Joe had no strength to hold on, slid down the horse's side and flopped limply into the mud. The horse reared up once more bringing its heavy hoofs onto Joe's chest with a thudding sound. The woman of the house put her hands to her face for she knew that Joe must be dead. When the woman's husband had calmed the horse he picked up Joe's dripping body and took him inside. They laid him down and ripped off his shirt to reveal a blood covered chest. The horse's hoof had smashed his ribs to splinters and they protruded like spikes from his flattened chest.

The last stage coach had claimed its victim!

C. D. Pemberton (4B).

ODE ON COMPREHENSIONCHOLY

No, no, go not to Grange, and neither close
Our school, soot-blackened, toy of Council plans;
Nor suffer thy headmaster to repose
At Woodchurch, far from all his saddened fans;
Make not your Sixth Form block on Upton Road
Nor let new physics labs, your minds so turn
To hate B.I.; nor reconstructed hall,
A symbol of the modernistic code;
For shouldst thou go, then soon thy heart shall yearn
For B.I.'s age-old buildings, great and small.

(With no apologies to John Keats)

(Anon.) Upper Sixth.

THE ATTACK

The night was warm, and nothing stirred. The room was silent, and totally remote of human presence. In one dark corner an old book lay in a book-case. It was the same as any other old book; tattered, dusty, except that between its time-worn, yellow pages lay a slip of ancient parchment.

Then, suddenly, the door opened noiselessly, and someone — or something — slipped in, and the door closed again. A soft padding of feet across the carpet could be heard, and then a sudden bluster came, through the half-open windows, blowing the curtains apart, and they flapped wildly for a second, but that was long enough to distinguish a tall human form wrapped in a cloak, silhouetted against the large round moon outside.

The stranger knew the room well, for even in the impenetrable darkness he found the bookcase, without walking into any object. Then there was a scratching noise, and a match burst into life, at which point a gloved hand removed the book carefully from the shelf, and the match flickered out, and died.

Then the door handle turned and the door clicked open and shut.

The stranger moved across the hall, into the study, and suddenly there was a clatter and a whisper of "Damn! it wasn't there before!"

A few seconds later someone came thumping down the great stairs, but when that person reached the study, the bird had flown, through the unlocked french windows. Indeed the stranger went crunching down the gravel driveway at high speed. The stranger's heart pounded within him and he quaked at the thought of the hounds, which he could hear in the distance being set after him. About fifty yards down the uneven road, the stranger had left a horse, onto which he leapt, and rode off, away from the road across the fields, as fast as possible.

The stranger arrived at his house in the heart of the marshes, just as the shimmering dawn reddened the skies, shaking off the tight shackles of night, and prodding mother-earth awake. Breathless and panting he dismounted from his tired horse, and stumbled in through the doorway, to collapse on his bed, still clutching the old book tightly.

It was early evening before the stranger awoke again, and he suddenly realised that he must set to work, if he was to accomplish his feat, of which he had so often dreamed; and now here it was — the book! all he needed. He might not live another year; for that night was the night of the vernal equinox when the forces of the inner mind are at work. To fail that night might be fatal — and if not he might be attacked and killed before his next chance.

He made ready, which took him some time, for each object had to be placed exactly, and the appropriate words had to be said over each. The most important item was the old book, containing the piece of ancient parchment, which, when burnt in a fire of incense and dry herbs, would destroy the high priest of Vingstox, and hand all the earthly powers of evil to him, forever, even beyond the grave. But, the book must be opened at the exact moment of the meridian of the psychic attack, because if opened at the wrong moment, the parchment inside would return to the high priest, by means of the overworld, before he could catch it, and all would be lost, and probably the stranger too.

At seventeen minutes to twelve precisely, the stranger donned his hood and began the attack. The meridian therefore would come at twelve o'clock. The stranger took a bone-handled knife and scratched two curved lines on the highly polished table before him. Between the two was placed a hollowed-out skull, and inside the herb and incense fire was burning. He gripped the table tightly and concentrated on a wall at the back of the room. After a few minutes, from the dancing distorted shadows cast on the wall by the objects on the table, caused by the light from the small fire, a shimmer, like a shimmer of heat from a gas burner, arose and grew ever more violent and more violent. The stranger's head rushed with blood, and sweat melted from his limbs, but he kept concentrating hard, until the features of Vingstox, the high priest, could be seen.

The priest resisted the attack and retaliated a number of times, but the stranger withstood the immense strain until the meridian, when he opened the book. He grasped the slip of parchment, tightly, but it fell to pieces in his hand and crumbled to a pile of dust, as did his dream and life. Frantically he picked up as much dust as possible and heaped it into the burner, but it was no use. The high priest was now the invincible holder of all the earthly powers of evil, forever, and beyond the grave.

