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BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

SUMMER, 1938.

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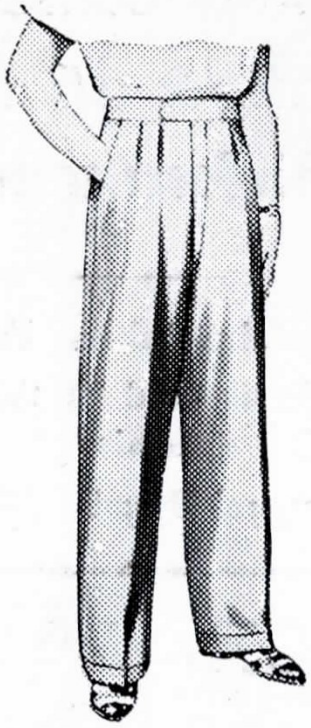
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THE VISOR

MAGAZINE OF BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE

VOL. XI., NO. 3. SUMMER, 1938.

School Calendar

SUMMER TERM ENDS	July 26th.
AUTUMN TERM BEGINS	September 14th.
HALF-TERM	November 5th—November 9th.
AUTUMN TERM ENDS	December 22nd.

Editorial

IT is usual at the end of a period or phase to review what has gone before. He, who has lived long and seen much, glories in his past accomplishments. The period which has just ended is the School year, and many will review it with mixed feelings:—most, with some measure of satisfaction, and of work accomplished; some, we fear, with regret; none, let us hope, with indifference.

The *Visor*, we may claim, as all editors have claimed, can review the year with a feeling of gratification. In the past, there have been many who have complained of the meagreness of material, or the poor standard of literature in the magazine. To them, we would point out that the remedy is in their own hands. When they criticise the *Visor*, they criticise what they themselves are responsible for.

If all subscribers were contributors, then the task of the Editor would indeed be pleasant.

Valete

UPPER VIa.

STITT:—

Bell, G. R., *Captain of House, S.C.* 1936, *Letter of Success* 1937, *1st XV. Colours, 1st XI Captain, Prefect, Member of the Chess Team.*

UPPER VIb.

STITT:—

Robinson, R. S., *Matric.* 1937.

WESTMINSTER:—

Weir, A. R. M., *1st XV. Colours, Matric.* 1937, *Prefect.*

The School Sports

SPORTS Day this year was Saturday, June 11th. Unfortunately, from the spectator's point of view, a cold wind blew the whole afternoon and detracted a good deal from the enjoyment of the races. A drawback from the competitor's point of view was its direction as well as its chilly nature, as it was blowing down the home straight against the runners. Naturally, too, the unfavourable weather kept down the numbers of the spectators, and, altogether, it was one of the most uncomfortable Sports Days we remember.

However, as if to atone for the shortcomings of the weather, we had excellent sport, and we have not seen for many years such closely contested finishes, that in the Mile (Open) being particularly keen. In the end, Westminster won the Championship, Bawden became Senior Victor Ludorum, and Bartlett Junior, while Gilliland was Junior School Champion.

RESULTS.

Long Jump Open:—1, Tomlinson, G.M.; 2, Bawden, H. R.; 3, Garry, W. N. (16-ft. 7-ins.)

Long Jump Under 14:—1, Bartlett, J. T.; 2, Roberts, M. H.; 3, Foxcroft, G. E. (14-ft. 6-ins.)

High Jump Open:—1, Gullan, J. N.; 2, Pearson, J. F.; 3, Lawless, C. R. (4-ft. 9-ins.)

High Jump Under 14:—1, Bartlett, J. T.; 2, Baker, J. D.; 3, Dorrity, R. D. (4-ft. 1-in.)

Cricket Ball Open:—1, Clarke, L. F.; 2, Roberts, F. G.; 3, Shimmin, R. E. (99-yds. 2-ft. 2-ins.)

Cricket Ball Under 14:—1, Roberts, M. H.; 2, Gaskell, K.; 3, Dorrity, R. D. (48-yds. 0-ft. 8-ins.)

Drop Kick Open:—1, Bell, G. R.; 2, Tomlinson, G. M.; 3, Beer, E. A. (47-yds. 10-ins.)

Drop Kick Under 14:—1, Bartlett, J. T.; 2, Armitage, H.; 3, Tunna, (39-yds. 1-ft.)

100 Yards Under 13:—1, Rice, A.; 2, Gregson, H.; 3, Buckney, R. K. (13 3/5 secs.)

100 Yards Under 14:—1, Bartlett, J. T.; 2, Haughton, J. D.; 3, Roberts, M. H. (13 1/5 secs.)

100 Yards under 15:—1, Perry, F.; 2, Beckett, J. G.; 3, Proudman, H. (12 2/5 secs.)

100 Yards Open:—1, Bawden, H. R.; 2, Clarke, L. F.; 3, Edwards, G. R.

80 Yards J.S. Over 10:—1, Gilliland, D. S.; 2, Osborne, D. A.; 3, Smith, W. F.

80 Yards S.S. Under 10:—1, Dickman, G. A.; 2, Galloway, R.; 3, Willsher, J. A.

220 Yards Under 13:—1, Gregson, H.; 2, Baker, J. D.; 3, Roberts, J. E. (31-secs.)

220 Yards Open:—1, Bawden, H. R.; 2, Clarke, L. F., Edwards, S. G., Milne, W. D. (dead-heat). (27 3/5 secs.)

220 Yards Over 15:—1, Beer, E. H.; 2, Jenks, A. H.; 3, Roberts, V. (27-secs.)

220 Yards S.S.:—1, Dickman, G. A.; 2, Haughton, M. J.; 3, Rodson, J.A. (30½-secs.)

220 Yards Under 15:—1, Sudworth, J. F.; 2, Armitage, H.; 3, Huntriss, S. B. (29 4/5 secs.)

440 Yards Open:—1, Milne, W. D.; 2, Pearson, J. F.; 3, Clarke, L. F. (63 3/5 secs.)

440 Yards Handicap:—1, Beer, E. A.; 2, Tressider, W. A.; 3, Norton, T.L.

3 Legged J.S.:—1, Moring and Gilliland; 2, Garrett and Williams; 3, Wheeler and Bretherick.

3 Legged S.S.: 1, Sudworth and Huntriss; 2, Bower and Pemberton; 3, Davies and Barnes.

Mile Open:—1, Bell, G. R.; 2, Clarke, L. F.; 3, Garry, W. N. (5-mins. 36-secs.)

Sack Under 14:—1, Harris, R. G.; 2, Dorrity, R. D.; 3, Roberts, J. E.

Sack Over 14:—1, Tressider, W. A.; 2, Davies, W. G.; 3, Beckett, J. G.

Sack S.S.:—1, Peters, K. N.; 2, Osborne, D. A.; 3, Hodson, J. A.

120 Yards Hurdles Open:—1, Bawden, H. R.; 2, Gullan, J. N.; 3, Kennedy, A. D. (20 2/5-secs.)

Open Relay:—1, Tressider's team; 2, Griffiths's team.

House Relay Jun.:—1, Westminster; 2, Stitt; 3, Tate (1-mins. 4 4/5 secs.)

House Relay Inter.:—1, Tate; 2, Westminster; 3, Atkin (75 1/5 secs.)

House Relay Sen.:—1, Atkin; 2, Tate; 3, Stitt (1-min. 58 1/5 secs.)

120 Hurdles Under 13:—1, Roberts, J. E.; 2, Boston, C.; 3, Mandy, A. J. (21 2/5 secs.)

120 Hurdles Under 15:—1, Huntriss, S. B.; 2, Whitelaw, R. G.; 3, Vincent, K. I. (20 2/5-secs.)

Obstacle Under 14:—1, Roberts, J. H.; 2, Smith, K.; 3, Tressider, R.

Obstacle Over 14:—1, Smith, J. N.; 2, Williams, J. L.; 3, Vincent, K. I.

880 Yards Handicap:—1, Strickland, J. W.; 2, Cartwright, F. R.; 3, Burns, W. D. (2-mins. 22 4/5-secs.)

Open Tug-of-War:—1, Smith, J. N.; 2, Smith, D. T.

Consolation Under 11:—1, Preece, H. P.; 2, Parrott, P. A.; 3, Roberts, M.

Consolation Under 14:—1, Foxcroft, G. E.; 2, Peers, F. G.; 3, Hassal, A. W.

Consolation Over 14:—1, Lawless, C. R.; 2, Ryan, P.; 3, Hewitt, P.

House Tug-of-War:—1, Westminster; 2, Tate.

Victor Ludorum:—Bawden, H. R.—11 points.

Junior Victor Ludorum:—Bartlett, J. T.—12 points.

Junior School Champion:—Gilliland, D. S.—6 points.

House Championship:—1, Westminster, 71 pts.; 2, Stitt, 59 pts.; 3, Tate, 58, pts.; 4, Atkin, 34 pts.

Some Notes on Early Tranmere

THE EARLY TRANMERE "TOWN BOOK."

ONE of the most interesting of our unpublished local documents is the account book, covering the years 1783 to 1827, of the Tranmere Overseers. It gives details of payments made to the poor and to certain soldiers and sailors who passed through the township, and notes items of expenditure incurred on such matters of parochial concern as the maintenance of highways, the cleaning of wells, and the extermination of farm pests. The expenses of the town officers, collector and constable, in their journeys to and from neighbouring villages are set forth also.

The accounts were passed each year at a Town's meeting (held in a private house since Tranmere had then no public buildings), being approved in terms somewhat as follows:— "These accounts examined and allowed by us the Inhabitants met at the house of James Sarratt."

Among the names of early overseers occur those of John Carter and Joseph Lewis, names of farmers which occur also in the Tithe Schedule of 1843. Carter lived in Dial House.

The collection here given of typical extracts from this document enables us to judge of the wide gulf which separates us from the Tranmere of 110 to 150 years ago.

		£	s	d
1784	"To ale concerning Drown'd man" ...	0	1	0
1792	"Going with John buck to parkgate to be swore in for the Millitia"	0	1	6
1798	"going to a Justis at Bebington for a sumins"	0	1	0
1815	"To 2 soldiers with a pass from Chester"	0	0	6
1816	"Paid John Owens and Wm. Cross for getting stone and building the pinfold"	0	11	6

The pinfold, the small enclosure where stray animals were impounded, lay near the top of Stuart Road.

1820	"To Deepning and repairing the Weill in Inderton Lane"	4	10	3

This well evidently gave a good deal of trouble, for there are a number of references to it. Its exact site in Hinderton Lane is not known.

1821 " To a letter from Warrington " 0 0 9

We do not, in these days, sufficiently realise the revolution which came with cheap postage.

1823 " To turnpike and expenses " 0 0 3½

Nor is it easy for us to picture the inconveniences of early 19th Century travel.

1824 " T. Duke, 3¾ days in back Lane " 0 7 6

Road menders at this period earned two shillings a day. Back Lane was the early name for Greenway Road.

1824 " Peter Almond and Saml. Peers breaking stones in Mount Lane " 0 1 0
" and spreading gravel in Well Lane.". 0 3 6

1824 " To Cleaning and Repairing The Town Well " 0 3 0

Most likely that in Well Lane is meant.

1824 " To sparrows at Differen times " 0 1 3

There are many references to the payments made for sparrows and we infer that the birds became an intolerable nuisance.

1824 " Paid the Mole catcher " 5 5 0

Moles were as little to be encouraged as sparrows and amateurish attempts at extermination having failed, the Township fathers resolved (like those of Hamelin) on a policy of frightfulness. They evidently anticipated a long campaign. Through John Sidley, probably of Tranmere New Hall, they concluded an agreement " for 21 years coming 28th Oct. 1816," with one Richard Knagg of Garstang in Lancashire, a professional slayer. Knagg's salary was to be £5 5s. 0d. per annum and the terms of the agreement leave us in no doubt that Tranmere expected value for its money, for it demanded that " the said Richard Knagg his hairs Executors Administrators and assigns shall and will well and truly to the best of his and their Endavour to take catch and Destroy all and Every Mole he and they can within the Township of Tranmore aforesaid at proper seasons in the year year by year During the said term of Twenty one years And upon condition also that the said Richard Knagg . . . shall spread and throw abroad all and Every Mole hill within the Township of Tranmore aforesaid."

We have also a hint in the book of an early local bye-law, viz :—

> " Resolution enter'd into the 16th May 1792 being Instructions for the New Officers, Mr. W. Naylor and James Sarrett . . The Town agrees to prosecute all person cutting any Edge Fence Trees or damaging any Fence and Impover the Overseers to offer a reward of Five Shillings and to prosecute the same and If the Officer neglects an Information shall forfeit 5s."

The quaint phraseology of this rustic resolution contrasts sharply with the dignified English periods of official Tranmere which are recorded in the " Book of the Overseers " for 1851 and the years immediately succeeding. By the middle of the century, parts of the township fringe had become residential in character, and in affairs of local government the influence of the newcomer was apparent.

THE ANTIQUITY OF TRANMERE.

The village was placed near the highest point of the ridge between Elm Road and Mount Road corner, extending on both sides of Church Road and Greenway Road. The use of the term " Higher Tranmere " for this area is relatively recent and strictly incorrect, as also is the exclusive use of the word " Tranmere " for the district of Hinderton.

Dr. Eilert Ekwall, the eminent Swedish authority on English place names, derives the name Tranmere from two Scandinavian words, viz. " Tran " (a crane) and Mel (sand). An alternative derivation, linguistically possible and topographically more satisfying, was proposed many years ago by Thomas Helsby in his revision of Ormerod's " Cheshire." He suggested that the original form of the name was the Celtic " Tre yn Moel,"—the village on the hill.

Whichever derivation we choose, we shall give Tranmere credit for a venerable antiquity, and we can assume that the place was in existence before the Norman Conquest. Its manor was not specifically mentioned until the 13th Century (at the Domesday Survey it formed part of Eastham), when a succession of its lords bore its name and called themselves the De Tranmolls. Later, with the division of the manor into three moieties, its history became involved, and as a result there is much about it which is still obscure.

SOME REASONS FOR THE LOCATION OF ITS VILLAGE SITE.

Assuming that the village of Tranmere continued throughout history upon the same site, what advantages would this location have offered to its earliest inhabitants? These can be summarised briefly as follows:—

1. Originally, the sandstone upland would almost certainly be less encumbered by tree growth than the heavy clay areas along the Happy Valley or the Mersey littoral. The area near the village would therefore be among the first available for cultivation.
2. The heavier soils would ultimately form valuable pasture for cattle: the lighter, better drained soils of the slopes, would probably be suitable for the plough.

