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Volume 1. No. 2

DEC. - 1935

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The refreshing flavour of Bushells Tea, selected from tender bud leaves, stimulates tired nerves and rapidly restores energy and cheerfulness.



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

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Vol 1, No 2.

December, 1935

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Gold Faction: G. Nye

Black Faction: L. Lombardi.

Blue Faction: M. Thomas.

Tennis Club: C. Jones

Secretary Tennis Club: T. Brown

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**EDITORIAL.**

Once again we come before our readers with our offering of School talent, trusting that our efforts will meet with the unqualified success of our first edition. During the past six months, copies of the Magazine with which we hope to keep our School—your School—evergreen to memory, have sped to the four corners of the earth—to the Eastern States, to Canada, to England and to Germany, whence our old friend Mr. R. G. Crossley replies in most eulogistic terms.

In submitting this—our second issue—we are confident that it has not fallen below the high standard befitting the work of a School such as ours; we feel sure that as a record of School days, it will meet with your approval; and we trust that your support so spontaneously given to our initial effort, will be as ready on this and future occasions.

The School joins with us in wishing our readers the Compliments of the coming Festive Season.

**THE SCHOOL CAPTAIN.**

No boy will be missed more from the School at the end of this year than smiling Frank Conole ("Noler") who, having completed his course of study, will pass on to greater and more serious fields. As School Captain his work has been splendid, and his influence amongst the boys most marked. In that respect he is to be congratulated on being awarded the Staff Prize for 1935. He has entered whole-heartedly into all sport, and has shown the same conscientious spirit in class work. The School will miss his cheery voice, so well remembered from his ever-ready speeches of appreciation: "On behalf of the boys of the School, we wish to thank you, sir, for this most interesting lecture . . .," not forgetting the now famous—"We, the children of Western Australia . . ." broadcast on Goodwill Day. His example as leader of the School is a fine one, and it is to be hoped that his successor will aim to emulate it.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We wish to acknowledge letters of appreciation of our first issue from the Director of Education (Mr. J. A. Klein, M.A.), Mr. F. E. Shaw (who has also given a ten years' subscription), Mr. R. Williams and Mr. R. G. Crossley, B.A.

## TO THE BOYS.

To the Boys of the Fremantle School.

In a few weeks your School year will be finished. You will all pack up your books, etc., in a spirit of expectancy, looking forward to the things that are before. Your immediate anticipations will be concentrated on the great festive season—Christmas, notwithstanding the experience of past seasons that “anticipations” are mostly better than “Realisations.” Yet we keep on hoping. This is a good thing and is to be encouraged. A very wise man nearly 3,000 years ago stated that “where there is no vision the people shall perish.”

To the boys who will return to school after the holidays, I would say, take a look back over the year that is gone and ask yourselves, “Have I done my best in the School and on the sports field.” If your conscience answers “No,” resolve to do better in the coming year.

To the boys who find that their schooldays terminate with the commencement of the holidays and that work will be the next lesson, I would say, determine in your own mind that no matter what the job you are given to do, do it with all your might, because it is a universal law that a talent which we now possess if unused is taken away from us.

We would all like to be called good citizens. Good citizenship after all, consists simply of obedience to the law and performing to the very best of our ability, the task given us to do. The man with one talent is honoured and respected, provided he does his duty faithfully, equally with the man of many talents.

To each of you I would say, strive to observe the “Golden Rule.” “Do unto each other as ye would that men should do unto you.” If this injunction became the rule and practice in all our lives, a real Christmas spirit would prevail

throughout the year and peace on earth and goodwill toward men would be permanently established.

In conclusion, let me quote for your earnest consideration some lines which urge us to devote our efforts to:

“The cause that lacks assistance,  
’Gainst the wrongs that need resistance,  
And the future in the distance,  
And the good that we can do.”

Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

Yours very sincerely,

F. E. GIBSON.

## VALEDICTORY.

A few months ago Mr. Norman Elliott was transferred from Fremantle Boys’ to Harvey. His departure has been regretted by both staff and boys, for his association with the school was a long one.

His work on the Industrial Section of the school was outstanding, and was of inestimable value in fitting the boys for their future careers.

His interest in all matters affecting the progress of the School won him the respect of all members of the staff, while tennis boys will long remember his enthusiasm and help.

His place will be hard to fill.

## “BRUDDER PEDER.”

I got me plenty trouble. Last New Year’s day there vas a knock ad der frond door, an ven I oben it der feller asked:

“Is der shentleman mit der house ad home?”

“Yas!” I sait, “I ish der chab vat wants you?”

Den he replied:

“I think I know your face. Didn’t yer haf a brudder vonce?”

Yas!” sait I, “I pin had a brudder. His name vas Peder and he vas lost ad sea.”

“Vat ish your name?” he asked.

“Franz!” I replied.

“My dear brudder Franz,” sait he, an he rushed in der hall an vas habby.

“Vere you come from?” I asked



"From der gannibal isles," he replied. "I valk me all der vay. Franz, you kill the fatted galf, for I come home vonce more."

Vell, I kill der galf, and der wimmen fill der table mit chellies, conserves, an creem-apple pies, an gakes, an efreyting dat ish goot, an den Pete vas help himself. He had nodding to eat from der time he left der Islands—dats vat 'e sait; an I knew it was true for he vas eating two hours.

Vell, after supper I send to the prewery an gets a keg of beer, an Bete vas seat hisself in der pig arm-chair an talk of der Gannibal Islands till 12 o'clock. Den ve vent to ped an my brudder an I shleep together. Vell, ven I vake up in der morning, Pete vas gone. I feel in me pocket on me vallet vas gone. I look me on der vall an me vatch vas gone.

An den I see me right avay der whole ting trough. Some dief vas broke in der house, an shtole avay my brudder Pete an efreyting dat vas vorth someding. I vill give me now plenty reward if I can find who shtole avay der only brudder I vas effer had.

C. COOK,  
7th. Prof.

### "OUR FRIEND THE NEW CHUM"

Said "Bushman" Bill, the station hand,  
To New Chum "Buckeroo."  
"Just come an' help me saddle 'orse,  
An' see what y'can do."

And straightaway the noo Chum then,  
(Aforesaid "Buckeroo.")  
Did follow Bill to stockyard large  
To deeds of derring-do!

"Now 'ere y'are," says "Bushman" Bill,  
"Go saddle yon gray mare,  
(An' if she doesn't knock yer flat,  
I'll eat me 'at, so ther!")

The New Chum stalked the munchin 'orse  
(It really seemed sedate).  
(He did not see them drovers tough  
All grinnin' at the gate).

He only knew as he touched 'orse  
With saddle in his 'and,  
He hit the roof and then came back  
To hard, hard Saltbush Sand.

The next day on the station there  
A tombstone did arise.  
And this the headstone's legend ran  
"Buck—6-feet—under—lies."

So now my friends the pink New Chums  
Had best beware of Bill  
For when the Boss had news of Buck  
Bill got "2 weeks—attempt to kill."  
And, thinks I, he had his fill.

