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JULY - 1935

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



Vol. 1, No. 1

July, 1935

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EDITORIAL.

It is with confidence that we submit to you this, the first issue of "F.B.S.," a magazine to record the doings of all pupils, both past and present of the Fremantle Boys' School.

We choose as our title our initials, "F.B.S.," because already the school is known widely by that name, and F.B.S. has been carried with honour and merit into the fields of scholarship, sport, commerce and industry, and has an enviable reputation.

For some time past it has been mooted that we inaugurate an official organ of our School and the "F.B.S." is the realisation of that idea. We now enter into the field of literary venture and attainment in company with many large schools throughout the world and we shall strive to maintain, at least, the standard set us by our compeers.

As the Official organ of the Ex-Students' Club, this magazine must form a

link between the old School and her sons, who are proud of her, and of whom the School is equally proud. We hope that all Ex-Students will find within these pages news of interest concerning their old School and school fellows and that they will make use of the magazine and the Club to keep in touch.

We hope that all will find herein, items of interest, of fun and of information, and wish every reader the best of success wherever he may be and trust that he will support our subsequent issues as fully as he has this.

For most of the contributors this is the first time they have seen their literary efforts in print. We hope that the budding journalists and literary aspirants within the School will find in the "F.B.S." a medium for advancing their ability. We thank all who contributed articles and, although all could not be printed on this occasion, the writers of the articles have the satisfaction of knowing that they have upheld the School traditions in all their splendour.

To the Boys of the
"OLD SCHOOL."

10th June, 1935.

My Dear Young Friends,

Our friend, Mr. Senior, has told me that it is your intention to publish a School magazine. I think it an excellent idea, marking as it were another milestone in the march of progress of our great School. I am always proud to state that I am an "Old Boy."

In congratulating you upon the magazine innovation, might I take the opportunity of urging you to push ever onwards. Your school days will be ended all too soon. You must therefore be prepared to take your places, shoulder to shoulder, to carry on the good work of your country as your parents and ancestors have done, and keep inviolate our great country and the Empire of which we are proud to be a part, the Empire on which the sun never sets, and wherever the flag of the Empire waves, the nations of the world admit that "Justice is done."

In your School you have reminders of the parts played by our Old Boys when the Empire called for soldiers in the dark days of August, 1914. The Honour Board bears testimony, and in addition you have a portrait of one I knew as "little Bobby Walker." He died gloriously, fighting for the Empire and for us. You must always honour the memory of such Old Boys.

And now, boys, how are you to play your parts? Let me try and help you. From the beginning you must be carefully prepared and trained for the great task ahead, of which the first essential is "Play the Game," and play it with the highest ideals and lofty spirits.

You must "Fear God and honour the King." Think of the King as the living symbol of the greatest Empire and peoples the world has ever known.

Also remember the fifth commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother." Prove yourselves dutiful and worthy sons, and be sure your success and progress will bring joy to your parents.

Be proud of your School and honour your teachers whose task it is to mould and prepare you for the great game it will be yours to play a few years hence.

And, above all, play the game to yourselves. Think cleanly, live cleanly, act cleanly. Never be guilty of any act you would not like your mothers and sisters to know.

"Hitch your waggon to a star." Always be able honestly to hold your head up, and, figuratively speaking, look the whole world in the face, and when it is said: "He played the game," feel that you deserved it.

Shakespeare wrote much philosophy, but never finer or more true than these lines—

"To thine own self be true
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

I commend those words to you. Analyse them, memorise them, and live up to them, and when the time comes for you to lay down all earthly things, may a fitting epitaph for each of you be "He played the game."

Kindest regards,

Very sincerely,

FRANK SHAW

"An Appreciation."

For many months now, Fremantle Boys' has been like a man who has lost an eye. Something has been missing, and it is the cheery presence of our former language master (Monsieur or Herr Crossley) who is continuing his studies in far-off Germany.

Coming to the School over twelve years ago, he became as much a part of the School as the School itself. His ideals in work and in sport were high, and the magnificent results of his students and athletes were inevitable.

His thoughts are still of "his school." In a recent letter is the following. "I have travelled far, but have yet to find a place to equal F.B.S. whose boys could hold their own in any part of the world."

Will our wandering friend return to the School? Quien sabe! We all hope so, but wherever he goes, we know he will always be with us in spirit.

May he always be as happy as he was at Fremantle Boys'!

HARRY BENNETT

Coombe's Scholar, 1934.

It is some time since Fremantle Boys' School has had the distinction of having a Coombe's Scholar and congratulations are due to Harry Bennett on his success.

The Scholarship entitles the holder to pursue further studies at a non-State Secondary School and is selected along the following lines—candidate's success in the Junior Exam, his fondness for outdoor sports such as football, cricket and other manly activities, his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty and sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness, fellowship and his exhibition during school days of moral force of character and instincts to lead and take an interest in his schoolmates.

During his three years at F.B.S. Harry lived up to these requirements in an exemplary manner. He was always at the top of his class, and in School affairs proved a very efficient secretary of the Tennis Club when appointed towards the end of 1934. He still takes a keen interest in the School and is an active member of the Ex-Students' Club.

At Wesley College Harry finds friendly rivalry with James Johnson, another Coombe's for 1934, and the two fight for the leadership of the class.

Harry is showing splendid form with the tennis racquet and is playing "C" grade for North Fremantle in the local Pennant Series.

He intends studying to become a teacher of languages. The School wishes you luck, Harry!

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

The old-fashioned methods of torture consisted of many different devices and inventions. The rack was one such device while yet another was the thumb-screw that terrorised all evil-doers and even good doers. But are any of these to be compared with the modern method—the dentist's chair, that terrorises little children.

People get toothache and then go to the dentist to have their tooth or teeth extracted. The best time to go is in winter time—that is, when it's cold—otherwise you will have no excuse for shiver-

ing. Nervously you creep in and sigh with relief on discovering that the waiting room is packed with equally nervous and depressed-looking people. Sinking down behind a fat lady you await the coming ordeal.

Slowly the minutes slip by but how quickly the queue seems to be dispersing. Then from behind the fat lady slips a small bespectacled gentleman who nervously creeps into the dental surgeon's apartment. Another ten minutes is added to history. Then the fat lady goes. All kinds of wild wishes chase one another around your head. If the Dental Surgeon would only drop dead or remember a very important appointment or something of the sort. But nothing of that nature happens. Then the dreaded moment arrives when you are summoned into his presence and seated on the awful chair. First, he sticks a sharp thing into your mouth and pokes around inside until he finds the right place on your gums somewhere. Then he presses a button on top of the 'needle' and after a lot more fiddling around he tells you that you no longer possess that which is rightfully yours. "Ah!" he might say, "The giants made a bad attack on your ivory castles." You might mistake him for the giant then. He makes you feel small anyhow.