   The village being located in the approximate centre of its township, its inhabitants would have, therefore, greater relative accessibility to both kinds of land.
3. The height of the settlement and its command of excellent view-points would give important advantages in lawless times should problems of defence become pressing.
4. The village lay upon solid rock so that the tracks within it and immediately around it were always likely to be dry, no mean asset to an early farming community whose knowledge of road making was slight. Few works of man exceed the road in vitality, and all the roads which a century ago radiated outwards from the Tranmere village nucleus are still in existence. They may be considered as metamorphosed medieval lanes, still rather narrow and winding in places, which have been called upon suddenly to bear the strain of 20th century traffic. In their character they bear a marked contrast to the wide, straight highways laid down in Birkenhead (where there was no comparable village centre) by the early Commissioners.
5. Perhaps the most important consideration of all lay in the facts that the Bunter sandstone of the southern half of the Tranmere ridge is water-bearing (as the contractors engaged on the Southern outfall sewage scheme quickly discovered in 1935-36), that the sandstone acts as a kind of filter and purifies the water, and that this can be reached by wells of no great depth. Pure water is one of man's few urgent and ever-present needs, and when wells were driven through clay, its quality was likely to suffer and serious disease was a high probability.

Numerous houses on the ridge must have had their own wells. One for example at the western side of New Tranmere Hall was bricked up about six years ago: another is to be found within the Well Lane—Greenway Road—Church Road angle. A common well was situated on the western side of Well Lane opposite Bankville Road and south of Apple Grove, hence the present width of the lane at this point. It was cut out of the rock, and sandstone steps, much hollowed out by the feet of generations of villagers, led down to it. Latterly a pump stood above it. The sinking of the Great Well in Greenway Road about 1860 caused this village well to run dry.

At 158 Church Road is to be seen, on the outside wall, the entrance to the capacious rock-hewn cellar of the brewhouse which functioned until about 1850, and which undoubtedly owed its location to the quality of the water obtainable on its site.

SOME CURIOUS FIELD NAMES.

In 1850 Tranmere Village, built mainly of local stone, stood isolated amongst its fields.

Some of these fields bore very curious names, which in certain cases are likely to be corruptions of earlier forms, and to enshrine much hidden history.

The Big Rye Croft and the Little Rye Croft lay between Mount Road and the present Borough Road, part of these fields including the Birkenhead Institute Playing Field. It would be in keeping with ancient school tradition if the name " Rye Croft " could be revived.

Greedy Butts lay further south, beyond Irvine Road. This field was of very little use for pasture, and was always " hungry."

Kirket Hay lay on either side of Bebington Road near Egerton Park. The name has reference doubtless to the Church, and these fields lay fairly near the Township border on the way to the Parish Church at Bebington.

Asker Dale near Byrne Avenue took its name from a Cheshire dialect word meaning " newt."

The Lower Headland Hay includes the ground of the Tranmere Rovers Football Ground.

Cheapside lay near Tranmere Ferry. The word is usually taken to mean " a market."

Bellows Holt, Canester Holt and Iron Hay lay on the Mersey Park side of Hinderton Lane.

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Telephone : ROYAL 2535

Vexation lay near the present Plaza Cinema.

Wilson's Dale (near the Borough Library), *Gerrard's Croft* (Fountain Street), *Bellin's Hay* (off St. Paul's Road), and *Walley Hey* (off the western half of Seymour Street), all bear the names of old Tranmere families. The name Walley occurs in the very earliest records.

ITS EARLY LAND HOLDING SYSTEM.

In 1843 George Orred owned about half the acreage of Tranmere, and there were 165 other land owners. Some were merely the owners of the houses they occupied; others were small cultivators.

In a number of cases the fields of a particular farm holding were scattered in confused fashion all over the township, in this regard bearing a striking contrast to the compact holdings of rural Birkenhead under the regime of Squire Price. The following gives the details of the holding of John Carter:

Name.	Acreage.			Location.
	A.	R.	P.	
Holt Hill Field	4	0	16	Whetstone Lane (Lower)
Bassage Meadow	1	3	35	Union Street
Town Field	1	1	7	Victoria Road (East)
Big Town Field	3	2	2	Hampden Grove
Town Field	1	0	17	Church Terrace
Grange Way	2	0	3	Whitford Road
Yolk of Egg	2	3	34	The eastern ends of Aspendale, Maybank and Elmswood Roads
Lower Yolk of Egg	4	2	28	
Further Yolk of Egg	3	0	4	
Yolk of Egg	3	2	18	
Gin's Croft	3	1	6	Moss Grove
House, Etc.		1	27	Dial Road
Croft		3	9	Dial Road
Kirk's Slack	1	3	4	Bedford Drive (roundabout)

Mr. Carter owned and farmed 34½ acres, so that the average size of each of his fields was less than three acres. Their scattered disposition must have made any kind of progressive

farming a virtual impossibility. To have visited each field in the course of one day would have meant a walk of five miles.

How *did* owners like John Carter come to get such scattered estates ? If we could answer that question adequately we should know a very great deal more about early Tranmere. Scattered holdings in very large hedgeless fields were a typical characteristic of English medieval agriculture with its custom of co-operative ploughing, a custom which necessitated a grouping of the rural populations into definite village communities ; and it is accordingly highly attractive to believe that in the 1840's the land-holding system of Tranmere was a relic from medieval times. The supposition is strengthened by the facts that the area between Derby Road and Church Road was known as the Town Fields (a name which suggests one-time common ownership or common ploughing), that a number of narrow strip-like fields connected these roads, and that the *average* length of these strips was one furlong, the length of the medieval furrow. But however inviting this hypothesis of a medieval legacy may be (and it is very difficult to supply an alternative), it is not yet proved conclusively.

What *can* be said is that in the middle years of last century, no township now included within the present borough boundaries of Birkenhead could show such a bewildering patchwork of owners of small parcels of land as could Tranmere. Such a fact could not fail to affect its development during its first stages as a residential community. On the one hand it made very difficult anything in the nature of a comprehensive plan, and no such plan was ever attempted) ; on the other it has preserved until our own day, in parts of the centre and east of the township, a number of picturesque little oases in the most unlikely places.

LEGACIES OF ITS EARLY FIELD BOUNDARIES.

Sometimes the boundaries of the fields were straight, sometimes directed in a curving line, sometimes inclined to the lanes at awkward angles, and, as earlier building development tended to proceed one or two fields at a time, the characteristics of certain present-day streets may be related to these initial peculiarities.

Among these may be instanced :—

(a) The contrasting directions of Harland Road (which is straight) and Mill Street (which is curved). Both run parallel to the original boundaries of strips of the Town Field and are terminated by them.

(b) The unusual directions respectively of Cressington Avenue, Church Terrace and Agnes Road.
(c) The curving lines of Victoria Road, Dingle Road, and the northern boundary of Egerton Park.
(d) The angle of convergence of Carlton and Kingsland Roads.

J.E.A.

(To be concluded).

Monday Night at Eight

DETECTIVE-Inspector Hornby had achieved the coveted position of Detective-Inspector only the week before, and, at that moment a man of leisure, he was seated in one of the most exclusive of West End clubs, reading the newspaper account of the " Vanished Duchess " case.

" Her husband's probably expecting a ransom note," he mused. " Wonder what would be the best way of tackling the case . . . Still, it's not my business. Let Jameson get on with it!"

Hornby was like that. Not that he was lazy: he wasn't. He was just a misfit ;his superiors thought so, and voiced their thoughts; his subordinates thought so, but daren't say it; even he himself was a little inclined to doubt his own abilities.

" Wish I could ' put one over ' Jameson," he thought, " I'd better forget it, though. It's time I was going." Saying this he walked out, gave his cloakroom ticket to the attendant who gave him his hat and coat, and decided to walk home instead of taking a taxi. He had been walking perhaps five minutes when he put his hand in his pocket, and found there a square piece of cardboard that hadn't been there before. On it were written in block capitals the following words: " MONDAY AT EIGHT: RICCOLETTI'S RESTAURANT, SOHO."

" Hm-mm," he said to himself, " wonder how that could have got there ?" Then the truth dawned on him—it wasn't his coat he was wearing. It was like it, certainly, but it wasn't his. He replaced the card, and decided to take the hat and coat back to the club.

On second thoughts, he decided to retain the card, but this was a time when second thoughts weren't better than first ones. The intended recipient wouldn't turn up at Riccoletti's if he kept the card, so, after deliberation, he replaced it. In but a few minutes he was in possession of his own coat and hat.

" I think I'll go to Riccoletti's Restaurant on Monday," he said to himself. " It probably means next Monday. If not, it's just too bad. I might find something interesting,anyway."

. . . . . .

It was the following Monday night at 7-30. Detective-Inspector Hornby was seated at a small table, in a shabby, little restaurant like many in Soho. He found nothing interesting yet, but he was determined to stay until the appointed time. He was alone, and amused himself by reading of Jameson's futile efforts to trace the vanished Dnchess.

" Strange thing for an old lady like her to be kidnapped," he thought, " Still, I suppose they were expecting a good ransom for her. Anyway, her husband is an old miser—he'll never pay anything."

Hornby had taken the wise precaution of disguising himself as a down-and-out. Precisely at eight, the door opened, and, out of the corner of his eye, Hornby saw a man enter. He was young, obviously a foreigner, and, by the look of him, an Italian. He was followed by another man, a little older, and then a few seconds later by a tubby little fellow wearing a bowler hat. A huge, red-haired fellow came in, then another, and another ! half-a-dozen all told. They sat down at a table near Hornby. Signor Riccoletti evidently was expecting them, for he just greeted them, and left them to their own devices. Hornby imagined they were scrutinising him, but they were evidently satified that he was a labourer. The foreign-looking fellow spoke first, in tones so low that Hornby could only catch phrases here and there :—

" . . . Tiny'll bring 'er . . they may have doped 'er . . . If not, we might 'ave ter fasten 'er down . . . will yer give 'er ze ' once-over ' ?"

A big, red-haired fellow replied to the Italian :—

" Sure ! I'll try and get a bit more out of her."

Hornby strained his ears to hear what a foppish, young aristocrat was saying :—

" Gad sa ! . . . if we're to get the money from anywhere, it'll be from the Duchess, what ?"

" 'Sright," said a little fat fellow, with a Yorkshire accent. " That's all settled then. We'll get her on the 18th, three days from now, on the far side of the road that sweeps round just north of the old mill near Hampstead Heath : you all know it. And mind you don't harm her, Tiny !" he concluded.

With that they all trooped out, leaving Hornby most overjoyed. At last he could put one over Jameson. To think, he was on the trail of the kidnapped Duchess . . .

. . . . . .

It was the night of the eighteenth. Detective-Inspector Hornby had brought twelve police-officers with him. What a chance! He'd show Jameson he wasn't such a mug after all. The thirteen arms of the law were hidden in the old mill. It was uncomfortable for them to be cooped up there, and, since it was Hornby who had ordered them there, they were inclined to be a little sceptical. Their doubts were unfounded, however, for precisely at eight o'clock five suspicious-looking men assembled by the roadside.

But for them, the countryside would have seemed deserted. A powerful engine was heard, and the five looked up at the night sky. Four lights shone into view on the far side of the road, marking the extent of the flat stretch of land.

" Bringing the Duchess by 'plane, evidently," whispered Hornby.

A moderate-sized 'plane, with a closed-in cabin grounded gently, with her engine switched off.

" Ready, men!" whispered Hornby, " At 'em."

The pilot, who had got out of the 'plane, and the five men were astounded to see themselves surrounded by police.

" Keep away from that 'plane," warned Hornby, " three of you officers come with me."

They entered the aeroplane, they tipped up the seats, moved a pile of rugs, looked in every possible nook and cranny —but there was no Duchess to be seen.

Hornby got out, and asked the foreign-looking gentleman and his cronies where she was.

" Don't know who you mean!" he grunted.

" You know very well," said Hornby, " The Duchess!"

" Lor' luv' a duck," said the little Yorkshire fellow, " You've got yer hand on her!"

Hornby recoiled, fearful lest he should be touching any part of the esteemed lady's anatomy.

He looked, and suddenly the truth dawned on him! In great golden letters was engraved the name:— " DUCHESS OF THE AIR." " Thought you said you'd get a good bit of money from her, and that if she wasn't doped, you'd have to fasten her down," said Hornby,still thinking they were trying to fool him.

" So I did," said the Italian, " but I 'appen to be ze president of ze local Aero Club, and we've just had Tiny—zat's ze secretary—to bring our home-made 'plane down from our workshop in London. You see, we've had to ' dope ' ze fabric twice. We were hoping to win ze prize of £500 for ze Southern Counties Air Race from 'ere to Blackpool, in a fortnight's time," he added, wistfully.

The twelve policemen grinned; Hornby had been fooled again.

C.N.T. (VIa.)

Tact

HE was old in years, with wispy hair and a yellow beard, his skin wrinkled with age. Yet,as he sat on the rustic seat, amid his admiring but somewhat sceptical audience, one could not help noticing the merry bright twinkle in his eye. He was in the habit of giving his young listeners the benefit of his experiences of life. I cannot reproduce his dialect, but this is the gist of the story he told.

It appears that the hero of this narrative was Joe Struthers, an ambitious young chap, who had received a good education, but who, owing to bad luck, injustice, and other minor causes, was unable to make headway in any walk of life. Although Joe was by no means a brainy fellow, he had one great gift: he was tactful and had great ability in surmounting difficulties.

Eventually Joe found himself a conductor on the old tramways. As can be well imagined, there was little scope for advancement in this occupation. Joe, however, made good use of his tact, as the story will prove.

One day, when it was raining rather heavily, our hero heard a commotion inside his tram, and a passenger approached him with the complaint that a dog was on the seat, ruining her clothes with its dirty wet paws. The owner of the dog pointed out to Joe that he had paid for the animal's ticket, so that it was entitled to a seat,and asked what he was going to do about it. Joe, instead of becoming officious, and ordering this and that, as some conductors would have done, took the situation quite calmly. He said he thought that the dog should have the same privileges as humans, since the beast was also a ticket-holder. This statement met with the owner's warm approval. To satisfy the irate female, Joe said that, as all the human passengers had their feet on the floor when sitting, he had no objection to the dog's occupying a seat, provided it kept its feet on the floor. Both parties to the disa-

greement were thus appeased, owing to Joe's good-humour and tact. Incidents such as this gave Joe an enviable reputation, and it was not long before promotion came his way.