E. BAMKIN, 8th. Pro.

### "IN THE SOUP."

It's summer in Abyssina  
The sun is Hellish hot,  
And Haile Selassie's dancing round  
A Dago in a pot.

The pot begins a-boiling,  
Selassie gives a yell.  
In goes a pound of curry  
And the Dago groans "Oh —!"

It's winter in Abyssinia,  
The sky's no longer blue,  
And Haile Selassie's dancing round  
His daily Dago stew.

The Italian Army's less'ning  
At an alarming speed,  
And Il Duce, he puts it due  
To Haile Selassie's greed.

Advance! Italia, but beware  
Of all your dark-skinned foes,  
For Abyssinians' hungers' great  
As some new Angel knows.

So Mussolini, when you steep  
Your noble hand in War,  
Take sound advice and keep away  
From fighting and from gore.

For if Selassie sees you sneak  
On to his private plot,  
You may, if you're not cautious, end  
In Haile Selassie's pot.

G. MITCHELL and K. MAXWELL,  
VIIIth. Prof.

### "SOLVED!"

Young Mr. Brown had just arrived home after a tiring day's work in the office. After dinner, he adjourned to the lounge room, selected the most comfortable chair—a regular custom of his, I fear—and pulling it to the fireside, fell into it with a sigh.

For some time his eyes gazed around the room, as though the pictures and ornaments were new to him, then they came to rest on the glass panelled bookcase which stood by the fireside. This was filled with many well-bound volumes most of which were written by that famous author of mystery novels, Edgar Wallace. He chose one of the books, and placing his lighted pipe in his mouth, settled himself for a night's reading.

He was an ardent reader of mystery



Black Patent one-bar  
Shoes, stout rivetted,  
solid leather soles for  
School wear, 7-10,  
4/11; 11-1, 5/11, 2-3,  
6/11.



As Illustrated. — Black  
Patent. Instep-tie, cute  
little cut-out styles, 7-10,  
6/11; 11-1, 7/11; 2-3,  
9/11.

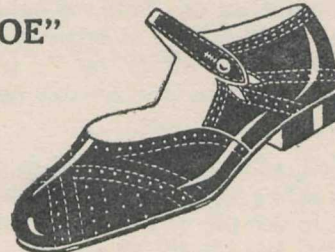
Brown Calf Sandals, nat-  
ural shapes, "veldt-  
schoen" sewn solid leath-  
er soles, 4-6, 3/11; 7-10,  
4/11; 11-1, 5/11.

LIKE  
FREMANTLE BOYS,  
The "EZYWALKIN SHOE"

will  
STAND UP  
and  
DELIVER  
GOOD VALUE.



Boys' School Shoes,  
good value, cut from  
black box hide, strong  
leather soles, good fit-  
ters, 7-10, 4/11; 11-1,  
5/11; 2-5, 6/11.



As shown in Picture—  
Black Patent one-bar  
stitched and perforated,  
7-10, 6/11; 11-1, 7/11;  
2-3, 9/11.

Sandshoes, white or two-  
toned, stout canvas up-  
pers, grooved white rub-  
ber or rough crepe rub-  
ber soles. Girls, 7-1, 2/3.  
Boys, 2/6.

**EZYWALKIN LTD. (Near Town Hall) FREMANTLE.**

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send the school to the lead in Sport and who is still leading the Port in the  
Hairdressing trade, where you get the most up-to-date cut under hygienic  
conditions—At

**COOK and SON**

HAIRDRESSER AND TOBACCONIST,

Cnr. MARKET AND LEAKE STREETS,  
FREMANTLE.  
(Next Princess Theatre).



novels, as one might well guess by a casual gaze at the bookcase, but this particular one presented the most fascinating mystery that he had yet tackled. In fact, he became so engrossed in it, that he forgot everything else around him. His wife came into the room to commence her knitting, while the children moved to the table to do their home lessons.

The only sound to disturb the quietness of the room was the monotonous ticking of the clock. The black hands moved slowly around the dial—seven; eight; nine; ten; eleven o'clock; Mrs. Brown looked up from her knitting, the children had long since retired for the night, but her husband was still turning over page after page. He was nearly at the end of the book; faster and still faster he turned over the leaves, with his trembling fingers—where was the solution? Where did all this end? His keen eyes scrutinised every page, every word, every letter—the last page—he stiffened—

Boom! Boom! Boom! the clock struck its midnight chord. His pipe clattered to the floor, the book fell from his nerveless fingers, and a loud sigh issued from his lips. His wife dropped her knitting and stared at her husband in amazement, until finally he managed to gasp—

"I knew it! I knew that I would find that missing account," he said triumphantly, "even if I had to search the whole bloomin' ledger."

A. WILLIAMS,  
9th. Prof.

### "AN OLD BOY."

I have just read the "Tempest" over again and it is quite clear to me that Shakespeare once attended this school. Of course, I have other evidence besides initials carved on a desk. The "Bard" makes numerous references to our School though he does not explicitly mention F.B.S. Just a few references should be sufficient to convince you.

Where's the Master?—Mischievous  
brewing I.1.11  
Oh, I have suffered—the master  
was evidently nearby I.2.5  
Wipe thou thine eyes.—The  
Master relents. I.2.25

Tend to the Master's whistle—  
At drill I.1.7  
Is there more toil?—Obviously  
at F.B.S. at 1.20 p.m. I.2.242  
Dull thing, I say so;—This has  
a familiar ring I.2.285  
The strangeness of your story  
puts heaviness in me—History  
perhaps I.2.306  
There's wood enough within—  
The Master's opinion  
when the class is assembled I.2.314  
I must eat my dinner—Tuck  
shop day I.2.330  
We heard a hollow burst of  
bellowing—One of the  
prefects I know II.1.301  
What is your name?— A new  
boy being enrolled III.1.36  
I'll to my book for yet ere sup-  
per time must I perform  
much business apper-  
taining—Home work III.2.94  
What is the time of the day?  
—Getting near noon I.2.238  
This is as strange thing as e'er  
I looked on—Sketch map I.2.89  
Confused noise within—Master  
temporarily absent I.2.54  
Foul weather—Monday after-  
noons II.1.136  
Me thinks I see it in thy face—  
Chewing gum. II.1.196  
I have no hope.—Final exams. II.1.228  
How now shall this be com-  
passed? — Mechanical  
drawing III.2.54  
A very ancient and fishlike  
smell.—Science room II.3.25

G. SMITH,  
E. GARRETT.

### DINOSAUR.

I was walking along the edge of a cliff when I stumbled and dropped over the side. Falling like a wounded bird, I gradually descended. From out of a crag fluttered an eagle which grasped me in its talons and gently brought me to earth.

I stood up and looked around. It was the queerest place I ever saw. Queer birds fluttered past. Strange animals scampered by. Feeling hungry, I went in search of food and came across a field of



wild carrots and a wild beehive. I had my meal, and taking a few carrots, set off in search of water. At a small stream I bent to have a drink, when I heard a noise further up the stream, and on peering through the bushes, saw the strangest creature. Its body was long and thin; its neck (which was covered with long spikes) seemed to reach above the cliff.

