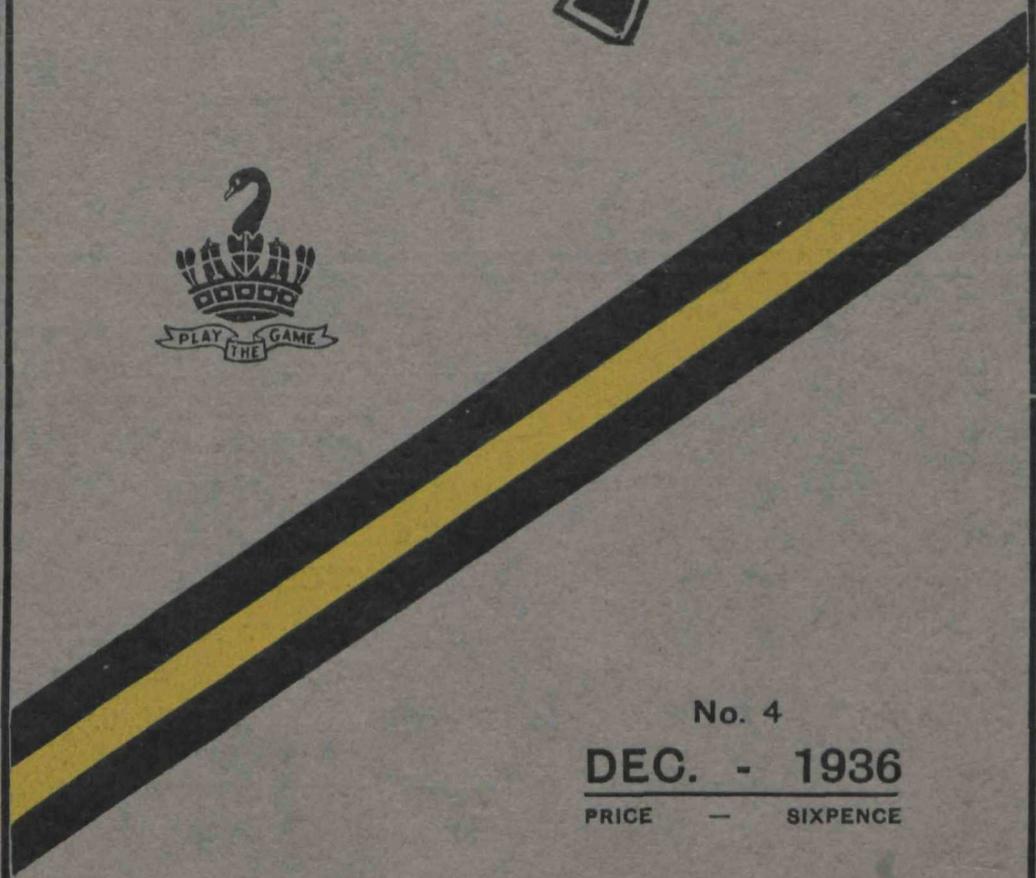


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The Magazine of the **"F.B.S."** Fremantle Boys' School
AND ORGAN OF EX-STUDENTS' CLUB

Vol. 2, No. 4

December, 1936

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SCHOOL CAPTAIN :

G. Mitchell.

PREFECTS :

D. Bathgate, A. Bishop, A. Davey, L. Davey, S. Davey, W. Fletcher, A. Luce, G. Mitchell, R. Stuart.

FACTION CAPTAINS :

White Faction : L. Browne.

Gold Faction : R. Mellowship.

Black Faction : B. Gaston.

Blue Faction : J. D. Taylor.

Tennis Club: A. Davey.

Secretary Tennis Club : L. Davey.

EDITORIAL.

In this, our fourth number, we desire to express our appreciation of the efforts of contributors. We know how hard it is with the pressure of year-end activities to become sufficiently fancy-free to write anything that will have that light-heartedness that holiday reading should possess. The Inspector's examination, the "Junior," and the School's own examination, all following in rapid succession, have made work so heavy as almost to prevent publication. Next year we shall have in consequence, to consider different times of publication. The response, however, of writers has been so willing that we are able to go to press as usual and maintain the quality and variety of our past matter. It rests now with readers to show their appreciation by clearing us of copies before the year ends. We wish them the happiest of holidays and a very pleasant Xmas time.

— 0 —

THE SCHOOL CAPTAIN.

The School can boast, during its long lifetime of few boys more capable than Geoff. Mitchell has proved himself to be

during 1936. The position that he has filled is a most responsible one, which can only be successfully carried off by a boy of outstanding character, personality, self-possession and intelligence. Geoff. has excelled in all these respects. Always has he carried the full confidence and respect of the boys of the School, and the staff have come to regard him as a most capable assistant. There is no doubt that the smooth working and efficiency of the School during the past year can largely be attributed to Geoff. and his loyal and conscientious band of prefects. It is perhaps the zeal that he has shown for his job that has made Geoff so successful as a School Captain; always he has had the interests of the School at heart. We can feel justly proud of him, and cannot fail to appreciate the very fine parting gesture that he has made, with Bruce Gaston, of leaving behind him a trophy for the furtherance of Life Saving Competition in the School. May good fortune follow you, Geoff.! You deserve success and our best wishes accompany you where'er you go, and whate'er you do!

UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES.

We wish to congratulate the following Old Boys of F.B.S. on their successes at the University Examinations of 1936.

D—Distinction.

Kim Beazley—English I, French I, History A, (D); Alf Bolas—Modern Political Methods, Economics B, Economics C, James Craig—Statistical Methods, Economics A; Ira Raymond—English I, (D) French I, (D), History A, Psychology I; John S. Wilson—English I, (D), German I, Economics A, (D).

— 0 —

OUR SCHOOL—55 YEARS AGO.

With courtesy of L. Hicks, Esq., an old scholar, and now of South Fremantle.

Well do I remember playing "Jump Willy Wagtail" in which it was usual to play with a boy standing up against the wall as a pillow, and others with backs bent against him. The opposing team then jumped on their backs. The game is now called Hi-Cockle-oram with its rhyme:

Hi-Cockle-Oram, jig, jig, jig,
Ever see a monkey riding on a pig,
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10,
We're still up, so you're down again.

On the particular occasion of which I speak, there was no pillow, and as a result, T. H. Marshall struck his head against the wall, opening it up. This was the end of the game for 12 months. T. H. Marshall later became a Member of Parliament—those contemplating a political career are reminded that head injuries are not the only qualifications.

About this time, G. F. Payne, later manager of Elder, Smith's, also attended the School and the great fisticuffs battle still lives in my mind when H. Payne, alias "Wapper," brother of G. F., met Wally Hodges, alias "Sticks".

One of our favourite pastimes was marbles and we generally played in Adelaide Street, in front of the present convent. Often Mr. Humble, passing us, intent on a game of "big ring," would join in the game and to our great delight, one o'clock would often pass, leaving him still deeply interested in his game.