One last attack and there was a brilliant flash, and the stranger's blood boiled in his veins, his skin became a mass of wart-like bubbles, his head streaked with blood, and then with a scream which seemed to make the marshes echo for hours, his brain became overloaded, pain shot through him like white hot bullets, and finally his body exploded, ripped apart, blood gushed everywhere, and a mangled, blood-sodden heap of flesh and bones sank to the floor.

The room was silent now, the tumult was over, like the uneasy, quiet calm after the storm, and the innocent old book lay dusty and rotting, decaying away, as in the other room on the bookshelf. The night was warm and nothing stirred.

B. Newbury (3A).

DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN

"Move not!" shouts he,
with haggard face.
He creeps over,
strikes a match and
with painful touch burns
the leech on my arm.

War is a leech;
Burn war.

Night casts its black cowl about us;
Its gleaming eyes observe us.
We sleep,
Silence.

Mercy grants a wish to one;
he groans and silently lowers
his worn head,
Death.

Death is the passage to freedom.

I pray.
I sleep.

A whistle
Over the top,
the mud engulfs us,
Lord help us!

My prayer, will it be answered?
I see before me, a German,
An enemy? No, a friend.
Gun thrown down,
I run towards him.
A shot;
My prayer is answered.

S. D. Gaskell (3A).

DID 'YOU' WRITE THIS?

All the following gems of wisdom are vouched for as occurring in recent examinations:

1. This took her a goodour as the carpets are made of nylon and bites stick to it. —4th Form.
2. I was sent for a packet of Cornflakes and a razor blade as the electricity had been cut off from our cocker. —4th Form.
3. Wolsey did it with a Cardinal of France, and in a court session. —Unknown.
4. Leonardo himself was somewhat scientific in his outlook, although he was illegitimate. —Lower Sixth.
5. Men were beginning to realise all their work was their own doing, not of God's, as a result artists signed their names on paintings. —Lower Sixth.
6. (Imprisoned in a cave) "I discovered I had a wet seat and then I discovered where it was coming from, it was coming out of the wall behind me". —First Year.
7. When Titanic sank the orchestra were playing "My God! never to thee." —First Year.

FIRE! THE FIRING SQUAD

Ever since I was born
I've never done a thing wrong,
And although I am going to be shot
Like a mouse who is trapped and helpless,
I am innocent.
Left . . . Left . . . now the roster
Like robots, every one.
They line up for their appointed task,
And I am the rabbit.
The officer marches up for his routine,
The executioner and the henchmen.
"Ready!" he shouts, "Aim!" God forgive them.
I close my eye lids but I stand tenacious
Like the mast of an old English sailing ship.
I grip my teeth like a vice turned tight
What is the matter!
"Fire!" shouts a distant voice.
My head is reeling, I am choking.
But what can I do?
Like the patient with the chloroform pad on his face. I am
helpless.
God forgive them.
And now, I am free.
Yes! free from that hideous scene.
For I am awake.
Unchained from that terrible dream
Farewell death, until we meet again,
Tonight.

R. Aldcroft (2W).

ACHILLES DIES

Then flopped Achilles to the ground
With the arrow through his heel
Where his flesh was not like steel—
Where his mother held him
As she baptized him in the waves.
With the missile in his foot,
Lay poor Achilles on the ground.
All his comrades wept with sorrow
When their hero fell down dead.
Gone forever to the gods
Where he would live as a warrior should.

H. Monney (2W).

SEA - NIGHT

For the sea wind,
at night, to blow,
through your hair,
and the sand to soften as you tread.
As you walk along the sea,
Look out, onto the horizon.
The sun, dying, leaves,
with a ray of gold.
And then the death;
the sun disappears.
But silver, the moon,
shines in lines,
along the water.

Martyn Williams, Form 3A.

THE LOSS OF "THE EMPRESS OF IRELAND"

It was a lovely day in May, 1913. I was standing on the lower deck where the sun was the most refreshing and the unruly squeal of the sea-gulls could be heard most. Today I felt happy, as I kept on thinking "I'm cruising on the great, reliable ship, 'The Empress of Ireland'."

I smoked my pipe with satisfaction and in the distance I could hear the children playing tick, which surprised me. I thought no games could be played on any deck of a cruising ship. The deck chairs I found uncomfortable, which was a shame really, as standing up on deck all the time can be very tiring.

"Ding! Ding!" those were the dinner bells. I looked at my watch and went over to the canteen. Mr. Stevies, a friend of mine (whom I had met only a few days before), was sitting by me, and his usual Old English accent (which is called by other people "snobbish" and "posh"), was really a tonic for a good giggle.

"Hallo, old boy," he said, adjusting his eyepiece. "Heard the cricket news lately? England played a shocker but, of course, they never had Smith; real good player him. Ah! if only they had Smith!" He looked at me for a few seconds and then started to eat his dinner.