One warm and sunny afternoon, soon after he had been made an Inspector, Joe boarded a bus to examine the passengers' tickets. The conductor informed him that an old gentleman (these were not his words) on the upper deck was creating a disturbance over the money he was being charged for his fare.

When he investigated the matter, the old fellow explained that he had bought a twopenny ticket when he boarded the 'bus, but found his destination was a stage further than he expected; on tendering another penny, however, he had been told that the fare was an extra twopence. What the old man could not understand was the fact that, if he had paid threepence at first, it would have sufficed. Here was a quandary for Joe. How could he explain the intricacies of fares and stages, and convince the passenger? Joe did not attempt it, but said: "Come, sir, you would expect to pay a little more if you bought an article by the instalment system than if you paid cash, wouldn't you?" The old gentleman was so taken back by this novel viewpoint, that he paid up without further ado.

J.F.P. (VIa.)

Easter in Paris

AT end of last term a score of boys and masters from School left Woodside for a ten days' holiday in Paris. We reached London in good time for a meal and a short walk before travelling by the night service via Newhaven-Dieppe. Here are some impressions of the tour:—

Slowly the vessel ploughed through the dark sea, its bows parting the mist only for it to close again behind the stern. The mournful note of the whistle echoed among the Channel rollers, as we approached the French coast. Slowly, very slowly, the harbour mouth with its twinkling red and white lights, loomed up out of the gloom. The ship steamed up the main channel, and we could distinguish on the quayside the dark outlines of railway waggons, carriages, and cranes standing out against the extreme blackness of the town of Dieppe.

France seemed a strange place at that hour of the morning, and as we walked through the dimly-lit customs hall into the still more dimly lit train, our impressions were far from good. The train slowly drew out of the harbour station en

route for the town station through the streets. On our lef the masts of rusty trawlers peeped over the dock-wall, and o our right the small shops of Dieppe displayed their variou wares.

It had been extremely cold on the boat and when landing but the draught which would persist in coming from the tight ly-closed carriage window made the already freezing atmo sphere even colder. France was going to be a disappointin place.

It was almost useless to attempt to sleep, for each tim the train rounded a sharp curve an ear-splitting shriek resul ted. The noise made by the wheels was also nearly deafening At last it was growing light. The countryside was beginnin to show itself in all its beauty! Bare trees, dripping with th morning mist, garbed the oozing hollows on either side of th embankment. The drainage streams were sluggish, gree with slime, and in many places choked with reeds. The mis tletoe clung to the branches in large green balls, the only sig of life above the ground in these depressing woodlands.

Some farmsteads were very picturesque, surrounded a they were with blossoming fruit trees. But the stations, a maze of straggling buildings and railway lines, the marsh lowlands, and the bare trees looked most uninteresting in tha early morning mist.

When our train rolled into Paris at about six o'clock i the morning, we were rudely roused from a pleasant sleep an told that we had arrived. Most of us were very hungry afte the journey. Imagine our chagrin therefore when we discov ered only a roll and butter and a cup of coffee waiting for u at the hotel. We were waiting patiently for more when th masters appeared and told us to rest until lunch. No mor breakfast, evidently, was to come.

Thinking wistfully of ham and eggs, three or four of u disobeyed orders and strolled to the shops. Then Fate smiled There in front of us was a greengrocer's and in the window a notice:—" Pommes: trois francs le demi-kilo."

We dashed in, explained our needs in bad French and mystical signs to the " patronne," paid three francs, and went back to the hotel each clutching three big apples.

Lunchtime arrived and with it a nasty shock. We stared in dismay at the spaghetti and other strange dishes placed before us. Two or three were taken back to the kitchen intact. More apples being indicated, we proceeded to do further trade with the greengrocer. For several days we lived thus.

Gradually, however, the spaghetti lost its strange taste, the oily salad seemed less nauseating, and after a while we felt life was worth living after all. Often we dreamed of mutton, beef, and Yorkshire pudding, but we stuck to our guns and consumed Parisian food like true Frenchmen.

* * * * * *

During the following days we visited Notre Dame, the Invalides, the Sacré Cœur, the Louvre, the Luxembourg gardens, the Arc de Triomphe, the Eiffel Tower, and the Jardin des Plantes. Days or half-days were spent at Versailles, the Jardin d'Acclimatation and the Zoo in the Bois de Vincennes. One evening we went to the cinema, another to the Medrano circus.

As most of the travelling was by underground or Métro, at the end of the holiday we were quite able to find our way about by studying the map of the underground system.

As we walked about Paris, we found its traffic the most surprisingly different feature. The incessant roar,the screeching of brakes, the policeman's whistle, and the high speed (equalled only by the noisy Metro) all tended to jar the nerves of peace-loving British schoolboys. There seems to be no speed limit in Paris. An unending stream of vehicles of all descriptions whirls through the city, down side streets, cutting across squares, thundering over the many bridges and, when the policeman's whistle sounds, all cars screech to a stop in a few feet: never were there such brakes!

So long as they can travel at an average of about fifty miles an hour, Parisian drivers do not worry.

Perhaps the best view of the traffic can be obtained by standing underneath the Arc de Triomphe if one can get there. To cross the Champs Elysées and arrive safely at the Triumphal Arch is a task requiring great skill. Once arrived there, however, one sees traffic à perte de vue. A seething mass of cars races along this marvellous, perfectly straight highway; nobody except the inexperienced Englishman standing in the middle of it is the slightest bit perturbed. Truly Parisian drivers are unequalled.

On the Monday afternoon of our Easter Holiday in France the whole party visited the Eiffel Tower. A walk of about two miles brought us to the foot of this massive structure, and at the cost of ten francs we ascended the whole of the tower by lift, changing three times on the way up. It was quite breezy at the top, and Pritchard made a paper aeroplane, letting it find its way into the depths beneath.

The Tower commands a fine view of Paris and its suburbs. Immediately below us were the Champ de Mars and the Exhibition grounds. Farther away was the Seine, looking like a silver ribbon, while in the distance we could see the beautiful church of the Sacré Cœur, and the Arc de Triomphe, which we visited later in the afternoon. After having brought our souvenirs, we descended and took a few snaps, while two little French boys whirled past us on roller skates.

We then walked by a roundabout route to the Arc de Triomphe, passing through a very noisy tunnel, temporarily built for the Exhibition, through which cars sped at a colossal speed. On reaching the Arch, we found that it was surrounded by a large circular road around which cars drove four or five deep. After dodging the traffic for a minute or two, we managed to reach our goal. On the walls of this magnificent memorial are carved the names of the great French victories, and under one of the arches stood the Unknown Warrior's tomb with its undying fire. Several photographs were taken at the risk of the lives of the cameramen, who however managed to avoid any calamity.

* * * * * *

The next day we had an early breakfast and started out in promising weather for Versailles. We walked to the station of Les Invalides where we boarded a very modern electric train which arrived at Versailles station about half-an-hour later. After a short walk we reached the gates of the château and walked across the cobbled courtyard to one of the entrances. Here we shed our cameras and proceeded to look round the Castle itself. We saw most of the important rooms including the Salle des Glaces where the peace treaty was signed, Louis XIV.'s and Marie Antoinette's rooms, and the beautiful chapel, which unfortunately we were not allowed to enter, but only look at from the door.

When our tour was ended, we collected our cameras and strolled past the many lakes of the Chateau, wishing that the fountains were playing as it was so hot, down to the shade of the trees in the Versailles Park. Selecting a spot under these trees, we ate the picnic lunch that the hotel had provided for us. After lunch we played football for a while, keeping a sharp lookout for any keeper who might choose us for his prey. On finishing our game, we wandered about the park for the remainder of the afternoon, under the scorching sun, and we were profoundly thankful, when at the end of the afternoon, we entered a shop and were treated to a glass of sparkling lemonade.

University Letters

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

Sir,

There is a temporary charm about limericks: as one completes one's first, one's very own, earth hath not anything to show more fair. But later (is it not true?) as the years slip by, and one can turn out limericks with only too fatal a facility, their Attic salt loses its savour. Similarly with university letters: the difficulties increase in arithmetical progression. The missionary fervour in which one dashed off the first sinks into the complacency of the second, and then one realises in alarm that this leaves precious little to say in the third. What shall be said? and how?—these are surely signs that inspiration is drying up. In a nutshell, the writer fears, sir, that this letter is not going to get you any place.

These musings on the changes of things have been prompted by what was undoubtedly the major event of the academical year, the departure of Mr. Walker. To us Old Boys it is a great loss, particularly so to the youngest of us, for to him Mr. Walker's prestige as the Man who Knew the Ropes was prodigious. But you, sir, should worry; did he not return to impart, where once he was taught, the knowledge he gained in sedater days? We heard of his new permanent appointment with great pleasure. May we congratulate Merseyside on his acquisition?

Mr. Alldis, one is glad to say, is still with us. After last term's triumphs on the field, he announced his intention of joining the rugger boat—apparently the boat rowed in the May Races by members of a college XV.; but it later turned out that the boat had sunk or that the footballers had found difficulty in propelling it (this account should be received with suspicion, for Mr. Alldis was rather ambiguous).

Of Mr. Jenkins nothing can be said, for an academic frenzy has possessed him, and he has lived in the wilderness alone. But, to be sure, nothing is amiss—one can rely on Mr. Jenkins.

The university has been very subdued this term, for it brings examinations, and examinations bring sorrow. This is hardly the place to speak of such things, and your readers, sir, having enough on their own plate, would rightly object. But they may be interested to know that every candidate has to wear a gown, but may however be allowed, in great heat

and great stress, to work in shirt sleeves—thus striking a great blow for academic freedom. The end of the term, after so much suspense, is rather lively, and is relieved by college balls. Rather than attend, your humble servant regrets to report he chose, like Dr. Johnson, to lounge at the college gate. About the same time Honorary Degrees were conferred upon Mr. Eden and Mr. T. S. Eliot among others. The loudest applause of the day was given to Mr. Eden. There may be a moral in this.

You will observe, sir, that this letter does not get you any further, that it is a tinkling cymbal, that it is gossipy and not informative. Yet, after all, the floors of the *Visor* offices are, like those of another distinguished place, paved with good intentions. This is not a very convincing defence: let us hope that university letters require none.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN GALLAGHER.

THE SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE,
LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of the *Visor*.

Dear Sir,

All is now over but the shouting. A term of two months soon passes when one is working almost day and night. The fifth year toil from eight one morning until three o'clock the next—and this has been going on for months. Why, Mr. Editor, even H.S.C. swotters don't do much more. Architecture, sir, is a curiously popular profession.

However, there remains now only the Exhibition in the local Art Gallery. We are thus free to take up our real task in life—that of amusing the world at large. This, as has been found in the past, is best done by descending from our tall stools and peaks of academic progress into suitably rural districts where suitably rural clothes and antics delight the resident population and delude us into belief in our study of non-urban architecture.

But, seriously, architecture is a labour of love, one of the few occupations of Man which demand sincerity for their success. Otherwise, traditionalism becomes either a purely academic pursuit or ignorant copyism, and, still worse, modernism turns into a gross exercise of individuality or a doubtful method of publicity.

This is, however, a University Letter and not a treatise on Art. But there is little to report. The term has only lasted a few weeks; further, a large proportion of that time has been devoted to study. Mr. Gallagher's tales of nymphs and shepherds welcoming the summer 'way back in Spring, might now almost be applied to Liverpool. Summer comes late in the north. We have no delectable glades and paths, no lovely riverside, nothing that even savours of the country. For Dicky Sams and other good honest Liverpuddlians there are only chimneys and roofs, walls and streets, dirty alleys, and sombre squares. Nevertheless, Mr. Editor, it has a certain charm, something, too, of grandeur and an impressive beauty, this, our own great city.

Pardon me, Sir, I have been romancing . . . you probably have no interest in these things. Perhaps the educational system of the present time holds more attraction for your readers. In recent years, considerable dissatisfaction has been registered with the existing methods; this last term has seen much discussion not only among the various student organisations but between undergraduates and many of the staff.

It was the opinion of the majority that a University was a Good Thing, but it may very well be said that that same body of people had no more than the vaguest idea why it was so. This is a hideous confession to make, Sir, but I am quite sure that very few members of the University really understand exactly what they have made themselves a part of. For all that most of them give to it, they might as well be dead. They would be equally suited by a correspondence course or a couple of years at a technical school. The Union is for the majority a mere eating house (and not a very good one at that) rather than a student forum, a place for cultured intercourse.

Now, Mr. Editor, you ask what is the purpose of a University; what is the use of Liverpool University in particular, I say it is the actual 'being' of a University . . . which is involved but true. It is more than a training school for dentists and economists; more than a harbour for people with less sense than money. A University is a precious institution . . . the more's the pity, few seem to realise it.

It has occurred to me that I have rambled far enough into the wilderness already, and I am therfore amply justified in stopping at the terminus. May you and your companions in the usual distress of midsummer be wholely successful!

Yours, I.S.M.



COLLECTIONS made this term for Alexandra Rose Day and Dr. Barnardo's homes realised 19s. 6d. and 13s. 8d. respectively.

* * * * * *

Rain has interfered with Cricket considerably during the latter half of the term. It has also helped the groundsman to keep the ground in very good condition.

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In recognition of the many happy days spent at school by their son, Mr. and Mrs. Luton have presented a bell to be used at the pavilion signalling the declaration of innings and other important occasions.

* * * * * *

Congratulations to Mr. Darlington who was married on April 18th. The departure of Mr. Watts, followed by Mr. Moat, has demoralised the dwindling ranks of the bachelors on the staff, and they are capitulating one by one.

* * * * * *

We say good-bye this term to Mr. Clague, who has been in charge of the Physical Training of the School since . He will be remembered most of all as the dynamic centre round which a long series of successful swimming galas have revolved. It is said that Mr. Clague intends to spend his retirement on his native island. We all wish him and Mrs. Clague many years of happiness there.