I moved around to the leeward of the animal, shinned up its tail, and sprinted for about a hundred yards along its back to its neck. Then, using the spikes as a ladder I clambered out to the tip of its nose, and hanging on by one wiry whisker I held my carrots in front of its quivering nostrils. I gradually coaxed its head above the precipice, then threw the carrots on the grass, and, as it bent its head I jumped; and landed at the foot of my bed.

KEN MCKENZIE,  
VII. General A.

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### SCENES IN FRENCH AND ENGLISH CAMPS UPON THE EVE OF AGINCOURT.

(From an imaginary diary by an English  
man-at arms).

October 24, 1415, by the castle of Agincourt.

At the hour of 9 o'clock. The morrow is St. Crispin's Day. There has been a fall of rain which has made the ground a bog, and treacherous both to man and beast. Not a bowshot away are encamped vast numbers of French, under the highly capable leadership of the Constable. The light from their fires can be plainly seen, and a dense and disheartening haze caused by the fires evaporating water from the soggy ground, is wafted o'er us, and clearly to be heard is the raucous laughter of the boisterous French men-at-arms.

At the hour of 11 o'clock. Although we be tired, worn out, hunger and disease-wasted, 'tis rumoured our immortal monarch, King Henry has visited all parts of the camp, inspiring undying confidence in his prowess. Even the horses share our former despair, and fail to neigh—a bad omen on the eve of battle. 'Tis rumoured e'en that Henry has donned the guise of Knight, and entered, veiled, into con-

versation with archers Williams, Michael, John Bates and Alexander Court and with whom he was favourably impressed.

At the hour of 12 o'clock. At this hour, the "witching-hour" as 'tis written by the poet, all seems dead in the agonising space 'twixt now and dawn. How-e'er, here comes a messenger who wears his royal master's livery. What news brings he? Ah! 'tis to the effect that every archer must be armed with battle-axe and sword in addition to his customary bow and arrows—he minds the occasion when the English archers became helpless for lack of side-arms when facing Bruce at Bannockburn—also each must provide himself with a stout stake, some arm span in length, with which to form an impenetrable palisade to the haughty French Knights and nobles.

At the hour of 3 o'clock. Nearly all of our comrades in arms have spent their last evening on earth, drawing up wills and performing their last devotions, before coming face to face with the Virgin Mary.

At the hour of 6 o'clock. Now, as the sunlight gilds our armour, arrows rattle, horses stamp, harness jingles, banners flutter, arms clatter, shields clang, spurs clink, bows creak, armour clanks, breastplates jangle, stakes are raised, and . . . (Here the diary becomes torn and illegible).

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### (Imaginary scenes from diary of Dauphin of France).

October 24, 1415.

Yonder, under their wretched covering, tattered and worn, lie those bloodless English! English, under a brawling leader who calls himself Henry, claims descent from the Black Prince, and lays claim to France's imperial throne! Be it so, may the morrow decide the fate and nature of these scurvy, wretched, disease-stricken English dogs! Our brave lords and nobles be in high spirits! Indeed, so high runs their Gaelic blood that they play dice for the certain prisoners of the morrow, St. Crispin's Day. Our brave steeds paw the ground in expectation of the forthcoming battle, especially "mon grand cheval," about which I have written a verse.



Those island carrion seem dismally dispirited, as no sound is heard from them except an occasional hoarse sentry call. The serfs of England I have contemplated—nay—meditated upon giving a full stomach to fight upon, but the idea be too ridiculous.

Now the dawning starks the trees, the banners, the serried arrays of helmets and plumes, and we are prepared, a proud and spirited mass, to annihilate Henry, Pr . . . (Here the Dauphin forwards to battle).

E. BAMKIN,  
8th. Pro.

### CAUSE FOR GLADNESS.

A little boy stood in the street,  
He clapped his hands with glee.  
An old chap, standing quite close by,  
Behind a house could see  
A colourful tinge in the western sky.  
He turned to the little lad  
"To see you appreciate sunsets  
It makes my heart so glad."  
The little chap looked round and said  
"Oh yeah! You're pretty tame.  
If you'd looked twice you would have  
seen  
It's our school 'ouse a flame."

N. CORNISH,  
7th. Professional.

### "A FUGITIVE."

He had miraculously escaped. Only one person before him had ever freed himself from the dreadful toil, torment and drudgery of the American chain-gang, and now came this daring exit of a young man whose life in this prison had been so unbearable that he had determined to push it aside and start afresh in the busy world.

These criminal men used to labour from early morning till late at night, breaking stones, building railway lines and many other arduous tasks. To prevent their running away, their legs were chained with rings around their ankles so that they could take only very short steps as they shuffled along. Amongst these crude men was a huge and powerful negro who could wield a sledgehammer with tremendous force, so this daring young fellow put his foot against the newly made railway line, while the negro hammered on the other side of the iron

anklet. Thus was James able to slip off the rings one day when hiding behind a bush.

The guard, noting James' prolonged absence, inquired loudly of his whereabouts. James hearing this, made off with terrified haste into the trees nearby, leaving his chains in a heap behind him, where the guard found them, not two minutes later.

With curt orders, the guard set five bloodhounds onto the fleeing convict's track. Madly running through the bushes every now and then glancing anxiously over his shoulder, James sustained many bruises and scratches from low hanging branches and prickly scrub. Presently his legs began to tire, but they were renewed to a greater effort by the approaching sound of baying. With a gasp of relief he sighted twenty yards ahead a clothes line upon which were hanging a man's shirt and trousers. Eagerly he pounced upon them, and when he had concealed himself in a very secluded part of the bush, he quickly donned the stolen clothing, throwing away the conspicuous convict garb.

Again he heard the baying of hounds but with this brief respite his legs seemed to gain new strength as he raced along the banks of a stream.

Suddenly an ingenious idea presented itself to him and he grasped at it with both hands, like the "drowning man grasping at a straw." Putting his thought into action, he quickly thrust aside the tall rushes that fringed the edge of the stream, and, wading a few yards into the muddy water, sank gently below the surface. But before doing this he had procured one of the many rushes around him and seeing that it was hollow intended using it as a breathing tube. Before long the hounds arrived. The guard leaving them in the charge of another guard, pushed aside the rushes, peered here and there, nearly treading on James as he did so. He failed to notice however, the rush that was sticking up just above the water and the few bubbles that rose intermittently to the surface. James sighed gratefully when the guard disgustedly gave up the search and waded slowly ashore.



Gradually the sound of baying dogs and moving feet died away in the silence of the bushes and James' tousled mop of black hair rose slowly to the surface. His escape was practically certain and he chuckled satisfactorily as he marched towards a new life.

G. CUMBERS,  
XIII. Pro.

### A TIDAL WAVE.

Not a breath disturbed the air; the stillness of the tropical night was magnificent, but it was an ill omen for the pearlers who were anchored in the bay. The boat rose and fell with oily swell, while the moon shone on the glimmering waters, making a pathway of light across the blue.