N. CORNISH,

7th Professional.

CANNING DAM

Some miles from Armadale is being built the new Canning Dam, a vast engineering work commenced in October, 1933. The Dam will be erected at a cost of over One and a Quarter Million Pounds, and it will store 20,000,000 galls. of water, approximately four and a half times as much as Mundaring.

The Dam will be twice as high as Mundaring. The area covered by the reservoir will be about 1,000 acres, and the distance round the full basin will be 45 miles. The dam will exceed in height by a few feet the huge dams of Burrinjuck and Avon in N.S.W., and its building is among the biggest engineering projects now being undertaken in Australia. The site is dominated by a steel tower rising to a height of about 250 feet. This is used in the latest method of placing concrete,

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the method that was first used in this State on the site of the Wellington Dam. From about midway up the tower a chute is suspended, its arm reaching out about 300 feet to a revolving truss jointed in three sections. At the tower end of the chute is a hopper into which is delivered the mixed concrete from the plant at the foot of the tower, and, by the manipulation of the truss, the concrete can be delivered into any part of the foundations within the radius of the chute. With one adjustment all the concrete can be laid by the chuting tower and much greater mobility is claimed than for a cableway. The building of the wall of the dam is not a simple matter of erecting a vast wall of reinforced concrete.

From the commencement of the work the greatest possible care was taken to prevent any water seepage through the walls, thus ultimately causing a deterioration of the concrete. The face of the dam will be of rich concrete, but, in case water should find a weak spot and seep through, behind the face will be built a series of drains within the concrete. These will connect into an escape tunnel which will carry off the water. A central longitudinal drain will relieve the upthrust from any water that might make its way to the base of the wall. When the dam at Mundaring was built the concrete was placed in layers, which, under the influence of the weather expanded and contracted to such an extent that cracks appeared in the wall. With this experience to guide them, the engineers at the Canning Dam are providing for the expansion and contraction, by building the wall in huge monoliths. Each is a separate entity and between each one and its neighbour will be set concertina shaped copper sheets, which will preserve a tight joint and absorb the contraction and expansion of the concrete. The work of building the dam will be spread over eight years, but it is hoped to store enough water for the 1935-36 season, to overcome any possibility of water shortage in the metropolitan area. This financial year about £100,000 will be spent on the work, but next and for the two subsequent years the work will be pushed ahead at a faster rate, and it is proposed to spend £660,000 during the three years. Progress will then be retarded but enough work will be undertaken each year to keep abreast

of water requirements.

When the dam is completed it will be 218 feet in height from river bed, with a depth of 213 feet of stored water. The base of the dam will be 170 feet wide at bed level and length of the crest will be 1,600 feet. The structure will contain 350,000 cubic yards of concrete weighing about 700,000 tons. It has been estimated that 60,000 tons of cement, 420,000 tons of crushed metal and spalls and 200,000 cubic yards of sand will be used in its construction.

J. BRINDAL.

A SCHOOLBOY'S LAMENTATION.

Now the holidays are over, we no longer
live in clover.
For the horror of the gate, and the dirty,
dusty slate,
Are the schoolboy's daily terror, and a
slight mistake or error,
Brings a sudden smarting pain to the
victim of the cane,
Your dirty, dingy work, gives the old
gargoyle a smirk,
Then with Cane he lays about, and from
the victim comes a shout,
Of pent up pain and anger mingled,
through those finger tips that
tingled.
But they say there is a lining, in every
dark cloud shining,
And I believe this to be true, because the
bad boys believe so too,
So (at) on Saturdays and Sundays
(they're the demon's only fundays)
They shriek and sing and shout, and you
know that they're about.
But when blessed school is over, we once
more can live in clover,
Where no bally blessed teachers, or be-
nighted blamin' preachers,
Can multiply the school boy's wishes, to
elude the cane's sharp swishes,
But when we boil down this biz', you
know we like our teacher's fizz!

E. BAMKIN.

"JULIUS CAESAR."

The museum was interesting: I was loathe to leave. The statues of the Ancient Romans fascinated me. I was just starting to enjoy myself when the old caretaker kicked me out so I went home tired but happy. When I arrived home I found a good tea waiting for me so I tucked in and afterwards went to bed. I lay awake musing over my visit to the museum but at last I went to sleep. I do not know whether it was the tea or the visit to the museum but there I was—

Julius Caesar, entering Rome.

The streets were crowded with people shouting and waving palms in token of my great victory. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Flavius and Marullus ticking off some workmen because they made holiday to see me. Cassius was standing beside Brutus and he was scowling at me as I passed, and, if looks could have killed anybody, I would have dropped dead but I took no notice. While going through the streets I was stopped by some old "greybeard" who called himself a soothsayer. He told me to beware of the Ides of March but I told him to 'oppit.' Antony offered me the crown three times but I refused it. The crown was too small for it was just like a pimple on a pumpkin although I am not a pumpkin. The makers of it had not finished the inside off properly and the little edges were starting to hurt, so I did not take it.

When I arrived at my home, Calpurnia, my dear wife, was waiting for me, and, after having a supper of nightingales (my favourite fruit) I went to sleep. I am wrong in saying I went to sleep for I could not. Calpurnia kept on kicking me in the back, pulling the clothes off me and crying out that someone was killing me. So I hopped out of bed, grabbed a pillow and a rug and slept on the floor. Next morning when I awoke I found that I was stone cold and I started to do physical jerks to warm myself up. After this I sent someone to the priests to find what Calpurnia's yelling meant. Calpurnia came and told me that she had dreamed that someone had bumped me off and the soldiers were dipping their swords in my gore. This had gone too far and I was starting to shake around the knees so I told Antony to say that I would not go to the Capitol. Then in pops Decius Brutus, who, hearing the dream, gave me an altogether different version, so I went.

When I arrived at the Capitol, Metellus Cinder—I mean Cimber—asked me to pardon his brother who was in exile but I said nix to that. Brutus and Cassius said "What about it old sport, you have not done your good deed for the day?" But I said, "You go where the good niggers don't go and don't forget to take Cassius with you." They then drew daggers

and—

With a crash the old camp stretcher collapsed and I went down with a wallop which woke the whole house up and they came running in. The old camp stretcher was adjusted and everybody went back to sleep but not I. I was too frightened to go to sleep for I still remember that dream. Old Cassius with a lean and hungry look still haunts me and I will NOT go to the museum again.

