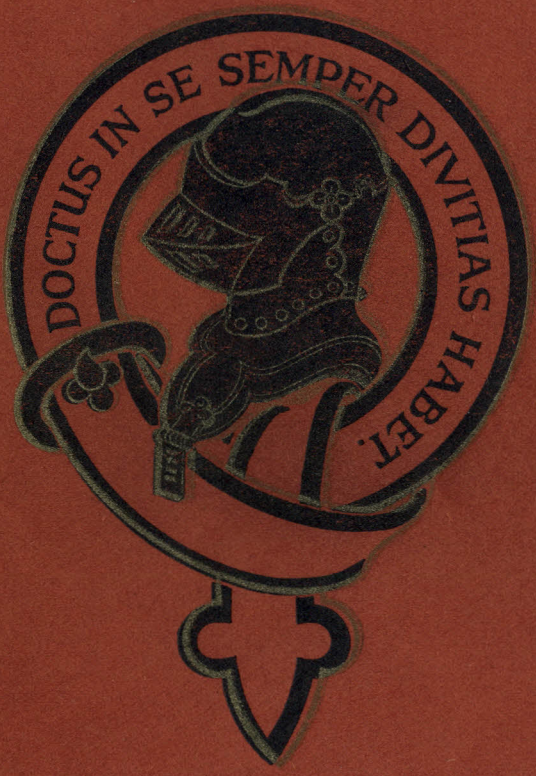
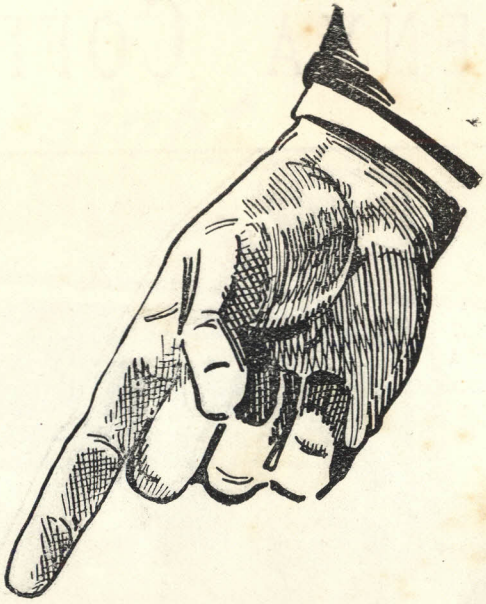
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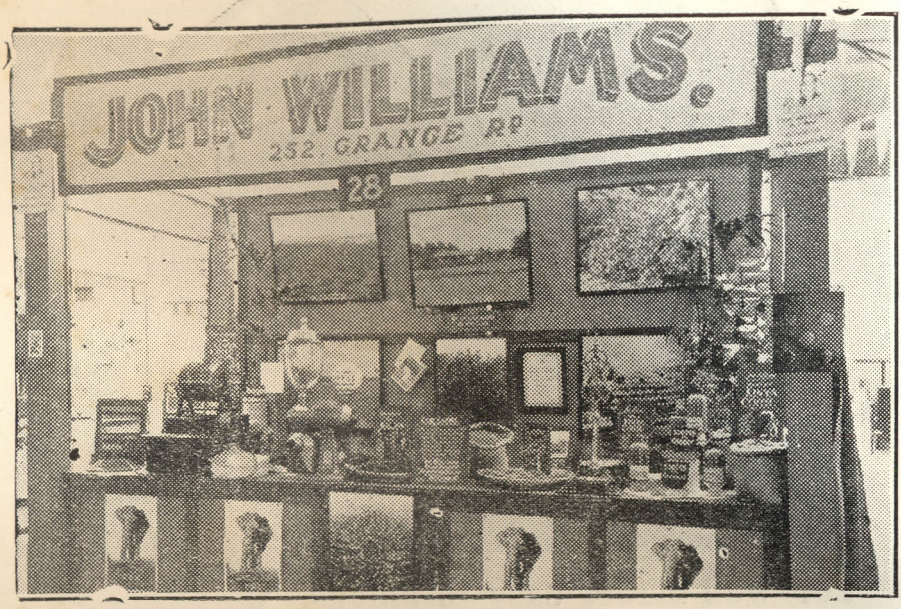
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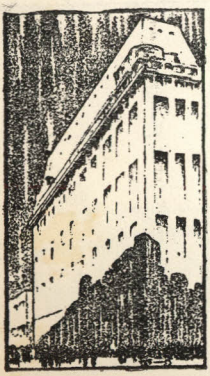
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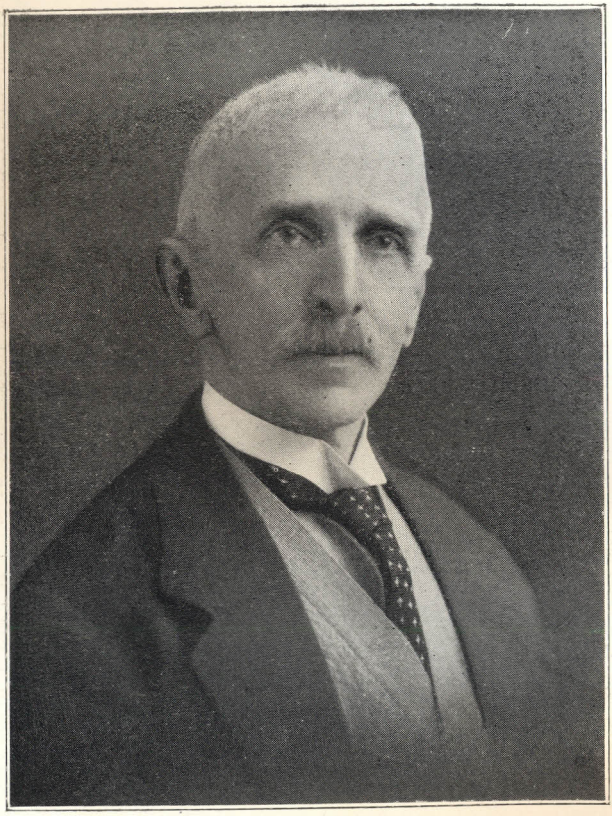
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J. SMALLPAGE, Esq.,

Headmaster of the Birkenhead Institute, 1903—1929.

THE "VISOR."

THE ORGAN OF THE BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.

VOL. I., NO. 5. EASTER, 1929.

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Junior School Representatives:

Committee Representative:

MISS EMERY.

EDITORIAL.

Our School will sustain a great loss in the retirement of our Headmaster. During his 25 years of office, he has made the Institute one of the best schools in the North of England.

Our annual Speech Day is to be held on March 18th, when Mrs. Smallpage will present the prizes.

On February 12th, we received another visit from our "old" friend, in the person of Dr. Weekes, who lectured on "The Effect of Alcohol on the Blood." His listeners were thoroughly entertained by the lecture, which fully compensated for the loss of lessons. We hope that Dr. Weekes's next visit will take place soon.

This term the Magazine Committee has been increased by the inclusion of a member from each form in the lower part of the school. We trust that this venture will stimulate further interest in the "Visor."

Our hopes of winning either of the Inter Secondary Schools Football Shields were unfortunately not realized. The Junior team did quite well, however, and in the second round, were unlucky in being defeated by a goal scored three minutes before time.

We tender our heatry congratulations to Mr.J.R.Paterson on obtaining his 20th Rugby International Cap for Scotland.

The Committee desires to thank all the advertisers for their kind support, and trusts that our readers will show their appreciation by patronizing them.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines:—Park High School Magazine, Wallaseyan, Holt School Magazine, Oultonia, Esmeduna, Inkwell, Nautilus [Holmes Junior High School, Philadelphia, PA., U.S.A.], The Towers [Overbrook High School, Philadelphia, PA., U.S.A.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LIBRARY,
BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE,
9th March, 1929.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "VISOR."

Dear Sir,

May I submit for your approval a suggestion, which may prove beneficial to the sales of the "Visor"? It is a well known fact, that about 75 per cent. of the sixth-formers leave school after the School Certificate Examination, and, to date, very few of these boys have given permanent orders for the School Magazine. If therefore, a printed application form to sixth formers were enclosed in each Summer Issue of the "Visor," it is certain, that a considerable increase in the sales of the aforesaid magazine would result.

Yours faithfully,

G. CLARK.

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

Our prize distribution was held at Beechcroft on 17th December, at 6-30 p.m. It was a very great success.

The first item was a chorus by the school; the songs were: "Jack of the Inkpot" and "A Pirate Song." This brought applause and an "encore." Then followed a country dance by Form I. to the air of the "old mole"; this was prepared by Miss Booth; then a sword dance by Forms I and IIb. prepared by Miss Booth and Mrs. Davies; then followed a country dance by IIb. prepared by Mrs. Davies. This also brought applause. Next a chorus "The Vagabond" by the School. A presentation of prizes followed when A. Beckett and I. Wood presented bouquets to the Mayoress and Miss Bowers. A play called "Peter Pan" followed; all parts and scenery were prepared and chosen by Miss Emery. The parts were played exceedingly well, especially Nanna whose part was played by I. Moffatt, IIa.