After the well-cooked dinner I returned to my cabin. There I read a book, and as I read, I suddenly remembered the terrible disaster of the "Titanic", where lives were lost just as pins would be in a haystack. My concentration began to wander a little, as I felt that the same ghostly riddle could happen on the ship which I was on. I took out my pipe to cool the fears that ran around my body.

As evening drew near I thought the dancing hall would be some pleasure, although I was a stupid dancer, very clumsy too. It would make a change from the cabin which never knew the meaning of society. My friend Stevies was on table 4, which was just at the side of the orchestra.

"Why, hello, old boy," he said, "it's terrible going up those stairs on the upper deck of the ship, don't you think, but you're damn lucky being as young as you are. Why, I'd give my left arm to be twenty-one again". This I laughed at and reminded him although I was younger than he was I wasn't twenty-one. A grim sailor came into the dancing hall. "Cap'n's order to eat, drink and be happy". This was an order no-one could defy.

I heard as I sipped my wine a collier fuming its way through the fog, which was very silly, for we ("The Empress of Ireland"), had anchored in the water, so no harm could possibly come to us, but a large crash! was heard throughout the ship as I could feel the ship moving to one side and crashing down like a pack of cards. The collier had done what a boy would do if he smashed a window, "Run!" I could witness this, for it was I who was thrown to a porthole.

Screams of terror could be heard around the ship. Children had woken up from their beds and were crying for their parents who were most probably lost or even killed. My fear of the "Titanic" before had become true now. Water was rushing in on all sides of the ship. The orchestra started to play to ease the panic of the passengers. Stevies was now dead as he lay on the floor after one of the heavy beams had crashed over his skull. How terrible could hell be? After all this panic I could hear the Captain giving out orders to the crew. I found that the ship was at a ridiculous angle, for one side was sticking high up in the air, and the other stuck low in the water. It was hopeless launching lifeboats and I made up my mind the top deck could be a chance so I struggled to the deck where people were rushing hither and thither. At last I seized my chance to dive overboard. This proved successful and a use was found for the uncomfortable deck chairs, a use to save my life. Fifteen minutes after the crash nothing could be seen of "The Empress of Ireland".

So now I sit by my fire and tell you the story which people have long forgotten about, smoking my pipe, of which I am terrified, in case any news comes of a ship crashing, for it brings vague memories back. And of course. "I LIVED TO TELL THE TALE".

Carl Malam (Form 1S).

A VILLAGE CRICKET MATCH

It is late afternoon on a Sunday. On the village green, which is a defoliated clearing in the jungle, are two sets of rough bamboo wickets. The scene is set for the important match of the season: Pinkville versus American Army.

The Americans win the toss and decide to go in first. The opening batsmen come onto the field of play. The opener takes his stance behind his power-assisted, radar-controlled bat and faces the bowler. The bowler himself is a weak little thing, about four feet high and thin as the wickets. His build being so similar to a bamboo plant the batsman has difficulty in seeing him at first as the bowler runs to the wickets. As the bowler reaches the clearing, the batsman has no difficulty in seeing the feeble flight of the ball. Stepping fearlessly down the wicket, the batsman flicks a control on the bat, which hammers the ball straight into the bowler's face, killing him. The Army supporters, many thousands in number, shout with glee at the magnificence of the stroke. It is indeed a proud moment for the away team.

Fifty bowlers fall without a wicket before the American Captain, Medina, becomes bored and decides to declare.

The Pinkville batsmen put on their tree-bark pads and walk onto the pitch. The crowd, sensing victory over this feeble opposition, grow tense with excitement and anticipation. The batsman looks for an umpire to give him his stance, but is amazed to find there are none present.

The American Army play beautifully. Their superiority is helped by a new bowling machine, which is held by the bowler and pointed at the batsmen. This machine fires the ball at amazing speed, through a muzzle, and, run as they may, the batsmen are unable to dodge the balls which cunningly explode, covering the batsmen in burning napalm. One by one the batsmen face the bowlers, take their stance and are burned to death. Soon the whole jungle is alive to the cheers of the enormous crowd, until the very last batsman, a girl aged seven, is beautifully beaten and the team is all out.

Just over a year later the report of the match was published in the newspapers. Anyone would think that the Americans were not proud of their victory, what with their delay in reporting it. Now we do know about it, let us not be slow in showing them all the congratulations they deserve.

J. C. Leeming (3A).

Old Boys' Section

OLD INSTONIANS' R.U.F.C.

This season has been one of the most difficult in the post-war history of the Rugby Club. Last August we lost both our pavilion and 1st XV pitch in the path of the M54 Motorway. However, by the ingenuity and hard work of the Committee, the spirit of the members and the co-operation of our friends in other clubs we are approaching the end of the season with four regular teams intact and our future prospects extremely bright.