BOB WEEDON.

SCHOOL DAYS.

You wake on Monday morning,
With happy thoughts ahead,
But when you find what day it is,
You begin to frown instead.
You dress and have your breakfast,
And off to school you go,
Your happy thoughts no longer live,
Your hopes are very low.
You hurry down the street to school,
Your satchel on your back,
So, first of all when you get there,
You hang it on the rack.
At school you have to read and write
Which is a tiresome pest,
Until you hear the playbell ring,
And out you go and rest.
A set of sums is on the board,
You do not get a rest,
But do not try to cheat this time,
For it's a weekly test.
And if you do not please him,
It's true, you'll get the cane,
But the master does not seem to care,
For he feels not any pain.
And when you have geometry,
Your worries start again,
But when you hear the home-time bell,
You sigh, and say 'Amen!'

RON SYM, VII. Professional.

HISTORY AS SHE NEVER WAS.

I studied hard the night before the history examination—studied hard, being up till past 11 o'clock. There was much to learn, so I sat and read it all.

Suddenly there appeared before me, a number of books, each having legs, and all had "History" printed on the cover. I stared at them, and they in turn stared at me. Suddenly one of them—the thickest—said:—

"You are doomed to fail in the exam to-morrow."

I looked at him and said sarcastically:—

"You're telling me!"

"Now, I will teach you the important facts, which will appear in your paper, so that you will be familiar with them. But do not interrupt me!"

"I will not," I told him.

Now listen carefully," and then he started.

"The American Civil War was fought by the Roundheads and Cavaliers. They fought many battles to decide whether Cromwell or George Washington should be President of the United States. Abraham Lincoln was a famous general on the Roundheads' side who always rode in a big cart, called Magna Carta. Bismarck was a famous general on the Cavaliers' side, and his policy was "Let sleeping dogs lie!" Some of the battles fought during this war of 1793-1815, were Plassey, 1793, Battle of Jutland in 1800 (a famous 'horse marine' charge was made here, in which this cavalry won the day). Naseby, 1804, and Sadowa 1815. These were the last two battles of the war."

"But have you not something wrong in these dates?" I asked.

"I am never wrong," was the reply. "Allow me to continue."

"In 1756, the Nap-ol-lyon-ic Wars began, so-called because Joe Lyons was always sleeping. His policy was 'Blood and Iron,' and he defeated George I., King of Spain, in many battles:—Gettysburg, Battle of the Nile and Arcot. One of his famous admirals was Moltke, and his famous general was Rodney, known as the Iron Duke, because he always wore a suit of chain armour, so that he would not be hurt."

"But you're wrong!" I insisted.

"I told you I was never wrong, so dry up."

"Oh nuts!" I said disgustedly.

"We have no nuts so you can go without; now do not interrupt."

"In 1745, Walpole the famous British general, defeated the Hindoos at Malplaquet, Ramillies, Blenheim and Oudenarde, and won India for England. In England Marlborough, the famous English Minister of War, sent William Pitt to defeat Wolfe at Trafalgar; and the landing of William I. in England caused, in 1750, the Civil War. Lord Nelson, the famous general, defeated William at Bala-

clava, when he ordered the famous charge of the 'gallant 600.' In Europe, war was raging. Peter the Great, making the famous march to Moscow in 1757, defeated the Russians at Leipzig. Captain Cook, the man who discovered America in 1492, had just died, and Columbus had just discovered Australia."

"I still think you are wrong!" I declared.

"Keep quiet, what you think does not count! It is what I think. Now listen to these important dates!"

"In 1600, was the Thirty Years' War, and the Peace of Westplalia; in 1625 the Edict of Mantes was revoked by Charles I., King of Germany; in 1645, the Pilgrim Fathers, a body of men, undertook the Government of England; in 1688 the French Revolution and the Battle of the Boyne, in which James I. was driven out of Scotland, by the Duke of Cumberland; in 1760 was the Seven Years' War in England, in which the famous General Pitt the younger was killed. In 1820 the Great War started, and lasted till 1850, during which time Disraeli and Gladstone became known as famous generals; in 1915 was the capture of Constantinople by the Indians; and one I forgot, 1453 the Glorious Revolution.

"You are hopelessly mixed up!"

"What! Why you are ignorant of any history! You do not know that in 1863, Louis XIV. died! You will certainly fail!"

"Then the scene faded, and the following morning, the first thing I thought of was this apparition. I smiled, though I could not forget some of the things he had told me: But I passed in the exam.

FRANK CONOLE, IX. Professional.

DESCRIPTION—STORM AT SEA.

Ploughing steadily through the oily seas, her sails flapping idly with the gentle breeze and her weather-beaten hull heaving slovenly in the troughs of the ocean, sailed a stout-timbered schooner, one of the last of her kind. Gradually the heat became more intense as the miles slipped by, the wind fell and the glass was to be found dropping rapidly. These were sure signs that a storm was approaching. Then

it came, like a lean, hungry wolf seeking its prey. Without warning, the gallant little ship heeled over, straightened and shook itself like a big dog, and then scudded through the surging waters like an arrow unloosed. Suddenly, the full fury of the elements swept down upon our game little craft, rain poured down in torrents and the wind tore through the masts with ever-increasing velocity. Then a crack like a pistol-shot rang out overhead, as the main-mast snapped off short and disappeared into the boiling, heaving, waters. This was followed by a clap of thunder rolling across the heavens, and a flash of brilliant lightning. For an instant the whole scene shone vividly before us, the slippery decks, rolling billows and grey leaden skies. Still the brave little ship battled onwards against this dreadful onslaught, her timbers creaking and groaning under the strain and her sails flying in threads. The storm raged on through half the night and then with unbelievable abruptness abated, as suddenly as it had appeared. One by one the stars peeped out and lit a pathway for our little ship as she limped proudly onwards.

G. CUMBERS.

IT'S ONLY—HOW DID YOU TAKE IT?

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way,

With a resolute heart and cheerful?

Or hide your face from the light of day,

With a craven soul and fearful?

Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce

Or a trouble is what you make it,

And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,

But only—How did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?

Come up with a smiling face,

It's nothing against you to fall down flat,

But to lie there—that's disgrace.