The prizes were presented by the Mayoress, who accompanied the Mayor, Mr. G. Solly, while the School's report was given by the Headmaster, Mr. Smallpage.

Great appreciation was shown when the Mayor granted the School a holiday.

Carols, and the singing of the National Anthem brought the evening to a successful close.

G. SHANNON (Form IIa).

A NIGHT THRILL.

Junior School Boy's Heroism.

During the hours of last night (19th Feb.), the six year old brother of George Shannon of 15 Roxburgh Avenue, left his bed, and a gas fire ignited his night clothes.

Hearing screams, George, who was reading downstairs, ran up, smothered the flames with a rug, and applied olive oil to the burns, before informing the neighbour.

We are all sure you would like to join in our hearty congratulations to this boy on his heroic behaviour.

C. A. ALLDIS (Form IIa).

RECORD SCHOOL ATTENDANCES.

We congratulate the following Boys upon their fine attendance records:—

G. Clark, neither late nor absent for past *five* years.
G. Bowen, neither late nor absent for past *six* years.
K. Maxwell, neither late nor absent for past *eight* years.

ATKIN HOUSE NOTES.

House Master—Mr. BLOOR.

House Captain—G. V. OVENS.

School Representatives:
First XI.—Ovens, Jones, A. I., Hosker, Phillips.
Second XI.—Smith, P.R., Taylor.

Seniors. We must congratulate the Senior team on their meritorious success in regaining the Championship from Stitt.

The results in this section were as follows:—

Played 3. Won 1. Drawn 2.

Intermediate. On account of the number of school representatives our Intermediate section is rather weak, and in this department we have as yet to register our first victory.

Juniors. Prior to the lowering of the age limit, Atkin was very strong in this section of football, but this alteration weakened the team considerably, and, since, we have gained only one victory, that being against Stitt.

Form Matches. Much interest has been shown in these minor matches, and from the promising results shown by our Form IV. team, we have little to fear in the future.

Chess. Atkin has two representatives in the school team —Ovens and Latto, but unfortunately, as regards numbers, we are poorly represented when compared with the other houses. It is pleasing to note, however, that five of the House team are, as yet, young, and we hope for good results in the future.

Tate are to be congratulated on their undoubted success in gaining the school championship and having in their midst the present school champion, M. H. Baker.

Cricket. This game which will be starting shortly is keenly awaited by us, when we hope to improve our position in every section. Success in the senior department should be gained, as we have lost only one player of last season, namely Taylor.

STITT HOUSE NOTES.

House Master: Mr. W. H. WATTS.

House Captain: G. CLARK.

Football. Although the House as a whole has had a successful football season, we are very poorly situated in the Senior Division. After two promising drawn games, we were beaten by seven goals to two by Tate. Our congratulations are due to Atkin on their winning the Championship of the Senior Division.

Intermediate. We are still maintaining the unbeaten record of two seasons' standing, having won two, and drawn the third game with Tate.

Juniors. The Juniors have improved on last term's form, and although losing to Atkin by the odd goal in five, we defeated the hitherto unbeaten Westminster by 3—2.

Form Matches.

6th Form. We completed the programme with a draw of 4 each, and thus gained 3 points from 3 games.

5th Form. All three have been won by 5—0, 12—1 and 9—1.

4th Form and 3rd Form. No games have been played this term.

School Elevens. We have the following representatives in the School Elevens: Richards, Parker, Wild, McBride, McIver, Anderson.

Junior Shield. The House was credited with four members of the School Junior Shield Team. They were: Anderson, Currie, Harrison, Smith, G. W.

Our leading scorers are:—Pott, IIIa., 11; Jones, W. S., 10; Thomas, H. B. 8.

Prospects. With three victories in Form V. and an unbeaten certificate in the Intermediate to our credit, it is certain that Stitt will boast a clever senior side next season.

Chess. Although having only one member of the school team (L. B. Wood), Stitt gained three points out of seven against Tate.

Cricket. We are now looking forward with eagerness to the cricket season, and have high hopes of retaining the Cricket Championship, which we won last year. We have several representatives of last year's school elevens, and with the exception of F. G. Robinson, will have all last year's eleven available.

The House has been very fortunate in possessing such a keen House Captain as G. Clark and we wish to take this opportunity of thanking him for his valued services. He has had the interests of his House very much at heart and his influence on the football field has been of the best.

TATE HOUSE NOTES.

House Master—Mr. HARRIS.

House Captain—M. H. BAKER.

Football.

Seniors. All games have now been played for the House Championship, and Tate have tied with Westminster for second place. In the last game Tate beat Stitt 7—2.

Intermediate. The team has up-to-date won two games and drawn one.

Junior. The House Matches have resulted in two victories and one defeat for Tate.

Sixth Form. Three games have been played; one won, and two drawn.

Fifth Form. We have won two games in this section and lost one.

We must congratulate the Junior Shield Team on its brave fight. Tate House members in the team were Laird, Allsopp, Barton, Minns, Andrews, and Thomas (C. D.) All our representatives showed up well.

Chess. Tate won the House Championship in Chess, beating Stitt by four games to three, and Westminster by seven games to none. Our team was Baker, McNeill, Green, Wright, Pritchard, Halliday, Rigby and Miller.

Baker, our House Captain, is to be congratulated on winning the School Championship without losing a game.

WESTMINSTER HOUSE NOTES.

House Master—Mr. F. W. Jones.

House Captain—L. Theaker.

We have been very unfortunate this term in losing the services both of our Captain, K. Maxwell, and of our Vice-Captain, W. J. Murphy, who have ably conducted the affairs of the House during the last six months. Their places have been filled by L. Theaker, as Captain, and T. Andrews, as Vice-Captain.

Football.

Seniors. We were very unlucky not to win the House Championship this year. After drawing with Tate and Stitt, we managed only to draw in the deciding game with Atkin, after winning 3—1 ten minutes from the end. However, we hope for better fortune next year.

Intermediate. Up to now, we have done only moderately well in this section, as we have won only one game out of three.

Juniors. We have been very successful in this section as we have won four games out of the five played.

Sixth Form. In this section we are well represented, for, out of the three games played, we have won two and drawn one.

Fifth Form. We are rather poorly represented, having gained only one point out of a possible four.

Fourth Form. We have lost the only game played.

Third Form. The two games played have both been drawn.

School Representatives:

1st XI.—Theaker, Andrews.

2nd XI.—Wilson, Morris.

Chess. In the House Championship, we beat Atkin $4\frac{1}{2}$—$2\frac{1}{2}$, but in the final, we lost to Tate 7—0. Our only representative in the school team is Theaker, but we are strongly represented in the second division.

FOOTBALL.

v. Wallasey Grammar School.

Team—Jones; Hosker and Philips; Richards, Maxwell and Peel; Andrews, Baker, Parker, Hartley and Theaker.

Wallasey gained an early lead through a penalty, which was converted by their goalkeeper with a high, strong shot. They continued to press, but their scoring efforts were nullified by offside, until the centre-half, receiving a partial clearance, drove the ball into the net.

The school enjoyed more of the game in the second-half, but the first goal came again from the Wallasey centre-half, for when one of his drives struck the upright, the inside-left converted with ease. The same player who dominated the play, clinched the issue with another drive.

The chief cause of the school's defeat was the lack of combination. There was too much individual play and not enough team work. Jones was safe with ground shots, and the full-backs are improving, but the half-backs, especially in their constructive play, left much to be desired. This perhaps accounts for the failure of the forwards to penetrate the Wallasey defence.

Junior Shield.

v. Collegiate.

Team—Laird; Anderson and Allsopp; Rice, Barton and Minns; Thomas, Smith, Hughes, Harrison and Wharton.

Collegiate, who were the heavier team, settled down more quickly, and Laird had to save early. He was adjudged to have carried the ball, but the resultant free-kick was cleared. The Institute, however, scored the first goal, Harrison misjudged Thomas's centre, and returned the ball to the same player, whose second centre was *crashed* into the net by Hughes—a fine goal.

In the second-half, the forward-line was re-arranged, Thomas going centre, Hughes inside-right and Smith outside-right. This arrangement quickly proved successful, Smith putting us further ahead in the first five minutes. After Anderson had cleared a corner, Thomas dispossessed a full-back and put us still further ahead. The Collegiate were by no means beaten yet and only fine defensive play by Anderson, Barton, and Laird kept them out, the clearances of the former being especially noteworthy. Not until the last few minutes

was a goal yielded, when the inside-left, who thoroughly deserved to score, converted a centre from the right.

