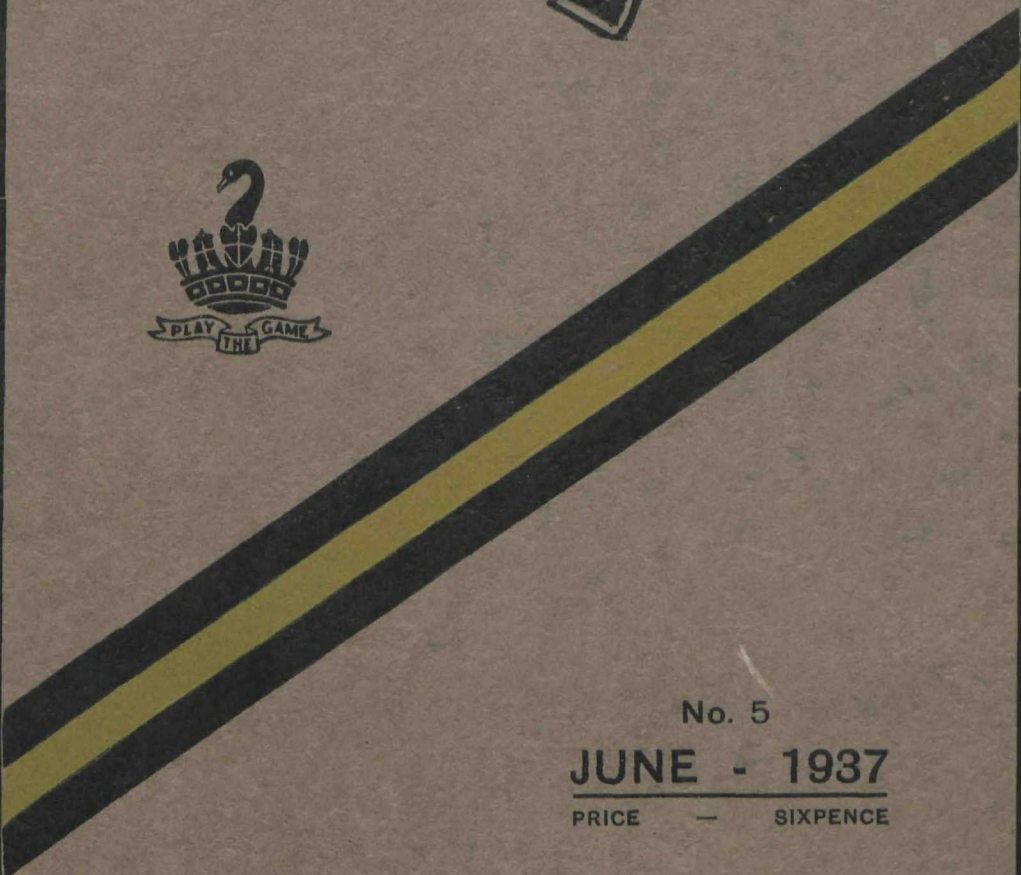


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The Magazine of the "F.B.S." Fremantle Boys' School  
AND ORGAN OF EX-STUDENTS' CLUB

Vol. 2, No. 5

June, 1937

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Black Faction: R. Hogan  
Gold Faction: A. Morris  
Blue Faction: T. West

Tennis Club: W. Main

Secretary Tennis Club: C. Bird

EDITORIAL.

Before producing this number of our magazine we took a vote amongst some classes to ascertain whether we were giving readers the type of article they appreciated. We were agreeably surprised to find that all types received a favourable vote for we were beginning to think that the short story with a surprisingly unexpected ending was being overdone. The form of the present number will therefore be the same as in past issues. Please let us know, however, if we can do better. The magazine is for you, and we want you to send in matter that you find of interest. You will find that you get a genuine glow of satisfaction from what is accepted.

\* \* \* \*

OVERSEAS EXCHANGES.

We are delighted to receive from England the following magazines: "The Jews' Free School Magazine," published by the Jews' Free School of Bell Lane, Spitalfields, and the "Gorsedalian," published by the Gorsedale Senior Boys' School, near Liverpool. The former has been in existence for twenty-eight years and the latter is printed by the boys

themselves on their school press. Congratulations, both! We feel a kinship with you as we read what you have sent us. We note that the matter of each magazine is made up much more than that of our own of class notes and records of school happenings with which we should say the boys are already familiar. The "F.B.S." Committee has always made it a policy to fill pages of the magazine as far as possible with original gems of school-boy writing. We find it hard to keep freshness in these but we keep on trying. Maybe more reports would meet with favour; we shall have to ascertain.

\* \* \* \*

THE RETURN OF DR. CROSSLEY.

It is almost three years since we said goodbye with deep regret to Mr. R. G. Crossley who was leaving to make further studies in French and German on the Continent. Now he returns to us as Doctor Crossley after a successful period at the Universities of Friburg and Munich in Germany where his study and research have gained him the title of Doctor of Philology. He is master of the German language, an achievement that few Australians have equalled. While abroad, too,

he made time to do six weeks' strenuous work amongst the 25,000 students of the University of Paris—just to further his knowledge of French.

And so he comes back with his ambitions realised, with his future as a teacher of languages assured, and with an invaluable day to day association with a people whose intentions—peaceful or war-like—are to us a matter of great moment. He brings with him books and posters and many interesting and instructive experiences. Those who attend his lectures next month at the University under the 'Adult Education Scheme will realise the gain of his return.

What an example, Ralph, you have given the younger fellows who have had the benefit of your companionship and instruction! Your ambition and patience and determination have earned our admiration. We congratulate you heartily upon your success, and we value highly the fact that despite the pressure of your work on the other side of the globe you never forgot the old school and the friends you made in it before you left.

\* \* \* \*

### TO THE BOYS.

#### A Letter on Impressions Abroad.

To the Boys,

I have just returned to the school after a stay of nearly three years in Europe. Most of the time I was in Germany. I was wonderfully well treated by the German people who were at all times very friendly towards me as to all British people. During my stay I had occasion to visit a number of schools and meetings of the youth movement and if you were to ask me if I noticed any great difference between German boys and our own I should certainly say no. There are no fundamental differences in young people the world over. That is why they get on so well together when they meet, in spite of language difficulties. I have seen a German boy and an American boy converse together in a most interested way for some hours although the one spoke only German and the other only English. At the end of the time they knew all they wanted to know about each other.

German boys are very like English or Australian lads in appearance and I sometimes found it hard to believe it was not one of our own classes I was visiting. There are, however, differences. I found German boys much neater in their appearance, much tidier in their habits, and much more systematic in their way of doing things. That is of

course the result of a life-long training not only at school but also at home. Their environment contributes very largely, too. German towns and villages are so spick and span. The countryside is clean as well. Picknickers just don't leave their scraps about!

