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JUNE - 1936

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

No 3.

June, 1936

STAFF:

E. C. Stewart, H.T., O. Fieldus, A.C.P., 1st. A., E. L. Elliott, R. Reitze, B.A., W. G. Borrmann, W. J. Marsh, J. Dolan, G. Quin, E. H. Oakley, J. Elliott, J. Paul, B.A., Dip. Ed., C. C. Glenister, B.A., Dip. Ed., E. R. Alcock, B.A., Dip. Ed., W. F. Stephens, B.A., G. W. Revill and S. Mazzucchelli.

SCHOOL CAPTAIN: G. Mitchell.

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

FACTION CAPTAINS:

White Faction: A. Bishop.

Gold Faction: J. O'Connor.

Black Faction: B. Gaston.

Blue Faction: W. Stingemore.

Tennis Club: A. Davey.

Secretary Tennis Club: L. Davey.

EDITORIAL.

We are a year old and content in the thought of being so. It is no easy matter to begin the publication of a School Magazine; and to keep such a periodical going requires sustained interest and effort by those who believe the object good. Well, we have managed for a year, and take pride in the belief that we have provided matter representative of school-boy thought and agreeable to our readers. This issue contains a loose portrait plate in memory of the late Headmaster, Mr. A. W. Senior, under whose direction the first publication appeared. Since then changes in staff and scholars have become apparent but the School remains a something representative of us all to-day as it was a year ago. Transcending change in its units, it is still Fremantle Boys'; and the Magazine expresses in its columns of humour, serious thought, and sport that continuing fact. We trust our readers will grow into our School fellowship as they

read, and find pleasure in the insight of ourselves this third number hopes to give.

WELCOME.

On May 18th, a very pleasing function in the form of a welcome to the new Headmaster was arranged. Mr. Fieldus, speaking on behalf of the School, cordially welcomed Mr. Stewart, and commented on the splendid spirit of happy comradeship that existed among staff and boys, expressing the hope that this congenial atmosphere would continue. Miss Bell, of Princess May Girls' spoke of the helpful spirit of co-operation that is in evidence between the two schools, and wished Mr. Stewart a time of happy service in his new post. The welcome of the boys was aptly phrased by the School Captain. In response, Mr. Stewart expressed his pleasure at taking charge of the School, and thanked the staff and boys for their generous welcome. He appealed to the boys to stand by their School motto, and both in School and in

after life, indeed to "Play the Game." Our new Head comes to the School after a period of 5½ years at Geraldton District High School, and is well known and widely respected as an excellent teacher and an unwearied worker, and the School feels confident that under his guidance its best traditions will be enhanced.

TO THE BOYS.

A Letter from the Head Teacher.

Dear Boys:

I write to you with pleasure for I feel a companionship with you after our acquaintance of but one month. And this is what I want to tell you—just continue to be your best selves. I am impressed with your naturalness; you are just boys; you come and go, and study and play, without an appearance of being obliged to do so. You show but little self-consciousness in the presence of your teachers who, from appearances, might be friendly elder prefects. Yet you have genuine respect for them and a pride in the good name of your School. Your prefects help you in this. You are straightforward, and seem as boys to suit your motto—"Play the game." That is all I look for, and find pleasure in observing in you.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." In this School-life scene you play your part with composure and good intent; you need not feel unsure of how you will act when the stronger light of later life is upon you and your audience more unsympathetic. Just follow the gleam of decency that is in you, owning to wrong and making amends, being considerate to your mates, and taking buffets with a smile as you are taught to do in your games, and you will make good as men as I see you now, striving to make good as boys.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

E. C. Stewart.

GEORGE ROBOT.

Excitement reigned in Perth that day, as is excitement's way;
The people crowded down the streets and had a lot to say.

For George Robot, the mechanical man, whose wonders were world-known
In the Radio Exhibition Hall his wonders would have shown.

He sat as rigid as a stone upon a kitchen chair,

His eyes were cold; Oh! very cold. He gave a freezing stare;

A box, a stool, or something square, was underneath his feet,

(I learned in there was 'tricity to shift him from his seat).

Then in stepped Captain Jackson, who gave a short command;

And instantaneously George Robot lifted up his hand.

"A fake," said some. "A lot of rot." "A freak." "A fraud." "A frost."

And then an aged Scotchman piped "It isn't worth the cost!"

Then up stood Mr. George Robot, his eyes ablaze with rage;

(Of course, I mean electric light, for he hadn't reached that stage).

He stepped right down into the hall. The audience laughed with glee,

For that there stupid George Robot mistook that Scot for me.

He chased me up the stairway, and out into the street.

I'll ne'er forget the clanking sound—the "Plonk! Plonk!" of his feet.

Through Coles' and out through Woolworth's; the people stood amazed,

And through the Economic Stores where policemen turned and gazed.

Up the stairs of busy Boans and down the P. and O.,

Past the "Lattice" into Foy's as fast as I could go.

Levinson's Standard Time was three, when I passed there again;

On dolls I trod without a care (which gave the girls a pain).

O my! O dear! How horrible! He was gaining such a gain;

From Barrack to St. George's Street and back along the main;

He clanked! He clanged! He clonked aloud, and strode with all his might,

He chased me, all that horrid day, he chased me all that night.

And then, O crumbs! He caught me; imagine how I felt.

He breathed on me a stench of oil, and pooh! Oh, how it smelt!

Then he climbed the highest building, that cursed P. and O.,

And threw me hurtling downwards to William Street below.

I felt like in an aeroplane, but the aeroplane was missing,

I lost my sense of senses, for everything was hissing

And then a terrific bump! clash! bang! And Oh! did I feel sore!

I rubbed my sleepy eyes and found I was on my bedroom floor.

G. Glaskin, 7th Pro.

SOME QUEER HIDING PLACES.

Doubtless you have read many tales in which secret chambers appear, but these are no creations of the novelist's brain, for many old homes possess their secret Chambers.

They owe their origin mostly to the forbidding of mass by Queen Elizabeth although they were in England before then. The chief constructor of these "priests' holes," as they were termed was Nicholas Owen, a Jesuit and servant of Father Garnet, who was afterwards concerned in the Gunpowder Plot. They were generally constructed in the thickness of the wall and entered through sliding panels, behind pictures, or beneath hearth stones or window seats, usually so well concealed that Roundheads searched for ten days without success for Father Garnet at Hindlip Hall. He was forced to reveal himself however, not through lack of food—for sweetmeats and broth were found in his hiding place—but through want of fresh air.

Charles II., after spending a night in a tree in the ground of Boscobel House, was shown a secret chamber which he entered through the Squire's bedroom by a sliding panel; and here he hid. There used to be a way from the chamber to the garden and there are indications of a third hiding-place having existed.

Sometimes "priests' holes" were ventilated by false chimneys and at Irnham Hall, a "hole" was found lit and ventilated by this means and entered by moving a step between two bedrooms. Some observant person noticed one chimney was not blackened, and this caused the discovery of a room eight feet by five feet and about the height of a man.