Work has now commenced on the building of a new thoughtfully-designed modern pavilion, about 200 yards from the site of the former building, and is scheduled for completion in the Summer. In April a new 1st XV pitch will be relaid and the 2nd XV pitch which we managed to save will be widened. When the work is complete we will have a first class site with facilities second to none in the area.

Playing-wise, results, particularly of the 1st XV, have been a little disappointing this season although to some extent this has been understandable owing to the upheaval. There is no doubt that the 1st XV have considerable talent but a lack of belief in themselves has resulted in a number of narrow defeats which could easily have been victories. Next season when we again have our own facilities greater emphasis will be placed on training and coaching which should have the desired effect. The 2nd XV have played some very good rugby on occasions and recorded a number of notable victories. The 3rd XV has the best record of all teams and to date they have lost only 5 games out of 22 played. It has been good to see the 4th XV fielding a full side every week, in spite of all the difficulties, and enjoying their rugby. It has also been very encouraging to find a number of schoolboys turning out for the club as often as possible and many of them, particularly Ken Hodgkinson and Steve Bagley who have both played for the 1st XV, seem excellent prospects for the future.

Both the Rugby Club and the School are entering into a new and exciting era and we sincerely hope that they will prosper together for mutual benefit. Whilst wishing the School well in the future we would also take this opportunity to thank all concerned, particularly Mr. Webb and Mr. Malcolm, for the co-operation and help which the Rugby Club has received in the past. We hope that the bond between the School and the Old Boys will be strengthened even further and all school leavers, both players and non-players, are cordially invited to join us next season.

A. K. Jones (Hon. Secretary).

School Sport

BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS

22nd May, 1969

Distribution of Prizes by

J. D. Robins, Esq., Director of Physical Recreation, Sheffield.

RESULTS

FIRST YEAR—100 yards: 1st, Parke (W); 2nd, Roberts (A); 3rd, James (W). Time: 13.3 secs. **220 yards:** 1st, Parke (W); 2nd, Roberts (A); 3rd, Hobden (A). Time: 32.0 secs. **440 yards:** 1st, Parke (W); 2nd, Hobden (A); 3rd, Wilson (W). Time: 72.0 secs. **80 yards Hurdles:** 1st, McKie (T); 2nd, Walker (A); 3rd, Landsborough (S). Time: 14.5 secs. **High Jump:** 1st, Hobden (A); 2nd, Sheridan (A); 3rd, Bidwell (T). Height: 3ft. 10in. **Long Jump:** 1st, Wilson (W); 2nd, Gowsell (S); 3rd, Tellett (W). Distance: 11ft. 9in. **Triple Jump:** 1st, McKie (T), Walker (A); 3rd, Parke (W). Distance: 25ft. 9½in. **Discus:** 1st, Lally (A); 2nd, Turner (W); 3rd, Bennett (W). Distance: 59ft. 0in. **Shot:** 1st, Salisbury (W); 2nd, Johnson (A); 3rd, Roberts (A). Distance: 26ft. 2in. **Javelin:** 1st, Salisbury (W); 2nd, Bennett (W); 3rd, J. Ainslie (S). Distance: 89ft. 11in. **Relay:** 1st, Atkin; 2nd, Westminster; 3rd, Tate. Time: 61.2 secs.

SECOND YEAR—100 yards: 1st, McDonald (T); 2nd, McFarlane (S); 3rd, Newbury (T). Time: 12.9 secs. **220 yards:** 1st, McDonald (T); 2nd, McFarlane (S); 3rd, Allen (A). Time: 29.1 secs. **440 yards:** 1st, Whitley (S); 2nd, Newbury (T); 3rd, McKay (T). Time: 68.6 secs. **880 yards:** 1st, McFarlane (S); 2nd, Driver (A); 3rd, Wade (T). Time: 2 min. 35.2 secs. **80 yards Hurdles:** 1st, Burgess (W); 2nd, Whitley (S); 3rd, Tregoning (A). Time: 13.7 secs. **High Jump:** 1st, Burgess (W); 2nd, Wade (T); 3rd, McLaughlan (A). Distance: 4ft. 2in. **Long Jump:** 1st, McDonald (T); 2nd, Burgess (W); 3rd, O'Hanlon (W). Distance: 13ft. 7in. **Triple Jump:** 1st, McFarlane (S); 2nd, Jones (T); 3rd, Aspinall (S). Distance: 26ft. 10in.

Discus: 1st, Johnson (S); 2nd, Wood (S); 3rd, Byrne (T). Distance: 71ft. 6½in. **Shot:** 1st, McDonald (T); 2nd, McKay (T); 3rd, Leeming (W). Distance: 32ft. 3in. **Javelin:** 1st, Wade (T); 2nd, Johnson (S); 3rd, Harvard (W). Distance: 86ft. 4in. **Relay:** 1st, Atkin; 2nd, Stitt; 3rd, Tate. Time: 61.3 secs.