The play of our juniors was good in every way. Though their first game, their team work was excellent. The defence never wavered. Laird saved many good shots, and was covered extremely well by his full-backs, Anderson giving a great display. Barton was the best of the half-backs. The forwards, though only moderate in the first-half, were excellent in the second-half, Thomas making a very capable leader.

Senior Shield.
v. St. Edward's College.

The weather was bitterly cold, and the state of the ground had a deleterious effect upon the standard of play.

St. Edward's opened strongly by forcing a succession of corners that were cleared with difficulty. They continued to press, and the Institute goal escaped luckily when the outside-right struck the cross-bar.

Their efforts were at last rewarded, though in a lucky fashion. The right-half sent in a ground shot, which Jones, obviously affected by the cold, allowed to slip through his hands. The Institute then attacked, and would have equalised but for a daring save by the goalkeeper. The College increased their lead before half-time, when Jones who had advanced out of goal, failed to divert a high shot.

It now seemed that the Institute with the wind behind them had a fair chance. They attacked strongly and Parker and Hartley went near to scoring. Then Baker decreased the lead from an apparently off-side position. After this, however, they seemed to crumple up, and the College scored two quick goals. The game then fell flat, the only other incident of note being another goal for the College.

It is difficult to find an excuse for such a disappointing display. The only players who played really well were Hosker, Philips and Hartley. The display of the two full-backs was a bright feature. The half-backs were, perhaps, the weakest part of the team,and their weakness,together with that of the forwards, with the exception of Hartley, and perhaps Parker, caused too much strain to be laid on the last lines of defence. As I have said, the full-backs stood the strain well, but Jones was again insecure with high shots.

Team—Jones; Hosker, and Philips; Richards, Maxwell and Peel; Andrews, Baker, Parker, Hartley and Theaker.

Junior Shield.

v. Liverpool Institute.

Team—Laird; Anderson and Allsopp; Rice, Curry and Minns; Smith (G), Andrews, Thomas, Harrison and Wharton.

The school had three changes from the team that was successful in the first round, Curry taking the place of Barton, who was injured, at centre-half, and a new right wing in Smith (G.) and Andrews coming in.

Liverpool were early aggressive, and only weakness in front of goal spoilt several good chances. They continued to enjoy the better of the game all through the first half, but good defensive play by Minns and Anderson in particular, and several magnificent saves by Laird kept them out.

In the second-half, the game was evenly contested, each goal in turn being attacked. Curry went near with a free-kick, and Thomas once missed when clean through.

Then Laird saved a fine shot by a beautifully judged punch, and later ran out and kicked clear.

A draw seemed imminent, but five minutes from the end, Anderson slipped when about to clear, and the Liverpool centre-forward put the ball in the net with ease.

This was indeed a day of misfortune for our juniors. First, Barton was unable to play, and though Curry filled his position with distinction, he was hardly a dominant figure like Barton. Then, after their having defended gallantly until five minutes before the end, their goal fell owing to Anderson, who had played a great game, slipping.

The defence again deserve high praise, Laird made some magnificent saves, and on this showing, there is not a better goalkeeper in the school. Anderson again played finely, and was well supported by Allsopp. Minns was the best of the half-backs.

The forwards were rather disappointing, Harrison being the only one to show up well. Thomas did not lead the line with the same success as in the first round, while the new right wing was not effective.

FOOTBALL.

Our first eleven has met with almost total non-success this term, and up to the time of writing, has gained only one point in any games.

It is not difficult to find a reason for this non-success. the selectors are not to blame, for they have done their best to select a winning team. Their efforts have been nullified, however, by one vital thing.

We have not yet had a team that works in harmony. It is true that there is a lack of brilliant players in the school at present, but what talent there is should be blended into a team that works together. The regular programme of matches has been curtailed greatly by Shield matches.

Results.

		Goals. For.	Against.
Jan. 16	—Alsop (h)	4	4
23	—Wallasey Grammar (a)	0	4
30	—St. Edward's College (a)	1	6
Feb. 13	—(Senior Shield). St. Edward's College (a)	1	5

The second team, however, continues to enjoy great success, and the Junior Shield team demonstrated that the School would again occupy its old position in football in a couple of years' time.

Second Team Results.

		For	Against
Jan. 16	—Alsop (a)	3	2
23	—Wallasey Grammar (h)	2	4
30	—St. Edward's College (h)	8	2

HOUSE MATCHES.

	P.	W.	D.	L.	FOR	AGST.	PTS.
Atkin	3	1	2	0	8	4	4
Tate	3	1	1	1	9	8	3
Westminster	3	0	3	0	8	8	3
Stitt	3	0	2	1	6	11	2

There were many surprises in this year's house matches. Stitt, with 9 team men, started favourites yet finished at the bottom without a single victory, and with 11 goals scored against them.

Yet their position can be easily explained. Their displays in the first two games though not as good as expected, were quite fair. The game that was detrimental to both their position and their goal average, was the last game v. Tate. In this game they played with ten men, and were without Hughes. Even so, Tate, who had lost to Atkin 5—1 surprised them greatly by thrashing them 7—2.

Atkin accomplished the unexpected by winning the Championship. So good was the form of their players, that since then three have been given places in the first team, making five in all. They showed their best form against Tate, but accomplished a great thing by forcing a draw with Westminster, with Ovens injured.

Westminster also played well, but Tate, except for their display against Stitt, did not realise expectations.

DEBATING SOCIETY NOTES.

The Debating Society, of which Hastings continues to prove a most efficient and hard working Secretary, is passing yet another term of its career, a term which is notable on account of the success which it has brought to the Society. Last term's improved average attendance of 39 has now been increased to 61, with a maximum of 75. This term, also, there have been several discoveries in the oratorical department, from the third form to the sixth. For instance, at the last debate, three of the leading speakers had never spoken from the platform before, and the other had spoken but once. Besides these, there are many other promising speakers.

The first debate of the term centred upon a League of Nations subject, namely, "That the best way to prevent War is to prepare for it." Proposing were Mr. Hastings and Mr. Bird, and opposing, Mr. Maddocks and Mr. McNeill. The proposers argued that since disarmament is impossible, preparation is the only other step, while the opposition replied that to prepare for horrors is absurd, and we must resort to peaceful means. The motion, however, was carried.

The second debate was upon the subject, "That Machinery does more harm than good." The proposers were Mr. Piggott and Mr. Pierce, and the opposers, Messrs. Clark

and Halliday. Against machinery, the proposition offered the argument that it caused the nation to suffer physically, while the opposition, on the other hand, claimed that better work is turned out by machinery than by hand. This motion was lost by 45 votes to 21.

The third debate was " That the time has come for India to be granted self-government," which was proposed by Messrs. Greaves and Pritchard on the grounds that only Indians are fit to govern Indians, and opposed by Messrs. Drover and Bird, who stated that under the present racial conditions, India is unfit to rule herself. This motion also was lost.

There are still two debates to be held this term, both on interesting subjects, and it is hoped that the good record of attendance will be upheld.

No article on the Debating Society, however, would be complete without mention of the invaluable services of Mr. Allison, who organises the debates, and to whom much of the success of the Society must be ascribed.

CHESS CLUB NOTES.

The Chess Club has ended its session quite successfully, our team having won six games out of eight. We lost against Oulton and Liverpool Collegiate, thus taking the third place in the Wright Challenge Shield Competition. The school team, in the order it generally played, consisted of:—Baker and Ovens; Latto; L. B. Wood; McNeill; Theaker; Green. In the last match, against Merchant Taylors, McNeill played third board. The scores as follows:—

Birkenhead Institute	.... 2½	Oulton	.... 4½
Birkenhead Institute	.... 5½	Holt School	.... 1½
Birkenhead Institute	 5	Liverpool Institute	 2
Birkenhead Institute	.... 6½	Wallasey Grammar School	½
Birkenhead Institute	 3	Liverpool Collegiate	 4
Birkenhead Institute	.... 6½	Oldershaw	.... ½
Birkenhead Institute	 7	Rock Ferry High School	.. 0
Birkenhead Institute	 6	Merchant Taylors	 1

In the House Championship, Tate beat Stitt, while Westminster beat Atkin. At the final, Tate beat Westminster, 7—0, thereby becoming champion house.

The first division tournament has resulted in Baker's becoming champion, with no games lost. He has been runner-up two years in succession, and therefore fully deserves his victory. Ovens and McNeill were second with two losses each.

Acton is first in the second division, and has won all his games. Greaves is runner-up with only one game lost.

The first place in the third division knock-out tournament at present lies between Sarginson and Marsh.

RIFLE CLUB NOTES.

Although not well known to most boys, the Rifle Club is a flourishing school activity. Only one of last year's members remains, but the vacancies were speedily filled. The standard of shooting among the new members is steadily improving, and some fine cards are expected in the near future.

SCRIPTURE UNION.

We have been holding a number of interesting meetings every week throughout this term. We must thank the speakers who have kindly consented to deliver an address. The branch is still very small,—it is not too late to join yet. I should be glad to receive the names of more members.