The secret niche concealed by panels in the breakfast room at Turton Tower, Bolton, once concealed a Royalist spy—says tradition—who overheard the plans of Cromwell and his officers. Thus warned, at the Battle of Wigan Lane, the Royalists escaped.

Two hiding-places were found at Danby Hall, Yorkshire. One, situated between a fireplace and wall, on its discovery was found to contain arms, pistols and swords, as well as a complete set of harness sufficient to equip forty to fifty horses. Evidently they had been intended for the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745, but were not used. The second hiding-place was situated at the top of an old tower and was lighted by a small window.

Whilst removing a carpet in Ingatenson Hall, Essex, a carpenter noticed that the boards were decayed, and removed them only to find another layer about a foot down. These also he removed and discovered a trap, leading down into a room beneath, about fourteen feet long by ten feet high by two feet wide.

An interesting tradition is concerned with the old Jacobean mansion at Chastleton, Oxfordshire. The fugitive was hastily concealed in the secret chamber behind the best bedroom, but the soldiers' suspicions were aroused and they decided to spend the night at the house. The fugitive's wife did not object, but supplied the Roundheads with food and plenty of drugged wine. Then, whilst the soldiers slept, the Royalists managed to escape.

These are only a few of the known secret chambers in England, and doubtless there are many more still secret.

W. McCall, 9th Gen.

"PLAY THE GAME"

Hurrah! for the black and gold lads,
Hurrah! for the Swan-Crown bold lads!
So let it pride and thrill you, boys,
Let gold and black instil you, boys!
So here's to Health and Happiness,
To victory and to all success.
Hurrah! for the good old F.B.S.!
Let it always be our aim lads—
Live, and always "Play the Game" lads!

E. Bamkin, 9th Pro.

9/11. — 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 9/11.



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

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(Next Princess Theatre).

THE HEAD'S ARRIVAL.

"He's arrived!"
"Who?"
"The Head."
"What, already?"
"My oath."
"He's a fast worker."
"I'll say."
"What's he like?"
"I'll bite!"
"Small chap?"
"Yeah!"
"That's good."
"When did he arrive?"
"About that."
"OK Dora."
"Where's he come from?"
"Geraldton."
"Hope he's not the caning sort."
"Hear! Hear!!"
"What's that?"
"Assembly."
"Cripes, somone's for it."
"Seems as though he's starting already."
"Hope not."

L. Davey, 9th Gen.

PORTIA'S LETTER TO BRUTUS.

(An Incident that Shakespeare Forgot).

Crowding into the temples, were hundreds of people. Women were praying that their husbands would return from the bloodstained fields unharmed. In front of the churches all was a scene of activity.

A still sadder spectacle was that of Portia weeping, while trying to write a letter to Brutus. She must have come to the end for she wiped her eyes with a large tea-towel and ripping the page out of the pad, concealed it in an envelope.

Next moment a messenger was seen streaking across the plains on a motorbike. Brutus was busied with the plans of position on the field but he left his job and began to read the letter:—

"Dear Brutus,

"When are you coming home? I can't eat my meals! Please hurry! The parrots and canaries are lying on the bottom of their cages, dead."

At this stage Brutus burst into tears, and said to himself:—

"L-let me get back t-to the house! It's d-deteriorating!"

He then continued reading:—

"How many men have you? I'll send you some more out if you want them. All the servants have left, because there is no pay coming in. I've got to do all the work myself."

At this Brutus became enraged and tearing the letter into pieces, ran outside and, seizing the messenger's motorbike, sped recklessly across the field, swinging from side to side, until he finally lost his balance.

He arrived home just in time to see Portia clearing off the tea things.

A. J. Bishop, 9th Ind.

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

A Merchant once of Venice
(So goes the story old),
Stood hostage for his cobber
Who owed a Jew some gold.

The Jew demanded payment
(A pound of flesh, to wit),
The poor young Merchant shuddered,
But couldn't help a bit.

His girl friend, having gumption,
Assumed a judge's gown.
(Plus lots of legal knowledge)
And licked the Jew "hands down."

The Jew he ground his molars,
But couldn't beat the Law,
And so the wit of woman
Came out on top once more.

A. MacKinnon, 9th Pro.

A FUTURIST EXAM.

A prize-winning examination paper set by the Headmaster of Crazy Corner's Academy for Fat Boys, and published by "The Weekly Miracle" in U.S.A., Canada, appeared as follows:—

Time: As long as you like, providing that you do not cheat more than twice. If you do, your paper will be collected at once, if not sooner.

Note: Do only 5 out of the four questions set. The price of meat pies for refreshments are 2d. each or 7 for 6d.

Questions.

1. Why did Frankenstein wear a blue tie on the thirteenth night in Masefield's world-famous drama, "The Twelfth Night?"

2. Who was the author of this poem? What was his size in boots and socks, the colour of his grey hat? Once upon a time, the pigs drank wine and the monkeys chewed tobacco.

3. If Algebra is a science built up around measurements of the earth, what is English? Divide the answer by a supplementary angle, measure it with a cubic gasometer and forward the answer in hygrometry.

4. The boy stood on the railway line,
The engine gave a squeal,
The guard took out his pocket knife
And scraped him off the wheel.

Analyse this poem using Archimedes Principle, Hare's Apparatus and Boyles' Law. Divide the result by the Specific Heat of Lead and forward the answer in peanuts.

If you cannot do these problems, go home and mind your mother's ducks.

(Signed) Yours untruthfully,
Sandie McMiser.

A. Luce, 8th Pro.

AN INVENTION—AND THE RESULT

For the past three weeks the only sound that had issued from the tiny wooden tool shed at the bottom of the garden, was that of loud hammerings, violent bangings and the mingled eager chatter—this last could only be heard when it was sufficiently loud to be distinguished above the din produced upon some metal contrivance—of the two brothers, Frank and Edward Roberts.

And now on the Saturday morning exactly three weeks after commencing their task, the mysterious invention was complete. Proudly the boys carried it to the house. Then Frank, the elder of the two, and—in his personal opinion—the brainwave of the family, opened a little trap door behind the head of the "thing" and began to work on several minute pieces of wire attached to it. As a result, words to this effect issued from

the mouth of the contrivance.

"Butcher! Buu-u-ch-er-rr! Any meat today madam? I have some nice silver side! Butchers' holiday tomorrow madam! Do try our forequarters of lamb!"

The mother of the inventors, going about her daily domestic duties within the house, ceased what she was about and hurried out onto the back verandah, wiping her hands upon her apron as she came. Imagine her astonishment and fear when she came face to face with the monstrous silvery figure.

"Oh dear, what is it? Fran-n-nkie-ee. Eddie, where are you?" she nervously shrieked.

With broad grins spread over their red faces—caused by the sight of amazement and bewilderment in their mother's eyes—the two delighted youths came out from hiding.

"Don't be afraid, Ma!" gasped young Eddie throughout bursts of laughter, "It's only a robot."

And a robot it was—one of special merit, too, for boys so inexperienced to construct—But then, as Frank put it, "there's nothing I can't do."