He often called on us to surrender to him the roots which we had gathered in the park to smoke, and often have I seen these about-to-be-burnt offerings covering the whole table. The dates that we used to steal from Manning's in Beach Street on our way to Willis Point, might have shared the same fate, had not our tummies hidden the evidence of our crime.

A great game too amongst us was "prisoners". One or two of the party would act the part of escaped prisoners, and the rest of the party as pursuing police to track them. In view of the odds against them, they were always caught and dragged to a cave behind Dr. Barrett's, now next to the new electric power sub-station. The cave is still discernible.

Our chief delight was to "catch" Mr. Humble. One of us would rush in to tell him the red flag was flying on Monument Hill. Home he would go post-haste to get his rifle and then out to the rifle range, for he was a Major of the Fremantle Rifle Volunteers. One day one of us had hoisted the flag, and so we all had an extra game of marbles or prisoners.

On one occasion in Mr. Humble's absence, Mr. Mundy took charge of the School to the delight of "Waster" Howson and Bill Parks who took complete charge of the School and played havoc till they ended the brief reign of terror, by jumping from the window, hotly pursued by Mr. Mundy.

Memories remain with me also of C. and T. Wearne, now of Ford's, Singapore, and of R. Jardine—no relation to the immortal and beloved Jardine who graced our shores just recently.

I well remember the occasion of the first train to make the journey from Fremantle to Perth. The boys were granted permission to see it pass. However, it went so slowly that twenty to thirty of the boys followed it to Perth.

(Any further incidents of this nature connected with the early history of the School will be gratefully appreciated.—Editor).

— 0 —

One good turn deserves another—Buy from our advertisers.

“SPANISH STEW.”

In view of the fact that our dear old “Mag”
Was due for publication,
Spain gave us something to fill our rag,
To read in the coming vacation.

Not Mussolini of Fascist fame,
Nor Hitler, nor Blum (the skite),
Could stage a coup like good old Spain
For us on which to write.

So just before we start our song
(Give credit where it’s due);
Let us extend our utmost thanks
To Loyals and Rebels too.

* * * *

Now it started in a manner
Which deserves appreciation;
Said Franco to the Rebels:

“I hear the publication
Of F.B.S. is nearly due,”—
And Senor Mola’s “stow-its”
Were an indication clear enough,
To F.B.S.’s poets.

So up they got with cries of glee,
And Franco gave a shout,
“We’ll sack Madrid and have a spree
And heave the Loylists out.”

But bad luck, for the Loylists
Could not be beaten back,
And Franco and his Fascists
Were stopped at each attack.

Now Mussolin had got word,
(In great distress was he),
On how his “Abo Soup” was stirred,
And so in wrath said he;
“Now look ye here, Adolph, old bean,
Of this we’ve stood enough,
To us it can be clearly seen
These Aussie poets treat us rough.

So let us help old Franco,
These Loylists to crush;
Let’s both hop in and have a go,
’Spite Russian threat to rush
And help her darling Communists
In this accursed war.
We’ll stop it with our Fascists
And make those poets sore.”

* * * *

But let them talk and threaten
And wave their swords in vain,
They have no chance of gettin’
The fighting stopped in Spain.

And if they hate our writing,
As they quite plainly do,
They’d better stop their skiting,
Or they’ll end up “in the stew.”

G. MITCHELL and K. MAXWELL, 9th Pro.

— 0 —

B—.

You really ought to know B—. He’s the gentleman who wields the broom at our place. I say “wields” advisedly for you ought to see the dust and papers fly as he plays them down the fairway of our back corridors. Sometimes they elude his attentiveness and hide themselves in re-

mote places, and we “collect it” next morning from the Head for being untidy rascals. Oh, B—, what unearned blame has been borne for thy sake.

Keep the incinerators burning,
For you know we’re yearning
To get away and have some play,
While your back’s turned.
There’s a ventilator
That holds a stale “pertater”;
We’ve turned the dust bin upside down
While you’ve been home.

We know B— will forgive us. We feel, somehow, that he has bright memories of, perhaps, as misspent a youth as ours, and an affection for us all, despite our transgressions. Well, we return his understanding in full measure. We’ll try to be better—till we “do it again.”

He’s a military man is B—; he likes us orderly; he likes us disciplined; he likes us clean; but I’m sure he does not like us angels. He’s a military man—of the old School—but modest in the recounting of his exploits. We do not need to hear them, however, to know he comes from the Army. No, sir. We have only to watch him marching briskly in step with the Head on the morning tour of inspection; to watch his straight back and clear eye that would do us youngsters credit to possess. B—, old soldier, we envy you your youthful age; for they say you’re “getting on.” We’d like to grow young, though, as you seem to be doing with the passage of the years.

Left, right! Off they go—

“Now boys, that won’t do in this part of the playground . . .”

B— perceives an incompatibility of rhythm in the marching, and obligingly changes step.

“That spout, sir? Yes, I’ll have it attended to sir. Didn’t notice it down before . . .”

Now they’re round the corner. Pace good.

“I remember when boys broke that pane of glass before, sir. They’ll always break them till they’re protected. Should see the Public Works again, sir, if I were you.”

Left turn. . . Forward!

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HAIRDRESSER AND TOBACCONIST,

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"Boys will be boys sir. I'll fix it up. Yes, leave it to me sir."

B—, I believe we've found a friend in you. They tell us you're going away on leave. Well, our good wishes go with you; we'll miss you, but look forward to the renewal of your genial acquaintance in a few short months. And I think we shall find your step as brisk, your eye as alert and your nature as kindly as it is to-day. Good Luck.

"ONE OF US."

— 0 —

GUY FAWKES.

(A One-Act Play dramatized for a Chicago audience).

Scene I.—A Room in London.

Enter Guy Fawkes, his friends Pineapple Jack, Two-Gun, with a number of others).

Guy: We are here tonight to settle the fate of that button-pusher, King James. What shall we do?

Pin. J.: Give him some of my pineapples.

Two Gun: Put him on the spot.

Guy: No, I have a better idea.

All: What is it?

Guy: Put some gunpowder under the House of Commons when His Lordship comes.

Pin. J.: And some of my pineapples?

Guy: If you like.

First Citizen: How y' gonna get it there?

Guy: The next house has a cellar which reaches under Parliament House. That's our way—see!

All: We get yer, Chief.

Guy: Tomorrow night, then.

All: O.K., Chief.

(Exit all).

* * * *

Scene II.—A house next to the House of Commons.

Enter Guy Fawkes and Pineapple Jack.

Pin. J.: I've got my pineapples, boss.

Guy: OK! Look, here comes the gunpowder. Oh, bring it into the cellar, you guys.

Exit. Muffled rumblings.

* * * *

Scene III.—The Cellar.

Enter Pineapple Jack and Two Gun Bill.

Pin. J.: O! It's dark in here, ain't it?

Two Gun: Yeh! Ouch!

Pin. J.: W-w-what's the matter?

Two Gun: Something t-t-touched me. I've got him.

(Sounds of a struggle).