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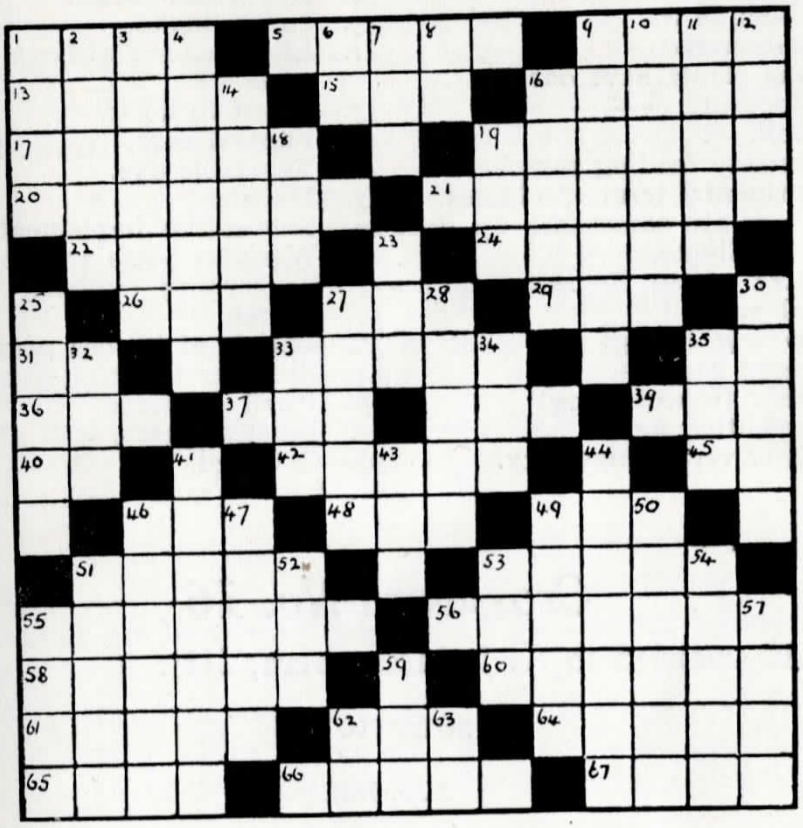
We congratulate V. Hughes on his election as prefect. He has done excellent work in the canteen.

* * * * * *

The following brought cast-off clothing for the poor children's camp :—J. Edelsten, J. Roberts (U.VI.) ; G. Gentle, A. J. Seavell (Rem.j.) ; W. E. Liversage (Rem. a.) ; W. G. Davies (Rem. 1.) ; J. Moseley, P. Rogers (Vj.) ; R. G. Harris, L. Horne, G. E. Parton (IVa.) ; R.D.Dorrity (IVj.) ; K. Boston, G. Heaps (IIIj.) ; L. James, Peters (II.) ; R. Garrett, G. Roberts, Wevill, Willsher (I.) ; Preece, I. Thompson (Prep.).

Crossword No. 17

SOLUTIONS should be handed to Mr. Hall. A prize is offered for the first correct solution received.



CLUES.

ACROSS.

1.—Trade Union term for blackleg.
5.—Favourite period.
9.—What you do at Argyle St.
13.—Lower world.
15.—Human beings.
16.—River or net.
17.—Band on arm.
19.—Incantations.
20.—Condescended.
21.—Simpletons.
22.—Groups of vocalists or instrumentalists.
24.—Measures of about 18 inches.
26.—Spike of corn.
27.—Wield vigorously.
29.—rev. Masticate and swallow.
31. & 40.—Man-eating giant.
33.—Bookmaker.
35. & 33.down.—Steersman or guide.
36.—Poetical preposition.
37.—Billiard term.
38. & 39.—Month.
40.—See 31.
42.—Grammatical time.
45.—Preposition.
46.—See 19 down.
48.—Nonsense.
49.—Descry.
51.—Latin goose.
53.—Article of attire.
55.—Salad ingredients.
56.—Raged.
58.—With or having membranous tubes.
60.—Trigonometrical ratio.
61.—Vex.
62.—Piece of turf paved off.
64.—d.
65.—Bullock (archaic).
66.—Found in some cheese.
67.—Prophet.

DOWN.

1.—Fish.
2.—Omission mark.
3.—Approve warmly of.
4.—Continental nation.
6. & 8.—So be it.
7.—Encountered.
9.—Some plants have one.
10.—Wandering ————.
11.—Creek.
12.—Company feeding together.
14.—Continental term of address.
16.—Things are sometimes up this.
18.—(rev.) Clique.
19 & 46 Ac.—Your House has an annual one.
23.—Knowing (slang).
25.—Hinged barriers.
27.—Father (school slang).
28.—Fermenting agent.
30.—Full of verbal ingenuity.
32.—Say this once to this twice if you want it to go faster.
33.—Appointed task.
34.—Evergreen shrub.
35.—(rev.) Snake.
41.—Light helmet without this magazine.
43.—When to do it.
44.—Funeral cars.
46.—Vegetable dye.
47.—Machine.
49.—Shovel-like implement.
50.—Worn by peers and judges.
51.—Concerning (archaic).
52.—Colour.
53.—Initials of famous poet.
54.—Receiver of stolen goods.
85.—(rev.) Preserve.
57.—Beast of chase.
59.—Obtained.
62. & 63.—Team.

Crossword No. 16

PRIZE awarded to A. J. McLachlan, IIIj.

SOLUTION.

ACROSS.

1. Rage.
5. Rabid.
9. Palm.
13. Avert.
15. Rid.
16. Hosea.
17. Farmer.
19. Faster.
20. Timings.
21. Matters.
22. Lands.
24. Tears.
26. (rev.) Sen.
27. Toe.
29. R.G.S.
31. & 40. Odin.
33. Grant.
35. & 45. Fate.
36. New.
37. Hue.
38. Did.
39. Oil.
40. In.
42. Negus.
46. Mem.
48. See.
49. Sec.
51. Safer.
53. Stars.
55. Denudes.
56. Narrate.
58. Erased.
60. Master.
61. Sines.
62. Tin.
63. Peels.
65. rev. Sank.
66. Hotel.
67. Dree.

DOWN.

1. Raft.
2. Avail.
3. German.
4. Ermines.
6. & 8. Arid.
7. Bin.
9. Postage.
10. Asters.
11. Leers.
12. Mars.
14. Tends.
16. Hater.
18. R.G.S.
19. Fat.
23. Boa.
25. Tonic.
27. Trees.
28. Endue.
30. Wales.
32. Den.
33. Gun.
34. (rev.) Sit.
35. Fit.
41. Refuses.
43. Gem.
44. Hearsed.
46. Manana.
47. Medes.
49. Strap.
50. Crater.
51. Serin.
52. Red.
53. Sam.
54. Stele.
55. Desk.
57. Erse.
59. Pit.
62. & 63. Tone.

Others as We See Them

THERE is always plenty of room in a school magazine for a good short story. Your own editor would like to have two or three every term to select from. But the good short story is easier to recognise than to write; and this is not an invitation to Form Xq. to give up writing rhymes about something they call *dete*, and to try their hand at short stories.

* * * * * *

The *Quarry* (Easter, 1938) has one about two young fellows prospecting for gold, whose friendship is tested by their love for the same girl. A hackneyed theme, of course, but the characters are well drawn, and the author, a Sixth Former, has the root of the matter in him.

* * * * * *

In *Esmeduna* (Jan., 1938) a ' Short, Short Story ' is told about a man living in Camden Town, who attempts to burgle the house of his next-door neighbour by sawing a hole through the front door at an hour of the evening when his own family and small grandchildren are still having supper to a wireless accompaniment. The narrative has realistic and dramatic moments, but all is wrecked by the improbabilities of such a plot.

* * * * * *

' Jaguar Woman ' is the title of an eerie tale in the Holt School Magazine (April, 1938) of a beautiful woman (tall and slim, with olive skin, jet black hair, and feline grace) who vamped a simple English gentleman travelling in S. America, then turned into a jaguar, and tried to kill him. Unchivalrously he aimed a blow at her jaw. This ' connected,' we are told, giving him a short start; and after two more hairbreadth escapes, he reached the valley, only to be hailed from above in cultured tones by the jaguar, now once more a perfect lady.

Great stuff!

* * * * * *

The sort of story most editors *don't* want (or *do* they?) is exemplified on an earlier page in ' Tubby Takes the Cake,' which might easily have been lifted out of a back number of *Tom Merry and Co.*

There is an interesting account in the *Wallaseyan* of the installation of a portable proscenium structure for the recently extended school stage. The structure consists of a rigid framework of steel tubing, built up in sections, and fitted with curtains and all the necessary scene-changing gear. The new switchboard and lighting set are described in glowing technical terms. Here is a worthy object for future efforts of the Dramatic Society.

* * * * * *

The *Inkwell* (Chester City and County, Spring, 1938) has its usual abundance of entertaining travel stories from all parts of the globe. One is worth quoting for its topical interest. The writer is describing some English people he met at Mentone.

> These dear old ladies were ardent Francoites, and were delighted to read of the recapture of Teruel by Franco; for the Italian newspapers came out with the front page heading, TERUEL LIBERATA, with circumstantial details of the recapture, about seven weeks before it actually took place.

* * * * * *

CUTTINGS.

Motion debated at the Holt School:

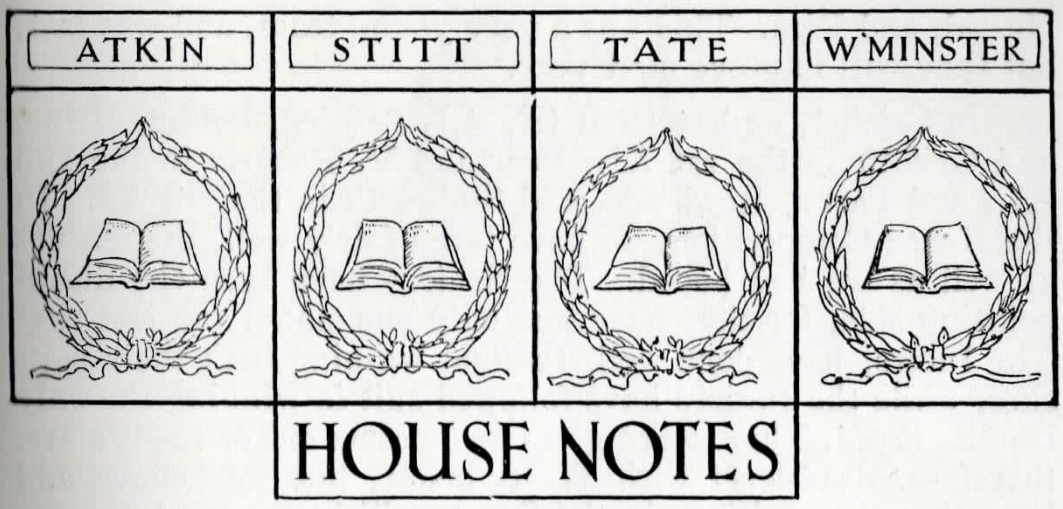
> 'That the Debating Society has outdone its use, and ought to be abolished.

If the framer of the motion has outlived its abuse, it cercertainly ought.

* * * * * *

From *T.G.S.* (Teignmouth Grammar School, Easter, 1938):

> "You seem a strong kind of boy"
> "Yes, I eat the school dinners."



HOUSE NOTES

ATKIN.

THE house has not been up to its usual high standard this term, especially in athletics. Although our team finished first in the senior relay race, and the Intermediates third in theirs, we were fourth in the School Sports. In Cricket, too, we have been off form. The Seniors lost to Stitt and Westminster, but secured two points from their match with Tate. The latter house also lost to Atkin Intermediates, who were beaten by the other two houses. The Juniors have played one and won it easily. Throughout the term there has been continual difficulty in getting full teams to turn up, and some of the losses may have been due to this.

The large number of detentions gained by members of the house has kept us low in all the marksheets.

After a somewhat unsuccessful summer term we look forward to an autumn term which will bring more honours for the house.

W.S.W

STITT.

WHEN the Athletic Sports were held on June 11th, we had high hopes of being champion house, but after a great struggle we had to surrender to Westminster, whom we congratulate on their success. Stitt, however, were not without their winners, for we actually supplied the Senior Victor Ludorum, and first home in the open 100 yards, hurdles, 220 yards, 440 yards, 880 yards (handicap), and open mile. Where we slipped was in the relay-races. The Senior team (Beer, V. Roberts, Bawden, and Milne) were tired after their individual efforts early in the afternoon, and were forced to take third place, after leading most of the way round the last lap. The Intermediate team was Sudworth, Bell (J. F.),

Hassal, and Rice. This was a very young team, and was last, but they will improve next year.

In Cricket, we have Bell (E. R.), Bawden, Bolton, Milne, and Griffith in the 1st XI., Beer and V. Roberts in the 2nd XI., and Parry, Rowlands, and Sudworth in the 3rd XI. In the House Competition, we have fared fairly well, though not as well as we had hoped. The Seniors have been the disappointing side, for they have won only one match and lost two. The Inters. have done well, though, winning both their matches, while the Juniors have followed suit in winning the only match played. This record gives us 8 points out of 12. We are, therefore, dead-level with Westminster, but we believe and hope that the positions in the Sports will be reversed.

We have a strong claim on the Coronation Cup, as can be gauged from the following record:—First in swimming (winning both squadrons and supplying Junior Champion and Senior Runner-up); second in Rugby (during which time ten players played for the 1st XV.); first in the Senior cross-country run (in which we supplied 2nd, 3rd and 4th); and third in the Junior run, in which we had second man home; second in the sports, and top twice in the mark-sheets.

It is now up to us to head the mark sheets once again, and also to win the Cricket Championship. Then we can be reasonably sure of winning the coveted trophy.

R.B.

TATE.

TATE, this term, have given a good account of themselves. They have not excelled in any one particular direction, having directed their energies to both sporting and scholastic pursuits.

In the mark-sheets we have fallen below our usual high standard and have once suffered the indignity of occupying second place. This is due in large measure not to brain fag, but to the increasing number of detentions certain members of the house are gaining. There is room for improvement.

On the playing field we have not fared too well. We occupied third place in the Athletic Sports, and we were only able to do this because of the efforts of the younger members of the House, who show great promise for the future. In Cricket the House is represented in the 1st XI. by Lawless (Capt.), Cullan, and Molyneux.

WESTMINSTER.

THIS term we have been quite successful. Once again Westminster has won the House Championship at the Sports. L. F. Clarke did well, being only one point behind the Victor Ludorum. In congratulating him, we wish him success next year. Clarke also won the Junior Cross Country at the end of last term, beating his own record. A. R. M. Weir was winner of the senior race.