The men on board lounged about, smoking and talking, but apparently unconcerned over the brooding silence. The only remark about it was made by a fair-headed youth, a newcomer to the tropics. The lad's name was Allan; he was not familiar with tropical ways and remarked that there had not been any breeze for days.

Suddenly from one of the hammocks booned forth a nasal sound: "On the breeze, through the trees, comes the Mexican Serenade."

"Shut up, you blamed fool," came a voice from a deck-chair. This was the voice of an old salt who apparently did not know the harmony of music.

"Music's soothing for the nerves," came the rejoinder. "Besides, don't you reckon I'm as good as that bloke, the great American crooner, Bum Hoarsely?"

Although apparently unconcerned, the men were really irritated, for the brooding, breathless silence had continued for two days. The boat which had no auxiliary engines, had lain idle in the lagoon while this calm persisted. The men, thrown out of their daily routine of life were sulky and ill-tempered. The man in the hammock had sung and cracked a joke with an attempt at lightness, but the crew could not be aroused from their reverie.

The night ended in the same way as it had begun. The day drolled on with

heat becoming intolerable, the men lounged and loafed around, occasionally having a dip in the briny. About noon a haze which seemed to cling to the level of the sea was observed on the horizon. No notice was taken of it until sometime later when some one else noticed that it had somehow appeared to come closer and become larger. They watched it for a while until the old salt who had sailed the seas for years, recognised it to be a Tidal Wave. As he narrated his news, the crew became very white, but were roused into action.

Luck favoured them for a slight off-shore breeze had sprung up and they decided to stand out to sea and try to top the wave rather than risk losing ship and life in going for the shore. They moved outwards rather slowly for the breeze was very slight. The oncoming wave loomed larger and larger. The old salt realized that they were doomed, so he ordered the lugger about in order that they might have a chance of running before it after it broke. To let the wave break on them was certain death.

The wave reared itself up to a mountainous height like a mighty serpent about to strike. It curled; down it came with a thunderous roar, loud enough to awaken the dead. The men on the ship saw it and brave as they were, many screamed hysterically, but their voices were drowned by the roar of the wave. On it came and picked up the dinghy and flung it at the ship as if in ecstasy at its power. The ship was next; the deluge charged straight at it like a mad bull. The ship reared like an unbroken colt, turned a complete somersault and was lost in the boiling aftermath of the great wave.

About an hour later, the boy, Allan, the only survivor of the wreck, raised himself on his one firm leg in order to look about and examine the wreckage. Palms were down everywhere, while the ship was wedged between two palms—a total wreck. Further up the beach was the dinghy perched on top of a ledge.

The tidal wave had carried out its work of destruction in no uncertain manner.

WM. HOLLY,  
9th. General.



## YE OLDE WAR HORSE.

The sparking plugs are missing, the radiator hissing,  
The water's in the petrol, and the oil can's nearly dry;  
She hasn't e-en been painted for umpteen dozen years,  
The hood it is in tatters, and rusted are the gears;  
Tho' all of us are anxious, yet none of us have fears  
That good old 'liz will get there—but after many years.

J. BOCK,  
VII. Ind. C.

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## SCIENCITIS.

I had been worrying over the physics paper. I sat up till midnight trying to impress on my mind further details of this subject, till my eyes began to ache, and I had difficulty in keeping them open.

I dipped my pen into the inkwell, only to discover I was holding a feather. Suddenly my attention was drawn from this to the first question on the paper which was: "Write out Boyle's Law." Now Mr. Boyle, to my mind, had always seemed an unpleasant fellow, and when I discovered beside me a squat man with the kind of face which I always imagined this man Boyle would possess, I felt alarmed, bearing in mind the remarks I had once made regarding his law.

Although grinning balefully all the time, he did not speak, but after a while he opened his mouth, then snapped his teeth together and sprang backward. To my astonishment I then saw the reason for this sudden change—a bottle of mercury had leapt at him—a silver streak—then ensued a chase round the room until Mr. Boyle, when coming to his name on the paper, jumped towards it and vanished.

I then settled down to write, but my pen refused to do otherwise than make spidery outlines. At this I procured another one and proceeded with my work shakily. When I had almost finished what I could do, a draught of air lifted my paper and propelled it to a gas jet so that it instantly caught alight. As I made one frantic effort to save it I knocked over a big graduated cylinder.

Imagine my surprise as the cylinder righted itself and sprang towards me. I jumped onto the table and in doing so, knocked over a breaker, a test-tube, and several scale pans. At this the articles in question and many other things in the room as well all came at me with a rush. I jumped into the air and closed my eyes, hoping for the best. In my desperate leap, my hands automatically outstretched, clutched the electric light cord.

I swayed there for several seconds before I felt myself falling—falling—

I awoke to find myself rubbing my head where there was a large bump. My head had hit the table!

W. HALE,  
IX. Gen.

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## QUEER.

As the four adventurers pushed further into the Egyptian tomb, the musty smell which had collected for ages was wafted towards them, making the cave still more eerie.

At last the main cave was reached and, as the men passed through the opening, the coffins of the ancient Pharoahs seemed to move weirdly in the flickering torch light.

One by one the spoils were removed until at last one coffin remained. As the men bent over it, they paused and looked at the writing on it. "He who disturbs my sleep shall be cursed" translated one of the party.

"Don't take any notice of that," said another as he reached for the lid, "Curses made thousands of years ago, can't hurt us now."

"Good heavens," yelled one, "look."

The other three startled by the yell, spun round and stared as though hypnotised by the monarch revealed to them. The tissues of its face worked as the shrivelled lips repeated the curse on the lid.

As one man, the adventurers ran madly to the exit, scrambled on their camels screaming with terror, and whipped them to a fast gallop, followed by the vibrations of a maniacal cackling laugh from the mouth of the cave.

J. SHEWRING,  
VIII. Ind. A.



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## SCHOOL HAPPENINGS

### "PREFECTS' NOTES"

During this term we prefects have had very little to do in the ordinary line of duties, this fact being due mainly to the co-operation of the boys in general—the rules of the school having been broken on rare occasions. However the term has been full of "specials" the chief ones being:—The picnic with the Girls' School held at Mundaring Weir; Inter-School Sports; Orchestral Concert and duties when the warships were in port.

The school captain has been given a chance of "voicing his opinion" at the end of each of the talks on employment arranged by the Education Dept. On one occasion when Frank was away from school, Tony took his place and proved himself a good substitute.

During the term the meetings were held on the second Thursday of each month. Although they have been held in a rather disorderly fashion, a few brainy (?) suggestions have found their way from the meetings to the Head's office.

Well! By the time this Mag. is on sale the Junior Exams. will be over and the majority of us will be spending our last few days at this school. We hope that we have lived up to our names as scholars of F.B.S. and have done our duties well. Also we would like to congratulate the prefects for next year and we hope that the other boys, in co-operation with them, will work to raise the school even higher in the eyes of the public.