The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bound;

Be proud of your blackened eye!

It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,

It's—How did you fight, and why?

And though you be done to death, what then?

If you battle the best you could?

If you played your part in the world of men,

Why, the critic will call it good.

Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce,

And whether he's slow or spry.

It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts

But only—How did you die?

—E. V. COOKE.

"AN IDEAL SCHOOL."

Swot! Swot! Swot! Ever since 7.30 p.m. I had been swotting now that exams had just begun and although it was now 11.30 p.m., I had not finished. I wondered very much what would happen on the morrow when my English teacher discovered that my home-work was incomplete. Thoroughly tired, I went to bed.

It was not long before I dozed off and found myself at school. No! It was not ordinary school! Things had changed considerably. There were different seats and instead of my English teacher, there was a giant. He must have weighed fully fifty stone. Upon the boards were written all kinds of peculiarities such as:—"That" for a connective of time and "Drake's grandmother had cold feet." I was looking at these in wonderment when the giant master had a question for me:—

"What is a Noun Clause,"

After a minute's thought, I said, "A Noun Clause is——"

"Enough!" he bawled, "you don't know it! A Noun Clause is one that answers the question sane or insane after the infinitives."

He beckoned me to a small platform where I was kept for several minutes; then he touched a knob in his desk and went on with his work. Instantly a trap-door gave way under my feet and I was soon under the power of an electric caning-machine.

This machine has two pairs of arms two of which grasp you firmly about the waist while the remaining two hold out your hands. These are then thrust under a mechanical cane which deals out six per second.

After my caning, I was helped back to the classroom by two unhealthy looking servants who were none too gentle. We—that is the class—had a very bad time that lesson for you see if you did not know a question the teacher's 'thing-me-jigg' found out and called your name. His parting sneer at me was:—"You are not always right, see."

I did not know what happened but I found myself in a room where plants of all kinds and description were to be seen. This was good but the teacher was not so good to my mind. He had horn-

rimmed glasses which perched threateningly on the end of his nose while as my gaze strayed upwards I noticed a lot of nothing—I mean, baldness. He beamed on me.

“Funny old top,” I thought, “must be mad or——”

Don't think anything of the kind, sonny.”

I swung round and there stood another one of those beastly servants with a thinking machine in his hand. This apparatus read one's thoughts so I thought it best to stop thinking.

However, this thought did not last very long for the master pointing to a field asked us what grew there. We did not know. Once again when he pointed to another field, “us” did not know what grew there.

We were all sent to the frightening room for half an hour where we met with several terrible apparitions. Two of these I knew, they being Frankenstein and Drakular.

We left the geography room in the same way as we left the English room and I found myself in an evil-smelling science room. Gas masks were issued while we found the amount of bad blood in a skeleton and then we had some definitions to learn, some being as follows:—

- 1.—“Boyle's law” states that “when a human eats things he shouldn't eat, he develops boils.”
- 2.—“Laws of floating bodies” (I only knew one). “If a man cannot swim he will sink”; for proof drop a non-swimmer off a high dive of about five hundred feet.
- 3.—“Work is the mechanical advantage divided by the specific gravity when the worker is at -10 degrees Centigrade.

The instructor then asked me a question which I was completely unable to answer:—

“If a man's Specific Gravity is 350 what is his horsepower when he pulls along one donkey that kicks.”

The instructor who was, by the way, a very small man foamed at the mouth with rage and pulled out his whiskers by the dozens.

“To the knife room!” he shrieked.

I then found myself in a semi-lighted room with two terrible, huddled up figures in one corner. I turned to bolt but I found that the instructor, who was just behind me, had locked the door.

The first figure grinned horribly at me and reached for a club which had a big knob on the end of it with a six inch nail protruding from the end. I began to whimper. “Don't bawl, man,” cried the little instructor.

The club was about to land on my head so I just closed my eyes—BUMP. I felt a terrific bump on my head and I woke up to find that cheeky “minor” of mine banging me over the head with a book. I complimented him, of course!

H. WOODHAMS, 9th Professional.

THE “QUEEN MARY.”

As the Queen Mary took the water, 73,000 tons of water were displaced. The liner is wider than any of the streets of Perth and is a quarter of a mile long.

There are 1,200 rooms which accommodate 4,000 passengers. The dining saloon occupies 10,000 square feet, and the furniture is made so that it will not slide in heavy weather. Electric lifts convey the passengers to the swimming pool which covers 820 square feet and can be filled in half an hour. There is a gymnasium aboard, and quoits, golf, cricket, tennis and billiards may be played on deck. There are two skating rinks and a children's playground on the second deck. Deck chairs and lounges are provided, and there is a library of 5,000 books. There is even a branch from the Bank of England on board.

When loading, 50,000 eggs, 25,000lb. of meat, 26,000lb. of vegetables and 31,000 pints of milk, go into the refrigerator. The milk is frozen, and when required, a piece is broken off and thawed. There are also 75 tons of crockery, including 2,400 teapots, 10,000 dishes, 16,000 cups, 29,000 glasses and 55,000 pieces of cutlery. There are 50,000 electric lights which light up all the ship. The most luxurious cabin costs £2,200 for a trip of five days over the Atlantic.

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FREMANTLE

SCHOOL HAPPENINGS

"PREFECTS' NOTES.

The school prefects settled down to their respective duties fairly quickly and through the energy of last year's prefects they are finding their work fairly easy. They were duly initiated on the second swimming day of the season, but the prefects think that their assailants got the worst of the deal.

The monthly meetings have been very successfully, though rowdily conducted and we have thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

We congratulate the captain of the school on having been chosen to read the "Goodwill Message" on May 18, and we all feel sure that he will someday be a wireless announcer.

During the term we had the misfortune to lose one of our number, when Fred Anderson left, but we hope that the new prefect will be able to do his work just as thoroughly as "Bluey" did.

The new prefect is A. ("Joe") Bishop and we, as fellow-prefects heartily congratulate him on his election to this position.

G. W. NYE.

Interesting visits have been made by VIII. Industrial this term to various industrial centres. Once more advantage was taken of the courtesy of the manager of Bushell's Ltd., (Mr. Moncure), (who, by the way takes a keen interest in various boy movements, particularly the Legacy Club) and a party was shown through the tea packing factory in Victoria-street. And were the boys fascinated by the tea packing machine! It made the packets, weighed the tea (correct to .002 lb.), packed it, and put on the labels. It is claimed that this plant can do the work of eighty workers. As the party was leaving a small boy was heard to sing a line from an Indian love lyric, "Where are they now?"