Are German boys lacking in initiative? No! Not in these days, where they do so much sport. Especially is this faculty brought out on their excursions and wanderings. Even quite young lads wander far afield in the holidays seeing their own country. They spend the nights at youth hostels. It costs only twopence a night and they have all the facilities for cooking, washing, and attending to themselves in other ways. The discipline in the hostels is strict so their parents know the boys are not in mischief. "Lights out" is at nine o'clock in some hostels. In all of them ten o'clock is the latest. I met boys of twelve at a youth hostel on the Danube in Tutlingen who had come from East Prussia, and thought nothing of it. In the winter time all German boys, who can, go skiing and if there is ever a sport where one has to rely on one's self it is skiing, especially when one goes on tour. The German boy of to-day believes in being "ein ganzer Kerl" (it's hard to translate but means approximately "a complete manly fellow"). The days when the little spectacled chap who topped the class in lessons was the ideal are now past and gone. Physical fitness, self-reliance, and self-control are looked upon as just as important qualities as knowledge of facts. In skiing these qualities are brought everywhere to bear. You must be physically fit to go on the march all day carrying your rucksack and to swing down the snow-covered slopes without becoming a burden on your comrades. They won't stop to pick you up—unless of course you're hurt—then they will, for the great ideal of German youth is comradeship in the true sense of the word. You must be self-reliant, for when you are on skis it is only yourself that can keep you upright when you sizzle down the mountain side and have to swing between the trees and surmount the obstacles. You must exercise self-control, too, for the foolhardy in skiing generally end in the hospital. It's a great sport and the boys know it. You meet groups of German youths all through the mountains. They're hardy, they're tough, but they're cheery and good comrades. Meet them in the alpine hut at evening grouped round the oven where one of them sits with his accordeon and join in their songs and jokes and you'll agree they are good fellows. They would appeal to you because just those qualities which Australian boys admire are the ideals of German youth.

They are of course well-disciplined. Every German boy of ten has to join the Hitler Youth and remains in it till he is eighteen. There is drill and there's marching but they seem to like it, especially when allowed to whack one of those big lands-knecht-drums or blow a trumpet. They have their meetings at five o'clock on two afternoons per week. (German schools close at one and the

boys have the afternoons free.) On one evening they have sing-songs, tell stories, and do handicrafts (I saw one group making model gliders); on the other they have sport, gymnastics, etc. Once or twice a month they go out for a full day's wandering in the woods or in the mountains. Do they believe Germany wants to be top-dog? Not at all. They put Germany first just as every decent Australian lad puts Australia first but they understand other countries and get on well with boys from other countries as the numerous meetings and camps arranged for such purposes have proved.

Well, I have told you something about German boys. My purpose in doing so is to make you understand them a bit better for if you understand them you will not always believe what is said about them without thinking. The spirit of understanding is the best foundation for peace and that is what we all wish for, isn't it?

—Yours, R. G. Crossley.

\* \* \* \*

### THE LONE PATROL.

Away to the west where there's tall mountain ranges,

Away to the place where he's faced many dangers,

He rides day and night till he reaches the border,

He rides to his home where he keeps law and order.

He's tired and weary, his horse is near done,

But he sticks to his saddle his prize nearly won.

As he tops a high rise he looks down on the plain

Where he's herded the cattle again and again;

And he whistles a tune as he gallops along,  
And the horse's hoofs beat to the time of his song;

As he rides through a canyon the high walls resound

To the thump of the hoofs as they hit the hard ground.

As he reaches the homestead he jumps to the ground,

And cowhands and farmers come crowding around;

For he brings them glad tidings from far distant stations,

And greetings and letters from distant relations.

He tells them of stories he's heard on the way,

Then off to the mountains he gallops away.

—C. Bishop, 8th Jun. Tech.

### THE SCHOOL CREST.

For many years it was felt that the school, with its long history, should have a crest and motto that would portray its characteristics. The crest that you now see on caps and blazer pockets was the outcome of a number of experiments. Our early attempts erred on the side of complexity (one of them was a ship in full-sail) and the consequent difficulties of their execution in cloth were sufficient to rule them out. We persevered however till the present badge was evolved and most boys will agree that it looks well both on cap and on blazer.

The idea of the badge was taken from the coat of arms of the City of Fremantle. There you will see a naval crown, surmounted by a black swan bearing a trident in its beak. This design was too difficult to permit of making a badge within the means of most of our boys so it was simplified. Our badge shows the naval crown with its ornaments, the sails and sterns of sailing ships, from which the head of a black swan protrudes. It therefore exemplifies the fact that our school is the school of Western Australia's chief port and naval establishment.

The choice of a motto was not hard. Good clean sport has always been the chief characteristic of Fremantle Boys' and always will remain so. The motto does not only find application on the sporting field, of course, but also in all school activities. It is indeed the best word of advice to our lads, who will live their lives in Australian communities. It is naturally in English, our mother tongue. Many schools have Latin mottoes but the tradition of classical studies is not ours, and a motto in French would typify a snobbery that is alien to a school where good fellowship is the prime rule of conduct.

\* \* \* \*

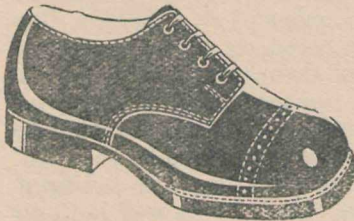
### “PLAY THE GAME.”

The preceding article has brought under notice the school motto. The following stories are those selected from the contributions of a class whose members wrote with the school motto as a title.

#### A Great Game.

It was the fifteenth of March, the day on which the final cricket match was

10/11.—Our Special Youths' College Shoe, made in our own factory in Black or Brown Calf, square or full round toes, all leather, machine sewn soles, sizes, 2-5 10/11.



Boys and Youths' School (black) Shoes, neat appearance, leather lined, all leather guaranteed, looks and wears well, in Black, Box Calf; sizes, 7-10, 5/11; 11-1, 6/11. Youths' sizes, 2-5, 7/11.

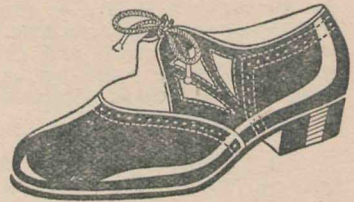
Boys' School Boots, made for wear, in Black Box, Hide. Stout all leather soles, wide fitting sizes; 9-10, 6/11; 11-1, 7/11; 2-5, 8/11.

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to be played. The boys from both colleges (Frankston and Murrie) were very excited, for this was the match which was to decide who should keep the cup; so it may be understood each team wanted to win more than ever.

The two captains came out of the pavilion, John Fraser, captain of the Murries, winning the toss. Out came the Frankstonites to field, later followed by the opening batsmen of the Murries.

The game commenced. The opening over was a maiden, but the following one had two quick singles knocked from it. John Fraser, one of the opening batsmen, did not stay long, being caught in slips when the score was only ten. The pair that was made up by the entrance of Dick Leslie, though, seemed inseparable. Scoring became fast, and fifty was up on the board in forty-eight minutes, both batsmen giving fine displays in the handling of the bat. The score had reached eighty-one before this pair was separated. So the game was continued, the scoring being sometimes fast, sometimes slow, before the fall of a wicket. Once there was no score at all, one man being bowled first ball. The Murrieites, however, could not stay in all the time, and they were eventually all out for three hundred and five, just five minutes before the time allotted for them was up.

Ten minutes' interval followed during which it was wondered if it were possible for the Frankston team to pass the score of their opponents.

Interval was over. The Murrie team had come out to field. The opening batsmen had gone to the wicket but each was bowled out before the score had reached twenty. Then came Bob McAndrew, who, with the other batsman, began steadily to increase the score. When this had reached one hundred and twelve Bob's partner was caught out. The next batsman was not so sure of himself, and nervousness caused his downfall, for when failing to make a bold stroke he was caught out by the fielder at mid on. The batsmen then seemed just to come and go until eight wickets had fallen for two hundred and fifty, Bob being the main scorer and still at the wicket. On the arrival of the second last wicket Bob walked up the pitch to him and told him

to block all balls only hitting out at those right off the wicket. This the other batsman did to the best of his ability until the score had reached three hundred, then on poking at a ball he failed to connect properly, cocked it up into the air and the backstop rushed out to take an easy catch.