G. W. NYE,  
Secretary.

With extreme regret we record the fact that the Headmaster (Mr. A. W. Senior) lies seriously ill in the Repatriation Ward of Perth Public Hospital. We wish him a speedy and complete recovery from the troubles occasioned by War service.

We acknowledge with thanks the courtesy of Messrs. D. Waterman & Son, High Street, Fremantle, in lending a radio set for School Broadcasts on Anzac and Armistice days.

We congratulate D. Kaye (IX Prof.) on becoming Dux of the School for 1935.

From the "West Australian" under date 12/11/'35: "It is not unusual for pupils of central State Schools to pass the Junior Examination." We record our appreciation of this graceful tribute to the skill of those who are teaching University "Junior" classes in Central Schools. Our largest number of certificates gained in any year is 38 (1932) and this year 27 candidates are entering.

Did you know that Messrs. J. Elliott, G. Quin and E. Elliott have this year joined the "Parents' Association"? Congratulations!

The School congratulates Mr. J. Elliott on his selection for the State Team in the recent cricket match W.A. v. Australian Eleven.

### PREFECTS—1936.

G. Mitchell, G. Cumbers, D. Bathgate, J. Curtin, L. Davey, R. Stuart, P. Clauson, A. Luce, A. J. Bishop.

Before this issue is printed, the Annual Prize Giving, fixed for November 28, will have taken place. Among the awards are the following:—

Dux of the School: D. Kaye.  
Dux of VIII. Industrial: J. Hart.  
Champion Athlete: E. Briddick.  
Junior Champion: W. Carter.  
Champion Swimmer: E. Sinclair.  
Junior Champion: G. Mitchell.  
Best Cricketer: C. Bird.  
Best all-round Athlete: E. Briddick.  
Best influence in the School: F. Conole.  
Best influence in IX Professional: G. Jones.



Sportmanship in VII classes: H. Ballingall.

Faction Shield: White Faction.

The School thanks the following generous donors for making these awards possible:—Mrs. Younkman, His Worship the Mayor of Fremantle (Mr. F. E. Gibson), Inspector J. Miles, Mr. C. Doig, Mr. Hancock, Mr. R. Hobby, the Headmaster and School Staff.

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### MUSIC.

During the visit to this State of Professor Heinz and his A.B.C. Orchestra, a party of some 200 boys witnessed a recital at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Perth. It was a most enjoyable and instructive entertainment.

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### TROPHY PRESENTATION.

As a result of our Soccer team's winning the Burt Cup (by the way, the only football trophy won by us this year), Mr. Brooks, President of the Soccer Association, visited the School and formally presented the trophy, with a photo of the winning team on Prize-giving day. Our thanks are due to the association for its co-operation during the season. Congrats. to the winners.

---

### SCHOOL PICNIC.

Early in October, our School, combined with P.M.G.S., held an interesting and enjoyable outing at Mundaring Weir. Opportunity was obtained of studying the engineering feat, wonderful for its time, of conserving such a mass of water; of observing and studying the various types of rocks and natural flora, and of marking the wearing effect of running water on those rocks.

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### VISITING LECTURERS.

During this term we have had visits from Messrs. Clucas, Jennings, Stevens, and Davis who have endeavoured to give information to the boys relative to avenues of employment. Although most of these latter are impossible for the boys, the data and guiding principles may be useful to parents when considering any boy's future.

### LITERARY COMMITTEE.

Although experiencing a comparatively quiet period, the committee has not been inactive. The novels are in good condition, and plans have been formulated for operation next year. The Magazine is part of the work for which this committee is responsible.

## SCHOOL SPORT

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### SPORTS' COUNCIL REPORT.

As in the previous issue, we must again divide our report into various sections, each dealing with a branch of the School's Sporting activities.

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### ATHLETICS.

The School's annual Athletic Carnival was held on the Fremantle Oval on Monday, 14th October. The competitors were quite up to the standard of previous years and many records were broken. The School Champion was E. Briddick and the Junior Champion, W. Carter, while the White Faction was an easy winner in the Faction Competition.

At the Interschools' Carnival we again filled second place to P.B.S.

Honour badges have been awarded to Briddick, Carter, McLean.

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### FOOTBALL.

A successful season has concluded. Both the School and VIIIth. standard teams reached the finals of their respective competitions.

The Soccer Team was successful in winning the Burt Cup, and had a very enjoyable season.

Honour badges have been awarded to G. Jones, Briddick, Sinclair, Bishop, Wells, Thomas, Scott (Australian). Woodhams, Yeomans, Sherborne, Kemp, Cork, (Soccer).

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### TENNIS.

As was predicted in our last Magazine, our boys won both "A" and "B" grade Shields in the Inter-schools' Competition.



The Annual Tournament was an outstanding success. G. Jones won the School Championship Singles, and in partnership with C. Jones, the Doubles Championship. W. Main won the Junior Championship Singles and with T. West the Junior Championship Doubles.

Our School made its initial appearance in the Slazenger Cup this year and put up a very creditable performance. The experience gained should be of great help in future years.

Honour badges have been awarded to West and Brindal.

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### GENERAL.

Our summer sports, Cricket, Swimming and Life-Saving will soon be in full swing.

Sports' Honour Boards were provided during the year, and occupy a prominent place in the Hall. They should prove an inspiration to all boys in the School.

Ample material for all sports has been provided, and stocks are being replenished when necessary.

We take this opportunity of thanking the staff for its assistance and co-operation in all our activities.

J. DOLAN,  
Chairman.  
C. JONES,  
Secretary.

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### "AUTOMOBILES"

Mankind has always had a longing to travel, and since Daimler invented the first car in 1876, many travels to heaven, and the other place, have come about, mainly through the agency of accidents, inventor's mistakes, and careless drivers. Little did Daimler realise that the pedestrian, especially the one who walks across a busy intersection, would cease to exist due to the resultant offsprings of his first car. Not that the first car mattered much; I do not suppose it would do a speed of above five miles per hour, but when things begin to move at three hundred miles per hour, something is bound to happen.

The first automobiles were crude affairs, about as freakish as some of the latest streamline models and—well—one did know which was the front and which was the back of those old ramshackles.

The modern age of cars has a great influence on children's minds and the school boy who wrote Henry Ford instead of James Wolfe as being the originator of the following is excused:—

"They run! They run! Thank God! I die in peace!"

Likewise the Scotchman who asked that the meter of the runaway taxi be turned off should be excused as it is the natural instinct of his race.

It is said of the motor car:—"that nothing has created such a great wealth in such a short time"—Is it necessary to tell us of how we are robbed by these manufacturers?

In conclusion may I state that the motor car is destined to take man off his feet—bowl him over—and carry him away—the ambulance and the hearse.

By G. F. KEEN.

IX. Professional.

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### THE SONG OF THE DRYBLOWER.