Now that they had succeeded in scaring the wits out of their beloved parent, the two escorted their precious contrivance into the street. Once more Frank fiddled about with various gadgets, and as a result the robot began to walk jerkily down the road, crying out as it passed the startled and bewildered pedestrians, who had halted on the foot path to witness the strange spectacle. "Ice creams! Come and have an ice cream! Only one penny, folks—All proceeds to go to the Children's Cot Fund! Come and have an ice cream.

A few of the knowing persons, seeing the two brothers walking behind the robot, and trying unsuccessfully to hold back their apparent mirth, exchanged sly winks, but remained silent. But soon the situation changed. Frank now realised that despite his desperate efforts to retard the Robot's progress which was headed for the nearest shop window—that of the local grocer's—it marched steadily on. Frantically Frank pulled the

levers about, turning this one, pushing that one, but to no avail. Now the window was but three or four yards distant and the two brothers rushed desperately around in an attempt to divert the Robot from its path.

To their horror the invention continued on steadily, brushing them aside. The boys failed to witness the next part of the drama, for they were lying face downwards on the footpath, where the Robot had so rudely pushed them.

Cr-r-r-a-a-ash-sh! The Robot ploughed its way through the thin glass of the window, sending fragments shooting on to the pavement, where it instantly splintered into tiny particles. It finally came to rest bumping against the opposite wall and falling on the sacks of onions and potatoes, which in turn knocked down several ancient Dutch cheeses, and a box of over-old eggs. By this time the startled grocer had rushed out, quickly taken in the situation, and none too gently laid hold of the down-cast brothers.

What happened after that the inventors refuse to tell.

Ron Mellowship, 9th Pro.

STIRRING THE SOUP.

It's summer in Abyssinia;

The sun is Hellish hot;
And Haile Selassie nearly was
The curry in the pot.

Il Duce employed great cunning, and
While bombers looped the loop,
He charged and flew, and fought and slew,
Till now he stirs the soup.

The Palace at the Capital
(An animated sight!)
Contained Selassie and his tribe
Prepared for instant flight.

The Emp'ress tore her hair and screamed,
And while outside the March rain teemed
One would have no doubt said: "It seemed
As if they'd all gone crazy."

The Abs ran here; the Abs ran there;
In fact the Abs ran everywhere;
Until, in depths of deep despair
In company with his lady fair,
The Emperor went and fled.

The Abs gave vent to a mighty shout,
And sought to know what the fuss was
about,
And when they found Selassie'd cleared out

(Although there seemed a shadow of
doubt)

They quite lost their self-control.

And then, of course, the Dagos came,
And so did the wind and so did the rain;
But to haughty Il Duce it was all the same
Whether the weather was wild or tame,
For now Abo-land was Italian.

The Italian soldiers all got drunk,
And the British Legation fell into a funk,
Who together with Yankees, Norwegians
and Jews,
And barefooted niggers (without any
shoes!)

Were ordered to get; and go they must,
Or if they didn't, they'd soon be dust.

And back in Rome on a chestnut stallion,
The Duce claims Abos as now Italian,
And out on the Mediterranean's foam,
Complete with trumpets, paper and comb,
Badoglio is seen sailing home

Like Caesar's triumph in hailing Rome.
So that is the end of my woeful news,
Of barefooted niggers (without any
shoes!)

And Yanks and Norwegians (together with
Jews)

To say nothing of Duce, Selassie and stews
All part of a drama thrilling.

It's winter in Abyssinia
The sky's no longer blue;
And Mussolini's dancing round
His pot of Abo stew.

He's feeling very proud of course,
However, let him be,
The crash will come and there'll be fun,
You mark my words and see!

G. Mitchell, 9th Pro.

ESNESNON.

It was a dark night; the moon whispered in the trees and the wind slumbered on the mountain tops.

Apart from a tinkling thunder-like row which emerged from a nearby nutshell, dropped by some careless fisherman the brooding silence of the night was broken only by the incessant roaring of a Phetoreus of the Dhystesticusatis family who could not sleep because his wife, who was also a Phetoreus of the Dhystesticusatis family was biting his tail in the belief that it was a Malifhasichuscus of the family of Xhorudustbins. The scene was laid in a prehistoric atmosphere in China about 1936 B.C., when the place was over-run with Zxemrephelmes of the Brehlibdesicus family, and Dinosaurus' of the origin of the prehistoric Blashklamas known as

Arechildoeitersues, and queer creatures known to the modern world as human beings and a variety of other names.

Two such human beings may have been seen creeping stealthily towards a huge structure that looked like a cross between a did and a dun, but not quite so similar as it were. These were called robbers and several other nasty things. Suddenly one of these amphetsitius beings tripped constatiously over a huge slab of stone.

"Dephalitius dumtootler!" yelled one of these creatures disapatiously, "Ithst, wott, wozz thatt!"

"It soke" whispered t'other in a thunderous vocal expostulation (more or less). "He dina saur us."

Suddenly there was a horrible crash that sounded all over the whole place and the day broke and spread all over the jolly old countryside. There was a lot of it too.

Moral: A rolling stone gathers no moss because many hands make light work, so set a thief to catch a thief.

N. Cornish, 8th Pro.

OUR CLASS.

Our class is Ninth Professional,
The top class of the School;
The lads make it exceptional
By keeping every rule.

We have in it head prefect
Whose speeches stand him out;
And earn him very marked respect,
Though talked not much about.

And next in order comes one Clark,
A prefect bold is he:
If not engaged in any lark,
He shows authority.

Then, too, we have a chap called Bamp,
And his piece of jagged metal;
He vows they cannot hope to damp
The grudge he has to settle.

Above all else you must know Mell,
The comic of our class;
Who cracks 'em fit to make us yell,
And so collects the blast.

The boys are not a tiresome crew,
On field, at work, or play;
And try their best at all they do
In hopes of fame some day.

R. Jenkins, 9th Pro.

THE LATE MR. A. W. SENIOR.

The Fremantle Boys' School records with very deep regret, the death of Mr. Arthur William Senior, who had served the School as Headmaster for a period of four years.

He had been in indifferent health for a considerable period and on October 23rd of last year was admitted for treatment to the Repatriation Ward of the Perth Hospital. Later in the year he returned to his home, but failing rapidly, passed away on February 28th, 1936, at the early age of 49. He was badly gassed during his war service and the disabilities he consequently suffered undoubtedly hastened his early death.

With the approval of the Education Department, the School was closed on Friday, February 28th as a mark of respect, and on the following day members of the staff and a number of the boys paid a last tribute at the graveside at Karrakatta Cemetery, when Canon E. M. Collick made feeling reference to his qualities as friend and sportsman.

Mr. Senior was associated with the teaching profession in this State for a period of 34 years. In February, 1902, at the age of fifteen, he entered the service of the Education Department as a pupil-teacher, going to the Training College in September, 1904 for two years. Thereafter he was appointed as assistant at Maylands, and for fifteen years (except for three years on war service) served as assistant in various schools, one of his appointments being as first assistant of Fremantle Boys' School. In 1921 he became Headmaster at South Kalgoorlie, which position he occupied for three years, following which he held successively the post of Headmaster at Albany, Beaconsfield, Nedlands, Collie and Fremantle Boys'.