THIRD YEAR—100 yards: 1st, Anderson (A); 2nd, Lacey (W); 3rd, Baxter (S). Time: 12.4 secs. **220 yards:** 1st, Anderson (A); 2nd, Duckers (S); 3rd, Lacey (W). Time: 28.7 secs. **440 yards:** 1st, Anderson (A); 2nd, Duckers (S); 3rd, Woolley (W). Time: 63.2 secs. **880 yards:** 1st, Duckers (S); 2nd, Lynskey (A); 3rd, Corden (A). Time: 2 mins. 42.0 secs. **Mile:** 1st, Lynskey (A); 2nd, Gleeson (T); 3rd McKie (T). Time: 5 mins. 41.0 secs. **80 yards Hurdles:** 1st, Davies (A); 2nd, Woolley (W); 3rd, Charsley (T). Time: 12.7 secs. **High Jump:** 1st, Davies (A); 2nd, Lacey (W); 3rd, D. C. Jones (T). Height: 4ft. 2in. **Long Jump:** 1st, Lacey (W); 2nd, Hough (T); 3rd, Charsley (T). Distance: 14ft. 9in. **Triple Jump:** 1st, Lacey (W); 2nd, Hough (T); 3rd, Davies (A). Distance: 33ft. 1in. **Discus:** 1st, Slee (S); 2nd, Gleeson (T); 3rd, Hughes (S). Distance: 77ft. 2½in. **Shot:** 1st, Duckers (S); 2nd, Burrige (W); 3rd, R. F. Jones (W). Distance: 32ft. 2in. **Javelin:** 1st, Duckers (S); 2nd, Burrige (W); 3rd, D. C. Jones (T). Distance: 89ft. 3in. **Relay:** 1st, Westminster; 2nd, Atkin; 3rd, Tate. Time: 57.8 secs.

FOURTH YEAR—100 yards: 1st, Foxon (A); 2nd, Fernandez (A); 3rd, Adams (A). Time: 11.2 secs. **220 yards:** 1st, Foxon (A); 2nd, Fernandez (A); 3rd, Adams (A). Time: 26.5 secs. **440 yards:** 1st, Foxon (A); 2nd, Fernandez (A); 3rd, Foulkes (T). Time: 58.9 secs. **880 yards:** 1st, Nicholas (W); 2nd, Humphreys (S); 3rd, Sephton (A). Time: 2 mins. 19.8 secs. **Mile:** 1st, Nicholas (W); 2nd, Jones (T); 3rd Harrison (S). Time: 5 mins. 16.6 secs. **80 yards Hurdles:** 1st, Sephton (A); 2nd, Adams (A); 3rd, Griffiths (W). Time: 12.7 secs. **High Jump:** 1st, Adams (A); 2nd, Sephton (A); 3rd, Mercer (W). Height: 4ft. 8in. **Long Jump:** 1st, Foxon (A); 2nd, Fernandez (A); 3rd, Holmes (T). Distance: 16ft. 6½in. **Triple Jump:** 1st, Foxon (A); 2nd, Fernandez (A); 3rd, McDonald (T). Distance: 35ft. 11½in. **Discus:** 1st, Cairns (A); 2nd, Humphreys (S); 3rd, Griffiths (W). Distance: 86ft. 1in. **Shot:** 1st, Griffiths (W); 2nd, Cairns (A); 3rd, Langan (T). Distance: 33ft. 1in. **Javelin:** 1st, Griffiths (W); 2nd, Roberts (S); 3rd, Murphy (A). Distance: 92ft. 1in. **Relay:** 1st, Atkin; 2nd, Tate; 3rd, Stitt. Time: 52.8 secs.

FIFTH YEAR—100 yards: 1st, Bowen (T); 2nd, Pierce (S); 3rd, Mason (S). Time: 11.7 secs. **220 yards:** 1st, Pierce (S); 2nd, Mason (S); 3rd, Hodgkinson (S). Time: 26.4 secs. **440 yards:** 1st, Mason (S); 2nd, Hodgkinson (S); 3rd, Thomas (A). Time: 61.2 secs. **880 yards:** 1st, Wilson (T); 2nd, James (W); 3rd, Jones (T). Time: 2 mins. 21.2 secs. **Mile:** 1st, James (W); 2nd, Wilson (T); 3rd, Landsborough (S). Time: 5 mins. 22.8 secs.* **120 yards Hurdles:** 1st, Hodgkinson (S). Time: 17.9 secs. **High Jump:** 1st, Corran (S); 2nd Lewis (W); 3rd, Parkin (T). Height: 5ft. 0in. **Long Jump:** 1st Hodgkinson (S); 2nd, Mason (S); 3rd, Leadbetter (A). Distance: 16ft. 10in. **Triple Jump:** 1st, Nelson (T); 2nd, Hodgkinson (S); 3rd, Mason (S), Leadbetter (A). Distance 36ft. 5in. **Discus:** 1st, Sutton (W); 2nd, Rowan (W); 3rd, Smith (T). Distance: 122ft. 4in.* **Shot:** 1st, Sutton (W); 2nd, Shaw (W); 3rd, Bowen (T). Distance: 37ft. 7in.* **Javelin:** 1st, Lewis (W); 2nd MacMaster (S); 3rd, Corran (S). Distance: 115ft. 7in. **Relay:** 1st, Stitt; 2nd, Westminster. Time: 50.8 secs.*