The speakers for the meetings were:—

Jan. 22—Bruce Lee.
29—Pastor Drysdale.
Feb. 5—Mr. S. Y. Richardson.
12—Bruce Lee.
26—Mr. Voycen.
Mar. 5—Mr. Griffiths.
12—I. R. M. Latto.

At the time of writing, there are still to be two more meetings held. Every boy is invited to the meetings on Tuesdays.

I. R. M. LATTO.

B. I. J. S. SPORTS.

Football.

The three last matches we played were as follows:—On December 5th we played IIIb.

In the first half of the game we were even. In the second half IIIb. had most of the play, scoring three more goals, when we only got one.

The Juniors' scorers were J. Jones, 2; Boggie, 1.

Result IIIb. 5. Juniors 3.

The next match we played IIIa.

Soon after we started, IIIa. scored, but we were soon level. Then they got one more. Half-time score was 2—1 for IIIa. In the second half we played much better, and scored two more goals, but they got one more also.

The Juniors' scorers were Boggie, 2; J. Jones, 1; Result 3—3.

We started the Spring Term well with a match against IIIb.

In the first half play was fairly even, and at half-time the score was 3—1 for the Juniors. In the second half we had all the play and J. Jones 6, Boggie 2, Hall 2, Leigh 1. Result —Juniors 11, IIb. 2.

J. S. LEIGH (Form IIa).

CUBS.

This year, the cubs of the Junior School are split up into the different forms, and each form has a cub night. We (IIa) have Thursday. This term, a lot of new boys have joined, so Miss Emery, our cub mistress, takes the Cub Promise and Cub Law.

Others are working for their second star. There are only two of us working for badges, namely—A. Bowers and myself.

Our meetings are from 4-20 p.m.—5-0 p.m. Then we are dismissed.

W. ASLETT (Form IIa).

All the other forms have a cub night, and once every three weeks, we hope to have a big meeting altogether. We are holding this arrangement till we all reach the same stage.

G. BENNETT (Form IIb).

OUR VISIT TO PETER PAN.

On Tuesday afternoon (26th Feb.), we paid a visit to the Royal Court Theatre in Liverpool, to see the Play of Peter Pan.

It opened by the nursery scene, and Mr. Darling with his tie that would not tie. Then after stumbling over Nanna the nurse-dog, and getting his trousers covered with hairs, he does not take his medicine but puts it in the dog's bowl. Then the children were sent to bed for saying " Poor Nanna " and other things like that, while Nanna was chained up in the yard.

The next scene was called the Never-Never-Never-Land, and showed the holes in the trees where the lost boys went down to their underground home.

The third scene was the underground home, and it showed the lost boys' bed, and Peter's medicine. After they had all gone to bed, Wendy told them the story about how they had flown away from home and come to the lost boys. Then John and Michael decide to go home at once and make Wendy come with them. When they go up, Captain Hook the pirate is waiting for them, and as they come up they are captured and put on board the pirate ship. Then Captain Hook descends into the underground home, but, as he could not find the latch, he pours poison into Peter's medicine glass while Peter is asleep. Then Tink-a-bell (Peter's Fairy), seeing the poison in the glass, drinks it, but strange to say she lives, although Peter at first thought she was dying.

When Tink-a-bell recovers she tells Peter how the lost boys had been captured, and when he had heard it he immediately set off in search of them. When Peter arrived on the pirate ship, there were the lost boys and their mother imprisoned, he carried a clock, which made Captain Hook think that the crocodile had come. Peter flew into the cabin, and crowed so that Hook knew that it was not what he had feared. Man after man came in to try and bring him out, but he killed them all. At last he came out and rescued the boys.

The next scene was Peter Pan and Tink-a-bell barring the window, but he thought again and opened it.

The next scene opened showing the boys marching (John leading) into Mrs. Darling's house. Slightly arrived just too

late, and was shut out. Liza, the maid, happened to walk by, and embraced Slightly, and said she felt in her bones that he was her son.

Then Peter flew in and Wendy asked if she might go back with him for one moment, but Mrs. Darling objects, although she promises she will let Wendy go once a year to do Peter's spring-cleaning.

The scene following showed a pirate singing "Happy Starkey" to the accompanyment of a concertina.

The play ended with a scene showing Peter and Wendy waving goodbye from their house while the air was filled with fairies.

C. ALLDIS (Form IIa).

THE INDIANS.

When I was a little boy, I once played in an American wood, with a little girl. Suddenly, I found we had lost our way, and when night came we were in the heart of the wood. We lay down, and were just going to sleep, when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs. Soon I saw a band of Indians. The chief told his men to bind us with ropes and take us to the camp. They bound us each to a horse, and led us back to the camp. When we got there, Big Bear, the chief being very pleased, asked Blue Bird where he found the Rancher's children. When he knew, he said he would move, or the Ranchers would be after him. Meanwhile the Rancher, when we did not return, collected a band of men to capture the Indians, for he guessed it was they who had captured us. The Indians had started to move, but the Ranchers soon got on the track, and they found my scarf which I had dropped when I was captured. The Indians, by this time, had got out of the wood, and had camped on the mountains. When the Ranchers arrived at the last camp of the Indians, they found Jean's pearls left behind, which showed that they were on the right track. When the Ranchers got to the end of the forest, my father told the men to search the mountains. When they got to a valley running between the mountains, my father saw the Indians. I saw my father and I told Jean. She said it would be a hard fight, for the Indians had twice as many men as the Ranchers. When night came on the Indians put up a big tent to sleep in. The

Ranchers had already sent a man back to get more men, and shot for the guns. Early next morning the Indians started out to another forest. The Ranchers did not follow them, but waited for the other men, who came before the Indians were out of sight. When the Ranchers got into the forest they saw an Indian who told them that the Indians were staying in the heart of the forest. The Ranchers tied him up after they had heard all he knew. When the scouts of the Indians saw the Ranchers they told Big Bear, who asked them how many there were. The spies said there were only twenty, for the Ranchers had divided into parties of twenty. When Big Bear heard that there were only twenty, he said he would attack them that night. He thought they would win easily with one hundred braves against twenty Ranchers, but he was mistaken for there were really one hundred and twenty Ranchers. When it was midnight, the braves stole out towards the Ranchers' camp, but the latter, rushing out, overpowered the Indians and then found us, and took us home.

A. QUAILE, Upper Prep.

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES IN EXAMINATIONS, 1928.

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

S. Papperovitch, S. Y. Richardson, R. H. Roberts.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

LOWER VIA.

G. Boggie (m), C. Bridges (m), W. A. Clarke (m), J. A. Coughtrie (m), D. T. Drover (m), J. Garrigan, N. T. Gridgeman (m), J. D. Hodgson (m), A. V. Humphreys (m), C. N. Leather (m), J. B. Lees (m), J. M. McNeill (m), R. A. Maddocks (m), G. A. Perry, J. W. Piggott (m), S. L. Pinch (m), G. E. Randles (m), G. N. Richards (m), G. Robinson (m), R. G. Rowlands, W. Ruston (m), G.E. Smith (m), A. J. Taylor (m), L. Theaker (m), H. B. Thomas (m), G. A. Wadlow, L. B. Wood (m), G. W. D. Wright.

LOWER VIB.

E. G. Acton, L. R. Allsopp, J. E. Anderson, K. Bannerman, W. H. Blair, A. H. Caruth, W. E. Cooper, H. Craig, G. E. M. Hallett, J. A. Halliday, H. F. Jones (m), B. J.

Leyland (m), G. F. J. Mansell, J. L. Mason, E. J. Matthews, E. Medlicott, F. W. Miller, D. I. Rawlings, J. C. Southern, J. C. Swan, J. Ware, A. G. Weir (m), A. Williams.

LOWER VIc.

H. F. Baines, J. W. B. Baker, W. Crosthwaite, P. Hayward, W. A. Hodge (m), J. Holland, W. O. Jones, S. W. Layfield, K. C. Phillips.

(m) denotes matriculation.

OLD BOYS' SUCCESSES AT LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Holt Fellowship in Pathology—Dr. J. F. Galloway.
George Adam's Prize in Pathology—H. J. Partington.

FACULTY OF ENGINEERING.

David Inglis Dawbarn Prize—C. D. Hall.
Salomon Scholarship of Institute of El. Engineering £50—C. D. Hall.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

Degree of B.A. with Honours.

School of French Part I.—H. R. Gaughan.
School of French Part II.—Class II. Division I.—G. Colquhoun.

School of English (Mod. Eng. Lit.)

Aegrotat—A. W. Ellis.

FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

Degree of Ph. D.—E. A. M. Hughes.
Degree of Ph. D.—P. F. R. Venables.
Degree of M. Sc.—A. J. Low.
Ord. Degree of B. Sc., Class II.—J. H. Reade.
Ord. Degree of B. Sc., 2nd Year Class I.—R. Kerr.