Shake! Shake! Shake! The frames rock to  
and fro;  
Puff! Puff! Puff! The bellows constant blow;  
Rasping of the shovel in the golden sand;  
Rattle of the pebbles like a children's band;  
Squeaking of the shakers makes a merry  
tune,  
To and fro all day they go, the old dry-  
blowers' croon.

K. LEWIS,  
7th. Professional.

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### AIR TRAVEL OF THE FUTURE.

The most marvellous invention of the last hundred years is the aeroplane. It has developed in a remarkably quick time. Even now we have the wonder of the autogyro and this will be out of date by the year three thousand. So let us try to obtain a pre-view of that wonderful period.

An auctioneer's room stood on the next street. A terrific din came from it. I ran up with a man of the year three thousand and found a harassed looking



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man trying to dispose of 1935 planes at the price of three and a penny and getting no buyers. My companion added his voice to the din with a "Boo" or two and I followed suit.

I followed my companion outside and, looking round, we saw a sausage-like arrangement on top of a building. Deciding that we would have a trip to the stratosphere, and then a picnic on Mount Everest, we stepped in, taking the last two seats available.

The pilot turned a lever and some small balls in a glass case were splashed with water. These were the famous levity balls which began to rise as soon as they were sufficiently wet. The lifting power was so great that only a few were required to lift the machine to thirty to forty thousand feet, when we were in the stratosphere.

Strange sights met our eyes. On all sides comets and meteors whizzed about. Occasionally one came near, but could not reach us because of a special apparatus which repelled them. Only one travelling at terrific speed could hope to smash into us. Soon one of these did loiter up and hurtle past taking with it a small peeling from my friend's left ear. The piece will be well cooked by now. My companion made known his loss in a string of words which have never been excelled to my knowledge.

No one wished to remain after the incident, and so the pilot turned on the rocket power and the machine began to streak along at a thousand miles an hour. Soon we were over Mount Everest and had to make a sharp right turn to reach the landing ground. The pilot put out his hand because a second plane was on his tail, and he had to comply with traffic regulations.

The picnic was soon in full swing but when the coffee was served the people found it too hot. So they attached a small rocket apparatus on each back, and had a race round India. In ten minutes or so the leader was back, with the rest soon after. The coffee was then just the right heat and when it was consumed, the pilot returned to England.

Upon his arrival he found that he had pressing business in America. He rocketed to the nearest aerodrome. Here he saw the latest development in the air line. The passengers, including himself, took seats in a bullet shaped affair. When all seats were filled, the pilot pressed a button and a terrific explosion took place. Within half a minute the controller swerved to avoid the Statue of Liberty. But he left the turn too late and a small chip off a hundredweight or two was snapped off the torch. This brained a person below, and the pilot was fined five pounds. Life had become cheap.

In America, a war was being waged with Japan, and it gave the Americans a chance to try out a very modern idea. A large machine of the levity ball type was filled with explosives. A man with a rocket on his back took charge. He flew to Tokio, set his machine to drop straight down, then shot out of the top and went back to New York. Tokio was damaged considerably. Houses fell, hundreds of lives lost and there was no fur left on the tail of the Emperor's Persian cat.

America's most wonderful achievement was the Trans-American Airway. Six planes of the type mentioned were stationed at uniform intervals across the land. The first began and soon the second was seen in the distance. It rapidly loomed larger and just as a collision seemed inevitable the front portions of each machine fell open. The moving machine stopped suddenly and the passengers were shot from one to another and the journey continued.

In the year 3000 aerial travel and warfare may be like this. But it may not. You probably have different ideas. But we will not argue. We will all be dead by then. So why worry?

E. BRIDDICK,  
IX. Prof.

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### A HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

In a small saloon two men sat talking in low earnest voices. Every now and again they would glance towards the door as if expecting someone. Soon a big broad-shouldered man entered, and sitting alongside the other men, said:



"Everything's ready now. The coach leaves at 2 o'clock.

"Good," ejaculated one of the men. They rose, paid their bill, and strolled leisurely out.

"Saddle your horses. It's half-past 12," was the crisp command. The two men saddled their horses and were soon joined by the boss.

"Come on," said he, and they rode down the incline on which the township was situated, and were soon lost to sight.

Meanwhile the stable boys harnessed the coach-horses and soon two men were seen carrying a box of heavy nuggets of almost pure gold, worth about £2,000. The box was placed in the coach; one of the men climbed in, while the driver mounted to his seat and with a sullen "Get up" started the coach off down the same track which had previously been taken by the three men. . . .

It was a hot day; everything was silent, but the flies were annoying, and worried the driver. He brought the coach to rest beneath a huge gum tree.

"It's a scorcher to-day," he said, turning to the guard. The man grunted a reply as he wiped the tiny rivulets of moisture from his forehead. After a short rest, the coach lumbered on once more.

In the distance was a small grove of trees and as the coach neared it, a masked figure on horseback suddenly appeared and said, "Stick 'em up!" The coach came to a scrambling halt as two more masked figures rode up.

"Hurry Joe! Get the box and let's go."

Joe was about to get the box when the "clippity clop" of a horse's hoofs reached the ears of the men, and a mounted policeman rode around the bend. He fired. One man fell and rolled over. Another shot killed a robber's horse under him, but before he could escape, the producer shouted "Cameras off! We must shoot this scene again!"

JACK TAPPER,  
VII. Gen. A.

## THE ELECTRIC MAN.

Nestling snugly in the lofty palms of an unchartered South Sea Island was the laboratory of the half insane Professor Hargrave. He was the late owner of a huge diamond mine in South Africa, but when it had fallen to the hands of Dame Poverty, he had, with his daughter and her lover, Dick Landsberg, vanished from the eyes of the world, many believing them to be dead. But they were not dead, for they had sailed to this island (after a hazardous trip) on a lugger of about forty-five tons, which was still in the possession of the Professor. The mine crash had stricken him half insane but with a little hope still left, he had resolved to make an Electric Man, which, he said, would once more make him a man of thousands. And now, from the small bough and thatch laboratory came the sound of whirring, buzzing machinery. And then came a blood-curdling shriek of laughter. His daughter Elsie who was now wandering along the white shores of the placid blue sea, looked up, terrified, at her lover, Dick. She did not speak, but just stared with horrified, glassy, blue eyes. Dick fidgeted and then looking down at his feet said slowly and awkwardly, "He's made it! He's made an Electric Monster!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Dick! Dick," Elsie screamed, "It will murder, murder I tell you," (more hysterically than the first). Then in a low murmur, "It will! It will!"

Again the blood-curdling cry of the Professor, and the side of the laboratory caved in and from the wreckage emerged the Professor on the shoulders of an iron man. At the Professor's command it dashed down to the shore and, seeing on the water's edge a huge boulder, crushed it to tiny fragments. "See," said the Professor laughing hysterically, "I have made it! made it! and see its strength!" And again the blood-curdling scream.

Three days later a ship, charting South Sea Islands, came upon the ghastly sight on a lonely island of three mangled bodies (two men and a girl it seemed) huddled in an uncertain heap, and protruding from the deep blue sea, the iron foot of a man.