For an almost equally extended period Mr. Senior was connected with the military forces in this State. He was first appointed 2nd. Lieutenant in the Senior Cadets in 1907, and was promoted Lieutenant in 1911. He volunteered for service in the Great War, and in 1916 was appointed 2nd. Lieutenant in the 39th Battalion, A.I.F. A year later he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant



. . In Memoriam . .

A. W. SENIOR

Headmaster, Fremantle Boys' School
1930, 1932, 1934-1936

Died 28th February, 1936

and was abroad on active service with his Battalion until 1919. On returning to W.A., Mr. Senior associated himself with the local military forces, serving with the 16th Infantry Battalion, and the Australian Garrison Artillery at Albany and Fremantle. He was advanced to the rank of Captain in 1925 and served on the Base Headquarters Staff as Staff Captain till 1932, when he transferred to the Unattached List, where he remained up to the time of his death.

On May 7th, in the presence of the School and a number of prominent citizens, the Director of Education, Mr. J. A. Klein, M.A., in unveiling a large portrait of Mr. Senior, paid a tribute to his many excellent qualities as teacher and Schoolmaster. The portrait, contributed to in small sums by almost the entire School, now hangs in the School hall in company with that of Mr. L. Younkman, B.Sc., who also died during his term as headmaster of the School.

A copy of this portrait of Mr. Senior is being presented as a supplement to this issue of "F.B.S." as a fitting tribute to his work in inaugurating the School Magazine.

Mr. Senior leaves a widow and three daughters, to whom in the extremity of their sorrow, the School offers its deep and sincere sympathy.

* * *

The School also records its sincere sympathy with the relatives of Aubrey Reg. Alkin, who died as the result of an accident early in February last. Reg. was a member of the School during 1934 and 1935 and was promoted to Class 9. On February 11th, the 9th Classes attended the funeral, the School being represented also by Messrs. Quin and Reitze. Floral tributes from his classmates testified to their esteem.

THE STORM.

The night was hot, the air so still
The aspect looked forlorn.
The sky was dark, the stars were pale,
Sure signs of a coming storm.
The trees were stirred so gently,
The sand moved on the plain;
Some birds above gave shrieks of fear,
And all was still again.

The wind hissed through the treetops bare,
The stillness turned a gale;
The sky had op'ed her heavy clouds,
And the air was thick with hail.
The thunder filled the heavens,
The lightning flashed in the sky,
The tall trees shivered and sank to the
ground
And the birds gave cry after cry.
By morning the storm was over,
The air made warm by the sun,
And nature in rapturous glory
Seemed ashamed of what she had done.
George Wraight, 7th Ind. A.

THE BOYS OF THE BOLD GEN. A.

There was a young man named Jack Coram,
He went to a meeting to bore 'em;
They threw at his head
A large wooden bed,
So he ran off as soon as he saw 'em.
There was a young boy named Ed Clark,
Who met with a dog in the dark;
The dog bit his pants,
And he did a war dance,
And the neighbours thought 'twas a lark.
There was a young chappie named Vagg
Whose trousers were made of a bag;
He went down the street
With no socks on his feet,
And this is the stuff for our "Mag."
West; Lock; Waldon, 8th Gen. A.

THE HEADMAN.

Our headman's a soldier, you new chums,
A chap what's just home from the War;
'E swears, an' 'e cusses—oh! awful by
crumbs,
Who told me old soldiers never swore?
It's "blankety-blank" and "ruddy you" this
And "crimson" for 'orses, an' "baly-
hoo" that;
An' "strike me" and "bl—me" oh, pardon
me miss!
An' he hitches his trousers, an' splits at
the cat.
Our 'eadman, 'e's horful, the language he
uses,
As for me—I never did swear;
But him! Oh the rascal, he drinks an' he
boozes!
An' he literally fouls the fresh air.
But we loves 'im, us riders of camels,
With a passion for language with spice;
For "you this" an' "you that," would blister
enamels!
An' 'is descriptions—well! plain and
precise!

E. Bamkin, 9th Pro.

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FREMANTLE

SCHOOL HAPPENINGS

During the interim, October 23rd, 1935 to May 18th, 1936, caused through the sickness and subsequent death of the late Headmaster, the School has been in charge of the First Assistant, Mr. O. Fieldus, with Mr. W. Marsh as Temporary First Assistant, and during this long period, a very fine spirit of loyalty and co-operation has been manifest in both staff and boys.

The School welcomes Mr. Eric R. Alcock, B.A., Dip. Ed., and Mr. Wm. F. Stephens, B.A., new masters on the staff and Mr. S. Mazzucchelli as monitor and hopes they will find the School a happy place in which to labour.

We regret to record the loss of Mr. W. Edis, transferred to Perth Boys'.

Congratulations to Geoffrey Mitchell on his election as Captain of the School. He has already made an excellent impression with several very effective little speeches.

Congratulations to A. Davey, W. Fletcher and S. Davey the new prefects replacing Jack Curtin, Geoff. Cumbers and Peter Clauson. Jack has gone to a business college, Geoff is in a job and Peter goes to Kalgoorlie to join his Father and Tony, who is at the School of Mines.

Congratulations to Mr. E. L. Elliott on his very successful broadcast, "A period of oppression and insurgence, 1780-1830," to which the upper classes listened with appreciation.

Congratulations to Mr. E. L. Elliott and Mr. R. Reitze on attaining the "A" certificate.

Congratulations to Mr. Wm. F. Stephens, B.A., on securing his degree.

We desire to express our sincere appreciation of the continued practical and very fruitful interest manifested toward the School by the Parliamentary representatives of the district.

Some big changes have occurred in the work of the School since our last

issue in November, 1935. Classes 7th Pro. and 8th Pro. now take woodwork and next year 9th Pro. will probably take this subject for "Junior." Mr. R. Hetherington, A.T.C., F.R.S.A. now takes a class in "Commercial Art" and Mr. C. L. Jenkins, B.A., L.Mus.A., conducts music lessons in 3 of the 7th classes.

An innovation in the form of School broadcast talks has been extended and has been enjoyed by most of us. The necessary crowding into one room is unavoidable at present, but with the fruitful functioning of the Radio Committee, we hope this disability will disappear.

For the special broadcast services on Anzac and Empire Days, which were of an impressive character, our grateful appreciation is due to Mr. Urquhart for the loan of a receiving set with accompanying loud-speakers.

PREFECTS' NOTES.

So far this year we Prefects have had little trouble in the execution of our duties, this being due to the boys' realisation of their duties to the School, and to their co-operation in general. On only rare occasions have the rules been flagrantly violated, and on the whole, harmony has been maintained.

Recently we had the misfortune to lose three of our number, Geoff. Cumbers and Jack Curtin from 9th Pro. and Peter Clauson from 8th General. All three were prominent in more than one branch of sport, and all had honour badges for playing for the School. We wish them the best of luck wherever they go, and hope they may be successful in whatever they undertake after leaving us.

Their successors are B. Fletcher from 9th Pro., A. Davey, 9th General, and S. Davey, 8th General. We congratulate them on their election, and we feel sure that in the course of performing their duties they will succeed in upholding

the best traditions of the prefects, and assist materially in the work of raising the School still higher in the estimation of the public.