In the 1st XI. Cricket team we are represented by Kennedy, Clarke, and Cresswell. The senior House team, under the captaincy of Kennedy, has won two of the three matches played, beating Atkin and Stitt. The Intermediate team, with Docherty as captain, has done equally well, beating Atkin and Tate. In the game against Atkin, Badcock took seven wickets for one run. Roberts, M. H., has batted well. Every one in both teams has played well, and the outlook is quite bright for Westminster House. R.S.

Library Notes

ONCE again the unwelcome task of compiling the Library's ' Chronique Scandaleuse ' falls to the lot of the less hoary inhabitants of *Libraria*, owing to the senility of our three year old Ap., whose eyesight is failing rapidly (it is rumoured that this is an after-effect of swot fever contracted early this term).

The first event to chronicle is the emigration of Baldy and Dick Camp who are sadly missed by the remaining patriots. The remaining patriots, however, do not let this break the continuity of national life. The annual exodus of the inhabitants into the country took place early in June, when ideal weather conditions prevailed. All the customary ritual was duly observed and the planting of chairs in commemoration of the occasion was carried out with order and precision.

Lamentable to relate, the peace of *Libraria* was interrupted when serious rioting took place as a protest against the oligarchial form of Lit Government. Repressive measures were at once taken by the executive council and a thorough purge was ordered of our personnel. The ringleaders, two young scientists, Doe and Rite, were vigorously beaten up by the Butch and his able assistants.

This session also has been notable for the great interest aroused in a health and beauty movement sponsored by Ham,

who attributes his splendid physique to the ancient sport of campanology. He can be seen advocating the cause with much gusto regularly on Friday afternoons. Butch, one of Ham's converts, is reputed to have lost four stone and half an ounce since he 'camped' with Ham. Naturally Cricket is included in the syllabus of the campaign, and even Ham has condescended to associate his person with this lower sport, and it is said he swings a graceful bat. Whilst recognising the importance of physical culture we have not neglected to exercise our larynxes. Rexine and Steve have been appointed choirmaster and 'harmonicist' respectively and much headway is being made in this direction. Many a Friday afternoon our sonorous voices have thundered through the School shaking plaster and master.

"But enough of these 'toys.'"

Form Notes

VIs.

IN spite of the ominous shadow which has been blighting our young lives during the last few weeks, we have succeeded in showing occasional glimmers of intelligence and vivacity. It is true that we do look at the masters as if they were bad smells. But when the bell goes, we suddenly and unexpectedly come to life. Mason is at the door in no time, while Bell blinks, smiles angelically, and becomes aware of his surroundings. Patrick and his cronies have introduced a game which is a combination of golf and ping-pong, played with a golf-ball and miscellaneous textbooks. Unfortunately, the proximity of the staff-room tends to cramp their style.

A propos of games, we are honoured by the election of Lawless to the captaincy of the 1st XI. Bolton and Kennedy have also found places in the 1st XI., while Bell and Garry wield lusty bats in the 2nd XI.

In this form life apparently is so earnest that there is no time for contributing *Visor* articles. At any rate only two contributions were received. Unless we mistake, as Hirst accuses us of having done in the past, the first printed is by Ryan, the second by Hirst. Ryan charges us with not printing or with deriding the matter subjected. Can you blame the Editor in either case when 'stir' is made to rhyme with 'prepare,' or when the level of intelligence does not rise beyond the *joke* "What is bird language"?—"Pidgin English"?

Here is Ryan :—

Dear Reader,

I will not attempt to weary your brain with form notes, because I am prejudiced against them. If one writes one's own idea of form notes, they do not pass the censor; if on the other hand one writes the usual form notes and they are accepted, they are derided. I will, therefore, write none at all . . . " and, instead of the despised form notes, he offers fifth-rate and/or second-hand so-called jokes.

Hirst is also condemnatory :—

Dear Mr. Editor,

I have to inform you that in the last issue of the *Visor* you did feloniously affix my name to a footling and ungrammatical article on fruit. It has since come to my knowledge that the said article was the work of one Bryan. Naturally, this learned gentleman would like to have his talent recognised, so please correct the error, at the same time clearing my good name.

Yours, etc.
E. W. HIRST.

VIa.

ALL good things must of necessity come to an end, although VIa., during its last term at School, seems to have been making up for lost time. The form's activities in the playground have reached a climax. Their skirmishes with the Removes (superior in numbers, but little else) for the possession of a tennis ball of doubtful origin left their mark on all concerned. In the formroom, Waller is still considered to be the champion " hummer " and " graveyard groaner," although competition from May and Powell is very keen. VIa. is well represented in Cricket. Pearson and Dent play for the 1st XI., while Milne and G. Smith have also lent their services to that team on several occasions. May and Weir play for the 2nd XI. On sports day, no fewer than 16 representatives from VIa. rejoiced in the acquisition of various prizes.

May, who is an authority on matters nautical, discourses learnedly of

THE BLUE RIBAND.

This Riband is, of course, the blue sash which is given to the commander of the vessel making the fastest aggregate time for the double journey from Bishop's Rock, in the Channel Isles, to the Ambrose Lightship outside New York harbour, and back. Liners have competed for this somewhat expensive honour for many years.

The names of many great liners of the past are associated with this race, including the Kaiser Wilhelm, and the Mauretania I., which held the Riband for over twenty years, and is considered to be the most successful liner ever built. In more recent years the holders have been the ' Rex ' of Italy, the 'Normandie' of France, which is the present holder, and the ' Queen Mary ' of Britain. The two last-named ships have had a remarkable struggle in the last few years, and it is expected that the British ship will again attempt the record this year. The fastest speed for the outward journey is 30.31 knots.

Nearly every European country with a nautical reputation intends to attack the record in the near future :—Germany with her ' Bremen ' and ' Europa,' France with ' Normandie ' and " Ile de la France,' Italy with ' Rex ' and ' Roma,' and Britain with the ' Queen Mary ' and her sister-ship, ' Queen Elizabeth.' The result of this competition should be very interesting.

When one turns to the financial side of the matter, one wonders if the race is worth the extra fuel, or the strain on the engines, the officers, and the super-structure; for every extra knot in excess of 29, the fuel needed is a quarter as much again. The Riband, however, gives the various companies a chance to show the quality of their ships, and also promotes a national interest in a country's progress as a nautical nation.

Vincent contributes a ballad

CRICKET.

A Modern Ballad in Ye Olde Style.

Ye sunne was shining in ye skie,
Ye grasse was looking greene,
Ye skie was blue as blue could be,
Ye clouds coulde not be seene.

Ye batsmanne walked out to ye creese
All nicely dressed in wite;
He looked around with hande to eye
Because ye sunne was brite.

He saw eleven feelders bigge
Around him near and farre,
And thocht " I'll soon be out if I
Don't thank my luckie starre."

He took his guarde with grate care,
Preparing for ye worst,
Ye bowler started up to runne
For ye delivry first.

Ye balle came flying throo ye air
And bounced along ye grasse,
It shotte behind ye batsmanne's legges;
Ye batsmanne let it passe.

Ye second balle he hit full harde,
It went at speede so grate;
Ye feelders tried to stop it,
But ye feelders were too late.

Now he had broken of ye ducke
Ye batsmanne felt full gladde;
With ye third balle he did ye same,
Ye bowler then looked sadde.

'Twas then the end of overre,
Ye feelders changed arounde,
And ye first balle ye batsmanne missed,
Ye wickette fell to grounde.

At that ye first batsmanne felt sore,
And vowed ye vengence grate,
When next ye bowler bowled to him
He glared at him with hate.

But sadde to tell ye balle he hitte
Rite to a feelder's hande,
Ye batsmanne did not meen it,
But there ye balle did lande.

Ye batsmanne herd ye bowler laugh,
And looked about him dazed,
Then from his lippes there broke a curse
And off ye feeld he blazed.

And so ye merrie cricketters
Remember now, my sonnes,
Never lose ye temper,
If ye want to make ye runnes! K.I.C.C.

Moffat records a visit to a museum:

During the Easter Holidays I spent a morning in the South Kensington Science Museum. There is a row of Museums in one road here, but the most interesting is the Science, because most of the models are worked by electricity, and can be switched on and off at will.

One hall is confined to manufacturing machines. There are working models of weaving and spinning machines, and also a large model blast furnace. Two other halls are very interesting. One is called "Aeroplanes," and the other "Ships through the Ages." In the first are big models of every aeroplane since the war, and in the second large models of ships for about two hundred years back.

On the higher floors are specimens of every kind of ore that one can think of, and thousands of other things of vast interest.

VIb.

SEVERAL of our form are musically-minded, and so we open with Hallam's

MODERN MUSIC.

Lovers of light music have been astounded by the popularity gained by the numerous rhythmic compositions which are rendered by dance orchestras throughout the world. The various numbers may be classed as modern instrumental music, because, for the first time, the combination of instruments in a dance ensemble can be used to their full advantage.

As may be expected, this new era of music originated in America, where a brilliant pianist, Raymond Scott, startled his country with a series of very light-hearted compositions. Among the best-known of these are found such titles as "Toy Trumpet," "Twilight in Turkey," and "Power House." The last-named is a descriptive piece portraying in music the composer's idea of a typical electric station. Recently these successes have been frequently broadcast by British orchestras but are popular with only the younger generation.

English composers are following suit by producing as brilliant instrumental numbers as the Americans. Sid Phillips, a member of Britain's most prominent dance band, has equalled the standard of Raymond Scott. His best known composition is " Escapada," while his most rhythmic and American-like is " Night-Ride," which is a musical impression of a car journey during a stormy night. Jazz has influenced classical music. Stravinsky was recently condemned for introducing a " rhythmic background " to his music. Another composer of the high-brow type, Falla, included a jazz movement named " Ritual Fire Dance," in one of his suites. Ravel, a Frenchman who died last year, was guilty of being influenced by American music, but nevertheless his " Bolero " was included in a Promenade Concert at Queen's Hall recently. An English composer of concert music, Eric Coates, whose " Knightsbridge " march, as the signature tune of " In Town To-night," made him well-known to the general public, has since produced a number of excellent musical items which, on examination, are found to possess strains of jazz through them.

Whether this influence of jazz may prove too strong for composers of the future is a debatable subject, and it must remain to be seen whether another composer of Beethoven's talent will be born to compose symphonies as did that little man of the early century, but with a rhythmic background.

So much for Hallam. Hirst, another music-lover, discourses learnedly of

EASTERN AND WESTERN MUSIC

When tuning-in on an all-wave set, we often hear music from either a local, or a powerful continental, station. This music pleases us, because our ears are used to the smallest interval of sound employed in that music, this interval being the semi-tone, or the space between a white key and the nearest black one on the piano. When, however, in tuning-in we hear music from an eastern source, it sounds peculiar, and does not please; probably because in eastern music the chief of the smallest intervals is the eighth tone,with which our ears are not familiar, and so they fail to convey a pleasurable sensation to the brain. A piano made to play such notes would require seven notes between one of our white keys and the nearest black one.

This seems another argument in support of Kipling's famous dictum, " East is East, and West is West."

We conclude with J. M. Freckleton's account of the tower in the Glasgow Exhibition :—

Tait's Tower in the Empire Exhibition, Bellahouston Park, Glasgow, is a good advertisement for British Engineering. It is extremely tall and yet very slender. It is constructed of a framework of girders, around which plates of stainless steel are riveted. Many problems arose while the plans were being worked out, chief of which came from the fact that the ground would be subjected to such tremendous pressure per square yard that it would be likely to give way. This difficulty was overcome by making a solid base of many thousands of tons of concrete.

The top of the tower is reached by way of two lifts, each holding twenty people. On the day I went up, there was an eighty miles an hour gale blowing, and it was comforting to see the stout wire netting that makes it impossible to fall over. The view was astonishing. In spite of unfavourable weather conditions the Scottish Highlands were to be seen, while near at hand the Queen Elizabeth looked directly underneath the tower, although actually a good half-mile away.

Remove j.

IN most forms there is at least one contributor who complains of having written innumerable magazine articles without seeing his effort in print.

After I've finished my homework to-night,
A *Visor* article I'm trying to write ;
I've tried to before, and I'm trying once more,
And never one printed—at least not before.

That is Hales's lament, but we have practically cut the ground for complaint from under his feet by printing exactly one sixth of his latest effort.

Thompson seems to have no love for schoolmasters, and invites subscriptions from interested parties for the purchase of a comfortable electric chair.

If there are any fellows who agree that masters should be given a slow lingering death, I implore them to send a prompt subscription in the form of notes, which may be sent by hand or lorry. N.B.—No cheques accepted.

However, we think Thompson needs the help of masters a little longer or he would not be so ready to couple the electric chair with the idea of a slow lingering death. However, if he gets plenty of subscriptions, we'll give him a hand to count the notes.

Howell attempts to arouse our emotions :

POTTED THRILLER.

Slowly he walked towards the spot where he was to meet his foe; slowly, because his leg-armour hampered him. How hot it was ! The sweat stood upon his brow. The sun shone brilliantly down on his weapon, clutched firmly in his gauntleted hand. What a beautiful blade it had ! He considered his mode of attack—to chop ? to cut ? Ah ! here was the foe hurtling towards him. Gone were all his ideas of attack. He lashed out wildly in self-defence, and a deafening cheer announced that he had opened his score with a hit for six.

One plaintive anthem from a form poet is found in the notes of every self-respecting form. This is to be laid at Docherty's door :—

WHY ?

Why do exams. come so quickly ?
And why do they last so long ?
Why are the papers so difficult ?
And why are our sums always wrong ?

Why is there only one games day ?
And why does a det. come our way ?
Why can't we come on our cycles ?
And why can't we ride all the way ?

Why can't we eat in the classrooms ?
And why can't we talk whilst in prayers ?
Why can't we run in the corridors ?
And why can't we leap down the stairs ?

Why can't we form a Trades Union ?
And why can't we change all the rules ?
Why do we fear all the masters ?
Why ?—Because it's the det. sheet that rules !

Wolstenholme, we note, sings of many things. His interests are extremely varied.

THE YEAR'S EVENTS.

Daniell won the Senior
T.T. on a Norton !
Carslake won the Donkey Derby
On a moke at Moreton !

Hitler sent his troops to Spain!
We know it for a fact;
While Neville Chamberlain's content
With Mussolini's Pact!

Tranmere won promotion!!
Preston won the Cup!
Arsenal were Champions,
And Wolves. were runners-up!