Pin. J.: L'me go y' big stiff.

Enter Guy Fawkes.

Guy: What's the matter, you guys?

Pin. J.: There's a g-g-ghost here.

Two Gun: Look, there 'e is. Rush 'im.

(Sounds of a struggle)

A voice: Stiek 'em up, you guys. You're under arrest.

Exit Guy Fawkes and party under guard Alarum without.

R. McDONALD, 8th Pro.

— 0 —

HIGH LIFE!

Buzzing out of my house of a 1,000 gallon tank one morning, I espied for the first time, the outside world. Flying around in the glorious sunlight, I noticed an immense form loom up before me, so I decided to take a rest. Almost immediately, a huge hand swept up and . . . Wham! I was missed by a fraction, and a red mark was noticeable on the portly gentleman's face.

Night had now fallen and after a very exciting day, I entered a house to seek food and lodging. I found myself in a small bedroom where eerie snores were disturbing the silence. Circling low, I made a perfect landing and taxied along on to a big red face. Umph-s-s-s! I thought a cyclone had hit me, and I was knocked back on to a pillow. I took off from the pillow to get my revenge on some less explosive sleeper. I flew around for fully a quarter of an hour. Because of the intense darkness I had lost my bearings and was now making a forced landing. My luck was in, for I alighted without misadventure on the same person who had got rid of me.

My teeth now bit happily into the flesh of the fat-faced hobo. Finally I tasted my first food for the night. Nice fresh blood! I droned away in high spirits, leaving a small red lump rising on the tip of my kind host's red nose. Once in the air again, I turned my rudder and

banked sharply to the left in search of a bed.

Daylight was now peeping through the windows of a scantily furnished room, and lying in the corner of it was a small, podgy boy. I ventured near his sleeping body and sang happily about his ear and finally landed on his cheek. The music awakened him up slightly, because he stirred, and a small white hand swished up. I hadn't anticipated the movement, and retired disabled by my last dangerous victim. In the darkness all sound and movement passed away.

F. BALLINGALL, 8th Gen. B.

— 0 —

THE SAD STORY OF THE "NANCY LEE."

O, Captain Jack was skipper of the saucy
"Nancy Lee,"
As stout a ninety-tonner ship as ever sailed
the sea.

But on her maiden voyage grim, at midnight
by the clock,

She met her fate, as folks relate—

She struck

a hidden

ROCK!

The crew were panic-stricken, and they
wildly dashed about,

But Captain Jack no nerve did lack, and
orders loud did shout.

The lifeboats all were lowered, and they
quickly sailed away,

While the famous ninety-tonner went

To

Davey

Jones

that day.

This is the sad short story of a gallant sailor
lad,

And the vessel trim that sank with him in
circumstances sad;

A moral, too, it gives to you, as you will
all agree:

To be quite safe from shipwreck, one

Must

never

put

to sea.

H. PESCUO (and his Critic), 7th Ind B.

— 0 —

MURDER.

It was evening, and in a small room sat a man reading a paper in front of a blazing fire. This man was ex-Inspector Bardon, and he was reading about the

murder of James Vinton, the previous day. Suddenly Bardon heard stealthy footsteps outside his door. The outer room was in darkness and he switched off the light and with stealth born of experience, made a circuit of the outer room. Suddenly the unknown intruder re-entered it. With a cry, Bardon leapt upon him. There was a fierce struggle for the pair were evenly matched. Suddenly, steel flashed in the moonlight and a few moments later, the unknown rose to his feet, leaving a bloodstained stiletto on the floor next to the grotesque, inert body of Charles Bardon.

"Well, Slick, have you found any clues?" asked Malcolm Townrow, the celebrated detective, of his assistant, Slick Gillett. All round the room, P.C.'s Tom West, Aubrey Luce, Douglas Keiller and Chief Inspector Russell McDonald were standing.

"No, only the bloodstained fingerprints on the stiletto of Len Crabbe, notorious blackmailer of the Fremantle underworld," replied Slick with his customary promptness.

"Well Inspector, order out all patrol cars," said Malcolm.

Next morning, Percy Barry and Desmond Lambert, the toughest men in the force, brought Crabbe to Malcolm Townrow and Slick Gillett. Crabbe put up a short struggle, but Barry gave him a soft tap on the nose to remind him that "rough stuff" would not pay.

Crabbe said surlily, "Youse ain't got nuthin' on me."

Slick replied, "Waal take a squint at this."

After reading the piece of paper, Crabbe literally shook in his boots.

"Waal, I s'pose I'd better confess," said Crabbe. "I murder 'im because 'e got me four years in quad."

"All right, take him away," said McDonald.

So ends the career of notorious Len Crabbe.

M. TOWNROW, 8th Pro.

— 0 —

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BEDSIDE STORIES.

By Uncle Bullswool.

Station, Cattle; Wave length, 75 busted gasmotres.

"Hello," little dears! It's Uncle Bullswool here. How are you? Has Dad paid his tobacco bill that has been owing for five weeks?

"How are you, Clarissa Hickelberry? Isn't it wonderful when you remember that every time your father goes to a football match, he wins several towels and some knives and forks with 'Hotel Hotstuff' on them!

"Is Angela Earwig listening? If so, go to the piano and under the keyboard, she will find several well matured wads of chewing gum.

"Well, how are you Archibald Augustus Reilly, and how is Daddy's pub going on up there? Now, Archie, if you dig under the manure heap at the bottom of the yard, you will find two dozen empty wine bottles. Sell them, and take your Aunt Peroxide to the zoo, where you will see an emu with ostrich feathers like the ones your sister forgot to wear at a fancy dress ball. And look in the safe where Dad hides his fish and chips from the cat.

"I almost forgot to wish Freddie Fiddleface happy returns. Please look in the bath room, where you will find some soap. Wash your face, then burn baby's dirty dummy in the fire.

"Goodnight, my dears, my sweet smelling stinkweeds."

"You have just been listening to Uncle Bullswool, bachelor, and chairman of the Spoilt Brats' Society."

R. WITHNELL, 7th Ind A.

— 0 —

JACKIE TRIES TO GET A JOB.

My name Jackie. Everybody know me; I am a very fine fellow. I work—No? I not got job, I try get job at next farm.

I go down to the farm and I tell the boss for a job and he asked me no. I tell him put my head in bag; I can get job nowhere anytime. I'm not peculiar!

He tell me off farm to get. I ask him not can do that; he not policeman. No, he only plurry white man He call dog. It very big dog. I tink, maybe, better

job next farm, so I came here. What you tink, hey? You give me job, boss?

—B. PARKINSON, 8th General A.

— 0 —

THE CLUE OF THE BLOOD-STAINED PUTTY KNIFE.

T-r-r-r-ing, T-r-r-r-ing. The telephone rang in the sitting room. Havelock Stanton, private detective, crossed the room and lifted the receiver to his ear.

"Hello, is that Havelock Stanton?" a voice asked.

"Yes," he answered without the slightest trace of fear.