Since School resumed this year, we have been holding regular monthly meetings, at which we tender our reports on the month's activities, and forward our suggestions for improvements to the Head. These meetings have not been models of order, but they have not been rowdy, and we have enjoyed ourselves thoroughly while yet conducting the meetings in businesslike fashion. We have always found much difficulty in finding sufficient time in which to finish the meetings, but as we find it impracticable to hold them in School time, we just have to start as soon as possible and hope for the best.

During the term, a portrait of Mr. A. W. Senior, our late Headmaster, was unveiled by Mr. Klein, the Director of Education, and is now hanging in the hall adjacent to that of Mr. Younkman, another Headmaster formerly connected with the School. Mr. Senior was an enthusiastic worker for the advancement of the School, and he will long be remembered for the good he did whilst he was Headmaster. However, in his successor, Mr. Stewart, we seem to have been fortunate in finding someone during whose term of office things promise to move in a fashion the results of which will be equally beneficial to us all.

R. Stuart, Secretary.

One good turn deserves another. We expect the boys to patronise our advertisers.

COMMITTEES.

Library.

This committee has been active in adding to the number of volumes in the Fiction section and is now considering the volumes to be added to the Reference section. The members have also in view the completion of a reading room where books will then be housed. Good luck to them!

Radio.

The members of this committee have

been collecting information with a view to purchasing a set, but up-to-date no tangible results have been forthcoming. We hope that it will not be long before the installation for receiving broadcasts will be an accomplished fact.

Literary.

This body has been replacing volumes of novels and now the sets are, or very soon will be, of normal strength, 60 volumes being on order for this purpose. In addition 4 complete sets of new novels, 25 to the set, have been ordered, and should arrive shortly. The literary fees are thus being profitably administered.

SCHOOL SPORT

SPORTS COUNCIL REPORT.

It is again a pleasure to report that the School is upholding its high standard in this important part of its activities. The School aims at having all boys taking part in some branch of sport and at inculcating in all a liking for clean healthy games. While individual successes are welcomed, our boys always bear in mind that it is the sport first, the team second, and the individual last.

CRICKET.

The standard attained is quite up to that of preceding years. In this branch we have to thank the W.A.C.A. for its valuable coaching assistance.

The Staff v. School match was again a highly successful social and sporting fixture. On this occasion the teachers reversed last year's defeat.

The School Captain was Jack Curtin, and Honour Badges were gained by J. Curtin, C. Bird, J. O'Connor, R. Mellowship, R. McDonald, W. Fletcher, W. Stingemore and V. French.

It is expected that some of our cricketers will emulate many "old boys" and eventually gain "State" Honour badges. They have the example of E.

Bromley (Australian XI.), F. Alexander, E. McKenzie, W. Roach and other State players to spur them on.

SWIMMING.

This branch always reaches a high standard. Outstanding performers were Joe Bishop (School Champion), J. Woods (Junior Champion) and Jim McNicholl (Inter-School Champion).

The annual carnival at Claremont was a very enjoyable fixture.

Our team in the Inter-schools' carnival was second to Perth Boys' after an exciting contest.

It is pleasing to report that one of our "old boys"—Neal Taylor—is the present State Junior Champion.

LIFE SAVING.

Once again the School won the Macfarlane Cup for Central Schools. Our winning team consisted of Geoff. Mitchell (individual fastest time), B. Gaston, G. Cumbers and P. Clauson. Members of the team received the cup on behalf of the School from the hands of the donor on 11th inst. The trophy indicates an exceptionally high standard of life-saving efficiency.

TENNIS.

No sport has progressed as quickly as or more successfully than tennis. At the School Championships, conducted by the W.A. Lawn Tennis Association, our boys practically "scooped the pool." W. Main won the open singles, A. Davey the under 16 singles and A. and L. Davey the open doubles.

Our hopes of winning the coveted Slazenger Cup are high. We wish our representatives the best of luck.

SOCCER.

During the Easter holidays a team of schoolboys from Perth visited the Goldfields under the auspices of the Soccer Association. Among those making the trip were Dan Rees, Eddie Clark and Ron Mould from this School. They acquitted themselves creditably.

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.

Opportunity was taken at the "welcome" on May 18, to introduce the new Head to a regular feature of the School, held at the end of each term—the presentation of Sports Honour Badges, and other Sports Trophies won during the term. The presentations were made by the President of the Sports Council, Mr. Dolan.

HONOUR BADGES.

The following awards were made by the Sports Council at the end of the first term.—Swimming: J. Woods, W. Allen, J. McNicholl, S. Davey, R. McDonald, W. Stingemore, E. Needle. Life-Saving: S. Davey, M. Bammon, A. Scupham.

GENERAL.

Material has been provided for all branches of sport, and the custodians have looked after it well.

In the Faction Competition the White Faction is leading and is determined to have its name inscribed on the Faction Shield this year. Wake up Gold, Blue and Black.

The healthy state of School sport is due in no small measure to the active cooperation of the staff with the Sports Council.

We are confident that this happy state of affairs will continue to manifest itself.

J. Dolan, Chairman,
E. Bamkin, Secretary.

HEARD ABOUT THE PLAYGROUND.

"What oh, there, Greta Gable, don't say that you're not colossal?"

"What oh, yourself, you superb shag!"

"Cripes, look at Fozz."

"Go on, its ten past! Get the footy!"

"Not a wow!"

"Shay Shixty Shix, Razor!"

"Don't you fret your whistle!"

"Dumb David!"

"Don't be so babyish!"

"Now you boys, scram!"

"You are a little foss!"

—A.W.A.— **RADIOLA** —A.W.A.—

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BATTLE OF PHILIPPI. (From a new angle).

It was a fine evening and many of the Cockneys who lived around the cosy little inn near the outskirts of Rome were gathered in its bar parlour. Among them was one droll fellow who had been in the army of Antony during the Battle of Philippi.

One of his friends had asked him to tell them about the battle, and between mouthfuls of mead, this is what he said:

"Oi reckon as oi must 'ave bin plumb lucky to 'ave bin in Antony's army yo kno; 'cause if oi 'adn't a, oi moightant 'ave bin 'ere to-day. 'Owver that's gittin' away from moi bloimy tale so 'ere eet is.

"As oi was walkin' 'round the flam-in' tents oi seen Octavius a tellin' Antony 'ow fortunat' they was that Cassius an' Brutus 'ad left the 'ills (up there they was as safe as a bloomin' bug in a rug). There the foight started an boi croiks if th' enemy 'ad a organised eet roight we moight 'ave all bin beat an' killed. (Nevertheless they didn't, so in-stid a us, they is a kickin' up daisies). Cassius was bein' sawly thrashed boi Antony but if Brutus 'ad a kept 'is men from plund'rin' they moight 'ave wun. Oi seed from orf an 'ill Cassius was sind-in' Titinius away so oi wotched 'im an oi seed 'im git embraced an' kissed boi all his friends; just loike a big kid. Cas-sius, 'owever, must a mistook friends for foes 'cause 'e upped an' killed 'imself dead.