They sought the good oil too, and found it when they visited the Shell

Depot at North Fremantle. From the ship's side to the carburettor they traced the sparkling fluid. They saw tins being made all by most intricate machinery—and the cases too, to put them in. The small boy again could not refrain from saying, the visit was a bit oil right.

Following class talks on plant foods a visit was made to the Mt. Lyell Fertiliser works. This proved most interesting. The phosphatic rock imported from various islands, such as Nauru, Ocean and Christmas, and a little from Morocco, is ground to a fine powder and mixed with sulphuric acid, which increases the solubility of the phosphoric acid. A very large plant prepares the sulphuric acid from sulphur imported chiefly from Japan and the American States, Louisiana and Texas. This, too, is ground in crushers before firing in a rotary burner. The gas given off is finally dissolved in water to produce the H_2SO_4 , which is led through leaden pipes to the mixing plant. The mixture stands for about ten months to mature before being sent out as superphosphate.

The only complaint came from one little fat boy.

"It's all right learning about plant foods," says he, "but when are we going to a biscuit factory?"

The VIII. Industrial have taken under their wing again the shade house. They ratted their several mothers' ferneries and plant stands to establish a nucleus, but there is plenty of room for more plants. They invite you to take an interest in the ferns etc., they are encouraging to grow. Please mark this par with a blue cross, before passing the mag. to your mother. Should she offer you a pot plant for the school—well—many thanks.

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.

May 13.—Staff v. School tennis match won by School, 38 sets to 21. Prominent participants: Mr. Inspector Little, Mr. S. Abbott. Thanks are extended to parents

and to Fremantle Tennis Club for their co-operation in making such a pleasant function.

Staff v. School cricket match on March 18. Won by the school team by seven runs. Many parents attended and were our guests at afternoon tea. To all who assisted in making the event so successful, we tender our sincere thanks. We hope to see an even larger number of guests next year.

WORK OF COMMITTEES.

General Purposes.—The work of this committee has been to (1) commence building up a school fiction library for use of all classes, and (2) to set up a School Honour Board. This is being constructed by the VIII. Industrial boys, and will be placed in position in the near future.

Literary Committee.—With the funds provided by the literary fees, the Literary Committee has been able to build up to full strength fifteen sets of the novels already in use, and to provide four complete new sets. There are on order now, eight new sets of novels which are expected to arrive early in July. The junior English course, which calls for very wide reading, has been greatly assisted by the purchase of most of the books prescribed.

Sports' Council.—This body, consisting entirely of representatives elected by the boys, with a teacher as chairman, controls all matters relating to the sport of the school.

Meeting weekly it arranges the fixtures for all sports, keeps all records, and purchases and cares for all sporting material. So well has it functioned that few schools are so well-equipped for all branches of sport.

A notable provision this year has been a number of sports' honour boards, which will serve for many years to come.

The council carries the confidence of both the staff and the boys, and is a live, energetic, and progressive body.

IMPROVEMENTS TO SCHOOL YARD.

This year, not premature by any means, a great improvement has been effected in the school yard by the

P.W.D.; due to regrading, the yard is now well drained; the bicycle shed has been extended, but unfortunately insufficiently to accommodate all the machines; the shelter shed has been improved and is of greater seating accommodation; improved gates have been provided and the outside of the buildings have been renovated. We are now awaiting the renovation of the interior. We wish to thank Messrs. Sleeman and Tonkin, M's.L.A., for their efforts on our behalf in this direction.

SCHOOL SPORT

As the school provides opportunity for practically every sport, the many and varied successes are not to be wondered at. The outstanding feature, however, is the keenness, enthusiasm and fine sporting spirit shown by the boys in all sports. While this report is, of necessity, only a summary of the main features of each sport, it will suffice to show that, on the sporting side, the school is continuing to uphold its reputation.

CRICKET.

Helped to a large extent by the coaching scheme of the W.A. Cricket Association, this sport has attained a high standard. In the Central Schools' competition, the first eleven is holding second place. In the VII. Standard division, the team under Mr. Borrman's able care, has preserved an unbeaten record. In faction cricket, within the school, 12 teams are competing, and Black Faction is at present on top. The most pleasant fixture of the season was the annual Staff v. School match. This year the boys gained their first victory.

Cricket honour badges have been awarded to Ratcliffe (captain), Knapp, Gabrielson, Briddick, Ingraham and Hay.

SWIMMING.

The outstanding feature is the high standard of our junior swimmers, who won every free-style event at the inter-schools' carnival. A pronounced weakness in diving is evident. This is undoubtedly due to the lack of proper facilities in Fremantle, and we are looking forward to the day when these are available.

At our school carnival, the winning faction was White—the school champion, E. Sinclair—and the junior champion, G. Mitchell.

Swimming honour badges have been awarded to E. Sinclair, G. Mitchell, B. Gaston, Morris, Sherborne, Kennedy, Cumbers and Clausen.

LIFE SAVING.

It is indeed a pleasure to record the regaining of the Connolly Cup. Great credit is due to Messrs. Glenister and Barr for their efficient coaching.

Honour badges have been awarded to Brown, Cumbers, Clausen, Bowden, Baker (2), Davey, Hopkins, Baldwin and Cubitt.

TENNIS.

No sport in the school has progressed more or is more popular than tennis. For this happy state, the teachers in charge Messrs. Quin, Reitze and N. Elliott, merit our praise and thanks. The following results should indicate the wonderful improvement shown:—(1) W. Main won the under 14 singles championship—Fremantle Boys' first tennis championship. (2) The school had four semi-finalists. (3) C. and G. Jones were runners-up in the doubles. (4) In the inter-schools competitions, the "A" grade team is at present on top—being undefeated—while in the "B" grade the school holds second place. Success in both grades is anticipated.

Tennis honour badges have been awarded to Jones (2), Davey (2), Brown and Curtin.

GENERAL.

School representatives in athletic events at the Labour Day and Foundation Day Sports were successful in the junior relay race and the district championship.

To the school's sporting representatives, the sports' council offers its heartiest congratulations, not only on the successes achieved, but also on the grand sporting spirit displayed. F.B.S. has lived up to its motto, "Play the game."

In conclusion we wish to thank the headmaster and all members of the staff for their enthusiasm and co-operation

which has placed our sport on such a solid foundation.

For the Sports' Council,
J. DOLAN, Chairman.
C. JONES, Secretary.