"This is the caretaker of the museum . . ." The words ended in a choking gasp, and a scuffling sound came over the telephone.

Stanton hastily made his way to the garage, where he kept his powerful racing car. Half an hour later he arrived at the museum to find it all in darkness.

Entering the front door, which had been left ajar, he made his way to the telephone. There he focussed his torch to a thin beam of light and began his search.

The carpet showed signs of a struggle. Suddenly the light of the torch fell on a dark patch on the carpet. Blood! Yes, examination showed that it was a spot of blood. He traced this trail until he came to a row of statues. Close examination revealed that one, propped up against the wall, had a gash in the side of its head.

It did not take Stanton more than five minutes to arrive at the conclusion that this was no statue.

Further investigation led to the picture gallery, where he observed that a picture had been cut from its frame.

The detective looked around and saw a number of fingerprints on the newly painted window sill. He hurried to the ground, where he found a piece of rope. A trail of footprints led to the main gate, where he found, in a nearby bush, a bloodstained putty knife. This was the clue he had been looking for. It was a well-worn knife, evidently the property of a tradesman.

Then he did a strange thing. He rushed along the street, breaking a window in each house as he went. The crashing of the glass awoke the neighbourhood, and the entire police force spent the rest of the night investigating attempted burglaries.

Next day, nothing was said of the murder, but glaziers were busy all along the street.

Stanton passed up and down. He noticed a glazier looking for something in his bag. On inquiring he was told that a putty knife had been lost.

"Is this it?" Stanton asked. A look of fear came over the man's face, then suddenly he threw a pound of putty at Stanton, hitting him between the eyes.

But . . . the detective's bloodhound which was waiting round the corner ready for such an emergency, sprang on the fugitive and held him until a policeman arrived on the scene.

The man was arrested and promised to return the picture immediately.

And so another criminal was brought to justice by the uncanny skill of our now famous detective. Look for another amazing adventure of "Havelock Stanton" in our next issue.

D. RUSSELL, 7th Gen.

— 0 —

LEAVING SCHOOL.

Now that we are leaving school
To make great life our only rule,
Substituting pick for pen,
And earning weekly two pounds ten—
Having pots of ginger ale,
And paying bills upon the nail—

We're

Leaving School!

We've had three years of boyish fun,
And learnt to multiply twice one,
We've learnt at least nine-hundred dates,
And swatted scores of Frenchie traits;
We've learnt old Archimedes' Rule,
And British iron and coalfields full

Before

Leaving School!

We've made a lot of manly friends
And now for us, the journey ends:
We'll leave behind us Bob, the mate,
And Dick his steam to generate—
With Cliff his French to hammer home
And Mr. Fieldus maps to roam

When

Leaving School!

E. BAMKIN, 9th Pro.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

"We are!"

"What?"

"Gettin' a holiday."

"What for?"

"The Head's birthday."

"No kiddin'?"

"No!"

"Oh boy!"

"Look! there's 'Blob.' Hey 'Blob,' you heard?"

"No! What's up? Winder broken, or a teacher snuffed it or somethin'?"

"No, we're gettin' a holiday for the Head's birthday"

"Square dinkum?"

"Sure!"

"Cripes, any good!"

A newcomer.

"Say, heard the latest?"

Chorus:

"Ye're gettin' a holiday for the Head's birthday!"

"So you know! I'm tryin' to find out when it is."

"There's a teacher over there. Ask him."

"Say, sir, when are we gettin' our holiday?"

"What for?"

"The Head's birthday. When is it sir?"

The Head's birthday? Holiday? When is it?"

"Yessir."

"Oh . . . ! Yes . . . Next Saturday!"

A. LUCE, 8th Pro.

— 0 —

"NO EXCUSE."

The following claim to be bona-fide copies of "excuses" received by teachers for their children's faults. Believe it or not.

Dear Teacher,

You sent Billy home to be washed. Well, wash him yourself. I know he ain't no bunch of vilets but I send him to school for you to learn him, not smell him.

His Mother.

Dear Miss Makeup,

Please excuse Jim this morning for being late. I am making jam and he had to go a long way to the cemetery for pickle bottles.

Mrs. Sticky.

You will conserve your own interests and ensure complete
satisfaction by buying your

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Stocks always
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FREMANTLE.

SCHOOL HAPPENINGS

PREFECTS' NOTES . . .

This term, as is usual, has been the most troublefree of the whole year for us prefects. We have had little to do apart from special duties on such occasions as the picnic to Mundaring Weir, to which place we went on October 6, in company with Princess May. Even these excursions, however, occasioned us no difficulty, so that they were as much picnics for us as for you lucky others with no responsibilities.

Our meetings were continued this term although at less frequent intervals than before, owing to the extra pressure of work imposed upon us by the nearness of the "Junior," which, by the way, is finished for us, and done with. These meetings were conducted in the same manner as before, and even more suggestions than before found their way from them.

Just recently we held a meeting to nominate the Prefects for next year. Our suggestions were sent to the Head, reviewed by him and the staff, those having been selected for the honour of a Prefectship being mentioned elsewhere in this issue.

By the time this issue is printed, the Junior Exams. will have been over for some time, and the IXths, at least, will have finished work for the year. Some will have done well at School, some at sport. They may pride themselves upon achievement, but may they always remember that they can never be perfect, and that to strive is to achieve.

For us leaving Prefects, I can say no more, except that we wish our successors the best of luck and a successful year.

Prefects, 1937—H. R. Brady, C. Cook, C. Clifton, K. Crouch, S. Davey, E. Peirce, J. D. Taylor, C. Waldon, C. Woods.

R. STUART, Secretary.

PRIZE WINNERS, 1936 . . .

Dux: Wm. McCall.

Best Influence in the School: Wm. Fletcher.

Best influence in 9th Pro.: Geoff. Mitchell.

Dux 8th Ind.: Don Fraser.

Mechanical Drawing: G. Cubitt.

French in 9th.: E. Bamkin.

French in 8th.: C. Cook.

Science: E. Bamkin.

Best all-round Sport: B. Gaston.

School Champion Athlete: B. Gaston.

Junior Champion Athlete: C. Woods.

School Champion Swimmer: A. J. Bishop.

Junior Champion Swimmer: F. Woods.

Best Sportmanship 7th Std.: C. Woods.

Secondary School Scholarship: B. Glaskin.

Blennerhasset Scholarship: B. Gaston, A. Mackinnon.

Alliance Francaise Results . . .

Division III.—A. MacKinnon (Distinction), G. Mitchell, R. Stuart.

Division IV.—C. Cook, R. Clark.

We wish to express our gratitude to the local governing bodies, especially the Fremantle Council, for their continued co-operation and assistance in all sporting and other functions connected with the School.

We wish to express our gratitude for and appreciation of, the assistance and co-operation of Miss Bell, her staff and girls, and also Miss Jeffrey and her fellow members of the Household Management Centre, in our various activities during the year.

Rumour has it that our School caretaker, Mr. Beckett, is going on leave shortly. If such rumour materialises, we all extend to him our best wishes for a very pleasant and beneficial holiday.