"Wen Titinius returned an' found this out 'e also got rid of issel (not that anyone mist 'im). These two accidents wich was did o' purpose subdued the op-positin a little. (You blokes—an' ugly blokes y'are at that—moight wonder 'ow oi found toime upon this 'ere 'ill to notis wot was a goin' on round me? Well, 'tween friends oi'll tell ya; oi was a hid-in' for moi loife, 'cause oi 'ad jist remembered moi wife and moi nippers 'hood 'ave to starve if oi doid).

"Shortly afterwards Brutus issel strolls in but 'e subsides a little on seein' the stiffuns o' Cassius and Titinius. 'Ow-er, back 'e goes loike a bloomin' 'ero to 'ave another go, but agin 'e 'is beat

'E woinds up boi askin' 'is cobbors (a mouldy lot), to stab 'im, but none of the darn fools 'ad the guts, so 'e did the dirty job 'imself.

"Now our men enter leadin' Messala an' other unfortunat bloighters 'ho 'ave bin 'takin, but wot blew most a the wind out of moi bags was this; that one of our fellars asked Strato, one of th' enemy, if 'e would serve 'im. Naturally Strato says he would and in the moment of our glory our grate leader, Antony, blows in an' oi'll be dashed an' jigger'd if 'e doesn't address the dead body of Brutus in an' 'ell of a stoile. Ya kno' one o' 'em speeches wot make ya go all googoo.

"Well moi 'earties, so ended the Bat-tle of Philippi, but 'cause of wot oi told ya back along, oi don't wont any of ya to think oi'm a coward eos oi'm not, but oi kno' as ya wouldn't ave loiked to see me with a spear in moi hoide so oi gess as ya'll pardon me."

W. Fletcher, 9th Pro.

"JACKIE."

We likes a joke us fellows, of the salt an' blue bush mobs,
We gives a crack, an' takes one, we bets, we likes our jobs;
We has our little joke we has, we laughs, we spits, we swears,
An' swear we does, us 'omely chaps, when us our trousers tears!
The blokes of ours, y'know the type—
They got a beard, they smokes a pipe—
Their mouths with 'airy paws they wipe—
They likes their beef, they likes their tripe,
They're tough, our blokes, an' hard by cripes!
But one of that there 'oly crew
Of blokes what earned their meagre screw,
Was one, an old an' wiry black—
An abo from the far outback,
Who sat 'is 'orse like some wool sack—
An' us blokes—well—we called 'im "Jack."
He 'ad ten kids, 'e ad, poor Jack; an' 'oly smoke, two pups, a gin;
A knife, a shield, a spear or two, an' chief of all, a kero tin.
"By cri! him all same damn big sin"
Quoth poor old Jack, so worn and thin
Amidst his swarm of kith an' kin,
His moles an' warts upon his chin
Us pitied him, us tough blokes did, where men smell most of sheep,
Where water's scarce, an' weather's worse, an' blow me, sheeps is cheap;

Us pitied him; we did our best,
 The boss, he gave old Jack a test.
 (So's Wandl Bill could 'ave a rest),
 "Go salt bush; watch those dusty sheep
 An' see, by cripes, good watch you keep!"
 keep!"
 Old Jackie, on his sorry nag (an 'orse with
 curving spine);
 Went out, to Good Lord only knows, to ride
 'is bound'ry line!
 At dusk poor Jackie toddled home,
 Asked why he let his horse "go roam,"
 By cri! him horse, him all same mad!
 By cri! him plurry all same bad!
 By cri! backside, him all same sore!
 By cri! me no ride horse no more!
 By cri! damn pants, him all same tore!
 (By cripes—you should 'ave 'eard us
 roar!)

E. Bamkin, 9th Pro.

THE HUNTER OF THE NIGHT.

A fox came slowly down the path in the wood. The moonlight fell upon him, so that you could plainly see his lean jaws, his long legs, his steely muscles, and his sweeping tail with its white tip. He was as keen as any other fox, and what he did not know about hunting and stealing was of little use to any one.

The path took him to the end of the wood, but he had to dodge traps. It was so cold that a fine powdery snow lay on the ground, and every blade of grass shone in the moonlight like silver. As he approached the farm he went flat on his stomach, with his tail just off the ground and his head low. Every few strides he stopped, sniffed the air, looked around and went on. Suddenly he stopped and sprang back. A trap! The snare was known as a box trap. It was sunk in the ground and had a revolving lid over which the farmer had sprinkled soil to disguise it from foxes such as he. It would be good-bye to freedom if he were caught in it, so he moved off to a hay yard and snuggled beneath the stack out of the wind and in a good position to see what was going on.

He first became aware of an owl that spread confusion among the rats which were plentiful. Then the farm bull came blowing and stamping around the hedge outside, looking for something to fight. Finally without his noticing it, there came a dog, a lean, hungry animal. The fox had dug an entrance to the fowl

house. He had hardly put his nose into it when the sneaking visitor came on the scene. In the nature of hungry dogs, he stalked stealthily as his quarry toiled, and when the fox's nose was buried in his trench, he sprang triumphantly. The fox swished round and a yelping struggle began. The farmer, alarmed at the unusual sound, fired a gun, and both contestants flew in fear.

The hunter had had bad luck and was going home savage and morose, with nothing for his mate, when he saw three rabbits playing in the open. He walked out boldly and innocently and rolled easily about, dog fashion. The rabbits saw him, and after careful scouting came to the conclusion that he was full-fed and playful. He rolled nearer, and suddenly, with a leap and a rush, was upon them and had bowled one over with the speed of lightning. So despite his early failure and narrow escape, Mr. Fox was able to bring home to his waiting mate her expected morsel.

L. Crabbe, 8th Pro.

THIS RHINELAND BUSINESS

Now Selassie has surrendered,
 And the Japs seem over-sour;
 And Julius Caesar lives again
 Thru' Mussolini's power;
 Herr Hitler has awakened
 From his mighty Nazi trance,
 And boldly crossed the Rhineland
 And threatened timid France.
 He says that the Locarno
 Was just a scribble form
 And treaties made to break, you know,
 And peace pacts burnt and torn.
 So now he has defied the World,
 The League and all the rest,
 And to "mild" inquiring "neutrals,"
 He says he knows what's best.
 He's "goose-stepped" round his Germany
 And "goose-stepped" to the Rhine,
 And claims that he will "goose-step"
 Over any border-line.
 If Mussolini can succeed
 At having warfare fun,
 And China pays obeissance to
 "The Land of Rising Sun"
 Ya!—Why can't he, Herr Hitler,
 By medium of his hand
 Rule all the World, assisted by
 His gallant little band
 Of Nazi "goose-step" warriors?
 But then they—who can tell?
 Might just jump o'er the traces
 And "goose-step" off to —!

G. Mitchell, 9th Pro.

CLUTTERBUCK.

Clutterbuck was an ordinary boy, a very ordinary boy indeed. No one would ever look twice at Clutterbuck unless it was to wonder why so many people reject Darwin's theory.

At school Clutterbuck was in no way outstanding. Most days he arrived late and suffered severe penalties therefore. In fact there was not a country in the world that had not been drawn by him, whose rivers he had not traced, whose towns he had not printed. Not that this improved his geography at all. O! no.