Bob was now the only hope of his team; so, on seeing a full toss coming he made exact timing, a full swing connected, and he hit the ball for a four. One behind; the last wicket in; and ten minutes to play. Down came the next ball, Bob again hitting it to leg. They ran two, turned, and went for a third; but before Bob reached his wicket the ball had knocked it down—he was out! The Frankston team was mad with joy over the victory, but Bob had been watching the scorer, who was one of his school fellows, and he had seen him add one run to his score when he had not scored, so he went and checked over his total again, counting one less than was put down to him. He then called both teams together and told them of the mistake, showing that the game was a draw. He did this when he could have kept the knowledge to himself so letting his school take the honours. He was, however, too good a sport to do such a deed; he preferred rather to play the game than obtain a victory.

—S. Davey, 9th Jun. I.

\* \* \* \*

### Play the Game.

A large crowd of boys were gathered around the notice board eagerly looking at the football team that had been chosen to play the neighbouring school that afternoon. Tom Chalmers came running up the steps full of hope that his name would be amongst those included in the team; but when he viewed the notice his heart was filled with bitter disappointment with the captain, Frank Jones, for not placing him where he wished, but putting him as the reserve. He would have to go, as he would not be regarded as a sportsman if he stayed at school. Still he wished that he could do something to prevent Frank from going.

The train that they were to catch would be leaving in a few minutes, and

the only player who had not arrived was Frank. Tom was there but there seemed to be a very peculiar expression on his face and he was sitting in a corner busily thinking while the others were shading their eyes and staring up the road that led to the school. The engine's whistle sounded and the boys hurried back into the compartment. Gradually the train drew out from the station and the boys were disheartened as they would not be able to play their usual game without Frank; and this was the final of a cup and they had had hopes of returning to the school victorious. Now their hopes were shattered. At all the stations along the nine-mile route they looked with eager eyes for their captain and they seemed to feel like a ship without a rudder. Still they had to proceed, and eventually arrived at their destination.

Meanwhile Frank, who had been reading a few books in the library in an endeavour to take his mind from the all important match, had got up and walked to the door. He would just have nice time to walk down to the station and catch the train; but when he tried to open the door it would not move. He rushed to one of the windows but the library was on the second storey and it was a long way to the ground, so he did not risk breaking any of his limbs by endeavouring to jump. One of the younger boys of the school who happened to be walking along the corridor heard the prisoner's shouts, and as he did not like to investigate he ran straight to his master and reported the matter.

"Why should anyone be locked in the library?" wondered the master, so he obtained a key from the Head and opened the door. There stood Frank framed in the doorway. He hurried out and looked at the clock: the time was now 12.30 and the train he should have caught would be well on its way. He decided, therefore, that the only thing to do would be to borrow someone's bicycle.

"Do not have anything to say about it as I have a good idea of who the culprit is," said Frank. "Have you a bicycle?"

"Yes," answered the boy, and so Frank set out on his nine mile ride.

The match was timed to begin at 1 o'clock, and so Frank would not reach

there for the beginning. He would still, however, be able to encourage his team. He had only gone about two miles when a man in a motor car stopped and gave him a ride and he reached the ground just as the clock in the pavilion was striking one o'clock. He came racing up to the dressing sheds just in time to see Tom walking on to the field. He hurriedly called him back, and as they were alone he told him to take off his jersey for he knew that Tom was the person who had locked him in the library.

When Frank raced on to the field his team mates cheered, and when the game began they all played like demons. During the first few minutes he was very excited and so made a number of mis-kicks; but just before half time he settled down and the whole team played improved football. They won the match and so were able to take back the much-cherished cup.

After the match Frank showed Tom what a true sportsman should be like and told him to let the matter drop. This made a man of Tom and he is a real sportsman now and "plays the game" without a thought of jealousy for anyone.

—D. Rees, 9th Jun. I.

\* \* \* \*

### THE INITIATION.

The third of February! What an eventful day that brings to mind. After six weeks of enjoyable holidays we once more pack up our bags and set off. In about twenty minutes a noisy tram brings us to an outstanding building situated in Adelaide Street—our new school!

No sooner do we alight than eager hands seize us without apology, and we are marched between rows of wet grinning faces to the back of the school. On rounding a corner, we have now a full view of the breath-taking scene. There right before us, stands the waterfilled sink, ready for yet another victim of a school tradition, the newcomers' initiation.

We are urged on without ceremony; and now a half-choked protest, an ineffectual resistance, a few bubbles, a vigorous headshake, and—we are christened fully-fledged members of Fremantle Boys' School!

—T. McCall, 7th Jun. Tech.



## MY DAY.

### By the Disobedient One.

You're whistling in school,  
Don't do that.  
Now breaking every other rule,  
Don't do that.  
Throwing ink! You didn't think?  
Well, don't do that.  
You're telling lies; it's no surprise;  
Don't do that.  
You've cut a seat; you've moved your feet.  
Don't do that.  
You've torn a pad; you're very bad,  
Don't do that.  
Don't eat in school; don't break a rule,  
No, don't do that.  
I almost think I'll drink some ink—  
I won't do that.  
I'm home at last; the day is past,  
It can't be that.  
"Is that you Jack?" (They see I'm back)  
Well, DON'T DO THAT!

—S. Freckleton, 8th Jun. Tech.

\* \* \* \*

One good turn deserves another—  
Patronise our advertisers.

\* \* \* \*

## EXPLANATIONS.

The schoolboy who, having slept in one morning, adopted the quick means of travelling to school on roller-skates, meeting the unfortunate fate of colliding with a policeman, naturally had to make some explanation under the eye of the law.

The 7th Standard, F.B.S.'ite:—

"P-p-lease s-sir my c-clock broke and I was l-late so I- used my sk-skates to get to school q- quicker."

The 8th Standardite:—

"As my alarm clock stopped, thus causing me to over-sleep my usual rising hour, I was forced to hurry to school in this novel manner."

The 9th Standardite of F.B.S.:—

"Owing to a trifling defect in the mechanism of my awakening-tocsin, I arose somewhat belatedly. I therefore adopted this eccentric but absorbing manner of accelerating my peregrinations towards the Port's foremost seat of learning."

—D. Hill, 9th Jun. I.

## PREHISTORIC DAYS.

### A Narrative by Og the Caveman.

Consulting my learned, if absent-minded friend, Professor Ramsay, I was greeted with the pleasing news that he had received a book—or rather a stone slab—dealing with prehistoric life written by one called Og.

By the crude drawing—evidently of himself—Og must have been a huge brutal creature, able to devour an ox without effort at one sitting, and there is no doubt that with men like Og in the Prehistoric World carnivorous animals became almost extinct.

In his exciting novel—or slab—Og gave a fair idea of the animals thus:—

"Un moon whilst wandering overe ye surface of Peredactyl Hille' I mette withe a moste feerce beeste likened to a Gorgonius Baeteridol in itt's forme ande sise, yette possessed of a moste terrible paire of winges covered in spikes of a moste horrible ande huge sise. Uppone siting mee thiss terrible beeste gave forthe a croke terrible to be-hear ande sprange atte mee!" . . .

I would very much have liked to hear the rest of Og's story and said so; the Professor with a triumphant beam handed me the other portion of Og's story:

"Year, ye beeste sprange atte mee butte I stood faste and with great speede I stabbed itte to the hearte."

Thus ended Og's narrative and I expressed my doubt of anyone being able to read or write—at any rate Og couldn't spell—in prehistoric days, but the Professor lovingly fondled the slabs and turned one over. On its surface was—"Made in Japan 1936" and with a thwarted heart-rendering howl he dashed Og's charming narrative to the earth. There let the lying record lie.