FACULTY OF LAW.

Diploma in Education—T. C. Calloway (with Distinction in Practical Work)

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

Sir Edward Stern Scholarship of £100 in Commerce—W. J. Appleton.

Royal Society of Arts.

First Class in Commercial Law Bronze Medal Awarded—Herbert Andrews.

INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS.

Final Examination—N. W. Jones, N. Lewis.
Intermediate—W. J. Brereton.

SCHOOL PRIZES.

SCHOLARSHIPS TENABLE AT THE SCHOOL FOR ONE YEAR.

Henry Tate £10—A. Allen, C. W. Benson, W. A. Bennett, L. D. Clarkson.
Duke of Westminster £5—N. E. Hosker, W. S. Jones, J. C. Mason, J. Pemberton, A. M. Phillips.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR DISTINCTION AT MATRICULATION.

Distinction in 6 Subjects—L. B. Wood.
Distinction in 4 Subjects—J. A. Coughtrie.
Distinction in 3 Subjects—J. B. Lees.
Distinction in 3 Subjects—R. A. Maddocks.
Distinction in 2 Subjects—G. W. D. Wright.

GEORGE HOLT PRIZES.

Maths.—S. Papperovitch.
Science—R. H. Roberts.
Language—S. Y. Richardson.
Geography—G. Bowen.
Solly History Prize—G. Boggie.
Connacher Memorial Prize for English—S. Y. Richardson.
Miss Dodge Memorial Prize for History Essay—G. Boggie.
Prizes for Drawing—S. Pinch, E. P. Gill.
Prizes for Writing—C. Martin, E. R. Collister.
Silver Cup for Games—Senior, G. V. Ovens; Junior, J. C. Mason.
Champion House Trophies—Athletic, Westminster; Cricket, Stitt; Football, Stitt.
Gymnastics, Champion Four—E. N. Husselbury, R. K. Currie, R. E. Evans, J. W. Baker.

AUT VINCERE AUT MORI.

She would stick to her post to the last. They would not defy her. She clenched her teeth, and tightened her grip on the arm of the chair. They should not know how much they had hurt her. Though she was in their hands, she would not give way, she would not show how their tortures had hurt her.

Arranged in front of her, were the numerous forms and implements they had employed to torture her. On the far side of the room stood the villain who had her in his hands. She saw his large, broad-shouldered back in its black coat. His head was down, his shoulders hunched, he was looking for more of his fiendish instruments, conceived by a master mind.

He was advancing towards her now, she cowered back into the chair. Savagely he grabbed her foot and thrust it into a new instrument. She could not repress a faint scream.

She looked around for some means of escape; everywhere there seemed to be rows upon rows of small boxes filled with these tools of torture. Nowhere was there a way of escape.

* * * *

"I'm sorry madam," said the attendant of the boot shop, "but a size three shoe won't fit you." SNOOKER.

SONNET.

(Upon reviewing the History of the School).

Proud portals, robed in lofty majesty,
Grey walls—austere, monotonous, erect
—This School, this mighty throne of intellect!
Long hast thou stood—as o'er a nestling city
Some guardian fortress frowns, its frame uprear'd—
While romping spirits smote thy lofty walls,
And shouts rang loud around thy vasty halls!
But all, like fleeting shadows, disappear'd
—Done was their Spring, and hoary Age 'gan cling;
Some, still are travelling down this Life's long path—
And later sprites, like gusty March's breath,
Still make, unceasingly, thy walls to ring.
So let it be, till old Age clutch at thee,
And send *thee* tottering to Eternity. . . .

A. V. H. (Upper VIb.)

THE COMING OF THE "RAGAZINE."

In the days before history, Oh best beloved, there lived a man whose name was Bee Vee, which means in our tongue, beloved by all. Now Bee Vee went to the most famous school in the great township of Tranmere, and after terrible years of toil and labour managed to matriculate or wear out three nibs in a week. Thereon he was promoted to the Chamber of successful Candy dates, or the Library, where he found time hanging heavy upon him. Bee Vee, Oh best beloved, did many things to relieve the monotony of life in that sanctuary of Rest. Others such as Bee Call were in similar positions, though in a lower sanctum, the lair of the cubs, now called the cubby hole.

At last Bee Call and Bee Vee both thought a great "think," Oh best beloved, they thought they would start a magazine. They did, but be it known, best beloved, neither of them started the Visor.

No; the publication of these mags, which in our language would be called rags, inspired the great La Tto to start a school magazine. LaTto (no one knows why he was called that, but we think his father's name was La Tto also) was a brawny Scotchman, who had three christian names because it cost no more.

He and his learned colleagues, Ess Why, and Em Oh! (Welsh for dashed funny) set to and published a great publication which, Oh best beloved, they called the Visor, and that is why this magazine is.

A MOTOR RIDE IN HOLLAND.

One day, we went in a motor car to several places in Holland.

We passed through many quaint villages, which were paved with cobble stones. Many of the houses we passed had streams between the house and road, over which was a bridge.

When we arrived at the Zuider Zee, we walked along the dyke. Then we came back to the car and had lunch. There were some Dutch people in native clothing.

On the way home, we had to go through a place called Appeldoorn. We look at the palace, where there is a railway

leading right up to the gates. If you throw a stone down a certain well we passed, you can count twenty-five before it touches the bottom.

We arrived home at half-past-six after going over sixty miles an hour. J. BLAIR (Form I).

THE UNHEARD S. O. S.

"Hoot, too whoo!" an owl called in its woodland home. Reynard the fox padded toward the farm. A rabbit was speeding across the corn field when Reynard sprang. . . . . His feet felt cold steel. Was it a trap? No! But where was the rabbit? His senses swam, then he knew no more. It was morning when he was found electrocuted. Next day the farmer's son pondered over the baffling mystery of the night before. Had it any connection with the crime of the previous week? No fewer than three gamekeepers had been found electrocuted. What mysterious power was working behind it all?

That night a gamekeeper let a rabbit loose in the field and followed it.

It died in the same manner as the fox and the wire was soon found, but Bob, who was a Boy Scout wanted more, so he followed the wire. He soon found at the end a telegraph post which had been blown down. Then he went back and told the workmen who put it right. ERIC RISE (Form IIa).

LAMENT OF A MEMBER OF THE "BEAR GARDEN."

(With apologies to William Cowper).

Toll for the days!
The days that are no more!
All sunk into the haze
Of pleasures gone before.

Eight of the Cubby-Hole braves,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had missed the master's deadly tread,
Till he was at their side.

A player pulled the shrouds,
Tho' he was sore upset;
Up went the Swedish boom;
The boom we'll ne'er forget.

Toll for the days!
Poor Badminton is gone;
His last great match is fought,
His final tournament won.

But it was not till later,
That we received the shock.
The Gym was out of bounds!
Mock, mock, ye shuttlecock!

Our bats were in our desks,
Our fingers held the pen,
When Badminton went out,
Ne'er to return again.

Tho' we took cricket up,
With which to drown our woes;
We mingle with our sport,
The tears the Cubby-Hole owes.

But yet our bats are sound,
And they may play once more,
Tho' now the feathered corks are hit,
To strike the form-room door.

But Badminton is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And all his flying shuttlecocks
Shall plough the air no more.

J. A. C. (Upper VIc.)

IT WAS ONLY A DREAM.

Last night as I was wrapped in sleep,
A vision came to me.
It filled my inmost being with
Untold felicity.

No longer in the Fifth,
At the school I was the Head,
And all the masters had been changed
To juniors instead.

I saw them all before me ranged,
At my stern glance they quailed.
I set them endless tasks to do,
And every time they failed.

I raved at their stupidity,
Which frightened them the more.
And I gave them all the cane,
And impots by the score.

My castigations made them howl,
And, while they danced with pain,
I gave them not a moment's rest
But licked 'em all again.

Then as with satisfaction great
My handsome features beamed,
I found I was a schoolboy still,
And I had only dreamed.

H. M. (Ve.)

HAVE YOU MET HIM?

There's a man of few words who lives down below,
And the selling of tuck is his forte,
If you want a cream horn or a drink from his show,
You can get it unless you are short (y).

You're short of lunch money and from him you try
Some to get to repay on the morrow.
He's poor, can't afford it, it's true, not a lie,
And so he expresses his sorrow.

But this man of few words has duties diverse,
From ringing the bell down to stoking,
And into the business of prefects perverse
His nose he's persistently poking.

If you break a school window he's there on the spot
And is off to report it like lightning,
Although he has promised before he will not
His conduct is really most fright'ning.

Ask him for a fire, there's no coal in the school,
Though the temp may be much below zero
But with active persuasion, this loveable fool
Makes a fire that would satisfy Nero.

If you've lost anything like a ping-pong bat,
Don't alarm all the boys with your roaring,
But down to the depths of the school you descend
To go with this old man exploring.