OPEN—100 yards: 1st, P. Smith (S); 2nd, Laithwaite (S); 3rd, O'Hare (S). Time: 11.3 secs. **220 yards:** 1st, Gibson (S); 2nd, O'Hare (S); 3rd, Pagan (W). Time: 26.0 secs. **440 yards:** 1st, Davies (A); 2nd, Laithwaite (S); 3rd, Rimmer (S). Time: 61.9 secs. **880 yards:** 1st, Gibson (S); 2nd,

Fisher (A); 3rd, J. D. Smith (W). Time: 2 mins. 23.0 secs. **Mile:** 1st, Gibson (S); 2nd Fisher (A); 3rd, Birkett (A). Time: 5 mins. 16.0 secs. **Three Miles:** 1st, Nicholas (W); 2nd, Welch (W); 3rd, James (W). Time: 18 mins. 9.6 secs. **120 yards Hurdles:** 1st, Wilson (W); 2nd, Laithwaite (S); 3rd, R. C. Smith (T). Time: 19.0 secs. **High Jump:** 1st, Johnson (S); 2nd, R. C. Smith (T); 3rd, Pagan (W). Height: 4ft. 11½in. **Long Jump:** 1st, Laithwaite (S); 2nd, P. Smith (S); 3rd, Pagan (W). Distance: 16ft. 9in. **Triple Jump:** 1st, D. Smith (W); 2nd, P. Smith (S); 3rd, Pagan (W). Distance: 36ft. 10in.* **Discus:** 1st, Hall (S); 2nd, Rimmer (S); 3rd, Gibson (S). Distance: 91ft. 8¾in. **Shot:** 1st Rimmer (S); 2nd, Hammond (T); 3rd, Gregory (A). Distance: 39ft. 5in. **Javelin:** 1st, Rimmer (S); 2nd, Davies (A); 3rd, McBride (W). Distance: 120ft. 1¾in. **Pole Vault:** 1st, Fisher (A). P. Smith (S); 3rd, Corran (S). Height: 8ft. 6in. **Relay:** 1st, Stitt; 2nd, Westminster; 3rd, Tate. Time: 51.2 secs.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

1st, Stitt (486 pts.); 2nd, Atkin (415 pts.); 3rd, Westminster (408 pts.); 4th, Tate (322 pts.).

FIRST YEAR—Champion: D. M. Parke (W); **Runners-up:** D. J. Hobden (A) and S. J. Roberts (A).

SECOND YEAR—Champion: K. McDonald (T); **Runner-up:** D. H. McFarlane (S).

THIRD YEAR—Champion: L. F. Duckers (S); **Runner-up:** S. Lacey (W).

FOURTH YEAR—Champion: G. A. Foxon (A); **Runner-up:** R. W. Fernandez (A).

FIFTH YEAR—Champion: K. Hodgkinson (S); **Runner-up:** A. Mason (S).

VICTOR LUDORUM—Champion: P. Smith (S); **Runners-up:** J. L. Gibson (S) and P. Laithwaite (S).

CRICKET — 1969

1st XI: Tied with Oldershaw G.S. B.I. 48 all out (Easdown 23). Oldershaw 48 all out (Griffiths 6 for 14).

1st XI: Beat Park High School by 21 runs. B.I. 71 all out. Park High School: 50 all out. (Smith 4 for 15, Candeland 4 for 12).

1st XI: Lost to St. Anselm's College by 3 wickets. B.I. 32 all out. St. Anselm's College: 33 for 7.

1st XI: Drew with Bootle G.S. Bootle G.S. 84 all out (Smith 4 for 23, Candeland 4 for 11). B.I. 79 for 8.

1st XI: Beat Maghull G.S. by 11 runs. B.I.: 51 all out. Maghull G.S.: 40 all out (Smith 4 for 14).

1st XI: Beat Wirral G.S. by 25 runs. B.I.: 63 all out. Wirral G.S.: 38 all out (Smith 4 for 12).

1st XI: Drew with Old Instonians. Old Instonians: 127 all out. B.I.: 96 for 7 (Candeland 37, Johnson 22).

1st XI: Lost to Staff by 6 wickets. B.I.: 15 all out (Mr. Thornton 5 for 5, Mr. Edgar 5 for 8). Staff: 16 for 4.