Davies has produced the following: we hope he will survive the unwonted exercise.

Captain *Schofield*, who *Hales* from *Kirkland*, where they grow *Cresswell*, is always saying *Howell* it makes one feel to be on the open sea, and to have the *Gentle* breezes blow one's *Coates*. He tells me he was once in great peril in *Vick*torian days when his ship was on fire, and the bows *Pritchard*. But, alas! *Owen* to his inability to *Seavell* he retired on an Admiralty *Grant*. At first, retirement bored him, but now he has high *Jenks* at the village inn with *Davis*itors.

Remove a.

THE trouble with us is that we are all poetasters, and amid a surfeit of verse (of a kind) there is very little prose. Rands, however, records a visit to the Morris commercial motor factory:—

Our tour of the Morris commercial motor factory began at the woodwork shop, and from that we went to the body assembly-room, where body and chassis first become acquainted. Here we saw a great number of special army cars for use in tropical countries, and noted with interest the sealed cab and air purifier. Next we went to the engine shop and studied the assembly line where an overhead conveyer belt carries along the necessary parts, and at intervals descends to about three feet from the ground, so that the parts may easily be obtained by the workers.

To conclude our interesting afternoon, we visited the enamel tanks which contain thousands of gallons of car enamel, and in which such parts as mudguards, running-boards, etc., are dipped, before being put in the adjacent drying-rooms.

That is a sufficiently prosaic account for anyone we should imagine, and so Thomas's imaginative outburst follows by way of contrast:—

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THE SECRET OF OLD STAMBOUL.

Right in the heart of the city,
Where all the sidewalks are mucky,
Is the café of Chu Chin China—
If you find the darn place, you're unlucky.

You could smell that café from Norway,
You could smell it from distant Penang;
For, within five miles of the doorway,
The smell knocks you down with a bang.

But I must go on with my story,
It's the tale of a boxer, called Bash;
One day he entered the café,
And ordered some sausage and mash.

He speared a sausage with neatness,
And opened his mouth with a grin,
Bit it once—then swore at the waiter:
"What the Hades is inside the skin?"

The waiter said, "No man may tell you,"
The boxer said, "Don't be a fool";
Then the waiter said in a whisper,
"That's the Secret of Old Stamboul!"

But the boxer was breathing more quickly;
For he was not to be done,
And, paying his bill to the waiter,
Took the sausages off at the run.

He took them to a chemist,
But the chemist said he couldn't tell;
For, in trying to get near the sausage,
He'd been K.O.'d by the smell.

Now the boxer was in Air Raid Precautions,
So he took his gas-mask from its tin,
And, after an hour's hard working,
He had found what was inside the skin.

But he didn't know someone was watching,
For he lived alone in his shack;
When the neighbours found him in the morning,
He was dead, with a knife in his back.

He's the one man to find out the secret,
And he was a poor, crazy fool;
Some say there's dead dogs inside of the skin—
That's the Secret of Old Stamboul.

Even this form of all the talents sometimes suffers retribution, and repines, like Dorrity,

There's a lone, dejected scholar,
Doing tots till late at night. . . . .

or like Whitelaw, who wails

I'm off to dete., ah, woe is me!
The master an evil man is he;
Because my homework was forgotten,
I'm in this mouldy hole and rotten
To contemplate my sinful ways
The while my pal goes out and plays.

Beckett has seen an interesting type of cycle:

The other day I saw a very queer bicycle of a kind which, I believe, has become very popular in America. To me its strangest feature was the steering wheel instead of the handlebars to which we in this country are accustomed. Another peculiarity is the smallness of its wheels, which make it look absurd in comparison with an English machine. The saddle, too, is unusual, as it forces the rider to adopt an attitude similar to that of a person reclining in an arm-chair. Altogether, a very strange vehicle.

Here is Proudman's experience:

Whilst up in London at Easter, I was shown over the Merchant Taylors' Hall. This is the property of the Guild of Merchant Taylors, which was started about the year 1300, and the Guild still exists, although it is not commercially active now.

The first place I went into was the great hall. On the left-hand side was some very fine stained glass with all the names and coats-of-arms of all the Past Masters of the Guild. There were five chandeliers, and four of these had nine hundred separate pieces of glass each, and the fifth, twelve hundred.

After being shown many other rooms lined with many tapestries and pictures, I was taken down to the safe in the cellars, where were records of the Company's dealings dating from 1389, and written in Latin-French. In a square iron-bound box with a different lock on three sides was the seal of the Guild. The three keys were entrusted to three different members, so that the box could be opened only when all three were present.

As I walked out, a silent footman opened the door, and I went out into the bustle of the London streets.

Two limericks round off our contribution, the first by Bryden, the second by one who wishes to remain anonymous.

There once was a lady of Bristol,
Who found by the roadside a pistol;
She pulled at the trigger,
Its function to figure,
And now all's as clear as crystal.

There was an old man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a bee.
When they said, "Does it buzz?"
He replied, "Yes, it does!
It's a regular brute of a bee!"

Remove 1.

OWING to our Annual Sports our games activities have been limited. We have played a cricket match, but unfortunately, owing chiefly to the weather (and the fact that Remove j. are a better team) we lost. But on Sports Day we carried off many of the prizes, as we usually do. In the form we have not been unhappy. We started off the term quite well, avoiding too many detentions, but I am afraid we are now in Vj. room nearly as much as our own.

We have five representatives of our form in the boxing team, and also one of the official seconds. Next year we hope to have several representatives in the School Rugby XV's.

Clarke is doing well in the Cricket XI., and Beer, Smith, and V. Roberts are keeping up our good name in the 2nd XI.

Tarpey describes

A RIVER CRUISE.

At 6-30 p.m. we boarded the "Claughton," one of the ferry boats, for a cruise in the Mersey. The boat was decorated with coloured flags, and a scarlet-uniformed band was on the top deck playing well-known airs.

We started from Woodside, and the first point of interest was Cammell Lairds, where the skeleton of the new ship, the "Mauretania," was seen. We noticed many kinds of craft, as we steamed along, notably, the training ships "Conway" and "Indefatigable," and the new Isle of Man steamer the "Ben My Chree," with hull painted white. Near Eastham, the river was practically clear of ships, except for a few cargo boats, or a few small yachts, leaning perilously to one side, with large waves breaking over the bows. At Eastham we turned seawards again, keeping near the right bank. A stiff breeze was blowing, and the sky was a livid red as the sun sank on the horizon.

Reaching New Brighton, we turned round and came back to Woodside, to finish a very delightful cruise.

We have some clever (?) boys in Rem. L. In a history test, when asked for the name of a political party in Portugal, Chalkley wrote the "Carbolics" instead of the "Carbonari." Another wrote the following:

1. Julius Caesar was a very strong man, he threw a bridge across the Rhine.
2. Julius Caesar entered Rome wearing a coral reef.
3. A ghost is an invisible thing which cannot be seen in the day time, but only at night.

Beer is still a keen golfer, and is often seen practising at Brackenwood. He can now go round this nine-hole course in 50 and three or four kicks. Hence the following reminder from his pen:—

On the quiet, sunny golf links
Stood an old and bearded man.
He'd been there since his twentieth birthday,
Trying to get the ball in the can.

This tale is not meant as a warning
To novices wishing to start;
But golf could be made less tiring
If we all went round in a cart.

Vj.

OUR contributions this term are not of much interest or literary value, although Darlington began a poem on Hewitt in promising fashion.

There is a fellow
In our form,
Whose name is Peter Hewitt;
And if you want a six-hit,
He's the lad to do it.

However, as he entirely failed to maintain this level in the following stanzas, we can print no more.

Ferguson wrote the best article in his account of

THE MERSEY TUNNEL.

During the Easter Holidays I was invited to join a party to visit the Mersey Tunnel and its control room. After meeting at Pier-head, Liverpool, we went up to the building which is in front of the Overhead Railway. No doubt you have noticed this great white building with its square tower (really a ventilating shaft of the tunnel) which controls the Mersey Tunnel.

A lift whisked us up to the room which contains the controls. It is a small room, only about 30 feet by 12 feet, and there are only three attendants. One of these men has the telephone switch-board to take care of. This switch-board is connected to every fire-box in the tunnel, and to the Liverpool and Birkenhead Fire Stations, and operates all the traffic signals in the tunnel, which by a touch of a button can indicate whether the traffic is to stop or go. The tunnel is divided into six sections, and if there is a fire in any of these, the telephone operator is automatically informed by a fire-box in the tunnel, and immediately operates the signal lights, isolating the section containing the fire. If possible, the traffic is kept running through the dock exits, until everything is in order again. The toll-booths at the entrances are also controlled from this board, and can be opened or closed as desired.

At the other end of the room are automatic machines which register such things as the number of vehicles passing the toll-booths, the visibility in the tunnel, and the amount of the deadly but invisible carbon-monoxide gas in the air. This is calculated by a very complicated chemical apparatus. All these registrations are written on moving bands of paper

in the machines, and are taken out every three weeks and filed for future purposes.

The walls are covered with the huge switch boards which control the actions of the pumps and fans, all of which are oil-driven. The huge fans which keep fresh air in the tunnel are eighteen feet in diameter and enclosed in dust cases. The suction brought about by the fans which pump the bad air out of the tunnel into the open is enough to make one take a good grip on any loose article of clothing such as a hat or tie; for a tie will stand up vertically from the collar. But even for their power, these fans move very slowly (about one revolution in three seconds) and cost little to run. In one room, the fan and pump switch-boards are duplicated in case of emergency. The pumps work at the rate of twenty-six gallons per minute. Strangely enough the tunnel leaks only at the edges of the river, where dock building has dampened the earth, and not under water. From the fans, one goes down to tunnel level in a wire-caged lift. This is in the circular shaft, the first to be sunk at the beginning of this great engineering feat, and started by Princess Mary. The bottom half of the tunnel is very dark and damp, being covered with water about a quarter of an inch deep, and is very cold owing to the wind which rushes through to the upper section, and then out again to the sky through the tower mentioned at first.

VI.

WE have little literary talent in this form, and, judging by the articles submitted, little industry. In fact, our modesty is our only virtue: most of our contributions being unsigned.

One anonymous scribe reports:—Our victories in Cricket have been extremely limited, but we have at last beaten Vj. Currie took 9 for 18, while Evans, with 12 runs, was top scorer. In the Athletic Sports Huntriss bagged a knife in the 220 yards and a medal for the hurdles. Sudworth had a watch and a medal for success in the three-legged handicap and the hurdles, and Cartwright was second in the 880 yards' handicap. Jolly good show!

Another announces the arrival one morning of a much-battered Nash, after a mishap in bee-keeping, and kindly suggests that Nash should use his mother's curtains for a veil in future when similarly engaged. He concludes: "My advice is 'Keep bees—at a distance.'"

Several valueless limericks were offered, but have all been rejected in favour of two fragments from the pen of the poet Ashworth:

Little girl,
Lots of hair;
Box of matches,
Great, big flare.

Naughty boys,
Having fun;
Now in dete.,
Work not done.

IVa.

THIS form contains several who find writing for the mag. extremely difficult. Thus, Neale candidly admits:

Three times a year my brains I fag
To write some silly trash,
But to the blokes who run the mag.
I'm just another pest.

One of the "blokes" would like to point out that the error lies in trying to write "silly trash."

To Brecknell, too, the task seems to present some difficulty.

I sat
And sat,
Hoping that
Inspiration to me would come.
But no,
I was left flat,
And still I sat
And sat.

But should my brain
Be forced to strain
These wandering lines
Of witless rhymes?
They are but made
Just to evade
The master's righteous wrath;
And so I thoughtful sat.

And should this rhyme
Be all sublime
And in the " old mag." put,
I hope the master's wrath will wane,
And he will put away
His cane,
And he will peaceful sit
And sit.

Marshall is one of our he-men. Let him tell his own story.

Getting up at 5-30 a.m. on Whit-Monday, I breakfasted, joined my friends, and went to Thurstaston shore. Here we got sail on our twelve-foot dinghy and headed for Mostyn Jetty. However, when we were about a mile away from Mostyn, we found the water too rough,so we turned due north and sailed for Hilbre, where we arrived about half an hour later. Here we made a fire and dried our clothes, before getting ready for the run home.

Colclough is lyrical in anticipation of the weeks ahead.

THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Oh for the time of joy and peace,
When boring lessons all shall cease,
When French shall no more be,
Nor English and Geography.

For seven short weeks and more
There's no more school to endure;
Instead of that, a trip by train,
By car, by boat or aeroplane.

But when back to school we go,
Then are signs of grief and woe;
And we wait through many a day
For another holiday.

Harris has a fit of rather libellous

REFLECTIONS.

As I walked into the form-room on Friday morning and gazed at the faces of my fellow sufferers, I was seized by a fit of reflection on the strange workings of nature. For who, looking at the somewhat rugged features of certain members of the form, would imagine them to be passionate lovers of insect

life! Yet this is so, and some are so attached to their various specimens (woodlice, beetles, wasps, etc.) that they cannot bear to be separated from them even between the hours of 9 a.m. and 12-30 p.m., and 2-15 and 4-30 p.m. Their anxiety for the welfare of their pets often leads the owners to let them out in class to stretch their legs or wings. But this often leads to deplorable results for both entomologist and specimen.

Then there are those who, after having washed off a little of their grime, frequent the haunts of beauteous maidens. We can understand why this lot are always complaining that too much homework is set.

We will insist on his stopping there, before he gets too libellous for publication.

Hartley describes his pastime:—

Cigarette-card collecting is a most interesting hobby. One of the best sets I have collected is *International Air-Liners*, while others are *British Birds*, *Dogs*, and *Racing Scenes*. Another set as good as the first mentioned is called *The Navy*, and describes such interesting incidents as a torpedo bomber taking off, and cadets shooting the sun. Still another good set gives some amusing *Howlers*.

Hartley's hobby is hardly as highbrow as we should like, but we have no doubt that he picks up much miscellaneous knowledge in this way.

Bibby sent us a very good account of his visit to Sealand Aerodrome on Empire Air Day, but we have no room to include or even quote it.

IVb.

IN this form there is no wealth of contributions, from which a perspiring assistant-editor has to choose. Most of us strain out with great difficulty a misspelled, badly punctuated, and ungrammatical limerick, with lines devoid of rhythm, and of different lengths, and rhyming in the wrong places. Then, just to display our intelligence, we write out this miserable offering twice more on the same dirty, dog's-eared bit of paper. The remainder copy a joke or a piece of verse from the local press or that high-brow periodical *The Magnet*, carefully misspelling every other word to lend an air of reality.