There's a room little known to the third form boys,
And when you get there in your exploring,
It's from there he'll produce all your favourite toys
Which there he has lately been storing.

But these are the faults of this man you can see
His good points I have not here stated,
In some things he's rotten as rotten can be,
Yet his good deeds oft are related.

J. H. A. (Upper VIa).

THE ASPIRANT.

He sat erect in the saddle; his feet were in the stirrups, his hands held the reins of the magnificent charger that stood beneath him.

He stroked its lovely mane, then, turning his head, he beheld the vast crowd assembled near him. He noticed how their eager faces seemed to press forward to get one glimpse of him; now they were cheering him; someone shouted, there was a rumbling, and the cavalcade moved off to the accompaniment of a fanfare of music.

His charger stepped proudly forward. How handsome he must look in his uniform, mounted on his white charger, its chain rattling, its beautiful white teeth gleaming. He pulled in the rein, it did not turn a hair; he glanced at the crowd again, again he saw the host of faces encouraging him.

Now he was climbing slowly; how steep it seemed. Now the band grew louder. He rounded the corner, he saw the large trumpets blaring forth their music; now down the reverse slope of the hill; the band stopped, his steed slowed down, he alighted.

* * * *

"Tuppence, please," said the proprietor of the roundabouts to the small Boy Scout. W.H. (Form VIb.)

A WRECK.

Once I travelled in a sailing ship to Sydney, Australia. We were ploughing along through the waves, when suddenly a storm burst upon us with tropical fury, and it raged around us, carrying away the mainmast. That night hardly anybody had any sleep. In the morning, it was found that the rudder was damaged, and of no use. We were driving toward an uncharted reef. When night fell, nobody thought of going to bed. I wandered toward the stern, when the ship gave an extra roll, and I fell against a broken spar. Myriads of lights danced before my eyes,and then something snapped within my brain,—darkness reigned.

When I recovered, it was day and the ship was perched well upon the rocks, the storm had subsided, and the sailors, and the boats except one, had gone, so I was left alone on the wide Pacific.

When I felt on my head I discovered a large lump where the spar had struck me. I walked a little unsteadily to the bow, where I could see the land. I loaded into the last boat such things as: a gun, axe, nails, clothes and food. With great care I lowered and pulled for the shore.

The first thing I did when I landed was to unload the boat and pull it up out of reach of the tide.

I found a nice cave and lived there for a week before I was found by a liner. The sailing ship had sunk, but I was very glad to be safe once again.

P. YOUNG (Form I).

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

First Chapter: An Interesting Discovery.

One day, as Jim was sitting by the fire, wondering what to do, he heard a knock at the door. He jumped up, and when he had opened the door, there stood his friend Potty. "Will you come and have a look at the wreck?" said Potty, "there's nobody there now." Jimmy lived by the seaside, and there had been a wreck some days before. "You bet I will!" said Jim, "I was just hoping someone would come round, and ask me to go out, I'll be ready in two ticks."

They were soon running down the cliffpath which led to the wreck, and when they got there, they first went inside to see if they could find anything. It was very dark inside, except near the hole where the ship had struck a rock, and the light came through. After a while, Jimmy said "It's not very interesting let's go somewhere else." Potty agreed, and as they came on the deck, he saw a kind of cave in the rocks. "Let's see if there's anything interesting in that old cave," he said, pointing towards the rocks. "Oh yes!" said Jim, running off across the shingle. When the two chums had reached the cave, they looked round it, but could see nothing in the darkness. Then Jimmy saw a hole in the roof just outside. (*To be Continued*).

C. R. BARKER (Form IIa).

"THE HAUNTED HUT."

We tramped on slowly over the moor. It had been fine all day, but now black clouds blotted out the sky. I looked at my watch,—nine o'clock. " Better hurry, it's nine o'clock " I said to Jim.

" Nine,—Yes we had," he said.

Suddenly, there was a peal of thunder, and a flash of lightning; the rain poured down in torrents. Ahead we saw a hut, and gained shelter. There was a fireplace, but no fire, so we made one and dried our clothes. We now made a bed, into which we jumped, and fell asleep.

Suddenly there was a bang! and some red liquid dropped on my hand. " Blood," I thought, Jim did also. Later there was a rattling of chains behind the hut, and a voice said " We've got them now, we'll kill them at six o'clock."

Jim and I shivered; I looked at the time, " Five o'clock " " We had better investigate upstairs, when its light." In 30 minutes it was light, so we went upstairs. The staircase was creaky, and the wood rotten. At the top, we felt like kicking ourselves, for instead of a murdered man was a broken wine bottle. We guessed that it had fermented and blown the cork out. We went outside and saw two cows chained to the hut,—we nearly fainted. K. EDELSTEN (Form IIa).

A SELECTION OF CHOICE HOWLERS.

Compiled by J. C. MASON (Form VIa.)

A Skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.

Un Espagnol de forte taille. A spaniel with forty tails.

A circle is a round line with no kinks in it, joined up so as not to show where it began.

John Ridd was very kind to his sisters, and to all other dumb animals.

What was Adam's punishment. He was to keep Eve.

The population of London is a bit too thick.

Translate:—
Le maître est tout noir et je n'ose pas rire.
The master is all black, and I burst out laughing.

Nets are holes surrounded by pieces of string.

Esau was a man who wrote fables and sold his copyright for a mess of potash.

On one side of a penny is the King's head, and the other a young lady riding a bicycle; they call her Ruby Tanyer.

Quinine is the bark of a tree. Canine is the bark of a dog.

To kill a butterfly; pinch its borax.

Chlorine gas is very injurious to the human body, and the following experiments should, therefore, only be performed on the teacher.

Correct the following:—
(a) A hen has three legs.
(b) Who done it?

One small boy, evidently thinking there was some hidden connection between the two, answered:
"The hen never done it, God done it."

"Tenez!" dit Palo Orso.
"Hold your Polar Bear," he said.

Hall Caine is a maker of cricket bats (all cane).

Kings shall bow down before Him and golden insects bring.

Queen Elizabeth was a vurgin queen and she was never married. She was so fond of dresses that she was never seen without one on. She was beautefull and clever with red hair and freckles.

To germinate is to become a naturalized German.

Algebraical symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about.

Ammonium chloride is sometimes known as silly maniac.

The Gorgons were 3 sisters that lived in the islands of the Hesperides, somewhere in the Indian Ocean. They had long snakes for hair, tusks for teeth, and claws for nails, and looked like women, only more terrible.

Much butter is imported from Denmark because the cows have greater enterprise and superior technical education than ours.

Write in French:—I saw some frogs in a stream. J'ai vu des crapauds dans un rissole.

Le lion se mit a rugir. The lion began to blush.

BLESSINGS OF A SCHOOLBOY.

"Home-work and Prefects."

"Hullo! Have you finished your home-work?" is my almost invariable greeting as I enter the school-yard of a morning. Why this is I cannot tell. Most probably it is because there is hardly anything else to open the conversation with, but all the same one often longs for a change. But "necessity is the mother of invention," and if there were no home-work, other more interesting topics would soon be raked up.

To bring this about, my suggestion is that home-work should be almost entirely abolished, except in the sixth (upper and lower), who really need it.

Masters declare that one cannot get on without it, but I do not agree with that at all. You learn all that you ought to need in school hours. If this is not so, lengthen school, but cut out home-work.

There is nothing to be said in its favour, and there is a great deal to be said against it. How often have I trudged home, with back and head aching, footsore and weary, with shoulder really painful? How often have I muttered unpleasant things about the masters who give us such a lot to do, and how often have I resigned myself to the various impositions given for "howlers" in French home-work, etc.?

People say that schoolboys have a very easy time of it. This may be true, but, in that terrible school of experience, I have been taught otherwise. There are so many little (and big) things that can make one's life a burden. Amongst the chief of these are the prefects.

Yes! prefects—swanking about in their aureoled caps as though they were the lords of creation. Making themselves the bane of all other boys. "Doling" out the "impots" (excuse slang) with undisguised glee.

Our prefect almost invariably gives us "impots" out of our most interesting literature book, and by now I expect that he will have the whole book. It is a very good idea and if he could read the writing it would be all right. As it is, however, I am afraid that that is quite impossible.

I am not saying that we do not always deserve these impositions, and do not make nuisances of ourselves, but at the same time I do think that prefects ought not to be quite so strict.

It is not right not allowing chaps to speak a word between periods. While I can I uphold the fact that talking is no crime.

The only encouragement we get is the future—the distant hazy future—looking upon vague possibilities as happy certainties.

But I am wandering, so to return to the point. Home-work is undoubtedly a task calculated to distress and bewilder the average schoolboy. Yet what happens if it is not done? You get the stick or an imposition—both great injustices.

Of course, it is all very well for the clever boys, who can do the work and like it, but even they cry out against such an unaccountable task.