Played 8. Won 3. Lost 2. Tied 1. Drawn 2.

RUGBY — 1969-70

(B.I. score appears first in all results)

1st XV: Retiring Captain's XV, 9-3; Park High School, 11-3; Calday Grange G.S., 12-14; Wirral G.S., 0-12; Helsby G.S., 9-13; Grove Park, Wrexham, 8-20; Helsby G.S., 9-6; Wallasey Technical G.S., 16-14; Wellington School, 63-3; Ellesmere Port G.S., 9-52; Carlett Park, 12-11; Liverpool Collegiate 3-5; Oldershaw G.S., 3-19; Rock Ferry H.S., 22-17; Wellington School, 19-3; Wallasey Technical G.S., 22-0; Park High School, 16-11; Liverpool Institute, 39-0; Oldershaw G.S., 6-8; Old Instonians, 11-17; Carlett Park, 11-3.

2nd XV: Park High School, 22-12; Calday Grange G.S., 6-3; Wirral G.S., 13-18; Helsby G.S., 11-6; Grove Park, Wrexham, 3-5; Helsby G.S., 9-3; Wallasey Technical G.S., 38-0; West Derby Comprehensive, 11-3; Ellesmere Port G.S., 3-6; Gateacre Comprehensive, 12-5; Oldershaw G.S., 13-19; Rock Ferry H.S., 0-11; West Derby Comprehensive, 3-0; St. Anselm's College, 3-6; Park High School, 9-14; Liverpool Institute, 59-0.

3rd XV: Park High School, 16-9; St. Anselm's College, 6-9; St. Anselm's College, 8-16; Park High School, 27-0.

Colts: Park High School, 3-32; Calday Grange G.S., 10-29; Helsby G.S., 21-21; Grove Park, Wrexham, 0-16; Wallasey G.S., 11-31; Wallasey Technical G.S., 6-15; Wellington School, 19-5; Ellesmere Port G.S., 14-39; Prenton, 22-0; Liverpool Collegiate, 14-3; Gateacre Comprehensive, 9-5; Rock Ferry H.S., 13-27; Wellington School, 28-11; West Derby Comprehensive, 6-0; Prenton, 18-5; Wallasey Technical G.S., 13-23; Park High School, 3-37; Woodchurch, 0-6.

Bantams: Park High School, 11-17; Calday Grange G.S., 3-41; Wirral G.S., 3-56; Helsby G.S., 0-52; Grove Park, Wrexham, 8-15; Wallasey G.S., 18-6; Wallasey Technical G.S., 6-24; West Derby Comprehensive, 9-32; Ellesmere Port G.S., 14-34; Gateacre Comprehensive, 10-8; Maghull G.S., 6-14; Oldershaw G.S., 9-29; Rock Ferry H.S., 9-36; West Derby Comprehensive, 8-20; Prenton, 15-17; St. Anselm's College, 15-31; Wallasey Technical G.S., 17-16; Park High School, 11-17; Woodchurch, 0-39.

Junior Bantams: Park High School, 21-12; Calday Grange G.S., 18-3; Wirral G.S., 6-14; Helsby G.S., 23-3; West Derby Comprehensive, 28-5; Wellington School, 49-0; Ellesmere Port G.S., 29-5; Prenton, 17-0; Liverpool Collegiate, 0-9; St. George's, Wallasey, 20-3; Gateacre Comprehensive, 16-3; Rock Ferry H.S., 23-8; Wellington School, 31-5; West Derby Comprehensive, 28-6; Prenton, 26-3; St. George's, Wallasey, 14-10; Woodchurch, 16-8.

Chicks: Wirral, G.S., 0-21; West Derby Comprehensive, 3-15; Wellington School, 15-6; Ellesmere Port G.S., 3-17; Prenton, 12-9; Liverpool Collegiate, 9-6; St. George's, Wallasey, 27-3; Gateacre Comprehensive, 12-6; Maghull G.S., 8-3; Wellington School, 9-8; West Derby Comprehensive, 11-0; Prenton, 12-9; St. George's, Wallasey, 9-6; Woodchurch, 0-17.

RUGBY 1969-70 HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

Seniors: Atkin 5 pts., Stitt 24 pts.; Tate 3 pts., Westminster 18 pts.; Atkin 3 pts., Tate 22 pts.; Stitt 13 pts., Westminster 5 pts.; Atkin 10 pts., Westminster 24 pts.; Stitt 14 pts., Tate 0 pts.

Juniors: Atkin 3 pts., Stitt 17 pts.; Tate 19 pts., Westminster 3 pts.; Atkin 13 pts., Tate 37 pts.; Stitt 16 pts., Westminster 13 pts.; Atkin 9 pts., Westminster 30 pts.; Stitt, 10 pts., Tate 13 pts.