Only three of us, therefore, have anything at the same time worth while *and* original. Here is the first, by G. Jones:

In Brimstage there is a farm-house which in the middle ages formed a part of a monastery. Thus, the dairy, which has a beautiful roof, was the monastery chapel in days gone by. Here, too, is a secret door leading, we are told, to a tunnel which comes out somewhere near the top of Wishing Gate Hill. There is also a tower with embrasures in the walls and two small cells in it. (G. Jones says the monks kept their prisoners here, but the assistant editor who has " ghosted " for him, seems to refuse to credit this.—Ed.).

What follows is undiluted Bragger:—

B is for Baker, so handsome of face;
Also for Bower, a very tall case.
E is for Edwards, a scholar of renown;
H is for Henshaw, whose French makes him groan,
And also for Hughes with brains in a whirl.
J is for Jones, who'd make a fine girl.
M is for Moore, the girls think him a treat;
P is for Pemberton, a choir boy so sweet.
P, too, is for Parker, his shoes are size eight;
R is for Rudge—detentions his fate.
T is for Thomas; alas, what a swot!
W is for Walker, who talks lots of rot;
Also for Webster, cute little chap;
W, too, for Winn, who's fond of a nap,
And also for Wood, at history not poor;
Y is for Young, who's absent galore.

And here is J. J. Jones:—

A certain gentleman of the B.I. who takes IVb. (What an honour!) has a curious *habet* (Oh, those lines!) of leaning back on the chair in our form-room. Often, I must confess, I have wished for the chair to slither away, and one morning it did so. Over rolled the chair with the master underneath to the accompaniment of loud laughter (Heartless rotters). Now in our front row there is a boy called Rudge, who had come to school that day in his scout uniform, to swank off his badges, no doubt (Sorry, Rudge, no offence meant), and when the master took a sudden liking for the floor, that gallant scout ran to the rescue. At this moment Miss Cooper came in for the names of absentees and enquired if any first aid was needed.

IVj.

DORRITY is full of praise of the *Visor*, and urges support of the penny a week scheme :—

The *Visor* is a wonderful book,
With stories, jokes, and verses.
Its price is such a moderate one
It does not empty purses.

Three are printed every year,
And all are great successes.
For this, the one and only book,
Fill in your empty spaces.

Such praise is so gratifying we forgive him all—even that last rhyme!

The Cricket team has done well, but the outstanding sporting event of the term was Bartlett's success at the Athletic Sports and his proud position of Junior Victor Ludorum. Well done, Bartlett!

Osborne sent in a Cricket alphabet of Test match possibles as well as a prose and a verse account of how he spent Whit. We print the former of these, but should like, if we may do so without seeming too churlish, to point out to Osborne (and many others in this and other forms) that it is expected that intended contributions should be written in ink and on one side of the paper only.

WHIT WEEK-END.

On the Saturday before Whit Monday I left Woodside at 2-30 p.m. in a motor-coach bound for Rhyl. After a pleasant journey, we reached that well-known resort, had tea, and went to the cinema, where we enjoyed a film called *The Housemaster*. On Sunday we walked on the promenade and in the town. On Monday morning I played cricket on the shore with members of the family and two friends.

I was sorry when afternoon came, and it was time to catch a 'bus bound for Birkenhead and home.

IIIa.

THE usual gloomy verse-writer is here; and this time it is Buckney with his

TALE OF WOE.

Mick was a workman,
A good one and all,
And we will tell the story
Of how Mick met his fall.

He was working on the roof,
When his pal said, " Mick,
Quit working for a minute,
And chuck me a brick."

Now we end our tale of woe,
As Mick dropped the brick
He forgot to let go.

Hughes is a keen naturalist who here relates an experience :—

A short time ago, as I was walking past some waste land, where a lot of rubbish had been dumped, a linnet, evidently frightened by my approach, flew out of an old watering-can. On investigating I found a linnet's nest which had in it four small eggs.

A short time later I visited the nest again, and found four small fledgelings who lifted their heads with their beaks wide open, probably thinking their mother had returned with some more food. I did not visit the nest again for some time, in case the mother deserted the nest, but when I did visit it again, the birds were able to fly out of the nest, instead of lying blind and defenceless at the bottom of the watering-can. I watched their mother pushing food down their ever-open beaks.

When the days began to shorten, then the linnets flew away ; and since then they have not come back to the watering-can.

Taylor is obviously of an imaginative dispostion and is more cheerful than Buckney.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

As by the fireside I sit
And gaze into the fire,
A knight a-riding I can see
All dressed in rich attire.

A wisp of smoke then passes o'er,
A pirate ship appears,
With captain standing boldly
To face the mutineers.

And as the bright flames flicker,
A cottage plain I see,
With neat and tidy garden,
And every kind of tree.

Again the picture changes,
And a fortress wall I spy;
A queer old man astride it,
With one bright, gleaming eye.

And as I sit beside the fire,
My thoughts begin to wander,
My eyes to close, my head to droop,
And soon I'm lost in slumber.

Rice is full of admiration for

RAILWAYS.

Modern railways do not receive sufficient credit for their wonderful achievements. It is just a hundred years since the first locomotive hauled open-roofed coaches with hard wooden seats, through clouds of smoke and cinders, so that the passengers must have looked like niggers by the end of their ten miles per hour journey.

One does not need much imagination to see that a long journey in such conditions was a test of endurance.

Nowadays, the coaches have spring upholstery, steam heating, and electric light. The locomotive is capable of speeds up to one hundred miles per hour on a track that is perfectly smooth, and so a journey of three hundred miles is a matter of a few hours.

Thus, the railway engineer has made wonderful progress, which we are apt to overlook until we let our thoughts wander a little into the past.

Howlett contributes the ever present limerick:—

There once was a very young fellow,
Who was so frightfully yellow,
When he heard a mouse
He'd run into the house
That very yellow young fellow.

Several others in the form have written interesting articles :— Gould describes a trip to Scotland ; Ball talks learnedly of A.R.P.and Blanthorne is informative about the R.A.F. We regret that we have not the space to include their contributions.

IIIb.

IT is frequently stated that the modern English schoolboy is very ignorant of his own language, and that his vocabulary is limited to what he hears on Saturday afternoons (and other occasions) when he visits the Cinema, but Gregson at least has recognised a homely proverb in this collection of words—can you ?

Ornithological specimens of identical plumage habitually congregate in the closest proximity.

Far more homely is Peers' limerick :—

When Johnny is naughty and trying,
Dad brings a cane and comes sighing,
" Though this I must do
Hurts me more than you "—
It's Johnny who does all the crying.

Here is a thriller from E. S. Jones :—

THE CORPSE.

The man walked slowly down the slimy steps, carefully feeling his way with his hands. His footsteps echoed through the old walls. A clock boomed the hour of midnight.

What was that ? Footsteps ? No ! How long would it take to reach the bottom ?

Horrors ! What was that ? Something gleaming through the darkness ! Then he made out a shadowy form,—there it was, prone on the next step ! No sound, no movement, no sign of breathing—Ugh ! it was shiny !

We leave him there to grapple with that weird unknown horror, and we next overhear a little of his conversation next morning.

" Oh, Smith, remove that dead rat."

" O.K., sir !"

Boston tells me a joke of a man who surely must have come from Aberdeen or Palestine :—

Prospective Passenger : " How much is it to cross the ferry ?"
Ferryman : " One Penny."
P.P. : " Aren't you running any excursions ?"

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FURNESS ABBEY.

About a year ago, some friends and I paid a visit to Furness Abbey. It is built of sandstone, and was erected in A.D. 1127 by Stephen, who later became King of England. Cistercian Monks inhabited it till the time of Cromwell (seventeenth century) when Cromwell's men destroyed it.

We paid our sixpences to enter, and a guide showed us round. He named all the rooms, showed us where they were situated, and told us what they were used for. If any historical happening had taken place, he showed us the room and described in detail the happenings. It is now a ruin, but builders are constantly at work preserving it from complete dilapidation.

The Abbey is in a valley, a few miles away from Barrow-in-Furness. It was built in that valley because of the presence of a flower, called the nightshade, which the monks made medicines from. Its original name was the Abbey of Saint Mary in Furness. The monks never permitted anything to interfere with their hours of prayer, which, in the end, proved their undoing. Some of Cromwell's men were roaming about England, looking for monasteries and abbeys to plunder. Being in a valley, Furness Abbey was hard to find, and the Roundheads would have missed it, had not the monks been called to prayer by the big bell. Guided by the tolling the men soon found the Abbey. They killed some monks, put the rest to flight, and stole the treasure of the monastery. Then they blew the roof off. Now, instead of the cloister, is a mown lawn, and instead of monks and lay brothers going about their daily work, there are happy sightseers and tourists.

Anyone who is interested in historical places could not do better than pay a visit to Furness Abbey.

IIIj.

SO far we have not lost any of the cricket matches we have played against IIIb. and the Junior School. We have a number of good players in Bolton, Baker, Boston, and Mandy.

In the Athletic Sports in June our form representatives did very well; Baker and Smith each carried off two prizes, and Boston and Mundy one.

In the form mark sheets Peever and Peers still lead the way.

G. R. Peters still goes round the class-room looking for ink, though he does not use it for writing. He covers his hands, face and collar with it. His life is made miserable by regular visits to the detention room.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

This term IIIj. are organising a homework strike, and we wish the whole School would join us. If we all unite, homework will soon be abolished—we hope! The same applies to the form " roll of honour " which frequently bears our names —by the way, we are hoping to turn over a new leaf soon. We must all strive to put an end to these two evening tasks in the near future. Once reforms have been started, we shall extend them to cover a much-needed improvement on Wednesday afternoons!

Since we have been promoted to a classroom on the top floor of the building, we are not as anxious to start trouble, and have decided to leave the above reforms until next term. Look out for further announcements!

Some of us have been trying our hand at poetry (?). This is what Storer writes:—

There was a young man of Kent,
Who was always behind with the rent.
Said the landlord: " Bow, wow,
I want the rent now,"
So the young man of Kent simply went.

And here is Peters:—

My pa drives a car;
He once had a crash,
Which cost him some cash
To a bobby, whose hobby
Is to stop all the dash.

Inspector: " I feel tempted to give this class a history test."
Small Boy: " Yield not to temptation."

THE ADVENTURES OF GEOFFREY SALTER.

Geoffrey Salter ran away from home at the age of three, and took up the gentle art of poaching. One sunny afternoon while resting under a stately oak he became attracted by the mechanism of his gun. That was the turning point in his life. He set up a shop in Grange Road with the sign " Pro-

fessor Salter, Inventor." After some most amusing incidents he managed to invent some apparatus for use in cinemas. Unfortunately for him, on looking into the paper next morning, he found that his old rival, John J. Johns, had beaten him. It took all the wind out of his sails, so to speak.

Salter is now recovering from the shock, or getting his second wind. He is continually asking Mr. Davies all about nitric acid and other harmful liquids. Perhaps it is to blow up John J. Johns. Here's wishing him every success and a good explosion (pardon me, ladies).

Next term Peever is starting to study Latin, and this is what he knows about Roman History:—

There was a young general called Caesar,
Who went for a dip in the Weser.
It was dreadfully cool,
So he called himself "Fool,"
And asked for his hot-water geyser."

Junior School Notes

IN our singing lessons we are learning that "Summer is icumen in," and we sincerely hope it is. At any rate we are optimistically preparing for the sun and warmth. On the last Friday of term, weather permitting, we are planning to give an entertainment in the garden; for this we are rehearsing a play entitled "The Wise Men of Gotham," a dramatic form of the legend of the men who became wisely foolish in order to appease the wrath of King John.

Then, greatest of all summer activities—Camp!

The Cubs are going to Porthir Kirfaen, Treflys, Black Rock, Criccieth. There they are anticipating a fortnight of good fun (July 28th—August 11th), and every Monday they are practising camp-fire stunts and the handling of tents.

Williams, G. and Archibald have this term gained Proficiency Badges, and Beckett, Wood, Peters and Williams, C., are struggling for their Second Stars.

At the Cub Sports on Saturday, July 2nd, Williams, G., gained third place for dressing in Cowboy costume, Osborne was 1st in the Slow Bicycle race, and the pack was placed 3rd when marks were totalled.

Form II. boys can always find a joke to cheer them; here is one reported by Gilliland, which concerns a member of the class:—

John: " Did you know Archie had lost his hair?
Bill: " No. Well?"
John: " That's why they call him Archibald."

McDonnell tells us:—

There was a young fellow from Barrow,
Whose nose was as long as a marrow;
It was such a trouble,
He bent it up double,
And wheeled it about in a barrow.

And, of course, there is the eternal Homework problem. Archibald and Wood both say something on this, Archibald first:—

Homework! Homework! This job's a nightly pest.
A beautiful evening for Cricket,
But Oh No! we can't rest.
We swot in the school from nine until four,
But that's not enough, we must do more.
When the pleasantest time of tea is done,
The dreaded homework hour is come.

And now Wood:—

All the boys in Form II.
Have too much homework to do;
With Scripture and Maths,
They've no time for the baths.
I hope the authorities read this, don't you?

THE B.B.C.

In discussing the B.B.C. we are dealing with an organisation which during the last few years has become an important part in our every-day life.

Perhaps the most important part played by the B.B.C. is in the regular service of news bulletins which is maintained. These are especially important in times of crisis, when events develop rapidly. The results of sporting events can also be learned quickly, e.g., Test Match, Football, and Tennis results.

Educational plays, talks, and broadcasts to schools have become popular. The Children's Hour is one of the most popular features ever produced by the B.B.C.

Many people welcome the Symphony and Promenade Concert Season, as it means that the world's greatest masterpieces are being played by some of the most famous orchestras and conducted by celebrated conductors. Many other people like varieties (where great and popular artists combine), and the dance music.

It is very hard for the B.B.C. to please everyone, but there is one point I would like to stress. The B.B.C. allow all highbrow items to continue until finished, whereas popular programmes, e.g., varieties, are faded out on time, even though this means interrupting the middle of an act. It is thought more people listen to varieties.

However, when we consider what the B.B.C. have done for us, we must not grumble, but wish them a long and happy life.

YATES (II.)

THE BOGEY.

Walk very slowly, tread very softly
In case you should annoy
The resident ghost who's inclined to boast
That he frequently sups off a boy.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE FOG.