Something ought to be done, but what is there to do? And if the truth were to be told you would answer, "Nothing!"

But it is high time that I concluded these melancholy reflections, because if I do not you will have no stomach to read the rest of this excellent organ. This article may perhaps hurt the feelings, or rather smite the consciences, of the prefects to, but, as I know most of them quite well, I rather think not. If so, however, I extend (from a distance) my most humble apologies towards them, but, as the proverb says, "The truth often hurts."

This article is rather "preachy," and also, I fear, rather "cheeky," and so I am afraid that my original object will never be attained, for, as Emerson has said, "Often the fear of not accomplishing what is before us, is the only thing that stands in our way. C. C. P. (Form IIIc.)

MY RUSH HOUR.

Some fellows get up every morning at six
To go walking across the countree,
Or to go for a swim or a run round the park,
But eight is too early for me.

At eight every morning, I hear the clock strike,
And turn over for five minutes more,
But then a loud voice, "Hey, do you know the time,"
Comes from just over there by the door.

So alas and alack, out of bed I must jump,
And get dressed in double quick time,
For B. I's. fair portals my presence must grace
Not one half a tick after nine.

Then I dash to the bathroom to get a hot wash,
And also to shave in my haste;
But I think you will find you won't get a good shave
If you lather yourself with toothpaste.

And then back I rush to my bedroom again,
To put on my tie and my shoes;
By this time, it's half past, and I still have
To breakfast and look at the news.

And so I get out at just twenty-five-to:
As for me, I think that's jolly fine.
But I think if B. I. were to open at ten,
My rush hour would start just at nine.

W. H. (Upper VIa.)

THE TRAGEDY OF A DYE.

By Televisor.

Dr. John Jim Joram Jones
Was endowed with features rare,
But, as everybody owns,
His crowning feature was his hair.

Black and long and sleek and trim,
Cut, curled, crimped, and combed with care,
Everybody vowed that Jim
Had a wondrous head of hair.

A hundred barbers tried in vain
The doctor's patronage to win;
But though they tried and tried again,
They could not take the doctor in.

To guard from nature's rude alarms,
He took infinities of care:
Wore no hat,—to air his charms,
Since all his charms were in his hair.

Now nothing more unkind appears
That nothing in this world can last;
E'en Joram's locks, with lapse of years,
Began to lose their colour fast.

Poor Dr. Jim was in despair,
And wildly sought some means to try
By which he could preserve his hair,—
Till someone whispered,—"Try my dye?"

A single trial will suffice
Its potent properties to prove;
For none has ever used it twice,
Since nothing can the dye remove.

He dyed:—and thus did doctor Jack
Seal fast his doom, for on his brow,
Dismayed, he saw,—instead of black,
'Twas quite another colour now.

Poor Jones's rainbow-tinted crown
Made Joseph's coat seem pale indeed;
In colour schemes, its wide renown
O'er every rival took the lead.

His practice dwindled quite away,
Of patients he had none at all;
Since all alike refused to pay
To see that ghastly-tinted poll.

His reason, too, gave way at last,—
(The deadly stuff was on the shelf),
He drank the dye,—the die was cast,
He dyed his hair, then died himself.

Poor widow Jones did nought but cry,
Though comfort all essayed to give:
"Oh Jones," she sobbed, "why did you dye?
For then you ne'er had ceased to live."

The jury on his body tried
In vain a verdict true to give:
Since while he lived he must have died,
But when he dyed he ceased to live.

* * * * * *

Slow up the churchyard path they wend,
To bury there the deadman's bones.
Pray drop a tear, for that's the end
Of Doctor John Jim Joram Jones.

A SCHOOL DAY IN EXPRESSIONS.

Has anyone ever noticed the various expressions constantly repeated in this establishment? For instance, er, we, er, are harangued, in the course of a day, even though in never so small an amount with expressions of sympathy such as: Can't you do it? Add two and twopence haapeny and four and threepence haapenny, and put it in the Goods Account." We sometimes are told (in a notice that should not have been necessary) to draw a fiddle-stick, and we are wakened from a pleasant sleep by a terrible voice saying, "Who hasn't been on?" It is evident that Swedes must be very stiff, since we are next informed that there is only one bend in Swedish. Later, we are roused from a state of semi-coma by the sudden demand, "What was the question? Boy!" Finally, we are addressed in one terrible sentence: Come out the boy who has not done his homework, and touch your toes; put your hands on your knees, and get your books out." After a day such as this, it is no wonder that boys forget accidentally on purpose, to do their homework. In the words of a (n) (in) famous Bear, 'Pas du Tout!"

"EINER DES BAREN."

THE PIRATE'S FATE.

There was a pirate brave and bold,
Who went in search of Spanish gold.
He had a crew of ruffians bad,
And every one was very glad,
Whene'er they spied a ship.

The name of their ship was "The Dead Man's Grip,"
A clipper faster than any ship
That sailed the ocean wide.
Its cutthroat crew were prepared to die,
To do or die, or at least to try
To bring victory to their side.

But Alas! and Alack! for that clipper bold,
When the skipper and crew were down in the hold,
A shot, from a British gunboat near,
Put "paid" to the pirates' wild career,
And she sank with her crew like a stone.

J. N. S. (Form IIIc.)

A TALE OF THE COLD.

A scholar sitteth and broodeth in the form-room. Yea, of a truth, he sitteth and broodeth upon certain impositions which have been visited upon him by the form master; yea, verily, unto three or four sheets of foolscap.

While he sitteth thus, and voweth vengeance on him who hath bestowed the aforesaid impositions, one Mustapha Janita entereth softly, and goeth to one far corner, and crooneth gently to a piece of warm iron. Yea, verily, and he monkieth with the radiators, yea, he turneth all the gadgets he can lay his fingers upon, then he retireth quietly, and leaveth the scholar to freeze.

Time passeth quickly, and presently the scholar finisheth his impot. He then passeth from the form-room in search of warmth. First he visiteth the library. He knocketh on the door, and awaiteth an answer, but there appeareth to be nothing doing. He knocketh again, he awaiteth again, and again there seemeth to be nothing doing. He chargeth the door, and it giveth way. Yea, even so!

He entereth, and beholdeth one Mustapha Hastings, a sheik among sheiks, yea, a vendor of mustangs, who poreth over works of great lore. The mighty one looketh up, and lendeth an ear unto the scholar's voice.

The scholar putteth forth his mighty eloquence, saying, "Salaam! O great and bewhiskered one; Oh! speaker of wise words, Oh! coiner of witty sarcasms, I come to pledge the warmth of thy fire!"

The venerable one replieth not, but calleth upon one of his henchmen, saying, "Thou, O chucker-out, perform they functions, that I may not be displeased with thee. Rid us of this wretch!"

And it is even so! . . .

The scholar picketh himself up, and calleth out upon the prefect with a loud voice, saying, "Thou art verily mean!"

Then an idea cometh into his noddle, yea, verily, it is an idea and a half. The scholar thinketh that he will even disappear into Mustapha Janita's boiler-room. Quickly he followeth the track of many caravans; he passeth down the stairs; he jumpeth divers many to make the journey quicker.

But, alas! Even while travelling, he knocketh over a master. He feeleth muggy, and seeth bright lights (some of the lights are there, but some are not), yea, his dial feeleth red as one hauleth him over the coals. Yea, verily the master maketh him warm!

SNOOKER.

PROMINENT MEN OF TO-DAY.

The following passage has, represented in it, twelve prominent men of to-day. Can you find them?

Write the names on a slip of paper, and hand them to the Secretary. No prizes will be given unless you enclose a five shilling postal order.

In the field was a large pit, flanked on all sides by a stone wall, and covered on its base by thick, sticky mud. A boy fallen in has attracted a crowd of other boys and men.

"Hey laddies, what are you doing in my field?" shouted an irate farmer as he crossed the grass towards them, "I'm coming amongst you." Pulling back roughly a number of boys, he peered over the edge of the pit. "See, see, my friend," he shouted, "get right out of it."

"I can't," wailed the miserandus, "I'm stuck."

The farmer's demeanour changed, "You feeble croc," he muttered.

"Now you boys," interrupted a tall policeman, as he appeared on the scene, "keep back there," as quite a crowd was collecting.

"Who is that wallowing in the chasm?" inquired one spectator.

"Coffings does not know. Jonald does not know. Nobody knows," answered a youth.

Mr. Harkins leaned over the edge; then, "Why not lower a rope, and so on and so forth, wherewithal we may pull him up?" he heard. A short man soon elbowed his way to the front with a rope, which he dropped, accidentally, on Mr. Harkin's feet. "Pardon!" he promptly exclaimed, followed by, "Take this down," and he knocked his knuckles on the ground to attract the attention of the boy, who was finding out how deeply he had sunk into the mire.

Mr. Harkins tied his stick to the end of the rope, and saying, "Take this Albert," paid out thirty, forty, fifty, sixty inches of rope. The boy tried to tie himself up in it. "It will not fit," he shouted, "I mean! it can't go on."