Dinner hour held no lure for him. He was not among that noisy throng that with raucous shout and clattering feet made hasty exit at the sound of the dinner bell. With dragging feet and doleful mien he followed his lusty companions towards the sheds. When the boys brought out the "footies" he was not seen in the thickest of the scrum; in fact he was lucky to get a kick at all.

After two and a half years of such school life, Clutterbuck began to feel that indeed life held very little for him. No bright future would be his; success was not for Clutterbuck. However, fate is a vacillating jade, and Clutterbuck was to be the subject of her latest whim.

After one uneventful day our friend was dawdling across the playground when a strange thing happened. A large car arrived at the school gates from which hastily emerged a man carrying something with three long black legs attached to a black cube."

"A camera" thought Clutterbuck (bright boy). The photographer approached Clutterbuck and doffed his hat. With an engaging grin, he said,

"Where can I find Master Algernon Clutterbuck?"

"My name is Clutterbuck" faltered our friend. Whereupon the newcomer said:

"Congratulations my young friend, and may I have the pleasure of taking your photograph? I am representing 'The West Australian,'"

Without awaiting a response he quickly fixed his camera and said:

"Now smile please!"

Clutterbuck smiled. Click! Click!

"Oh! Thank you my young friend,"

replied the photographer.

His place was quickly taken by another of his trade, and in rapid succession Clutterbuck smiled into no less than six cameras and received six different speeches of congratulations.

By this time as you may imagine, a crowd of boys had gathered around our hero mostly bewildered at this strange procedure, some not a little sceptic, others openly sneering.

However wonders were not at an end. No sooner were the school gates reached than two splendid limousines arrived, driven by two very pressing salesmen who wasted no time in making their presence known or in pointing out the superiority of their respective cars. Radio salesmen, insurance agents, sports dealers, cycle dealers, even shipping agents eagerly sought our friend Clutterbuck, endeavouring to interest him.

The poor lad was so bewildered by this unwonted attention, for which he could in no wise account, that he allowed himself without further ado and not a little relief, to be whisked off home in the nicer of the two limousines. Here, however, things were even worse; here was chaos indeed. Not a firm in town but was represented, each salesman vying with the other in his pressing demands. The house was crammed with strangers; relatives, neighbours, and pressmen all talking at the tops of their voices.

At length Clutterbuck espied his father and mother among the crowd. On sighting him, the latter cried above the din,

"Oh Algernon! Isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes, isn't it!" he replied, wondering whatever could have caused it all.

"And Uncle Eustace says he won't take a penny of it."

"Not a penny!"

"A penny of what?" demanded the hero.

"Why, the prize money! The thousand pounds! He entered a photo of you as a baby in a bonnie baby contest and he says we—you can have it all."

Flushed but triumphant, Mrs. Clutterbuck gazed at her son, and saw, not a plain freckled youth, but the bonnie baby he was thirteen years ago.

G. McClean, 9th Pro.

ESPERANTO?

"Lo 'erbert."
"Lo, 'owyergoen?"
"Nosobad."
"S'fine."
"Owsyerself?"
"Or, nosogood!"
"Owsyerol wermen?"
"Neferbetre, broke erollenpin over
m'yed s'mornin."
"Um! Owsyer sun?"
"Likevrythin' in the gardin!"
"Luvvley?"
"No; seedy."
"Yeah! y'donsay."
"Um, seayer somar."
"Olive oil, az th' Froggies say."

R. Clark, 8th Pro.

THE BUSH RANGER.

The Bushranger dwells in the North,
A wild black eyed bandit is he;
On moonless nights galloping forth,
Across his wild boundary free.
He holds up both rider and coach,
And fills timid travellers with fear.
He hides at pursuers' approach,
He's a wild dodging bush buccaneer.

D. McRobert, 7th Ind. C.

PERSONIGRAMS.

Do you Know these Boys?

Often to be seen in the hall during dinner hours—small considering the fact that he is in the top class—his cheery grin also makes him appear more "babyish." Chief hobby seems to be in flinging himself on floor in futile endeavour to retrieve impossible shots. A "tiger" with his work.

Plays: Tennis, cricket, badminton (a lot), and hangs about in the yard for "crumbs" at footie.

Favourite Expressions: "Buzz off!" "Rats!"

One of two who have made their names the terror of the yard—You never can tell whether he is or isn't—Always to be found in any fun or scrimmages outside—Renowned for system of mutual assistance—Holds a position of some importance on sporting side of school, and has already brought success to the school in outside competition.

Plays: Everything with fair success; excels in tennis.

Favourite expressions: "Not a wow!" "Oh, you beauty!"

* * *

Very prominent in life of school, due to position, habits and size for he is out of ordinary in girth. Has much to say on all subjects and frequently speaks quite sensibly. Particularly concerned about use of long words. His chubby face, black wavy hair, and winning smile no doubt account for his popularity amongst the fair sex of our neighbouring school. The resemblance to certain renowned film stars is most marked. In his job he is keen and efficient—ready to make war at any time on any law breaker, either staff or schoolboy.

Plays the fool (sometimes).

Says: "But why?" (in innocent tones).

* * *

A Seventh Standard lad of the "brainy" section, though why we have not found out—Conspicuous by recent adoption of goggles and for loudness and rapidity of vocal production. A fine repertoire of songs in a delicate soprano. When silent he has been known to produce some very heady work.

Plays: Tennis in particular, being quite promising.

* * *

Flips the coin on Saturdays for the School's representatives in the winter sport. Bustling and reliable tactics keep the enemy out, and in his quiet manner he directs his team mates most effectively. Keeps himself bright and fresh by wandering around the suburbs in the dawning; and a favourite form of training is to chase the train carrying the team up the station. Bowls a baffling pill at cricket.

Plays: Football, cricket—swims, and saves lives—in each case representing the School.

Can be recognised by: "I'll betcha!" "Do you want to bet on it?" "Alright, you ask him!"

EX-STUDENTS' NOTES

EX-STUDENTS' CLUB.

The Club is now in full swing again after having been in recess for the summer vacation. The initial Badminton competition for the season extending over a period of six fortnightly meetings, is for a silver serviette ring embossed with the School crest. The leaders at this stage are J. Knapp, K. Jenkins and L. Pearce.

Consideration is being given to the matter of competing in open tournaments, and it is practically certain that some members will compete in the State Championships in October. Most players are showing considerable improvement and should benefit greatly by outside play. It is proposed to conduct matches against the Staff and Schoolboys during the current term.

It was with the deepest regret that the club members learned of the death of the late Headmaster (Mr. A. W. Senior), and our heartfelt sympathy is extended to his family. It was largely due to Mr. Senior's interest and enthusiasm that the formation of the Club resulted, and his place will be hard to fill. At the same time, we extend a hearty welcome to the new Headmaster (Mr. E. C. Stewart), to whom we offer a standing invitation to our meetings or functions.

We note with pleasure the performances of the Old Boys of the School both in sport and business—the motto of the School is being carried forward. It gives great satisfaction also that ex-students and scholars of the School should be obtaining employment more readily than was the case a year or so ago.