J. Edinger, 9th Jun.

\* \* \* \*

## A BIT ABOUT DOCTORING.

If a doctor was being doctored by another doctor would the doctor who was doctoring the doctor, doctor the doctor who was being doctored the way the doctor who was being doctored wanted the doctor doctoring to doctor him, or would

the doctor who was doctoring the doctor, doctor the doctor who was being doctored the way that the doctor who was doing the doctoring wanted to doctor the doctor? I leave it to your imagination.

\* \* \* \*

### A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Sandy was a gangster, an amateur was he,  
He met up with a robber who said to him:

"You see  
If you want to have excitement then help  
me steal some 'tin'  
For it's clinched up with adventure if only  
you'll begin."

So trembling with excitement, he looked  
round for a catch  
From whom some jingling silver he success-  
fully could snatch.

He strode up to a maiden and held her up  
and said:

"Come come, part up, my darling, or I'll  
plug you full of lead!"

Hysterically she sobbed and cried: "You  
would not be so rash,  
To make a poor girl starve to death, by steal-  
ing all her cash!"

At this the tough heart mellowed and he let  
her go scot free,

But thought he'd have another shot at  
notoriety.

And later on he saw a man, whose face was  
turned away,

So with six-shooter in his hand he crept up  
close to say—

"Hands up! Your life or money!" \* \* \*

Was that a policeman's cloak?  
He went all white; he could not move; he  
thought that he would choke.

The policeman was a hefty man, inclined to  
being rough

And swung right round on Sandy with a  
swift terrific cuff

That knocked the stuffing out of him; he  
didn't feel all right

And by the time he reached the jail he was  
an awful sight.

And now a fierce inspector, who asked what  
was the charge!

"It seems to me, at any rate, here's a lunatic  
at large."

And when he'd heard the incident he let out  
one big yell—

"The best abode for you, young fool, would  
be a padded cell."

But Sandy didn't answer; he didn't say a  
word,

But running through his mind he thought  
that robbing was absurd

For it didn't lead one onwards, but pushed  
one down to shame

And Sandy's now concluded that it isn't worth  
the game.

—Tom West, 9th Jun. I.

### "THE GRATE DETECTIVE."

(An authentic narrative as sent in by  
an Admirer.)

E Dunit, the celebrated detective,  
paste his offis restlessly. Suddenly the  
telepone rung. Picking up the reseever  
out of the waist paper barsket, he clapped  
it to his eerole.

"That yew?" sed a voice.

"I think so," sed E. Dunit, with a  
wingk at Wotsee Dunn, his popewla yung  
assistant.

"I've bean robbed," sed the voice in  
a thrilling wisper, "Cum up and see me  
sumtime."

"Boy!" sed E. Dunit, "It's the  
elefant's bedsox."

He sprang across the room, and grab-  
bing his at, he stuffed his overcote into  
his insighd cote pocket, together with a  
hoarse pistol, a magnifying glarss, and a  
pear of forlse wiskers. He and his assis-  
tant jumped into his farst sports car, and  
soon they was speeding down the rode at  
10 miles an our.

Arriving at the manshun of Ser Fred-  
erick Fitz Fishdile, they dashed up the  
steps, and bashin down the dor with a blo  
of his fist, E. Dunit sprang into the horl,  
followed by Wotsee Dunn, and busted  
into Ser Frederick's study, witch was  
orlso his bedroom, his dining room, his  
sitting room (there wasn't mutch sitting  
room), and his barthroom. Ser Frederick,  
who was sitting on a sopebox polishing  
his cote of arbs with a bottle of sulfuric  
acid, sprang up and did a few ansprings  
with surprise, and after disentangling his  
wiskers from his ibrouse, he told E. Dun-  
nit how sumwun had stole his pet goldfish  
wot was his most treshered perseshun,  
being made of solid gold.

E. Dunit sprang threw the second  
story window and saw sum footprints on  
the ground. Pulling out his magnifying  
glarss, he dropped on his hands and knees  
and prepeared to follow the footprints.

"Goodby," he yelled to Ser Frederick  
"I shall not cum back until I return, if  
ever."

"Stowt feller," bald Ser Frederick.

Having travelled several yards, E.  
Dunit lost the footprints, but suddenly  
he saw a gleam of sumthing under a sting-

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More especially for those of the Fremantle Boys' School  
we cater consistently the whole year through.

We stock every requirement for School Wear—and quality  
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For "Fremantle Boys'" School Blazers, complete with  
Badge pocket, superior quality and excellent make,  
all sizes. Price ..... 16/6 each.

"Fremantle Boys'" School Caps, with Badge, best  
quality, and smart shape Skull Caps; price 4/6 each.

Cricket Caps, price ..... 5/6 each.

Boys' Navy "Cub" Knickers, lined, good weight  
and fast dye, wear guaranteed, all sizes, 4/6 pair.

Boys' "Thornproof" Knickers, lined very serviceable,  
every size; Price ..... 3/11 pair.

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---

VISIT

## PELLEW'S FREMANTLE

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ing nettle. Grasping his courage in both hands and his revolver in the other, he advanced towards it and saw that it was Ser Frederick's goldfish. After several valiant attempts, he at last managed to seeyewer it from under the stinging nettle.

E. Dunit was well rewarded for his peigns (wot he had reseved from the stingin nettle), and expended it awl on a pennorth of anercede borks.

N. Cornish, 9th Jun. I.

\* \* \* \*

### CONSTANT DRIPPING WEARS AWAY A STONE.

Micky was accompanying the Boss to the township with his wages in his pocket. It was a pound and all in coppers, for it made Micky feel richer to have a lot of money.

On arrival at the township Micky bought a supply of "baecy" and decided to spend the rest on Sally, his favourite lubra. Walking down the only street, he came to a small sweet shop. Rubbing his nose on the window, he contemplated the sweets. He found nothing to suit him there, so he proceeded. Two shops further on he stood before a fruit shop. In the doorway stood a crate of oranges. His heart leapt, the very thing he would enjoy; Sally also. The crate was marked 12/- and Micky knew he could afford it. He stalked into the shop and addressed himself to the trying-to-look-young, old maid, behind the counter.

"Me wanna buy this fella orange," he said, indicating the crate and at the same time tipping fifteen shillings worth of coppers on the counter.

Now the one behind the counter was trying to read a detective story, so she snapped back:

"Sorry, can't take all pennies."

Micky left and slammed the wire-door behind him. He then returned to the dray, took up a sack, and returned to the shop.

"I wanna orange," he said, tossing a penny on the counter. The shop-keeper could not refuse him, so she obliged. He left the shop, slipped the orange in the sack, and re-entered. "Missus, couldya gimme orange?" and another penny was passed over. Again the shop-keeper had to quit her novel. Micky left the shop, but returned the next minute and inquir-

ed if he could be supplied with an orange. The old maid gave him a glare that would have melted a stone but supplied the fruit all the same. With a sigh she continued reading, but when Micky re-entered she swore aloud:

"What the !\*!\* do you want?" she screamed. Micky said nothing, but grinned and pointed to an orange. Still raging, the woman handed one over in return for a penny. As he reached the door Micky turned, saying: "I'll be back."

"It's all right," said the woman, "I'll take coppers. Bring the others back."

\* \* \* \*

### REVENGE IS SWEET.

The school was very quiet and the scholars were supposed to be asleep. Some of them however had formed a group and the chairman was standing on an upturned box in the bicycle shed telling of how inconsiderately the sport's master, Professor Bashem, had treated him by keeping him from sport. Reprisals were arranged and quietly the meeting dispersed and the boys crept back to bed.

The next day there seemed to be a very peculiar atmosphere about the school. Groups of boys were to be seen conversing about the sports room and showing a restlessness whenever the Professor approached. Many eyes followed the old mark as he passed down the passage to his study.