R. JACOBS,  
7th. Industrial B.



### "ONE UP ON THEM."

In a sunlit corner of Mac's "Hotel"  
(A posh term by the cockeys);  
A polished youth who smoked "Rotel"  
Was reading the weekly "Rockies."  
Now two tough birds of old Mac's pub  
Approached the city lad,  
Said they, "We'll let him shout some  
grub,  
And make some dough, bedad!"  
And over a bottle of Mac's queer brew  
They told their fearsome tale  
Of the haunted shanty of Alex McGrew,  
Of the bloodstained axe and flail.  
"Now here," they said, "we bets you  
straight,  
You won't sleep there the night,  
For if you do, as sure as Fate  
We wins our bet outright!"  
The stakes they gave ('twas a guinea  
each)  
To faithful barman Mac,  
And sure enough (though the night was  
rough),  
They met him at the shack.  
"If you stays the night, you wins," they  
said,  
"But in the mornin', (if you ain't  
dead),  
It won't be the fault of our two man  
gang  
If "softie" the sap sees us two  
hang!"  
And during the night ('twas a howling  
gale);  
The two picked up the bloodstained  
flail.  
They found him, sure, but at their backs,  
And horrors! he'd collared the  
gleaming axe.  
Then praying and gasping and yelling  
they ran  
From the glinting axe and the  
silent man!  
And when they recovered them from  
their fright  
They both agreed that he'd won  
outright.  
The next day when they went to Mac's,  
They found he'd recently bought an  
axe;  
They fainted, and when Mac pulled them  
through,  
He'd gone, and so had two pounds  
two!

E. BAMKIN, 8th. Pro.

### TALES OF TAILS.

The tail of an animal, though it may not appear to serve any particular function, is often of considerable use to it.

Take for instance, a rabbit when feeding; as soon as it sees or hears an enemy approaching, it will instantly pop underground and the last thing you see

of it is its white tail. This is seen by the other rabbits, and so the signal is given and in a moment or two, not a rabbit is to be seen. Thus the rabbit's tail is a kind of danger signal though it may also betray the rabbit to the man with the gun.

The rabbit is by no means the only animal that escapes from the enemies by means of his tail. Some lizards run away leaving their tails behind them to occupy the attention of their foe while they themselves escape.

The slow-worm resembles a snake but it is really a legless lizard and is quite harmless. It can be distinguished from a snake by its moveable eyelids (snakes do not possess eyelids to cover their eyes)

When the slow-worm is attacked, it jerks off portion of its tail; it can well afford to do this as the tail consists of about half of the worm. The pursuer then finds he has two slow-worms to contend with, both of them wriggling round in a lively manner. The tail gradually slows up, and the toad or mole, thinking that it would be the easier to capture, grabs it, finding that he has seized only the "shadow."

When the caterpillar of the puss-moth is attacked by its enemy, the Ichneumon fly, which tries to lay its eggs on the caterpillar's body, it projects from its tail two whip-like lashes with which it drives the fly towards its head. The caterpillar then withdraws its head and while the fly is attracted by the head, the caterpillar sprays the fly with formic acid from a gland beneath its mouth, thus rendering the fly insensible and thus able to be killed.

The Devil's coach horse beetle "gases" its enemies. When attacked by a toad or mole it turns up its tail and sprays two globules of whitish fluid at the enemy. This has a strong disagreeable odour thus causing the toad to pick a less disagreeable meal.

Monkeys are of course, the most familiar examples of animals that use their tails. The tail is usually quite devoid of hair and is as powerful as one of their hands. The naked tail monkey of South America is the most expert in using its tail.



The opossum's tail is similar to the monkey's and is very sensitive to touch. It possesses a powerful grip, and is also a means of carrying its young.

There is no end to the uses of tails and nearly every animal's tail provides a different story.

G. PORTER. 8th Gen.

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### DID YOU KNOW?

That the centre of the earth is believed to have a temperature of 50,000 centigrade and to be subject to a pressure of 50,000,000lbs. per square inch.

That a bird flying into the mouth of a large jar and around the inside of the jar without touching the sides would add to the weight of the jar.

That the time taken to reach the moon from earth by a man walking, would be 7 years.

That if a man were as strong as a flea in comparison with his weight and size, he would be able to lift 4 tons above his head and jump  $9\frac{1}{2}$  feet into the air.

That the "ring" around the moon is caused by the reflected light from the moon passing through a very high layer of cirro-stratus clouds, consisting of minute snowflakes and small ice crystals.

That the largest lake in the world is the Caspian Sea, its area is 165,500 square miles.

That there is enough steel in the Sydney Bridge to build 5 Eiffel Towers; every piece used is straight.

That in England there is a canal suspended over the roadway between London and Birmingham; at Wembley.

That in prehistoric days a meteorite struck what is known as the State of Arizona and made a crater 4,000 feet across and 550 feet deep. It is estimated to have weighed 14 million tons.

That hot water placed in a refrigerator freezes quicker than cold water.

That a airman sees a rainbow spread out like a plate.

That only 1/10 of the Sahara Desert is sand, the rest being water-worn pebbles and rocky ground.

That the Applecross wireless station mast 400 feet high, rests on a piece of glass 6 inches thick.

That a average man weighing 12 stone on the earth would weigh 2 stone on the moon and 2 tons on the sun.

That your finger nails grow at the rate of 4 inches per year. If you did not cut them until you were 60 years old, they would be 20ft. long.

That bananas in East Africa grow to 2ft. in length and as thick as a man's arm.

That an inch is longer in U.S.A. than in Britain.

That about 12 acres of timber go to make one issue of a newspaper. One London paper uses that amount (about 200 tons) daily.

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### "HEARD ABOUT THE SCHOOL."

"I'll bite."

"Ordinary pads out."

"Cut out your foolery."

"I'll grant you that."

"What the blanceky blank —?"

"I don't care two hoots."

"What are you looking dumb for, Dora?"

"I can't make fish of one and flesh of another."

"Did you have a shower this morning?"

"Stand up those who aren't here."

"I'll give you a father of a hiding."

"Raspberries."

"Use your ingenooity!"

"Why don't you bring your bed?"

"Come on now, do your own job."

N'est ce pas, oui."

"Allee, toot sweet."

"Until next Thursday morning."

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Alliance Francaise results: Division III. Pass: A. Clauson. Division IV. 4th Prize: A. McKinnon. Distinction: R. Stuart. Pass: K. Maxwell.

Ex-Students Division, I. I Raymond (large silver medal), H. Bennett, F. Marshall, Pass.



## EX-STUDENTS' NOTES

### EX-STUDENTS' CLUB

As this report goes into publication, the first season of the Ex-Students' Club of the School is drawing to a close. Judging by the keenness of the members, the variety of functions that have been arranged, and the interest taken by outside bodies, the inauguration of the club must be regarded as highly successful.