TENNIS.

The tennis club has up to date had a very successful year in every way. The club commenced the year with 150 boys playing. This number necessitated the hiring of the East Fremantle and North Fremantle courts as well as those at Fremantle, making a total of 17.

On May 13 (during first term vacation) the school played a match against the staff at Fremantle courts. This resulted in a comfortable victory for the school by 38 sets to 21. On June 3, through the generosity of Messrs. Jenkins and West a match was played against the ex-students. This was a very close match, the school winning 9 sets to 7 sets. The end came when R. Jenkins defeated H. Bennett, 6-2, in last match of the day.

A start has been made on the school tournament and a considerable advance on 1934 when there were 112 entries compared with 122 for 1935. The struggle for school champion will provide much keenness as there are at least five who are capable of winning the event.

BADMINTON.

This year, affairs in connection with the badminton of the school, have experienced a very marked advancement all round.

Owing to the increased popularity of the game, several promising young players have taken advantage of the facilities provided by the tennis club for play. Play is open to all boys on Wednesday and Friday dinner times at the small cost of one penny. Many of the players are beginners, but their enthusiasm indicates how anxious the boys are to become proficient in the game.

Considerable improvement has been evident in the standard of play and when the school team plays the ex-students it is hoped that it will acquit itself creditably.

The only match which has been

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played so far was that in which the staff was opposed by the boys. This resulted in a win for the staff; the scores being 12 sets to 4 sets.

The following is a programme of events to be held this term:—

June 14: VIII. Standard v. IX Standard. July 3: Staff v. Ex-Students.

During July a match will be played between teams representing the ex-students and school; also during July a handicap doubles tournament will be held.

It has also been proposed to hold a championship singles event during the year, so practice hard you fellows!

TOM SAWYER (MODERN VERSION).

Two boys were adjusting a large cabinet. It was covered with knobs, dials, coils, wires, and other gadgets, and from the interior a soft hum issued. Suddenly, muffled cries, and knocks, came from within. As the two opened the case, a boy about their own age confronted them with a smile. It was Tom Sawyer.

"Wal' boys what a'we gonna do, now we a' here?" drawled the Yank.

"I suggest we pay a visit to Fremantle," said the eldest. To this both of the others agreed.

Tom found a great difference in trains, and he nearly came to a brief and sticky end under the wheels of a car just outside the station. After this nasty experience, the boys wanted to get Tom, as fast as possible away from the traffic, so he was rushed into the talkie theatre near at hand. The programme was a real red hot Yankie picture.

The gangsters had kidnapped the heroine, and the chief walked across the screen dragging the pretty girl by the hair. He stopped in the centre and drew a revolver. She screamed. Tom, who had been watching awestricken, suddenly leapt to his feet, "Let her go," he shouted, and people nearby started to titter.

"Come on, bunk!" yelled the boys, as two burly attendants pushed their way towards the trio.

In the end they reached home, Tom's spirits greatly quenched, but he was feeling rather hungry.

After a good lunch, Tom was non-

chalantly watching the pedestrians, when with a terrific roar, something swept overhead. It was an aeroplane. Again it turned and dived towards the house. This was too much for Tom. With a howl of fear he turned, and, taking a running jump, landed in the boys' apparatus, and disappeared in a cloud of debris, never to be seen again.

J. HART, VIII. Industrial.

"TEACHERS' PECULIARITIES."

(Based on "Drake's Drum.")

I am in my hammock, and a thousand miles away,
(Neighbour, art thou sleeping there, below?)
Slung between the desks, on a geography lesson day,
An' dreaming all the time, O' teacher O,
Yarnder looms the blackboard, yarnder lies the maps,
With our teacher adroning all the day,
And the fists abashing, and the powerful glasses flashing—
He sees things not so plainly, as he saw them long ago.
Our teacher, he is moody, and marks the papers all,
(Teacher art thou marking there below?)
Crossing till his fingers ached, he failed each paper well,
O' moody all the time O' teach, O'
Take them to the English room, and hang them on the door!
Read it when your average is running low,
And if you sight a pass I'll quit teaching now the class,
An' chase you from the school as I should've long ago.

K. STEAD, IX. General.

A MISTAKE.

At the commencement of a new term some Oxfordians were travelling by coach to the University when the coach drew up at an inn. "Have you any room inside?" inquired a girl of the driver.

Meanwhile the Oxfordians were commenting on the looks of the female.

"Good-looking!" said one.

"Quite!" responded another.

"Perfect!" lisped a third.

"I'm (soo) sorry miss, there's no room," cried the driver.

"Oh! couldn't you make room for one small person?" pleaded the girl, emphasizing small.

"Not without the young 'gents' consent," the coachman replied.

"Plenty of room! Plenty of room, we're quite small," cried the under graduates.

"Thank you!" said the damsel, and beckoning to a man of prodigious proportion said, "The fair is paid grand-dad.

"Here! there's a mistake, we'll be squeezed to death," cried the hapless youths, as the coach started, leaving a laughing girl behind it.

C. COOK, 7th Professional.

A BAD BARGAIN.

A rich young man, well dressed, and good looking, went for a holiday to the country. As luck would have it he arrived a few days before a party. The farmer, with whom he resided, came, the night of the party, to the city man.

"There is a game," quoth he, "in which the lads round here will want you to kiss the handsomest gal in the room."

"Well, I will!" said the young man.

"Wait a moment," said the farmer, "there's my gal Emma. Folks think her be plain 'cause her nose is a trifle long and crooked, and her hair is a bit highly coloured. Now if you kiss "Em," I'll charge you 15 cents less, and it'll make me ole Dutch happier." Sure enough the game was played and "Em" kissed like the crack of a pistol and the man felt a lot happier, but not for long. Next day he had to run the gauntlet, for at every corner farm hands waited. Altogether he was hit by 13 stones, six clubs and about a bushel of potatoes, for passing their gals by for "Em." When considering, he found that 15 cents was a small price for such a bargain.

C. COOK, 7th Professional.

"WHITE FANG."

An Introduction.

Among the novels selected for class reading and discussion this year is Jack London's "White Fang." This has proved a very popular book and is recognised as the most thrilling story ever written about a dog.

The opening chapters which serve as an introduction to the story of "White

Fang," form in themselves a little story gem which is briefly told here.

"Stark spruce forest fringed the frozen waterway. There was hardly a rustle in the snow laden pines. Everything seemed dead for miles around. The frozen hearted North seemed as though it liked quietness and peace—it froze the rivers; it killed the vegetation. It was the true North Land Wild.