That night while the Professor was reading in his room he heard a noise at the window. He stood up and walked over to investigate. He had his back to the door when a rattling of the door knob made him turn, but too late to observe an intruder. The electric light had been switched off and he heard the bolt shoot home as the door was locked from the outside. He groped his way to the light switch, knocking over a precious vase on the way, and eventually reached his object. He tried it, but it would not act as it was turned off from outside. He decided the only thing to do therefore, would be to climb out of the window and report the matter. He lifted the sash and swung himself over the sill, and dropped—splash!—into a large tub of muddy water that had been placed there for the purpose.

D. Rees, 9th Jun. I.

# - School Happenings -

## THE NEW READING ROOM.

All library equipment has now been placed in the new library room. Reference books are read in an adjacent classroom. The boys are to be complimented on their behaviour in both rooms.

The Committee's next move must be to extend greatly the supply of fiction books in the lending section. Most of the novels at present listed are old and well read. Boys' preferences in the new collection intended, will be given a place. Readers interested are therefore asked to let the librarian have the names of the books they have found of absorbing interest. Amongst recommendations already made are to be found thrilling Australian stories by Ion Idriess and stories of the sea by different writers. Both these groups seem very fitting for a school library. So, boys, let us know the type of book you really enjoy and we shall try to add it to this section.

## \* \* \* \* \*

### PREFECTS' NOTES.

During this term there has been very little work for the prefects to do outside of the usual routine.

The meetings of the prefects have been held at fairly frequent intervals; but only a few suggestions have reached the Head.

The prefects learn with regret that one of their number, M. Bamman, has left school to go into employment. His loss is a severe one, because of his conscientiousness. This will necessitate a substitute being elected.

The only opportunity for the School Captain to exercise his voice on behalf of the boys of the school was at the unveiling of the picture given by the Fremantle Council.

We note with pleasure how last year's prefects still keep up their connection with the Old School, and are taking a prominent part in the organisation of

the Ex-Students' Dance. We wish their efforts every success.

C. Clifton, Secty.

## \* \* \* \* \*

### THANKS.

The Fremantle Council has always been a friend to the School. It was good enough on Coronation Day to present a fine coloured portrait of the King, and since then has put a cement kerb along the inner edge of the path, so that in the recess in front of the school an attractive garden bed can be planted. The Council gardener, too, has been good enough to inspect the grounds and intends to get us trees and shrubs for Arbor Day.

We can show our appreciation by helping in the Council's "Keep Your City Clean Campaign." No litter, boys, from us; no encouragement of untidiness in others.

Our thanks to Eric Bamkin, who, on leaving at the end of 1936, quietly slipped in with a framed poem of his own composition—"Memoirs." We value this as highly as anything that has ever been done for the school, Eric!

Thanks, too, to the senior boys who on leaving presented a picture—"The Laughing Cavalier"—to the school; and to Geoff Mitchell and Bruce Gaston who are donating a Life Saving trophy for next season's competitions. That's the spirit, boys!

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Beckett, our school cleaner, has returned after long leave of three months and sends us a letter.

The Editor,

"F.B.S."

Sir,

I would like to express through the columns of your magazine my pleasure at being once more around the "Old Shop." Though only "the man with the broom," I can assure you that at all times I have

the interests of the school at heart, and endeavour in my own small way to do what I can.

Thanking you for the good wishes expressed in your last issue.

Yours etc.,  
"B—."

\* \* \* \*

On July 19th Mr. Marsh who has taught in the school for the last nine years will go on long leave for the rest of the year. We thank him sincerely for his splendid work and wish him a happy care-free holiday.

The school wishes to thank the Rotary Club, also Mr. Evans and Mrs. Addison for their practical interest in its welfare.

\* \* \* \*

## School Sport

### COUNCIL REPORT.

This branch of the school's activities is in a very healthy state. All sports are catered for and every boy in the school engages in the sport he desires. Ample material has been provided for all sections, and the Sports Council is keeping a watchful eye on all matters.

In the summer months the chief activities were swimming, life-saving, cricket and tennis. The following details should be of interest:—

#### Swimming:

Our Annual Carnival at Claremont Baths was a notable day, being enjoyed to the full by all who participated. The School Championship was won by J. McNicol and the Junior Championship by D. Wares, while the winning faction was Gold.

The Interschool's Carnival at Crawley was the most exciting yet held, the result being in doubt until the final event was decided. Perth Boys' won this event and the Carnival, our boys being a meritorious second. Congratulations P.B.S. We had the champion swimmer of the day in J. McNicol.

A feature of swimming in the school is the fact that very few boys are non-swimmers. By the end of the year we hope to have none.

#### Life-saving:

Our boys were successful in the Macfarlane Cup, and runners-up in the Connolly Cup. In the former event M. Bammann recorded fastest time among all competitors, while in the latter A. Hatch achieved a similar distinction. It is pleasing to record that two of last year's ex-students gave a special trophy for this valuable sport.

#### Tennis:

This sport is particularly popular among the boys. As holders of the coveted Slazenger Cup, we are in a proud position, and hope to retain the Cup this year. W. Main won the State Championship Singles under 16 years, while our competitors in all events performed very creditably.

#### Cricket:

The Interschool's competition has reached the half-way mark and our school team is at present holding second place. In the VIIIth Standard competition our boys are also doing well. During the cricket season 14 teams are catered for, and our only difficulty is a shortage of playing grounds. When this problem is overcome, even more of our boys will be playing this grand game.

#### General:

Probably no school in the State enjoys better sporting facilities than F.B.S., and it is to the boys' credit that they control it themselves. The teachers cooperate earnestly and efficiently in a coaching and advisory capacity, and the Sport Council is grateful for their willing assistance. In sport as in school work, the boys are striving to be worthy of our motto, "Play the Game."

J. Dolan, Chairman; T. West, Secty.

\* \* \* \*

### A ONE-SIDED COMBAT.

Grasping his weapons the "Mighty Hitter" strode on to the marked-off area around which the expectant onlookers crowded.

There in the small cleared space the two faced each other. The smaller disdainfully looked on and rested on the ground while the "Champ" carefully chose his weapon.

**TENNIS !!**

**TENNIS !!**

**TENNIS !!**

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**WE ARE TENNIS REPAIR SPECIALISTS**

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—\*—

**DULUX AND QUICK ENAMEL.**

Fremantle's Leading Sports House.

---

Make it your business to look up one of the Old Boys of F.B.S. who helped send the School to 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,**

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PHONE: L 2908.

He practised a few of his famed swings until he had executed one which he deemed perfect, yet the only response from his opponent was still that never-changing round-faced stare. Grace and strength plus perfect timing would give his future victim a nasty smack indeed. The cruel "Champ" proceeded to "measure the distance" of his victim who was defenceless save for his own thick skin. A few peculiar jigs and the "Mighty Hitter" was in a position to deliver the blow. Determined to give his victim all he had, he swung his arm well back, turned his body to add weight to the blow, and down it came with terrifying force upon the undefended body.

The whack was heard chains away; and amid a ripple of applause Bobby Jones, the world famed golfer, strode off the tee in the wake of his skilfully driven ball.

T. Peirce, 9th Jun. I.

\* \* \* \*

### INSPIRATION.

Hour after hour I sat pond'ring,  
Vainly endeavouring to write  
A poem of deep inspiration  
To give other fellows delight.

But Nature assailed me with langour,  
And soon her attack was supreme;  
My head slowly dropped to the table  
And I visioned a wonderful dream.

I dreamed that my verse made me famous  
And critics came crowding around  
And offered me rich commendation  
And called my work deeply profound.