One day I was coming home from Chester when a thick fog set in. It was so thick that you could not see the road in front of you, but still I went on, blowing my horn loudly every few yards. All went well until we reached Spital, when I saw in my mirror a car coming up behind me. I put on speed to escape, but ran head on into another car. I had to get out quickly, as my engine had caught fire. Luckily the owner of the car in front had a fire extinguisher, and the blaze was soon put out. I had to wait several hours for a breakdown lorry, as there had been several other accidents. At last I got home none the worse for my adventure.

J. BLAKEWAY (I.)

A VISIT TO THE MECCANO FACTORY.

In the reception room (where our tour began and ended) there was a wonderful display of Hornby rolling stock. We first proceeded down a corridor, with typewriters on either side. Our guide then took us through a shop, where there was a deafening din from the engines used to press out strips for Meccano parts.

We then visited the painting shop, where wings of aeroplanes were being sprayed in yellow-ochre. We also saw finishing touches being put on various models. We next saw girls with hand moulds, making lead figures. We then passed through a shop where repairs are done to Hornby trains and boats. In the same shop new models are tested.

We visited the boiler room where through a blue glass we saw the huge fire that provides power for most of the machinery.

We then returned to the reception room, where we were each given a Meccano Magazine. B. WARE (II.)

Boxing

ON March 30th, a Boxing team was sent to represent the School at Quarry Bank High School. At the last moment Young, Mackay, and Kennedy were informed that their opponents were unable to fight.

Kernaghan, Vic Roberts, Vanderwall, and Ball boxed extremely well, and their superior skill enabled them to defeat their opponents easily, while both Clarke and Bird forced a draw.

The decision went against Bolton, Platt, Ball, Gibbons, and Beer, although they fought very pluckily. Beer was particularly unfortunate. His opponent had a considerable advantage in weight, and late in the first round Beer received a blow in the throat which caused the judges to stop the fight.

Thus, we won four fights, drew two, and lost five. Of much greater significance than these figures, however, were the skill and the sporting spirit of our boys.

So encouraging are the results of our first fixture that the Boxing Club members are now eagerly looking forward to next term, when they hope to have many new members, with better training facilities, and, above all, more contests with other schools.

We wish to thank Mr. Lewis and Mr. Jones for the time they have devoted to training our team. A.D.K. (Capt.)

V.R.

Cricket

THE 1st XI. has had, up to the present, an even season, having won four games and lost a similar number. They were unfortunate in losing Bell, the captain, when he left School early in the term, but the new captain, Lawless, appeared to celebrate his " accession " by winning four matches in succession.

The fielding has been of a consistently high standard, the batting fairly good after a very indifferent beginning, and the bowling steady, though not by any means brilliant.

Bawden heads the batting averages with a total of 88 from 6 innings (14.6), and has perhaps shown himself the steadiest bat of the side, though Lawless (average 10.7) has to his credit a fine innings of 30 not out which ensured victory over Park High School. Pearson has followed up good work last year by taking 19 wickets at an average cost of 5.2, but undoubtedly the most improved bowler is Bolton, who has done well in taking 20 wickets for an average of 7 runs each.

Following are the details of 1st XI. matches :—

Gd.	Date.	Opponents.	Scores. F.	A.	Rslt.
H.	May 11	Quarry Bank High School. (Lawless 18, Bolton 3 for 19).	56.	64.	L.
H.	May 21	Oulton High School ..... (Bell, G., 21, Pearson 16*).	96.	112.	L.
A.	May 25	St. Edward's College ..... (Griffith 4 for 6, Gullan 17).	45.	57.	L.
A.	June 8	Park High School ..... (Lawless 30*, Pearson 4 for 9).	55 for 8.	51.	W.
H.	June 15	Calday Grange G.S. ..... (Griffith 3 for 11, Smith, G., 14*).	76 for 7.	72.	W.
H.	June 18	Neston IIIrd XI. ..... (Bolton 4 for 15, Molyneux 9*).	48 for 8.	40.	W.
H.	June 29	Holt High School ..... (Bawden 10*, Bolton 3 for 3).	25 for 5.	24.	W.
A.	July 6	Alsop High School ..... (Pearson 4 for 16, Bawden 13*).	48.	80.	L.

*Denotes Not Out.

The 2nd XI. have won four matches out of five, a fact which affords us some hope already for next season. The play all round appears to have been steady, although one or two notable individual performances have been seen, as Moly-

neux's 26 in one match, Cresswell's 28, and Beer's 39 against Alsop, while May has on different occasions taken 4 wickets for 14 runs, 5 for 24, and 6 for 9, and Moffat has come to the fore in the last two matches with a total of 5 wickets for 8 runs. Results :—

Gd.	Date.	Opponents.	Scores. F.	A.	Rslt.
A.	May 11	Quarry Bank High School.	70 for 1.	69	W.
A.	May 21	Oulton High School	19.	41.	L.
H.	May 25	St. Edward's College	56 for 2.	46.	W.
A.	June 29	Holt High School	36.	27.	W.
H.	July 6	Alsop High School	93.	55.	W.

The Colts XI. has played two matches, and has beaten Oulton High School and lost to Holt School, the other two matches having been scratched.

Dramatic Society

President ..... The HEADMASTER.
Chairman ..... Mr. LEWIS.
Treasurer ..... Mr. HAIME.
Secretary ..... W. K. HAMILTON.
Committee .....Mr. LORD, Mr. A. O. JONES, Mr. J. H. JONES, Mr. DARLINGTON, J. N. GULLAN, G. DAVIES.

IN the spring term the School Dramatic Society produced Macbeth at the Y.M.C.A. Hall on Monday evening, March 28th, for the School, and on Tuesday evening, March 29th, for parents and friends. Both performances were complete successes, thanks to the splendid efforts of our Chairman, Mr. Lewis, who spent many hours a week schooling the cast. We also take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Darlington for providing many useful stage properties such as swords,shields, and helmets, Mr. Haime for his labour on the business side, and those other members of the Staff who worked behind the scenes and did much essential groundwork. We also express our thanks to all those who bought tickets. The greatest test of a play's success is the financial result. Because of the splendid support of all those parents and friends who attended in full force we are able to record a handsome profit of just over seven pounds. This places the Society in a secure financial position at the outset. We hope to be able to purchase a well-stocked make-up-cabinet and many essential stage pro-

perties for use in future productions, as we were very hampered and faced with many difficulties when producing *Macbeth*.

We hope to be able to produce our next play early next school year, and we should welcome any new members who are willing to give the time, and would like to take an active part in dramatic activities.

Scout Notes

DURING the Easter holidays a number of older Scouts cycled with Mr. Magee to Ross-on-Wye and camped at the Lawns Farm. Their visit coincided with one of Buchan's " cold spells," and the campers found the top of Renyard Hill an extremely cold spot. However, a very enjoyable week was spent there. A visit was paid to Gloucester to see ' Charlie ' who is a patient in Gloucester Infirmary. We are glad to know he is making such good progress.

Scout activities this term have been mainly confined to the weekly troop meetings. A number of proficiency badges have been gained. The Senior Patrol has been working steadily, and as a side-line is publishing a magazine. Some week-end camps have been held at Overchurch, and the attendance at these has been fairly good.

Early in the term a party travelled by car to London to see the Scout Show at the Albert Hall. On the following day as much as possible of London was explored. This was a very enjoyable and interesting outing.

Thirty boys spent the half-term holiday under canvas at Brynbach. This was the largest party from the School troop to visit the West Cheshire camping site, and it is hoped that in future years a still larger number of boys will avail themselves of the opportunity to camp in such delightful surroundings.

The annual summer camp will be held this year at Newbold Pacey Hall, near Leamington Spa. Excursions will probably be made to such interesting places as Leamington, Warwick, and Stratford-on-Avon, as these are all within easy reach of the camp. This year the Wolf-Cub pack is not travelling with the troop. Instead Akela is taking the pack to Barmouth. She will be assisted by Miss M. Cooper and a party of non-scouts from the Senior School who are sharing the camp site. We wish them all " good camping."

OLD BOYS' SECTION

Notes and News

The Annual General Meeting held at the School on Friday, 6th May, was very poorly attended. Admittedly there are many better ways of spending a fine May evening than discussing next winter's programme within semi-subterranean walls; and the question arises whether the Association year should not be arranged to close in the autumn, so that the meeting could take place nearer the beginning of the winter season.

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In the unavoidable absence of the Headmaster and Mr. Watts, the chair was taken by Mr. Harris. A letter was read from Mr. Archibald, apologizing for his inability to be present and reminding the committee that he accepted the secretaryship under protest in a time of emergency; his business, involving frequent absences from the district, prevented him from giving the time he would like to the work, and he now asked to be released. His resignation was accepted with regret, and an expression of thanks for the effective work he had put in.

* * * * * *

The following officers were elected for the year:
Chairman: Mr. Watts. Vice-Chairman: Mr. Harris.
Treasurer: Mr. L. Berkson. Secretary: Mr. E. Parry.
Assistant Secretary: Mr. A. Niblock.
Committee: Messrs. Haime, Maxwell, Burrell, L. Evans, and Richmond.

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The annual Cricket match with the School has been fixed for Monday and Tuesday evenings, July 18th and 19th.

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Mr. Watts is touring Canada and the U.S.A. In a letter from Vancouver he sends good wishes to Staff and boys of the School, past and present.

* * * * * *

Former sufferers at the hands of the Northern Universities Joint Matriculation Board may feel some satisfaction in learning that an old boy is now marking the scripts of their successors. G. P. Jones (1907-1909) of Sheffield University, whose doctorate is recorded in these notes, is one of the Board's examiners in H.S.C. History this year.

* * * * * *

H. Shanassy, M.Sc. (192 -2), science master at Tollemache Road Central School, has recently been appointed head-

master of the new Senior Boys' School, Congleton, which opens next September.

* * * * * *

G. Clark, B.A. (1923-1929), assistant master at Addey and Stanhope School, S.E. 14, has been appointed mathematics master at Harrow Weald County School, Middlesex. Clark has been on the Southern League Referees' List for three seasons, and has recently been placed on the list of the English Football League.

* * * * * *

MARRIAGES.

LEWIS—WATERHOUSE. On June 21st at St. John's Church, Meols, Noel Lewis (1917-1922) to Phyllis Muriel Waterhouse of Upton.

BURNET-JOHNSTON. On July 2nd at Trinity Presbyterian Church, Birkenhead, Arthur Wallace Burnet (1920-1930) to Ina Marion Johnston, of Cearns Road, Oxton.

* * * * * *

We regret to record the death on May 12th in Wallasey of L. T. Mills (1918-23).

* * * * * *

H. R. Bryan (1921-1927) has recently gained his Master Mariner's certificate.

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L. Evans, B.Sc. (1927-34), who is a member of the Committee of the Association this year, has been elected President of the Liverpool University Physical Society.

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Literary contributions for the Old Boys' Section of the *Visor*, and news of Old Boys will always be welcomed at the School or by the Secretary, Mr. E. Parry, 6 The Ridgeway, Higher Bebington.

Old Boys' Successes

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

English Tripos, Part I., Class II., Div. II.: C. A. Alldis.
Preliminary Historical Tripos, Class I.: J. Gallagher.

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

Faculty of Arts: Degree of Litt. D.: G. P. Jones; **Degree of B.A. in General Studies: Third Year Examination**: L. Coglan; **Second Year Examination**: T. H. Heys (French, Philosophy).

Faculty of Science: Degree of B.Sc. with Honours: School of Chemistry, Class II., Div. I.: T. W. Goodwin; **School of Mathematics, Class II., Div. I.**: G. H. Weston; **Class II., Div. II.**: L. Evans; **Ordinary Degree of B.Sc.: Final Examination, Second Year: Class II.**: R. E. May; **Final Examination Subsidiary Subjects: Physics**: R. M. Bennett; **Physics**: W. E. Clare.

Faculty of Medicine: Ordinary Degree of M.B. and Ch.B.: Final Examination, Part II.: H. Angelman, J. H. D. Wetherell, A. H. Williams; **School of Dental Surgery: Licence in Dental Surgery, 1st Examination, Pts. A. and B.:** W. Macbryde.

Faculty of Engineering: Degree of M.Eng.: R. R. Sarginson; **Degree of B. Eng. with Honours, School of Electrical Engineering: Class I.:** T. W. Hunt.

Faculty of Law: Degree of LL.M.: G. E. Malley.

School of Architecture: Ordinary Degree of B.Arch: First Examination: B. S. Halliday, I. S. Melville.

School of Education: Diploma in Education: R. F. Broadfoot, L. S. Clarkson (Distinction in Theory and Practice), D. Magee, F. Richards.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

Degree of F.R.C.S.: H. L. Davies.

PRIZES AND AWARDS: Percy Pemberton Prize (Trinity College, Cambridge): J. Gallagher; **University Graduate Scholarship:** T. W. Hunt; **David Rew Memorial Scholarship:** T. W. Hunt; **Kitchener Scholarship (Royal College of Science):** J. W. Broadhurst; **Royal Studentship (Royal College of Science):** J. W. Broadhurst.

INCORPORATED ACCOUNTANTS' EXAM.

Final Bar Examination (5th Place in England): K. Waterhouse; **Final:** C. R. Currie.

Old Boys' A.F.C.

THE results of all teams during the Season 1937-38 have been disappointing.

The 1st XI. finished second from the bottom in the Zingari League, but were re-elected at the General Meeting of the League. The second team had the best record in the Club, winning fourteen of their thirty games, and finishing in the ninth position in the Zingari Combination. The Club chairman, P. Evans, played in every game for this team, and was the only " ever-present " in the Club. Both teams in the Liverpool Old Boys' League fared very badly, the third XI. finishing third from bottom, and the fourth XI. bottom. As it has been apparent that our junior teams have been playing in Divisions in which they have been greatly handicapped by lack of weight and experience, during next season they will each play in a lower Division, so that more successful results are expected.

The complete Club record for the season was:—

P. 112. W. 31. L. 70. D. 11. Goals F. 239. A. 394.

The leading goal-scorers were F. Silcock 38 goals and J. D. B. Thornton 28 goals.

At the Annual General Meeting held on May 27th, the President, Mr. E. Wynne Hughes, and all Vice-Presidents were re-elected. The Club captain for Season 1938-39 is S. E. Anderson, and the vice-captain R. H. Milligan.

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