But there was life! Away in the distance moved a tiny speck all the time growing larger. Now it could be seen plainly; it was a sledge drawn by six husky dogs. The sledge itself was very crude, being made of birch logs turned up in the front. At each end was a man. The men were tired and weary; they had been travelling for days.

Now and again a piercing howl rent the air. Bill turned to his mate, "Those blinkin' wolves again," he murmured.

The howls were growing louder coming from all sides. Dark was coming on, so both men stopped and set about their tasks. Bill pitched the tent and fed the dogs, while Henry chopped wood for the fire.

K. McKENZIE.

Next morning as they loaded up the sledge Henry noticed that the wolves had not gone so far away as on the previous morning. Bill announced that a dog was missing. This startled Henry. After the two men had travelled many miles—the wolves still following in their footsteps—they noticed a she wolf trotting at the head of the pack.

That night they pitched camp early in order to get in a good supply of firewood. After a short time Bill noticed the she wolf coaxing a dog from the camp. When it had got about ten yards away the other wolves dashed at it and tore it to pieces.

More logs were thrown on the fire which flared up revealing the circle of wolves not a dozen yards off.

J. TAPPER.

The dogs were no sooner free from their traces that evening when another left the camp with the men shouting after him. Their shouts had no effect on the

small form of "One Ear." In fact it made him scuttle faster across the snow. As he came face to face with the she-wolf, who had been standing watching him, he reduced his pace to a walking pace. The wolf-pack was coming round to head off "One Ear." "One Ear" realised his mistake when he was ten yards from the she-wolf and he turned and ran for the sledge. The pack cut him off. "I am not standing for this," said Bill, 'One Ear' is the best dog we have and we cannot afford to lose him."

So saying he took the rifle and the last three cartridges. Henry, watching with anxious eyes sat down on the sledge and hoped for the best. He had not long to wait before there came the sound of a shot, then a yell—then two shots in rapid succession. He did not go to see what had happened; he knew.

J. CORAM.

After a lonely night by a roaring fire Henry arose in the early morning and walked over to where his two remaining huskies crouched, and prepared to move on. He did not travel far; the hungry wolves were bolder and there was no fire to hold them back.

He pitched camp earlier than usual, and spent till dark chopping wood for his fire. When, eventually, the night came, bringing the circle of shining eyes even closer than usual, Henry prepared his tea, which he ate under the stare of the gleaming eyes of the wolf pack. Now and then a yelp of pain would come from one of the more daring wolves as a well aimed flaring brand scorched it.

G. SMITH.

Day dawned at last but the lonely man dared not move from the embers of his fire for the wolf pack had not disappeared with the dawn, as was their custom. He kept a fire burning all day, contriving to move his fire towards a dead pine.

The arctic night closed in again and the pack crept closer, some lying down to sleep within a few yards of the weary man who was denied sleep. A brilliant thought struck him. He built a circle of fire into which he put his rugs and lay down. The wolves then lay down out-

side wondering where he had disappeared. Now and again when they came nearer they burned their feet and jumped back howling with pain and the glowing eyes in the darkness shifted. When he found that the fuel had run out and the great gaps were gradually growing in the circle, he knew that the end had come. Utterly exhausted he fell asleep and woke to see the she-wolf standing in one of the gaps.

He was prepared to surrender without a struggle. His head fell forward in a deep sleep from which he awoke to find men standing about him inside the ring of blackening embers.

DID YOU KNOW?

No less than 360,000 million tons of matter is destroyed every day on the sun to maintain its present radiation.

A German farmer on the Bay of Kiel operates a dairy in which milk is obtained from sea-cows—he obtains about 75 quarts of milk daily.

A raw egg subjected to shrill, loud sounds for a few minutes becomes soft-boiled.

The balance unit of a watch vibrates 432,000 times a day.

Inhaling carbon dioxide diluted in air or oxygen is helpful in relieving whooping cough.

The application of sugar to mortar increases its strength. It is believed that the Romans made use of such materials in mortars that have stood the test of time.

Paint which will change colour with changes in temperature thereby indicating visually the temperature through which the surface passes, may be made from copper iodide and mercury iodide.

Every species of animal harbours within it one or more species of parasites. Man is known to be parasitized by 85 different species of worms, several different species of tiny one-celled organisms called protoza.

The black diamond is the hardest known substance being 3 per cent harder than the gem diamond. They are found chiefly in the State of Bahia in the interior of Brazil.

Nerve impulses in the human body

travel ten times faster than the fastest human—roughly about 404 ft. per second.

Chemicals extracted from petroleum oil are so numerous that the list fills a volume of 1200 pages.

A humming bird has proportionately more brain than a man. Its brain is one-twelfth of its body weight; a man's is one-thirtyfifth.

All the salt in the oceans would cover the U.S.A. with a layer a mile and a half deep.

Saccharin, 300 times as sweet as sugar comes from coal tar.

It would take a radio wave (186,000 miles per sec.) 40,000 years to cross the space between the earth and one of the stars of the Hercules Cluster.

Temperature of the sun—5740 deg.

The temperature of space is 3.1 deg. above absolute zero.

The greatest known depth of the Atlantic Ocean is 27,360 feet.

One of the principal products of Siam is Ducks' Eggs.

In one of the salt lakes at Rottneest it is possible to walk.

Australia produces 25,000 tons of rice per annum.

The ancient Britons had "Dew Ponds" which ensured a never-failing supply of water.

Columbus and Napoleon were born in Corsica.

Australians and New Zealanders are the most British people.

The ancient Britons used gold coins in their community before Julius Caesar invaded Britain.

In the desert of Utah there is a lake into which a large stone may be dropped without its sinking.

In New Zealand there are two pools in one of which it is possible to catch a fish and then without moving to swing it into an adjacent pool in which it may be cooked.

China has a population equal to half that of the British Empire.

Greenland moves a foot a year westwards.

HENRY THE HIGHWAYMAN.

I'm Horrible Harry! I gallop along,
Singing a stave of my terrible song!
I want your money or else your life
Why make a widow your waiting wife?
Put up your hands and don't be rash—
I give no credit—I want your cash

How cold it is and dark!

How lonely and how drear!

Stand still, Dun Dinah! Hark,

The coach is drawing near!

Who'll dare resist us—

Me and my blunderbuss?"