"Ther-refo-r-re, just hold on to the sick," advised the policeman, helping the short man to pull.

Heave, heave, up came the boy.

As a warning for the future, a kind meaning gentlemen drawled, "Look before you leap," as a fitting proverb for the occasion. I. R. M. L. (Upper VIa.)

[12 Full].

IVa. THE HOME OF GENIUS.

The learning displayed by several members of IVa. at times, is astonishing. Take the case of L————e, for instance, who, during a geography lesson, said that the chief animals found on the ground in a West African forest were "alligators and ants."

Or again, S———d, in an unofficial class discussion on pipes and plumbing, was heard to remark that "round pipes were stronger than square ones, as the portholes of a ship were made round to be stronger."

Yet another, one M———r; we were reading an extract from "Marmion," entitled "Flodden Field." This piece gave a graphic description of the defeat and rout of the Scots; —suddenly, with a flash and a bang, the truth dawned upon M————r. "Please sir," he piped, "Scotland lost, didn't they?"

These few illustrations serve to show that IVa. is capable of these bursts of genius.

We could, as a form, be bettered, but we have our good points. What, for instance, could the "thirds" do without IVa.? It would be no encouragement to them to think that however hard they tried, they could rise no higher than IVb. Not that most of them would ever reach IVa., but, encouragement—!

P.S.—(I shall apply to Hastings for a bodyguard, as this article has made me many enemies), Yours truly, ANON.

The following poem has been chosen to receive the award for the best one written on "Our School":—

THE B. I.

Our School is called the Institute
It stands in Whetstone Lane,
The Seniors and the Juniors
The best of knowledge gain.

We have a splendid Master
And a first-rate staff as well,
In examinations we do good work,
As most results do tell.

For sport we have a fine large field,
Where the B. I. do their best,
Tho' lessons always take first place,
Both are done with zest.

G. WETHERELL (Form I.)

AN APPRECIATION.

They say that Courage is on the wane;
And manhood is lacking grit,
But one of our boys,—a Junior,—
Has given the lie to it.

Crown him with laurels! let ringing cheers
Thro' the Institute resound!
"Caps off," to such deeds of bravery,
Wherever they may be found. M. M.

SNOW.

When I awoke this morning,
My room seemed very light.
So I pulled aside the curtain,
Oh, what a lovely sight!

The snow has covered the garden,
Like a carpet it lay on the lawn,
Hiding from view all the snow-drops,
But keeping them cosy and warm.

Whilst I was viewing the picture,
A robin flew over my head
Into the tree across the way,
Patiently waiting for bread.

D. PEALIN (Form IIa).

A SAILOR'S LIFE FOR ME.

A sailor's life for me,
A jolly old life at sea.
I'll wash the deck,
And my brows I'll reck,
For a sailor's life at sea.

And when I'm made a captain,
To Peru I'll make my course.
And I'll search along the Amazon,
For treasure there, of course.

And when I've found the treasure,
Homeward I will hie
To dear old, jolly England,
And a Mansion House, for me, I'll buy.

E. RISE (Form IIa).

THE SEA.

The foaming waves dash up the shore,
You may see the horses white as snow,
They come from the horizon out of a door.
But where is that door? does nobody know?

But the sea is deep, very deep
For miles and miles it stretches out,
The big ships go right out to seek
Their dreadful long and perilous route.

The waves, they plunder all the caves,
With their horses white as snow
On they come like willing slaves.
But where do they come from? does nobody know?

G. R. Cook (Form I).

ON THE DEATH OF AN ELEPHANT.

The jungle night was calm and still,
Was shattered by a trumpet,
Even the lion, the king of beasts,
Quivered.

The crashing of creeper and bush,
And then a death-like hush,
And e'en then the night
Quivered.

Piercing squeals and mighty roars,
Break out anew.
And then a mighty crash,
And all is silence.

D. Peckham (Form IIa).

DAYBREAK.

The sun peeps o'er the land,
Flashing its golden beams,
And we sit up and rub our eyes,
Just waking from our dreams.

The birds chirp merrily,
Starting again to fly,
The world is coming to life again,
And people are passing by.

G. Hughes (Form IIa).

THE BEACH.

Down to the beach we'll hie,
To see the ships where they lie.
How they fill me with glee!
To see them lie on a deep blue sea.

Down to the beach we'll hie
To see those sailors so bold.
And overhead the sky
Is blue with tints of gold.

Back to home we'll hie,
And leave the ships where they lie
But they still fill me with glee,
To see them lie on a deep blue sea.

H. BOZIER (Form IIa).

ON SCOTT AT THE SOUTH POLE.

Oh! what a heroic, yet dismal day
When Scott and his faithful four,
In such a terrible icy way.
Went knocking at death's own door.

Disappointment was their ruin,
At being beaten by Amundsen.
And deaths that they went awooin'
No mortal man can ken.

W. PORTER (Form IIa).

THE PATHWAY.

Oh! there is a narrow pathway,
Which is long and very stony.
A man walks down it every day,
Who is lean and has a pony.

I often wonder where he goes,
What for, and how, and why,
First he talks unto his pony,
And then he gives a little sigh.

And at eventide the man so thin,
Comes along the path so stony,
With pots and pan and broken cans,
And also lots of money.

W. PORTER (Form IIa).

THE PERFECT DAY.

Up from our beds with the toll of the bell,
Down to the market, our sheep to sell.
When they're all sold,
We go back to the fold.

When night's shadows come,
And our day's work is done,
The birds cease to twitter,
In the country side litter.

E. ROWSON (Form IIa.)

THE MOONBEAM.

There was a little moonbeam,
That danced into my room;
It brushed away the darkness,
With a silver broom.

It ran round my room twice,
Then found the window pane;
It jumped into the darkness,
Then ran along the lane.

M. MAKIN, Aged 10, Upper Prep.

MY FLOCK.

I get up at six o'clock,
And then to the hills,
I drive my flock.

When I get home before my tea,
I always milk my cow.
And watch the little piglets play,
And frolic round the sow.

E. GLYN JONES, Lower Prep, 8 yrs. 8 mths.

MY CHESTNUT TREE.

I have a chestnut tree;
And it belongs to me.
Every summer it's green and brown,
And the chestnuts, they come tumbling down.

The flowers, like candles pink and white,
Are really very pretty,
Of course they do not shine at night,
Which seems to me a pity.

BRYCE HALLIDAY, Lower Prep, 8 yrs. 4 mths.

THE SEA.

O Sea! 'twas thou who made us free,
Our Island's power has been ordained,
By men, by ships, by thee.
From Caesar to Armada,
Thou witnessed every one;
For were all the battles on dry land,
Our power would be gone.
Roll on, then Mighty ocean!
We're faithful, every one.

T. JONES, (Form IIa).

MARCH.

The roaring wind comes rushing by.
It gathers things, and there is ruction,
The dawn is coming, the wind is high.
It will be doing great destruction.

It's rushing, rushing, rushing on,
It blows the leaves from off the trees.
To go to school our coats we don.
It's over the river and over the lea.

The wind is dropping and March is out,
The wind is dropping without a doubt.
Then off we go for April is in,
The wind is gone and showers begin.

G. R. COOK (Form I).

THE IIa TUCKSHOP.

With unlimited pride, and mouths open wide,
The IIa Tuckshop servers,
Yell to the other Forms not to hide
Their money in their jerseys.

The toffee is going fast, they say,
Bring all the cash you can spare!
'Tis not only the toffee that ought to pay,
But all the other good fare.

This Tuckshop I know will soon be sold out,
So come at once my boys!
For it may be you who will be left out,
And we all know that annoys!

C. LUNN (Form IIa).

ON THE DEATH OF A LION.

The wild beasts tremble,
As a mighty roar,
Pierces the silence of night.
They look and listen,
With beating hearts,
For their king is engaged in fight.

For men with white skins have come,
To kill the beasts of the wild,
So the wild beasts listen—listen!
From the tiger to the snake so vile,
While, thought they know it not,
The lion with a last roar dies.

T. JONES (Form IIa.)

SHIPS.

I saw a ship a sailing,
Upon the sea so bright,
The crew they were a bailing,
For it was not water-tight.

I saw a ship a tossing,
Upon the sea so dark,
The captain was a bossing
The crew around the barque.

I saw the crew a-rowing,
Upon the sea so dark,
The men they were a-towing
A little tiny barque.

I saw a ship a-sinking
Into the sea so rough.
And the crew, they were a-drinking
The last of their good stuff.

D. PATERSON (Form I.)

THE STARS.

The little stars peep out at night
And shine and shine with all their might,
But when the night is dark and stormy,
Gigantic rainclouds hide their glory.

Then every one is dull and sad,
From royal king to tiny lad,
And, when the storm clouds pass away,
The stars gleam out in bright array.

R. COOK (Form I.)

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