On Armistice Day the usual assembly was held in the School Hall. It seems difficult sometimes for us older ones to

realise that no boy in the School was living on the original Armistice Day, but such is the case. This year, the Head delivered an address illustrative of the horrors of war, after which a most impressive two-minutes' silence was observed. The ceremony concluded with the singing of the National Anthem.

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TERM EVENTS.

1. Visit to Malcolm Sargent's concert—an instructive and enjoyable entertainment.
2. Musical Festival, during October—creditable choral and gymnastic work by the boys of the School.
3. School Dances in the Town Hall during August by F.B.S. and P.M.G.S. in co-operation. Great Guns!
4. Combined Nature Study excursion to Mundaring Weir during October.
5. An Industrial Excursion to North Wharf.
6. Visit to Shell Oil Co.
7. Inspection of "Malvern Star" factory as guests of Mr. Bruce Small—free transport greatly appreciated.

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COMMITTEES . . .

The various committees connected with the School are doing admirable work in their various spheres of activity and we thank each and all for the work being done. The General Purposes Committee is maintaining its activity in guiding the work for the general welfare of the School as a whole.

The Library Committee has been extremely active this term in assembling a large number of volumes over a wide range of subjects for reference purposes, as well as varied series of pictorials and periodicals. A section of a broad and high corridor is being used temporarily as a library, but now the P.W.D. is going ahead to convert an almost unused hat room into a more commodious and brighter room, for use as a library. We congratulate this committee on its success, and hope the boys, as the users, will co-operate in seeing that the volumes are not removed illegally, or unconsciously

destroyed. The new room will probably be available in the new year. We wish to thank those directly concerned, who assisted us to have this alteration effected.

The Literary Committee also is maintaining its standard of efficiency by spending the literary fee profitably and wisely. The sets of novels already in use have been brought to full strength, viz. 25. New sets of "39 Steps" (Buchan), "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (Oreszy) and "Beau Geste" (Wren), "Hucklebury Finn" (Twain) and "Approach to Shakespeare," have been ordered. There are now 18 sets of novels in the School for the use of the boys of which they read at least 3 each year. Sets of "A Book of Australian Poetry," and "100 Poems for Boys" have been purchased and sets of Modern Plays and Modern Short Stories have been ordered. Further than this, sets of literature books for special use of boys taking the "Junior" next year have been purchased.

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OBITUARY . . .

It was with profound regret and sorrow, that we heard of the sad demise of Freddie Roe.

He was always a likeable fellow, highly popular with his schoolmates, and very keen at work and play.

To his sorrowing family, we offer our deepest sympathy.

— 0 —

THE SONG OF THE SHIPS.

The galleons sail by, a fine stately pair,
With cargoes of spices and bullion to spare;
Their sails flapping gently in the soft liting
breeze,

As they pass the green shores with their
tall shady trees.

The schooners sail by where the sunset is
red,

The sailors aboard them are heaving the
lead;

For the shallows are near and their cargoes
are dear,

And home thoughts are calling, for harbour
is near.

The liners sail by, in a blanket of spray,
They sweep through the deep as they speed
on their way;

Their engines throb smoothly as safely they
go,

They are sure to reach home o'er deep
waters below.

JOHN CARLETON, 7th Ind B.

SCHOOL SPORT

In the year under review, the School has again played a prominent part in its sporting activities. In all branches of sport, F.B.S. has been efficiently and successfully represented, as the following will show.

LIFE-SAVING.

At the annual competitions, the School won the Connolly Cup. It is pleasing to report that boys leaving School this year, have presented a prize for this section of our activities.

SWIMMING.

At the Inter schools Carnival, F.B.S. were runners-up, but had the honour of having the champion swimmer in J. McNicol.

CYCLING.

Our representatives in the Metropolitan Schoolboys' Championship were first and third. E. Mayne represented W.A. in the Australian Championship at Sydney. C. Roberts won the Fremantle Roller Championship.

TENNIS.

As predicted in our last issue, our team won the Slazenger Cup—a splendid feat deserving of the highest praise. This, together with the successes recorded previously, makes 1936 an outstanding tennis year. W. Main was the State Champion Schoolboy.

FOOTBALL.

Our boys were runners-up in the competition. We also had five representatives in the State team, and one of these, V. French, was awarded a cup for brilliant play at the Adelaide Carnival.

SOCCER.

F.B.S. upheld its reputation in this branch and was successful in retaining the Burt Cup.

CRICKET.

The cricket season has not yet concluded, but success in this sport is not anticipated as Perth Boys' at present hold a big lead.

GENERAL.

Great credit is due to the boys comprising the Sports' Council for their ef-

ficient and conscientious work this year. They have helped all branches of sport, have provided excellent material for sport and left the incoming council a satisfactory credit balance for next year.

The council takes this opportunity of wishing the staff and boys a pleasant vacation. To those leaving School, the following advice is offered: "Play your sports as you have played them at F.B.S. and you will be welcome in any sporting body."

In conclusion, the Sports Council wishes to thank all members of the staff for their advice and co-operation during the year. While staff and boys work together in this fashion, sport will be pleasurable and successful.

J. DOLAN, Chairman, E. BAMKIN, Sec.

— 0 —

CAUGHT !

Before he had set out, he had been warned that he might not get back till after nightfall; in fact, he might never get back. He realized now that those words, uttered by men who had been through it themselves, were not idle ones. Fool that he was, he had not brought any water with him, and here he was, after wandering for hours in the blazing sun and the burning dust, maddened with an awful thirst.

Sand! It seemed to his tortured mind that he had never seen so much of it before. He had heard of men getting the dreaded sandy blight, and, in a moment of panic, his hand flew to his eyes. He could still see, but would it claim him, too, as it had claimed other and stronger men? Sand! The word seemed to be seared into his brain. What would he not give for a mouthful of that precious liquid, water.

Well, he was in a tight corner, but he had got himself into it and would have to get himself out, despite his weakening legs, and eyes which were like twin balls of fire from the glare of the sun on the sand. Gritting his teeth determinedly, the amateur golfer gripped his club and recommenced his savage onslaught on the ball in the bunker.

K. McATEE, 7th Pro.

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Cream and Green and other Colours.

"MYSTERIES . . ."

"Missing since January 25th, the s.s. 'Assyrian,' for Yokohama, out of Port London."

Many notices such as this may be found in Lloyd's Register of Shipping, telling of ships lost . . . of tragedies. And behind each entry is a story, could it be told, as grim and exciting as any ever recounted.

Think of it! A large fully equipped vessel, manned by tried sailors, sets out on a voyage, and, failing to reach the destination at the appointed time, is never heard of again.

But, you will say, if the vessel had carried wireless, she could have sent out an "S.O.S." and the disaster would have been averted. That is what thousands of people said since wireless came into use, but still, even when radio is so marvelously efficient as it is now, ships disappear without a word of warning reaching the outside world.