In conclusion, we would like to invite all readers to send in information with regard to the doings of ex-students,

or to communicate with the secretary, Ex-Students' Club, Fremantle Boys' School in the event of seeking information about Old Boys of the School.

T. Lewis, Hon. Sec.

NOTED.

The doings of a few of the many Ex-Students' of the School.

S. MATHEWS, B.Sc., who called in from Manila recently, where he has been Technical Adviser to the Broadcasting Station.

P. MATHEWS, B.Com., his brother, leading bank official in Manila.

C. HUGALL represented W.A. in the King's Cup Rowing Crew, finishing third.

E. LEACH (1934), progressing with architecture and draughtsmanship. A first in Architect's Exhibition this year.

K. ROGERS (1932) furthering his successes by brilliantly winning S.W. Golf Championship, defeating TED TAYLOR, another Old Boy in the final.

REX SMITH now has a Badminton success, having won Suburban Mixed Doubles title. Two years ago holder of State Junior Doubles Tennis title.

D. SMITH, A. STRANG, S. POOLE are amongst 11 ex-students in South Fremantle League Football team. Each represented W.A. in schoolboys' teams.

H. BENNETT (1934), H. FOWLER (1934) showing tennis of very promising quality—represented Fremantle Association against Perth recently.

G. EVANS (1931), ended the season with N.E. Fremantle in dashing form with the bat. A baseball fan?

R. WALMESLEY — Caledonian's hope in the forward line.

V. BOYD (1932) who died in Kellerberrin last December—engaged in successful experimental farm work.

N. TAYLOR now at Hale School, sitting for Leaving. State and Australian Junior Champion Swimmer. Well done Neal!

J. HOWSON winner of Brennan Cup, surf swimming.

W. DOIG'S 20 wickets for 21 runs in Mercantile Association.

A. BOLAS, S. LAW are progressing successfully through the University, the former in Arts, the latter in Economics.

K. CLAYBROOK who won the 880 yards ocean swim.

A. ALKIN (1935)—A most promising junior cyclist, died as result of accident.

T. SHAW, D. SIMPSON also at the Uni. studying Chemistry.

R. HALL—A meteoric rise in the Badminton world.

J. SULLIVAN (1935) passed on to studies at Modern School.

G. JONES (35)—Congratulations on reaching final of Fremantle District Junior Singles Tennis.

BOB.

The death of Bob. Jaggs in Fremantle Hospital following a short illness leaves a spot in the sporting ranks of Fremantle District that cannot be adequately filled. A splendid trier at all sports, Bob was particularly keen on cricket and worked his way into the "B" grade team of the district. Throughout his short career, he was never found guilty of any unfair or unsportsmanlike action, and was consequently deeply respected by his friends. In Bob, the School has had one of whom we can well be proud—His memory will remain ever-green with us.

1935 NINTH STANDARDS—AND THEIR JOBS.

E. Briddick, Hume Pipe Co., Subiaco; T. Brown, Midland Workshops; F. Conole, Police Cadet; C. Jones, Sugar Refinery; G. Jones, Melbourne Steamship Co.; T. Jones, W. D. & H. O. Wills, Perth; G. Kaye, Shell Oil Co.; G. Keen, Bank of Australasia, Fremantle; F. Moss, Treasury Dept.; G. Nye, Commonwealth Bank, Fremantle; A. Williams, Bunning Bros., Fremantle; K. Yeomans, Shell Oil Co.; F. Bousfield, Goodyear Tyre Co.; D. Coates, Learmonth Duffy & Co., Fremantle; A. Cutting, Harbour and Lights Dept., Fremantle; V. Darling, Burns Philp, Fremantle; D. Kemp, Agricultural Bank, Perth; J. Moir, Municipal Service, Bunbury; E. Neesham, D. & J. Fowler; K. Stead, Brown & Dureau's, Fremantle; F. Sherborne, Soap Distributors, Ltd., Fremantle; E. Williams, Atlas Insurance Co., Perth.; W. Hale, Colour Service Repair Co., Fremantle.

PASSES IN THE "JUNIOR", 1935.

Fred Bousfield, Ernie Briddick, Tony Clauson, Doug. Coates, Frank Conole, Arthur Cutting, Vic. Darling, Trevor Jones, Doug. Kaye, Geoff. Keen, Don. Kemp, Edward Neesham, Geoff. Nye, Eric Sinclair, Jack Sullivan, Allen Williams, Keith Yeomans.

HOWLERS.

Water is a light coloured wet liquid that turns dark when you wash in it.

The Elder Pitt was born a war minister.

When Anne died, things were bad for England as there was no direct air.

Finally in 1688 James II. gave birth to a son. This was the last straw!

Oliver Cromwell was always in danger and had to wear his armour in bed.

Clive tried to shoot himself, but the pistol did not work. Determined to give him another chance, his parents sent him out to India.

The rainfall of a place depends on the humility of the air.

It is owing to condescension on the part of the clouds that rain falls.

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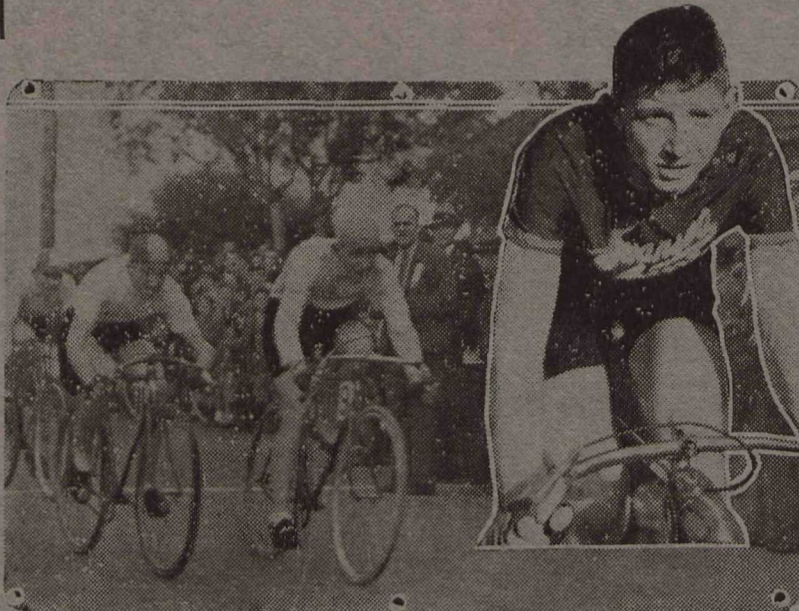
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SWANSEA CYCLES

9 WILLIAM STREET, FREMANTLE (Opposite Town Hall),
and 73 HANNAN STREET, KALGOORLIE.



V. "Bill" WOOLLETT,
Albany, winner
Junior Championship 1935

The Championship has
only been raced three
times, the winners all
riding SWANSEAS.

Merv. Ellement, 1933,
A. Barron, Colin Camp-
bell and H. Whittle,
1st., 2nd., and 3rd.
1934.

V. "Bill" Woollett, 1935
Also

Schoolboys' Champion-
ship, 1935, with C. F.
Roberts.