### BADMINTON.

The progress in Badminton has been most marked throughout the year. Much of this can be accredited to the State Champion (Mr. R. Priest), who, early in the season, brought down to the school three of the leading players in the State. Mr. Priest followed a series of exhibition matches with a talk on the game, and a little individual instruction. He was most impressed with the talent amongst the boys and expected great things from some of them in the future. The advice of the State Champion is worth repeating: "Keep your eye on the shuttle!"

In a match played against the School the Ex-Students' had little difficulty in winning, the electric light obviously handicapping some of the boys. Not so successful, however, was the result of a match against the Staff, who won by 10 games to 6. This is regarded as a creditable result taking into consideration the greater practice that the teachers obtain.

The Club Badminton Tournament commenced towards the end of August, and the majority of matches indicated the high standard of play that has been achieved. We desire to seize this opportunity to render our thanks to Messrs Doig and Horn and L. J. Brown for their assistance in donating trophies. The particulars of the tournament are covered by a separate report.

### TENNIS.

Tennis activities for the season com-

prise three meetings at Subiaco. As one of these, a match against the School was played, but owing to the lack of practice, the Ex-Students were badly beaten—winning only one match out of twelve. Congratulations are offered to the School team on its success throughout the year in Inter-School Competition. With the tennis season just commencing, certain members of the Club have already gone into training with a view to capturing the Fremantle District Junior title. It should be a close go this year.

### CRICKET.

It is hoped to arrange for a cricket match against present students very shortly. The suitability of a particular day and the obtaining of a ground are problems that have to be faced. Ex-Students are particularly keen on a match of this nature, and hope to be able to arrange for it to become an annual fixture.

In concluding this report, we would like to thank the Headmaster and Staff for their interest throughout the year, which has meant so much in getting the club under way.

R. E. NIXON.

### FIRST ANNUAL BADMINTON TOURNAMENT.

Before a number of interested spectators, the Club Tournament was brought to an end recently. Facing one another in the final of the singles were H. Fowler and K. Jenkins who had fought their way through many keen contests. Neither had lost a set to this stage, though each had been called upon to go the limit to win one or two matches. The tenseness of the final was, therefore, fitting—the long sustained rallies, the shrewdness of dropshots, the severity of smashing and the closeness of the result. H. Fowler excelled himself in steadiness, shots on both hands being returned with certainty and sting, finding the corners, the back-



line, the dropshot, with deadly accuracy. Well that it was so, for with a swing on to the smash, Jenkins usually managed to finish the rally. Fowler won the first set with comparative ease 15-9, having a long lead before his opponent got moving. The second set saw the boot on the other foot, with Jenkins having the upperhand, capturing the set at 15-10. Then the grim struggle for the third. Point for point they fought. At 7-all there appeared to be a stale-mate. Could one break through? Fowler's steadiness here wore down the patience of his opponent, and with the gaining of the point, he went away to a winning position, finally winning the club title at 15-8.

The doubles final likewise proved to be a fine contest, an exhibition thoroughly appreciated by the onlookers.

Although one or two boys predominated in the finals, the tournament proved of inestimable value to all members of the club by giving them serious competition. All matches were keen, and every player should be satisfied with his performance.

Our thanks are due to Messrs C. Doig and L. J. Brown for assistance in donating Cups.

Results. Club Singles Championship: H. Fowler beat K. Jenkins, 15-9, 10-15, 15-8; Club Doubles Championship: T. Lewis and R. Reitze beat H. Fowler and H. Bennett, 15-9, 15-11. Handicap Singles: K. Jenkins beat H. Fowler, 3-11, 11-7, 11-6. Handicap Doubles: K. Jenkins and G. Pearce beat G. Brown and J. Helsin, 11-7, 3-11, 11-1. Consolation Plate: M. Stedman beat G. Brown, 15-9, 15-9.

**ROUND ABOUT**—A few Ex-Students and their jobs. (Information with regard to Ex-Students of the School is sought by the Secretary, who would be pleased also to answer any inquiries that are desired with regard to Ex-Students. Address to Hon. Secretary, Ex-Students' Club, Fremantle Boys' School).

M. Paust (1932), Education Dept., Perth. S. Law (1932), Commonwealth Bank, Perth. R. Hudson (1932), A. Tonks (1932), Audit Dept. Perth. A. Ball (1932) H. W. Caesar's, Perth. M. Brice (1932)

District Registrar, Perth. C. Herbert (1932), Agricultural Dept. Perth. A. Strang (1933), Transferred to Yarloop Railway Station. C. Johnston (1934), Midland Workshops. M. Stedman (1934), Fremantle Cold Storage and Refrigerating Co. T. Lewis (1934), Treasury, Perth. A. Backhouse (1935), W. D. More's, Fremantle.

### NOTED.

K. P. ROGERS, Junior Golf Champion of W.A. for second year in succession.

E. A. TAYLOR, doing well in Amateur Golf Championship.

C. A. FAULDS, First Fremantle representative in State Hockey team. Well done, Dick.

A. TONKS, J. BRIGGS, L. DARLING, successful Accountancy Candidates—leading places in Commonwealth.

N. BUTLER as secretary of Fremantle Cricket Club.

F. SKELTON for 98 in the Mercantile Association recently.

R. JOSE opened the W.A.C.A. season with 123 amongst the B's. Congratulations, Ron.

W. WENNSTROMM, 82 in same match.

M. BRICE, S. McLIVER a trip to Adelaide with W.A. Rugby team, who defeated S.A.

K. NORRIS, Honours degree in Science at Uni., Hackett Bursary, pursuing studies on red earth mite.

G. DOIG continues to lead the goal kickers in League Football. Finding it easy, Goog?

W. BRACKENRIDGE star centre forward for Caledonian's Soccer Team.

F. ALEXANDER opening batsman for W.A. against Australia XI. recently.

K. STAMMERS only allowed 1 or 2 goals through in Lacrosse match in Kalgoorlie.

K. McKENZIE in dashing form in Bunbury. Hockey and so forth.

R. HOBBY, Assistant Assayer in Meekatharra and doing well—School is grateful for your usual prize.



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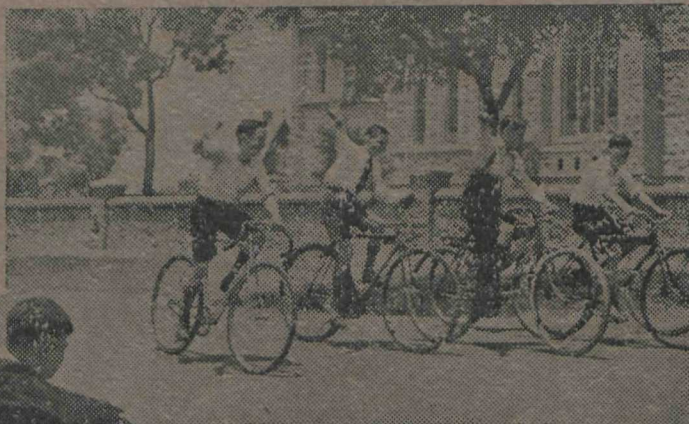
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