I might have continued my dreaming,  
But then I awoke with a start.  
My paper still lay blank before me,  
But at least I had thoughts and some art.

I hurriedly picked up my pencil  
And scribbled as fast as I could.  
The lines followed smoothly and even  
As true poets' lines always should.

And what I composed you are reading;  
The thoughts may be few but sincere;  
They're the modest attempt of a dreamer  
Whose muse failed him just about here.

—C. Clifton, 9th Jun. I.

### THE GHOST WALKS.

It was night. The fitful light of a street lamp cast dark sinister shadows upon the premises of Fremantle Boys' School. The dead silence gave the dark mass of the school buildings a foreboding aspect. One of the windows of a wash-room eerily reflected the light, looking like the baleful eye of a phantom waiting and watching for a chance victim.

Suddenly out from the darkness a shadow glided; a creaking noise issued from the science room. The shadow halted. It stood for an indefinable length of time. Again there came that creaking noise. Instantly the Shadow flitted to the science room and vanished. Almost immediately from the room came a groaning as if someone were in agony and then it stopped short with a sort of a gasp and a hollow thud. Dead silence followed. The Shadow reappeared, suddenly gliding along more sinisterly than before as if gloating over the remembrance of some nameless deed accomplished in the pitch-black room of experiments. It halted before the incinerator and there followed a dull thud. Had some ghastly evidence been concealed in the dark depths of the incinerator? A subdued rustling followed, and there came an almost inaudible clang as the lid was replaced. The shape flitted to the main school buildings and vanished. Suddenly it reappeared at the back and quietly closed the door, after a glance down the long pitch-dark corridor; a gurgling sound, very quiet, arrested the shadow. It halted near the fitfully shining window and the dark shape, now more clearly outlined, reached out a claw-like hand, and noiselessly swung the door wide open and glided into the interior of the washroom. The gurgling ceased, the Shadow reappeared, and the door swung to with a faint click.

Slowly, now, that Shadow advanced towards the school gates which stood wide open. Nearer it came to the street and gradually in the light of the street lamp it began to take shape. First a ghostly hand, then a glistening visage, and then—the school cleaner, who had just finished cleaning up after a late meeting held at the school, cheerily locked the gates with a jingle of keys.

A. Luce, 9th Jun.



## AN OCEAN MYSTERY.

In the month of May, 1876, the people of Fremantle were mystified by the peculiar circumstances surrounding the foundering of the cutter, "Gem." The vessel was English built, over forty years old, and of unusually large size for cutter rig. She was on a voyage from Dongarra to Fremantle and was seen inside Rottnest Island waters making for Fremantle before a light breeze. Despite her nearness to the port, however, she vanished as completely as if she had been a phantom ship. Boats immediately put off to where she had been seen. They found the top of her mast sticking out of the water, but not a trace of the passengers or crew.

To this day the mystery has never been solved. The beaches were patrolled for some time afterwards, but no bodies were ever recovered. A theory advanced was that the wheat in the vessel's hold became swollen and burst the hull, and that the bodies of the crew and passengers were devoured by sharks; but that that should have happened in such a short space of time in waters where sharks were not numerous, seems almost beyond the realms of possibility.

The mystery surrounding the sad occurrence caused some imaginative people to believe that all on board had been kidnapped and the cutter set adrift outside Rottnest Island by some convicts who only a week before, had escaped from the Fremantle prison. There seems nothing, however, to support this belief, and the loss remains a secret of the sea.

K. Rankin, 7th Jun. I.

\* \* \* \*

## THE GOOD SHIP "SAFE AND SOUND"

Well 'pon my word! You've never heard  
Of the good ship "Safe and Sound?"  
A ship of fourteen tons and half,  
And how she ran aground?

She struck a rock at four o'clock;  
Became a total wreck.  
I seized an air-shaft standing by,  
And wrenched it from the deck.

I plugged the ends with lumps of cheese  
To make it water-tight,  
Then sailed away. At break of day  
A shark appeared in sight.

I grabbed the oar, and just before  
It tried to swallow me  
I rammed it down the monster's neck;  
That saved my life you see.

For I'd some string, the very thing  
To save my craft and me:  
And not in vain, I made a rein,  
And steered across the sea.

We swept the deep and lost no sleep,  
And brought the craft to port.  
If folks ask you if this tale's true  
It's nothing of the sort.

—T. Spence, J. Gray, 7th Jun. II.

\* \* \* \*

## DUMB!

Hello, folks. I am trying to make up an article for our magazine. For an hour I have puzzled my throbbing brain without success. I have tried guinea pigs as a topic but there's not much "tale" about them. Bananas have been before me but I "slip" on them, too. Can anyone suggest anything?

But wait—I know. Poetry!

"The boy stood on the burning deck,  
The flames leapt up around his neck"

So far, so good. Now, what's next? . . .  
Oh, blow it, the muse has fled.

Now what can I write about? I've tried three times without success. And times flies and the article is due.

I'm done!

I'm dumb!

W. Green, 7th Jun. I.

\* \* \* \*

## THE STOWAWAY.

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
The boat was named the "Latter,"  
"By Jove," he said, "I've had a fright;  
My teeth are all a chatter!"

The flames licked up about his legs,  
Began to scorch his toes;  
"If they begin to come up high  
They'll start to burn my nose."

His hair stood up; his heart stood still—  
His hand crept round his neck;  
The angry flames came nearer yet  
Across the flaming deck.

"I'm done," he said, "I can't stand here;"  
So dived into the sea  
They picked him up at break of day,  
And solved the mystery.

"John Turner is my name," he said;  
"I stowed away this morn."  
The captain therefore made him go  
And help a man called Lorn.

When he had first stowed on the boat,  
He'd told the mate a lie.  
He said before he passed away,  
"I'm not afraid to die."

—R. Withnell, 7th Jun. Tech. I.

## LOOKING FOR HIMSELF.

On one occasion at sea the squadron went to night quarters, and a seaman disappeared. Boats were lowered and a search made, but with no success. The question then arose, who was the man? Many had seen him disappear, but no one could identify him. The captain was not pleased, so he told the officer in charge of the deck that the blood of the unfortunate man would be on his (the officer's) head.

In the meantime the crew fell in, but the mystery only deepened, for no one was missing. At last a very scared looking A.B. stepped forward and said that the man who had disappeared must have been he, for he had fallen overboard and climbed back again.

"Why did you not say so?" asked the officer.

"Very sorry, sir, but being in the lifeboat crew I had to go and search for the missing man," was the reply.

K. McAtee, 8th Jun. I.

\* \* \* \*

## GOATS I KNOW AND HAVE KNOWN.

Did you mention goats? Oh, yes; those idiotic beasts with no sense of humour. At least, the description applies to most of them.

We used to keep a goat—Mum says we still do, but as that isn't very complimentary to me we'll forget that fact—the most docile and domesticated animal you could find. Approaching cautiously from the rear, while the creature in question was busy making Mum's best flower bed look as if it had been struck by a tornado, I gave a leap, which enabled me to land in the middle of her back, thereby giving her curvative of the spine. Recovering, she bounced about until I lost my seat, taking an aerial voyage and being helped on my way by two sharp horns.

We were able to get rid of that goat, but here—Oh, gosh!—a pair of them sit in the seat in front of me, "Nutty" and "Snapper" by name, who buck and jump around, and make general nuisances of themselves. I won't mention further names, but there's another who sits in a front seat. He's the maddest goat I ever

knew and quite devoid of any brains at all. If I pull this trio up I get abused. If I tolerate them, I'm worse treated than ever. I'm still trying to cope with them. But such creatures are always obstinate. Goats will be goats!