A highwayman's life is a life indeed,
With a brace of pistols, a noble steed,
Boots and spurs, and a grim black mask
What is there more that a man could ask?"
A solitary highwayman, I make my wretched
moan;

The moon has stars for company but I am
all alone:

There's very little fun in this—I almost wish
instead

That my "Dun" was in her stable and that
I was in my bed.

EVENING ON THE RIVER.

The day is dead, the west is red,
And the cormorants west 're flocking
Across the deep, the fishes leap,
Beneath the shadows mocking.

The waters lap, and white wings flap,
'Tis the seabirds, homeward winging,
The boats all sleep, where shadows creep,
And song birds cease their singing.

Across the sea, there comes to me
A silver pathway shimmering,
I wonder why the velvet sky
Shows up the stars so glimmering?

And when our day of work and play
Departs with forehead hoary,
Our labours cease, we rest in peace
And mingle with the glory.

E. BAMKIN.

JUNIOR CERTIFICATES, 1934.

R. Airey, A. Balsom, H. Bennett, J. Cross, F. Davis, P. Graham, N. Gray, C. Grigg, E. Leach, M. Macleod, E. Mann, F. Marshall, R. Nixon, B. Roche, A. Walter, J. Evans, C. Johnston, W. Laing, T. Lewis, R. Miles, G. Pearce, C. Saunders, F. Santich, V. Sellick, M. Stedman, A. Johnson, A. Willis, F. Gill, F. Raymond.

EX-STUDENTS' NOTES

EX-STUDENTS' CLUB.

The club is now going along smoothly under the guidance of the captain, K. Jenkins. Numerous tournaments are being arranged for the future, the next one of which will be a Badminton match against a team picked from the school teachers. As the season progresses, matches will perhaps be arranged with a team picked from the school.

So far the club has had an outing to the Subiaco Council courts to play tennis, but owing to bad weather it had to be cancelled. A tennis match was played between a team from the club and from the school at Jenkins' and West's courts. Our sincere thanks are extended to these two gentlemen for their generosity in allowing the use of their courts.

The day turned out ideal for tennis and this appeared to help the play as some excellent playing was witnessed by those who were present. The match resulted in a win for the school, by 9 sets (80 games) to 7 sets (70 games).

At present the club is playing off a tournament during six consecutive Friday evenings, the winner of which is to receive a pair of engraved cuff links.

The club wishes to thank, through this magazine, Mr. Stanbury and Mr. C. Doig for their kind and welcome donations of a guinea and a silver cup respectively. The guinea was donated with the idea of improving every person's play by offering the guinea to the most improved member of the club at the end of the season. The cup is for the winner of the championship singles to be played at a later time in the season.

The club is still open for members and anybody knowing ex-students who wish to join may send them along on Friday evenings at 7.30 p.m. The fees are 5/ per year and 6d. per night as shuttle fee.

Information as to doings and whereabouts of ex-students may be sent to the Fremantle Boys' School.

R. E. NIXON, Secretary.

JOBS AND EMPLOYMENT.

Those boys who have passed through the school may perhaps have stopped to inquire: "What has the school done for me?"; and the longer you live, the clearer will become to you the great importance of education on the community. Knowledge, of course, is essential—we must know of men, of things, of life—of the past, of the present—to be able to work for the future. Has the school done this for you?

Health—physical training and development!—sport—that your life should be long, and unimpaired by serious physical handicaps. Has it given you many chances there?

Character—formation! Honesty, truthfulness, self-reliance. How often do you remember the path of righteousness pointed out to you?

A little reflection should clearly indicate to you that the school has been truly a "boys'" school, endeavouring to so shape your course that you leave as a man. The welfare of each is its chief aim.

In this regard, an attempt is being made to "place" boys of the school in such jobs as they are best fitted for, or in which they are most keenly interested. A job to most boys is, of course, merely a job; but looking to the future, it is of little value to him unless he has a chance of promotion in it; unless he is capable of doing this type of work; and unless his interest lies in his job so that he can study it, give the best he is able to do in the service, and so pave the way for a rise, or eventually a business of his own. The school has already "placed" successfully,

a large number of boys, during 1934, and the period of 1935 that has elapsed—but it is hoped to do much more.

Can you assist your old school to assist others? An appeal is hereby made to all ex-students of the school, whether they have passed beyond the portals a week ago or fifty years ago, to render such help as is possible, in the following ways:—

(1) If you are an employer of labour, remember the school—save yourself the cost of advertising, and approach the headmaster, who is thoroughly in touch with all scholars, and is in a position to recommend the most serviceable.

(2) If you are only an employee, inform the school of any vacancy occurring in your firm, and if possible, suggest to your "boss" that he approach the headmaster of the Fremantle Boys' School.

Above all, do not forget that the school is still interested in you, though an ex-student, you are always welcome. It has been largely responsible for making you the man that you are, and is doing its best—with your co-operation—for those who follow.

NOTED.

DON SMITH, for his tennis. Unbeaten in Fremantle district for last three seasons. Leaves junior ranks as second in State, being beaten by M. Bonner (State champion) in final of City of Perth junior singles, 6-8, 6-4, 2-6.

REX SMITH, a successful tennis season, winning State junior doubles title (with Don), second only to Don amongst Fremantle juniors.

EDDIE DANN, playing Rugby with Athletic's Club.

RON JENKINS, a potential Fremantle district champion. Ran Don Smith close this season.

Playing "A" Grade cricket for Fremantle last season, W. Roach, G. Evans, J. Anderson.

DON BENNEWITH impressed the locals as a cricketer soon after arrival in Bunbury (receiving clerk, railway station)—45 n.o., 45. Contemplating hockey for the winter (!!).

ARCHIE STRANG, made a few runs last season in "B2" grade. Ask the Clare-

mont girls about the fair haired porter?

JACK STAMMERS looks a cert. for inclusion in the W.A. lacrosse team for Melbourne. KEN is also in the running—an impressive goal-keeper.

JACK DURES, a trip to Sydney with W.A. Surf Life Saving team. Congratulations!

KELVIN ROGERS, State junior golf champion, represented W.A. in Centenary.

RON HOBBY, making money at Meekatharra. Relishes football on the gravel.

DOUG. ENGELER, secretary of Fremantle Tennis Association.

S. MAIN, champion of Palmyra Tennis Club.

ROUND ABOUT—a few ex-students and their occupations. Information with regard to the whereabouts and doings of ex-students is welcomed by the secretary, Ex-Students' Club, F.B.S. He will be pleased also to supply address of any ex-student.

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