		Played	Won	Lost	Points		Pts.
					For	Ag't	
1.	Stitt	6	5	1	94	39	10
2.	Tate	6	4	2	94	61	8
3.	Westminster	6	3	3	93	70	6
4.	Atkin	6	0	6	43	154	0

"LIFE IN THE FIRST TEAM"

'Not so much whether they won or lost as how they played the game'.

The true sentiment of this immortal quotation is upheld by the first team, though rather more off the field than on. One can always tell the members of the first team. Improvising whatever comes to hand for a ball, they endeavour to sell a dummy to anybody they meet. (Nobody in the first team has yet sold a dummy in a REAL game!) There is also a way of distinguishing forwards from backs — forwards are ugly and backs are "chicken".

Wednesdays and Saturdays are sacred days (Although Mr. H . . . tries to encroach upon divine principles by introducing Tuesday practices, the attendance is fortunately negligible and thus satisfies the sentimentalist). No great interest or enjoyment can be derived from what happens on the field, so we must turn our attention to the two most important things in rugby — the dressing room and the bath.

The character of a player can be observed. Hodgkinson, denying all the time that he is a 'poser', will not suffer spectators (of whom there are none), nor opposition (who are not interested), to view him without combing his hair and generally applying make-up.

Bagley reveals his basic constitution with such phrases as "ave yer seen how big they are?" and "anybody wanna play centre?" Griffiths reveals an inborn nostalgia by telling everybody in the team (at least twice), about the time he scored a drop goal, although he has never done it before or since and everybody saw it anyway.

Jarvis uses the time before the game to tell everybody how great and handsome he is, though we reckon he is the second ugliest in the team. John Jones does not say a great deal, which is amazing, considering his resemblance to one Berrido (a third-teamer who insists he is the best boy anybody could ever meet and thinks he could make the first team if he had the inclination).

Whearty entertains us by, in all simplicity, believing everything which we try to fool him with. Last year he was convinced that nobody knew where Charing Cross is. Humphreys gets everybody's vote as the ugliest player. He argues that he plays harder as a result, because nobody can disfigure his features any worse than nature has. Davies reveals an officious streak by correcting everybody's grammar and only singing the clean parts of the rugby songs.

Fisher continually blushes as incisive jokes are hurled at him. He is thus worthy of a place in the dressing room because the heating system is hopeless. Sutton also serves a useful purpose by making the skipper bring out an excellent mixture of rhetoric and abuse to make him pay his 'tanner'. (It is rumoured that he once paid 3d. which was found by accident during a search, but this seems to be an isolated incident in financial transactions on his part).

The two most unfortunate members of the team (apart from the skipper collecting his sixpence), are P. Smith and D. Gregory, who are victims of vicious humour which flies around. It is maintained that Smith attained the speed to be a first team winger by regular training runs up Whetstone Lane in pursuit of girls from a certain convent which shall remain nameless (Domine!). The reason(s) why Gregory is a target should be obvious to a blind man (as eyes aren't needed).

James is not noticed (on account of size), unless somebody wants to borrow money. There are some unenlightened players who come to . . . PLAY RUGBY!. From this list we must exclude Lawrence, who occasionally sings (with a voice which would grace the famous stadium of Prenton Park).

Rugby is, indeed, a great game which rules the school and is chief topic of conversation. As we finish we must call to mind a quotation from Shakespeare (although it has nothing to do with the subject, I am told it is the 'done' thing).

'Commanding peace even with the same garb. And austerity as he controll'd the war'. ('Coriolanus').

C.J.G. (to whom all representations should be addressed).

School Calendar

Summer Term: Begins Thursday, April 9th, 1970.

Half Term: Close on evening of Friday, May 22nd. Re-open on morning of Monday, June 1st.

Summer Term: Ends on evening of Friday, July 24th.

Autumn Term: Begins Tuesdays, September 8th, 1970.

Half Term: Close on evening of Friday, October 23rd. Re-open on morning of Monday, November 2nd.

Autumn Term: Ends on evening of Wednesday, December 23rd, 1970.

Spring Term: Begins Monday, January 11th, 1971.

Half Term: Close on evening of Friday, February 19th. Re-open on morning of Tuesday, February 23rd.

Spring Term: Ends on evening of Friday, April 2nd.

Summer Term: Begins Monday, April 19th.

Half Term: Close on evening of Friday, May 28th. Re-open on morning of Monday, June 7th.

Summer Term: Ends on evening of Friday, July 23rd, 1971.

Autumn Term: Begins Monday, September 6th, 1971.

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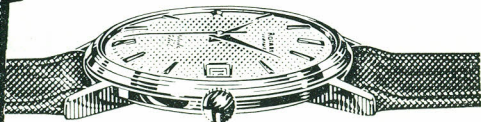
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