Not so long ago a British oil tanker bound from Russia to California via Japan, disappeared as completely as if some gigantic hand had lifted her bodily from this world and deposited her in space.

This vessel, the "Toka," left Kobe in Japan for California, and set out along a lonely trade route, on which she could sail for as long as six weeks without encountering another ship. **And to this day no-one knows what has become of her.**

Equipped with the most modern of wireless apparatus, with almost fool-proof engines, an experienced captain and crew, she yet disappeared entirely. But the most amazing thing about the whole affair is, that, if she had sunk, as one supposes she must have done, the 8,000 tons of kerosene she carried would have spread over an enormous area of sea. Yet none of the searching vessels which combed that sea from end to end, found any trace of oil.

Even the "Toka's" disappearance, however, was not so mysterious as that of the "Waratah," which failed to complete a voyage from Capetown to London in 1909.

The "Waratah" was a large, almost new ship, carrying a large number of passengers. One day out from Cape Town, she passed the "Clan McIntyre" and she was not seen again.

During her second day's steaming, something happened to her which destroyed her utterly. She may have turned turtle, something which can happen to the best of ships if there is any slackness on the bridge, or the same may have happened to her as befell the schooner "Caranza" which disappeared in a calm sea off the Newfoundland coast, but left six of her crew to tell of the disaster.

When these six men were picked up by another vessel, they had been drifting in icy seas for three days without food, shelter, or more than the ordinary clothes they wore on the ship on a fine day. They related how, about dusk, they had been sailing before a moderate breeze when suddenly a fireball dropped from the darkening sky, striking the vessel at the base of her mainmast and almost splitting her in two.

Before the stupefied crew had time to collect their wits, the seas were breaking over the vessel's decks. The whole thing happened so rapidly that there was not even time to launch a lifeboat, let alone send an S.O.S.

Within a few minutes she had sunk, and had it not been that six of her crew who managed somehow to slash through the ropes which secured a small boat, she, too, would have become just another vessel reported "missing without trace."

What happened to the "Waratah" and the "Tokyo?" Did they turn turtle? Did they meet a fate similar to that of the "Caranza"? Or did they simply founder?

Neptune alone knows, and he is not likely to tell.

R. STUART, 9th Pro.

— 0 —

THE MURDER OF CAESAR.

As a servant at the Capitol in Rome, I was present when Julius Caesar met his death at the hands of the conspirators.

This is what happened, as I saw it—

Just about noon Brutus, together with some of the best known men in Rome, arrived at the Capitol. As I passed them on my way to the servants' quarters, I heard Brutus say: "There must be no mistake."

There will be no mistake if I get within striking distance," replied Cassius.

Strange! I stopped with the idea of hearing more of this conversation, but Brutus saw me and ordered me to get about my work.

What I had just heard puzzled me. "There will be no mistake if I get within striking distance," Cassius had said. I remembered that Caesar was coming to the Capitol that day, but surely these men were not referring to Caesar, for Brutus was one of his dearest friends.

I soon dismissed these thoughts from my mind, however, and it was not until I saw Caesar entering the Capitol that I remembered what I had heard.

The great man entered the large Senate Hall, in which I had heard Brutus and his friends talking, and which now seemed to me to be empty except for Caesar and myself.

"Now is our chance! Get him!" shouted a voice, and out from behind the stone pillars at the side, leaped Brutus and his friends. They rushed at Caesar with upraised daggers, and before he could defend himself, their daggers were plunged into his body.

When he fell, his murderers bent over him, and I heard Cassius say in a heartless manner, "Well, that is that."

I then heard Caesar's voice: "You, Brutus, my best friend?"

With these words Caesar's head fell back, and I knew that Rome had lost her greatest soldier.

Suddenly I heard somebody say: "Be on your way, or you will be next."

"What?" I stammered, dazed by the swift sequence of events; "Oh yes!"

And with a very unsteady step, I left the scene of the terrible tragedy.

K. CAPLE, 9th Pro.

— 0 —

One good turn deserves another—Buy from our advertisers.

WHITHER ?

Now that the holidays are over for a while, we must think of school. It's no good to you, but you have to go. If you refuse politely to have anything more to do with learning, a nice suave teacher reminds you, that it is all for your own benefit, which is quite right, although it would be caddish to say you saw the cane behind his back!

Take the girls, what good is it to them? The dunce of the class marries the boss, simply because she could wear a hat and cook an apple dumpling. The "bright spark" has a good job, though as a typist in the boss's office. . . .

Then the boys. The boy, who was always pulling faces at the teacher, is now a comedian in a film, earning thousands of pounds at pictures. Of course, the "brainy" fellow in the class also has a reliable station in the same studio, with a broom. . . .

ERIC BUSS, 7th Pro.

— 0 —

SPANISH BROTH.

Old Franco was sweating and swearing,
And fuming, and spitting out dirt;
And he, in his rage was a-tearing
Great pieces of cloth from his shirt.
For weeks he'd been trying to capture
The city that's known as Madrid;
Had success bathed him kindly in rapture,
Goodness knows, he'd have lifted the lid.
There would have been murders and riot,
And suicides, bombings and raids;
He might have been shot on the quiet,
In return for the mines he had laid.
Should Franco's black legions be winning,
Pale Bosche and dark Dago will cheer—
Pure Aryan and Latin rejoicing,
To see freedom get one on the ear.
But Franco is checked from advancing,
His legions have failed in their coup;
His niggers have ceased their wold dancing;
They'd like to get out of the soup.

J. TOUGH, 7th Ind. A.

— 0 —

GO TO THE OFFICE!"

I was walking in the playground just after having eaten my lunch, when a fellow-prefect walked up to me and said "The Head wants you in the office."

"Why?" asked I.

"Don't know," was the reply, and then in the hope of seeing my knees knock, added, "He looks pretty wild."

I wandered towards the office. Perhaps I had been seen double-dinkeying my cobbler home from school the night before. But no, I would have been hauled over the coals before this. Suppose my teacher had found out who had put carbide into his bottle of ink which was the best he'd had for many a moon. I went hot. Maybe he had discovered that I had cut up two or three of his pamphlets for my research essay. I went cold. But perhaps none of these things had been discovered. I breathed again at the hope. Then a fresh thought struck me. Suppose a certain teacher who owned a certain car—generally referred to as the "Bluebird"—had unearthed the fact that I had let his tyres down. I shivered.

But here was the office. I knocked and walked in. The Head had just finished caning three or four boys who had been caught throwing stones. He turned. "Oh, here you are, Luce. I found the pump of your bicycle on the road. Here it is."

"Thank you sir," I said and heaved a sigh that made the windows rattle.

A. LUCE, 8th Pro.

— 0 —

THE EXAMINATION

The boy sat down, took up a pen,
And read the list of questions through,
His face grew pale at every look;
He saw not one that he could do.
For botany he'd always shirked,
He thought it waste of summer hours;
Now came a question such as this—
"What sort of roots have cauliflowers?"
"Describe the different kinds of trees,
The gum, the beech, the tall wandoo";
His thoughts flew off to Leighton sands
Which was the only "beach" he knew.
"What do you know about the birch?"
'Twas then he gave a cry of joy,
And wrote for two full hours or more,
He knew it well, that idle boy.