L. Clarke, 7th Jun. Tech.

\* \* \* \*

## IT HAD TO BE DONE.

The man had spent a restless night. He had tossed and twisted on his bed, till he was worn out and exhausted. When dawn broke he was haggard and wretched. His bleary eye held no glimmer of hope. His life was no longer his own. Before that dreadful day, so prominent in his mind, he had enjoyed life; he had smelt the fresh, fragrant flowers of the countryside; he had spent and gambled in the city. With a curse he pulled himself together—this was no time to show weakness.

His first visitors were his father and mother. Both showed the strain and he thought fiercely that it really would be best when it was over. The officials were fairly kind and sympathetic. Members of his club were allowed to see him, but although they tried to appear natural he could see how they were watching him closely and queerly. He could distinguish the sympathetic look in their eyes as they tried not to stare at him.

His eyes followed the clock continually. His greatest trial in life was to be at 10 a.m. At 9 o'clock a minister came and spent the next half hour with him. He was asked if he would like anything specially. He requested champagne. "May as well finish it with a fling," he thought.

He was clothed in suitable garments for his fate, and was swiftly transported to a large, sombre building. Among the people there he saw the family doctor, who had been his friend and who had cured many an illness. "I wonder if he'll sign the certificate," he thought. He grinned wryly—how fate could rub it in.

Time sped. A man completely clothed in black took hold of his hands. He shuddered momentarily, then calmed down, as the minister, putting his hands on those of the bride, directed him to repeat the words of the marriage vow.

C. Cook, 9th Jun.

## BIG FISH.

Situated three miles from all settlement, near Porpoise Bay on Rottnest Island, is a grove of shady trees. It is the custom of our family to camp there during Christmas holidays and it was here that a remarkable display of strength was given.

Dawn! The sun rose to look quietly down upon two unlucky yet diligent fishermen. "One more throw out, Bill," said I, "and we'll give the game up." Bill answered not, but drawing in his line he placed an outsize bait on the hook. He threw out and waited. Suddenly there was a dash of blue where the ripples still formed circles, and Bill's line tore through his fingers. Before he realised what was happening—snap!—the line had yielded to the strain.

We raced to a nearby hill from where we could see out into the bay, and a thrilling sight met our eyes. Seven sharks, evidently ravenous, were swimming swiftly through the green water!

Running back to camp we summoned its resting occupants, Dad and Mr. Bemrose; and soon, equipped with a shark line, we were running once more to the bay.

Mr. Bemrose was an officer of the navy and he had a very fine physique. Arriving at the beach he took out his shark line, baited the large hook with stingray, and threw out. Everyone was silent. In a minute there was a frantic rush and a shark was hooked! So the fun began.

"Let him run, Bem!" yelled we. This indeed he did; but after several minutes of breathless excitement the line slackened—the catch was off!

Pulling in the line we found that the hook was bent straight. Not wishing this to happen again Bem held an iron "gid-gee" of about two feet in length, and exerting his strength bent it into the form of a hook. Once more we stood aside as he threw far out with fresh bait on this crude yet strong hook. The result was the same; scarcely had the bait reached the water before a large shark seized it and Bem became, once again, a contestant

in a deep water struggle.

He was wearing gloves because if he had not the line would have burned through his fingers so great was the speed at which the shark moved from him. Suddenly a new danger came to light; the shark, with the cunning of his type, was making for a reef far out in the water. If once he reached it he would fray the line and be lost.

It was a grim struggle—the shark madly fighting for life; the man calmly determined that it should not escape him.

As the monster swam frantically towards the reef Bem braced his shoulders, twisted the line round his hands, and stood firm. The shock came. Man conquered. The shark, baffled and dazed, was drawn still fighting gradually towards the shore. His tail lashed the water in fury, but his death was close at hand. Strangely, however, just as he was writhing half out of water in a depth of about one foot, the hook came out of his mouth.

Was he to escape after all?

Without a moment's hesitation Bem ran to the water's edge, grabbed the lashing tail, and, using his tremendous strength, flung the huge fish high and dry upon the beach. It was a daring and miraculous feat, for the shark was eight feet long and weighed 250 pounds.

Thus skill and courage conquered.

D. Watson, 9th Jun. I.

\* \* \* \*

Support our advertisers.

\* \* \* \*

**Nothing Like Trying.**

Boy: "Grandma, can you help me with this problem?"

Grandma: "I could, dear, but it wouldn't be right."

Boy: "No, I don't suppose it would, but have a try all the same."

\* \* \* \*

Said a schoolboy, when asked the difference between the quick and the dead: "The Quick are those who get out of the way in time, the Dead are those who don't."

# - Ex-Students' Notes -

## EX-STUDENTS' CLUB.

After a late commencement, the Club is in full swing again with all its early keenness and enthusiasm. It is good to record success on the part of members in various sporting fields—tennis, football—and hockey—and to note the steady improvement shown in badminton. With the Club's badminton champion (K. Jenkins) as yet unable to participate on account of his studies, the struggle to fill his position at the head of the Club is going to be keenly contested, when the Club tournament commences.

A progressive handicap tournament to run over the season is proving a popular innovation. J. Knapp and C. Bird at present lead the field with six points each.

We would appreciate news of ex-students from any of our readers, and would also be pleased to do whatever can be done towards obtaining information of that type for anyone requiring it.

T. Lewis, Hon. Sec.

\* \* \* \*

## FREMANTLE EX-STUDENTS' DANCE.

July 9th marks a step forward in the annals of the school, when, through the co-operation of ex-students of F.B.S. and P.M.G.S., a dance will be held in the R.S.L. Hall. The Dance Committee has been formed from representatives of the 1936 9th Standards, who were so pleased with the school dances of last year that they desired to make an effort to run a similar affair themselves. Everything indicates a highly successful function. The orchestra—under the lead of Charlie Lawrence—is one that should provide fun and frolic for those present; the supper arrangements are first-class, and everything has been done to make this an evening that will not easily be forgotten.

Remember the date, and make an effort to be there. The admission price is 1/6, with the double at 2/6, and tickets

are obtainable at the School or from any of the Dance Committee.

J. Petersen, Hon. Sec. Ex-Students'  
Dance Committee.

\* \* \* \*

## 1936 NINTH STANDARDS.

The following boys passed on from the school after sitting for the Junior Examination:—

Eric Bamkin, to Modern School; Clive Bessen, Gadsden's; John Brindal, Wesley College; William Calhoun, —; Ken Caple, Modern School; Ern Cooper, Fowler's; Ray Dymock, Post Office, Fremantle; Keith Ellett, Bunning's, Fremantle; William Fletcher, Christ Church; Bruce Gaston, Malloch's; George Gillett, Millar's Timber Co.; Ern Gribble, Mullewa; Ray Grigg, Post & Telegraph Dept.; Ray Jenkins, Christ Church; Angus McKinnon, Modern School; William McLeod, Technical School, Fremantle; Keith Maxwell, —; Ron Mellowship, Soap Distributors; Geoff Mitchell, O. L. Haines, Perth; Peter Morphett, G.P.O., Cottesloe; Jack Petersen, National Bank, Fremantle; Charles Simpson, —; Ray Stuart, Modern School; John Thorpe, Spearwood; Don Bathgate, Lynas Motors; Athol Carpenter, W. J. Bateman's, Fremantle; Graham Cubitt, Geo. Wills; Lawrence Davey, Sugar Refinery; Albert Davey, Harris, Scarfe & Sandover's, Perth; Harold Ellement, Spearwood; Roy Ellis, Cold Storage & Refrigerating Co.; Ern Higbid, Soap Distributors; William McCall, Brown & Dureau; Gray Porter, Technical School, Perth; Charles Roberts, Public Service, (Messenger); Walter Preen, Harbour & Lights Dept.; David Rouse, N.Z. Insurance Co.; William Malacari, —; Don Sinclair, Fremantle Tramway Office.