J. SYMONDS, 7th Pro (with apologies)

— 0 —

DID YOU KNOW THAT

If a person lived to 70 years, he would sleep approximately 23 years.

A tallow candle fired as a bullet from a gun, will pass through a thick wooden door undamaged and leave a clean cut round hole.

Soap and margarine can be made out of coconuts.

The average person's estimate of a minute is 35 seconds.

The foot, the most overworked part of the body, has 26 separate bones in it.

If a man 6ft. in height circumwalked the earth at the equator, his head would travel 38 feet further than his feet.

The slowest thing in the world is a wheel in the great clock of the Palace of Potsdam, Germany, which takes 400 years to revolve once.

One ounce of potassium iodide added to one ounce of water makes one ounce of solution.

Dropping through space cannot make a man unconscious; it is only fear that makes him so; he never drops faster than 165 miles per hour.

One of London's banks washes the money it receives over the counter. It is near a fish market and other banks will not accept the coins until the fish scales and smell have been removed.

A new aerial camera with ten special lenses, can photograph 200 square miles at once.

Wireless waves travel at the rate of 186,000 miles per second.

14,000 average sized ants would weigh a pound.

A cubic inch of water converted into steam is capable of raising one ton one foot.

In a violent standstorm, there is approximately 126,000 tons of sand and dust for every cubic mile of air.

A speed boat travelling in water at a high speed generates enough heat to burn it to a cinder. It is the volume of water surrounding it that prevents this.

One good turn deserves another—Buy from our advertisers.

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM.

Our class had, until recently, seven pillars of wisdom on which or around which class life revolved. Alas, however, one has been carried away to the temple of employment.

Here are the stalwarts in alphabetical order—

R. CLARK, known to his more intimate friends as "Pro." This bonny nine-stone lad was never content unless he was working. He was always giving someone a helping hand, whether in school or out. His presence has been missed since he left school.

C. CLIFTON. Here we have a maths. genius. Many a time and oft has he helped unfortunates out of difficulties in algebra and arithmetic, requesting in return nothing more valuable than a little ink for his fountain pen.

N. CORNISH. Behold in "Corny" the life of the class. He is the centre of the axis of class life. With always a joke on his lips, he is one of the best. His opinion in composition must be esteemed and respected. A person who beats him at word-i-cuffs is certainly a genius.

R. KELLY. With K. Lewis he ties as having the most practical knowledge of a huge range of subjects. Especially in works of scientific interest does he excel.

K. LEWIS. As generous as he is heavy, Lewis will always oblige a fellow who is behind in his work. He will never stoop to anything low, and has nearly as much general knowledge as an encyclopedia. He is not stingy. He gives good weight of all his possessions.

A. LUCE. Although only of small stature, Aub. has his share of scholastic ability, and is quite adept at stopping brawls. (I can prove this—Ed.). His outstanding, long, and excellent lectures are a credit to him. His American sayings would make a Yankee green with envy.

R. MacDONALD. I have not chosen "Rusty" for a pillar only because of his brilliance in sport, but because of his un-failing good humour and popularity with the class. He is a trier at all subjects and should do well in the last term.

Thus they stand before you, these fine pillars of class wisdom, admired by the members they help to sustain in conduct and good humour.

C. COOK, 8th Pro.

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WARNING TO JUNIOR CANDIDATES

(Taken from desks in Drill Hall, Junior Exam., 1936).

Sacred to the memory of James Dunn,
Half-past ten and only begun.

Here I sit broken hearted,
Paid 25/- and haven't started.

Sacred to the memory of Clive Bird,
Eleven o'clock and hasn't stirred.

Under the Drill Hall roof for a sky,
Here I sit, ready to die.

Sacred to the memory of C. Critch,
Shot by a bullet of Physics.
1934.

Here I sit, tired and drowsy,
German dictation was positively lousy.

Here I sit all forlorn,
Been at History all the morn.

Nib is bad,
Pen is worse;
Brain is dumb,
Inspiration won't come.

I had written him a letter,
The reason for—I wanted better
Knowledge of a physics' problem rather
hard.

But examiner—he caught him—
Cancelled him—And thus did thwart him
And so a Junior candidate,
Lost money for his pard.

Here die I, Maurice Yench,
Who perished in the mystery of French!

Here lies John Blott,
Who sat for his Junior, but didn't swot.
Here am I—Just my luck!
Ten minutes to go and down well stuck!

History's over—Am I glad?
Think I passed—It wasn't bad!

Poor Geoff Nye
Thought Physics was pie,
So he said with a cry:
"I'll finish or die"—
But sad to relate
And so died poor Geoff Nye.
He started rather late—

EX-STUDENTS' NOTES

EX-STUDENTS' CLUB.

The end of the second season has just been concluded—a successful season, too, we think. Many new faces have appeared in the Club and we have kept in close touch with School affairs. Activities for the year have been, perhaps, more restricted than hitherto, but the interest does not flag, and the great number who have kept in touch with the Club gives us great satisfaction.

We note with pleasure, the continued success of those who have been, or still are, associated with the School in various fields of life. Old Boys have been very prominent in all sport throughout 1936, and we can point to many as being leading citizens of the Port. The year 1936, has been a good one at the School; some fine boys are passing out this year and we hope to be able to welcome a few of them when the Club re-opens next year. They can, at least, be assured of this fact, that the Club will watch their later progress with interest. They carry with them our good wishes and our trust that they will further the good old School motto of "Play the Game."

We wish to thank, through this Column, all those who have rendered assistance to the Club, particularly the new Head Teacher (Mr. E. C. Stewart), who, in addition to the donation of trophies, has taken an active interest in our affairs.

T. J. LEWIS, Hon. Secretary.

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BADMINTON.

Progress throughout the year has been very marked, and the competition for the title of Club Champion gave an early indication of being very keen. This was indeed so, for with the Second Annual Tournament under way during August, it was soon apparent that at least six of the club members stood a good chance of carrying off the honours. For the second

year, K. Jenkins took his place in the final, but this year, in the absence of H. Fowler, was opposed by J. Knapp. Jack's passage through had been a comparatively easy one, and was a great tribute to the improvement that he has made during the year.

The final was an epic one. With all the confidence of a veteran, Knapp gained an early advantage, which he wisely pressed to the limit. He had the first 11 points to his credit, before his opponent settled down. It was too late to save the first set—15-6. Then came one of those remarkable changes that one finds difficulty in explaining. Perhaps Jack got over-confident, perhaps he slackened the pressure, perhaps his opponent set his back to the wall to fight out—who can tell? Suffice to tell that a great fight ensued for the second set, the vigour of Jenkins, the severity of his smashes, and the ease with which he countered delicate dropshots, winning him point after point. 9-3 was called at one stage, and this eventually became 15-11. The set had been an important one—it evened the chances or tended to turn the balance in favour of Jenkins whose winning game and general superiority appeared to give him confidence over his dogged opponent. The third set proved to be some of the most brilliant play seen in the Hall, and, while we pass out the honours to the winner for his fine, persevering game, and greater powers of endurance, we must congratulate the loser on the splendid fight made, and assure him that he went down fighting and far from disgraced. Our congratulations to Keith Jenkins as the Club Champion for 1936!

The doubles was a good exhibition in which the two singles finalists, as a pair, proved to be a more even and reliable combination than the holders of the title (T. Lewis and R. Reitze). They stood up well in the crisis, and appeared to have a little in hand when it was required. A long lead in the third set put

a "few nails in the coffin" of their opponents, and quickly gained for themselves the honour of doubles champions.

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NOTED.

D. GABRIELSON (1935): An outstanding performance in Church Association Cricket—200 and 7 wickets for 5 runs.

R. SMITH once again defeated R. Priest (State Badminton Champion), and is now ranked about 4th in the State.

LEX COWAN, transferred to Johannesburg, South Africa, by his company—South British Insurance Company.

W. RANGER, A. McBRIDE, H. O'NEILL of the Australian Navy, seen back in Fremantle on leave.

— 0 —

THE NAVY.

Most people who visit the ships of the R.A.N. on the rare occasions they visit these waters wander aimlessly around the decks of the boats and gaze bewildered at the ships. Their knowledge extends to knowing that one is a cruiser and another a destroyer. They think that a sailor has an easy life aboard. Little do they realise the task of the men. The smaller boats are especially noted for the amount of work performed on them.

Let us accompany one of these boats, or destroyers as they are properly named on a typical exercise, or training period, at Jervis Bay.

It is in the cold dreary hours of a winter's morning, dawn having not broken. The morning watchmen have just started their four-hour watch. A bo'sun's pipe disturbs the unearthly stillness. A salty voice rouses the men from their hammocks, the flotilla is to put to sea for a dawn attack on a cruiser. In a short time, the flotilla is under way ready to proceed to sea. To the layman there seems to be confusion everywhere. Lights are flashing from ship to ship, men are moving in their quiet efficient way, the clanking of the cable and the hiss of escaping steam from the capstan are the only sounds heard.

The flotilla turns seaward as a signal from the leader and speeds out through the heads.

The sight of the destroyers silhouetted against the first pale streaks of dawn gives the impression of the silent efficiency. The ships are darkened and steam swiftly to their positions. The cruiser follows to sea soon afterwards.

As soon as the target ship reaches her position, a signal is flashed for the exercise to commence. Then there is great activity aboard the ships, orders are rapped out and all guns and torpedo tubes are manned. Everything is tested beforehand for six torpedoes are to be fired by each destroyer. The wireless operators are working full pressure. The zero hour has almost come.

Out of the morning mist races the flotilla, white from the salt spray forward, black from the smoke stack aft, their keen bows knifing through the swell.

When they are about a thousand yards from their objective, the masts of the leader are covered with signals for the frings and orderings for the ships to turn. Six long cigar-shaped objects leave each ship as it turns, the idea of torpedo attack being to turn from the enemy as the torpedoes are fired. White streaks of foam mark the track of the torpedo through the water. The "fish" are set to pass under the target.

The attack is successful; the enemy has been hit in several places. The "boats" as the destroyers are popularly known, hasten towards the spot where their "fish" have surfaced, in order to recover them. Each torpedo is valued at £2,000, hence the necessity to safely recover them. Boats are lowered and the "fish" soon safely aboard. When the decks are covered with torpedoes, the men are not happy because oil gets everywhere and a fair section of it is transferred to their clothes and is hard to remove.

By this time it is eight o'clock. Most of the men have had their breakfast of cold fried eggs and numerous mugs of tea.

Then follows the usual sea routine of cleaning ship. If weather permits, much

is to be done on the upper deck, the steel decks to be scrubbed, bright work to be cleaned. After the cleaning is over, the men muster at morning prayers known as "divisions." Divisions are over and the men are moving back towards their jobs when signals flutter from the masthead of the ships.

"What is it, signalman?" asks the officer of the watch.

"Ships are to carry out full calibre concentration firings at ten-thirty sir. 'Yarra' will be in position with the target in tow by 10 o'clock," comes the ready reply from the ever alert signalman.

"Very well. Send someone to tell the captain!"

"Aye, Aye, sir!" and a messenger doubles away to carry out the instruction.

It does not take long for the ships to be in position awaiting the order to carry out their exercise.

"Ah! there it goes! The show is on!"

From each ship black puffs of smoke and tongues of flame burst out in rapid succession. A minute or so later silver splashes around the target five miles away show that the gunners have found the right range. Everything is going well today. The torpedo attack has been highly successful and the shoot will turn out well, the weather is moderate and Jack well pleased with himself.

Night has fallen. Everything has been darkened; not a light can be seen on the ocean. As soon as one side spots the other, they are to open fire with star shells. Aha! the keen-eyed signalman has spotted something, merely a dark background, yet 'tis the enemy, the challenge is fired.

Suddenly night is transferred into day. Searchlights sweep the ocean and a curtain of star shell has been laid behind each participant. An eerie sight, this, to see balls of light floating through the air and long grey shapes lit up by searchlights. More like a procession of submarine monsters than modern warships carrying out exercise. With a slight hiss the last star shell reaches the water and the ships are ready to return to harbour.

At eleven o'clock, the fleet finally reaches harbour. At a signal from the Admiral, anchors are let go and engines stop and the day's work is over. The tired sailors are soon in their hammocks, sleeping the sleep of the just. No more work till 6 o'clock the next morning.

H. O'NEILL, (1932)

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THE HISTORY OF FREMANTLE BOYS' SCHOOL.

In 1864, Fremantle Boys' School, which was previously built by the convicts, was taken over by a teacher named G. B. Humble.

As there were only a few pupils at this School, Mr. Humble, besides performing the duties of a teacher, was also given the duty of town clerk.

When more and more pupils began to enrol, an assistant teacher, Mr. Frank Pearce, afterwards one of the richest men in this State, began to teach at this School.

Mr. G. B. Humble left this School in 1889, after being twenty-five years teaching at Fremantle Boys', and he was succeeded by an Irishman named White-man.

The Roman Catholic Boys' School, which was just across the road, was run by another Irishman named Rooney. Every lunch hour, there was a great number of fights between the Roman Catholics and the boys of this School, and it has been said, that very many boys returned home after school with torn clothes, bleeding noses and hands, etc., where they had engaged a Roman Catholic and had probably received the worst of the fight.

There were many complaints about the fighting between these two schools, so it was arranged for the schools to have lunch hours at different times.

In 1914, many ex-students of Fremantle Boys' enlisted to fight for their country, the names of whom can be seen on the Honour Board in the School hall.

Since those days Fremantle Boys' has seen the face of many thousands of pupils, and has carried off many trophies in the sporting world, and also many scholarships.

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