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## NOTED.

Doings of a few of the School's Ex-Students:—

S. JENKINS, South's star footballer.

R. JEFFREYS, runner-up in State

Amateur Wrestling; also member of W.A. Rugby Team against South Africa.

M. BRICE, State Rugby team again.

H. BENNETT, F. DAVIS, F. MARSHALL, have advanced to the University.

C. A. FAULDS, K. JENKINS, K. McKENZIE, R. McKENZIE, R. WIDDICOMBE, may be (?) State Hockey players—being on trial in practice matches.

A. DAVEY, Cottesloe Club tennis champion.

C. and G. JONES, chasing badminton honours in Suburban Tournament.

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### MEMORIES OF 1936.

Now that schooldays are left behind us, and the scourge and the urge are heard no more, it is with feelings of deep regret that we find that we have passed on to wider fields, and that we realise that the "old days" were indeed "good days."

Who of us will ever forget how, through the tender care of Miss Bell we were induced to learn to dance during the dinner hours in the P.M.G.S. Hall?

You will remember, too, how the winter dinner recesses were made bright by the fire-side meetings in 9th Gen. room—how discussion invariably concerned school happenings until "Romeo" arrived and then you need no stretch of imagination to realise to what topic conversation then turned.

Then there was the day that one of the lads put a thermometer in the gas jet to find its temperature. Unfortunately it burst and much speculation ensued as to what would happen.

What of the day we marched into the French room with dandelions for button-holes, and the teacher's surprise and anger when he saw us!

Then there were the days (perhaps due to the sun) when Eric with a sweep of his arm would clear the room!

Also we remember when Bill, opening his shoulders, hit a cricket ball through a window into the Hall almost "crowning" a teacher.

Surely you remember the morning when a teacher, rolling up a chart, unveiled a drawing very much resembling him-

self but due to the quickness of a colleague an inquiry was averted.

We might remember the epidemics of coughing and sneezing that assailed us during French. Does one remember, too, the day an aeroplane chanced to fly over—how the seats were vacated, the windows packed, and the master left gaping at nothing.

Who is likely to forget the masterly exhibition of fielding, given by a teacher who has now left, at the Staff v. School match?

Also the "Test Matches" played on the French Room verandah during lunch time?

Perhaps you remember the puzzling disappearance of an eminent teacher's canes; which by some strange means seemed to find a resting place up the chimney.

A certain room again comes into prominence with the "grape fight" and the court martial of the whole class—but alas the traitors were never discovered!

They were indeed good days!

W. McLeod, C. Bird.

\* \* \* \*

### "FISHEN."

'Twas a fine and balmy morning that we chose us to catch fish—

The only thing that spoiled it was the rain—

We swore we'd have a fine and very fulsome dish

That is, of course, discounting mercy's qualities again.

We took a boat, we mean, you see, we hired one to row

(The bloke he had a licence for to carry only five

But how in heaven's name, were us poor saps to know;

Why! What with all the rain about, we'd luck to be alive!)

We did a bit of rowing, and a lot of crabbing, too—

That is to say, you'll understand, quite accidentally—

And when we reached a bit of sea that looked a trifle blue,

We let out all our fishing lines in that there bit of sea.

For a five and twenty minutes' dose, I sat without a bite;

I darkly thought unto myself: "There's a catch in this somewhere—"

There was—the blighter pulled me in—I fought with all my might—

And when I had me landed him—Oddsfish! he wasn't there!

When I had finished all my bait, and borrowed me some more

I swore I'd catch a shark at least, or something not much less,

And settled down to fish as I had never done before—

(Which wasn't saying very much, but that we needn't stress)

When I prepared eventully to haul in all my tackle

Forsooth, I'd got a bite—I visioned dorsal fins—

The blokes were so astounded, they quite forgot to cackle,

And when I had me landed him, 'twas outsize in—SARDINE TINS.

—E. Bamkin.

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### THE SCHOOL—THIRTY YEARS AGO.

In last issue we had an article on the school fifty-five years ago. In this issue Mr. I. Wauhop, who was appointed to the staff thirty years ago and has been in retirement for the last sixteen years, gives us some of his recollections:

"It was in January, 1901, that I first saw Fremantle Boys' School. The building consisted of four class rooms and the hall. The front was quite different in appearance from what it is now for the present office had not been built, the head teacher occupying what is now the teachers' room. There was no gravelled area, the playground being just sand which seemed to suit the boys well for their rough and tumble games. The late Mr. Wheeler was the headmaster, a big hefty man, and 'my word' he could use the cane. I think that many of your fathers will remember him. 'A man severe he was and stern to view': I never saw any boy game enough to dispute his authority. I remember on one occasion when Mr. Cyril Jackson—who was then the Inspector-General—saw two boys waiting outside Mr. Wheeler's door, he said to them in his quiet gentle voice, 'Well, my little boys, what are you waiting here for?' They did not reply, but Mr. Jackson knew. At an-

other time a boy going up to Mr. Wheeler's room for punishment met another boy coming away, and asked him how many he got. (I suppose he wanted to know what sort of a mood Mr. Wheeler was in.) The reply was, "Two and a send off." I often saw boys who had been sent up for punishment go back to their classroom rubbing and squeezing their hands pretending that they had been punished, though they had not seen Mr. Wheeler.

"Mr. Wheeler's pet aversion was bare feet. He would not allow a boy to be in his class without his boots and stockings on. If speaking to the boy was not enough he would send a note to his parents, who would then make the boys put their boots on; but most of the boys, when they got out of sight of home, would take them off, tie the laces together, carry them on their shoulders, play their games, and put them on again before going into school. One of the parents, a well-known doctor, persisted in sending his two boys without boots and stockings. I think his idea was that it was healthier. They were in my class; but I did not mind bare feet if they were clean. The younger of these two little boys is now himself a doctor with a good practice in Fremantle.

"When Mr. Wheeler was appointed Inspector, his position as headmaster of the school was filled by Mr. Shelton, a kindly gentleman who was proud of his school and loved his boys. He was ably assisted by his 'first assistant,' Mr. Royce, and Mr. Thomas Blamey, who is now General Blamey and was afterwards Commissioner of Police in Victoria. Mr. Shelton was not only interested in the scholastic attainments of the boys but followed them eagerly in all their sports and drill and was more like a father than a headmaster to them.

"The inspector's visits in those days were not looked forward to with pleasure. I remember a young teacher, who, wishing for good results from his inspector, had excluded some of his worst pupils, saying, when the boys asked what they were to do—'Do anything you like. Sit in the washbowls if you want to. I don't care what you do so long as you keep out of the room.' This teacher is in Fremantle still. He is getting on in years, and you know him well."

**“Buddy’s”** \_\_\_\_\_

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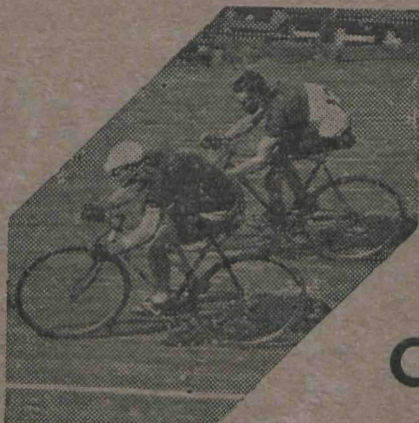
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