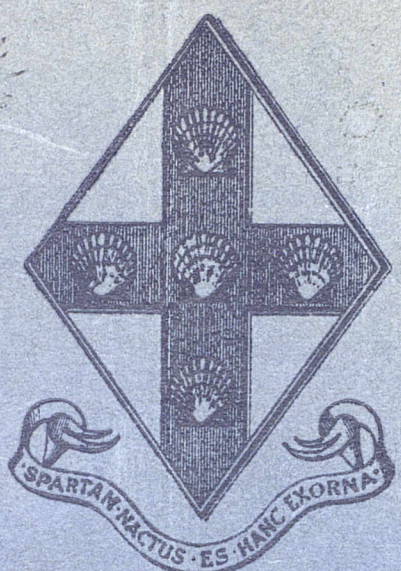


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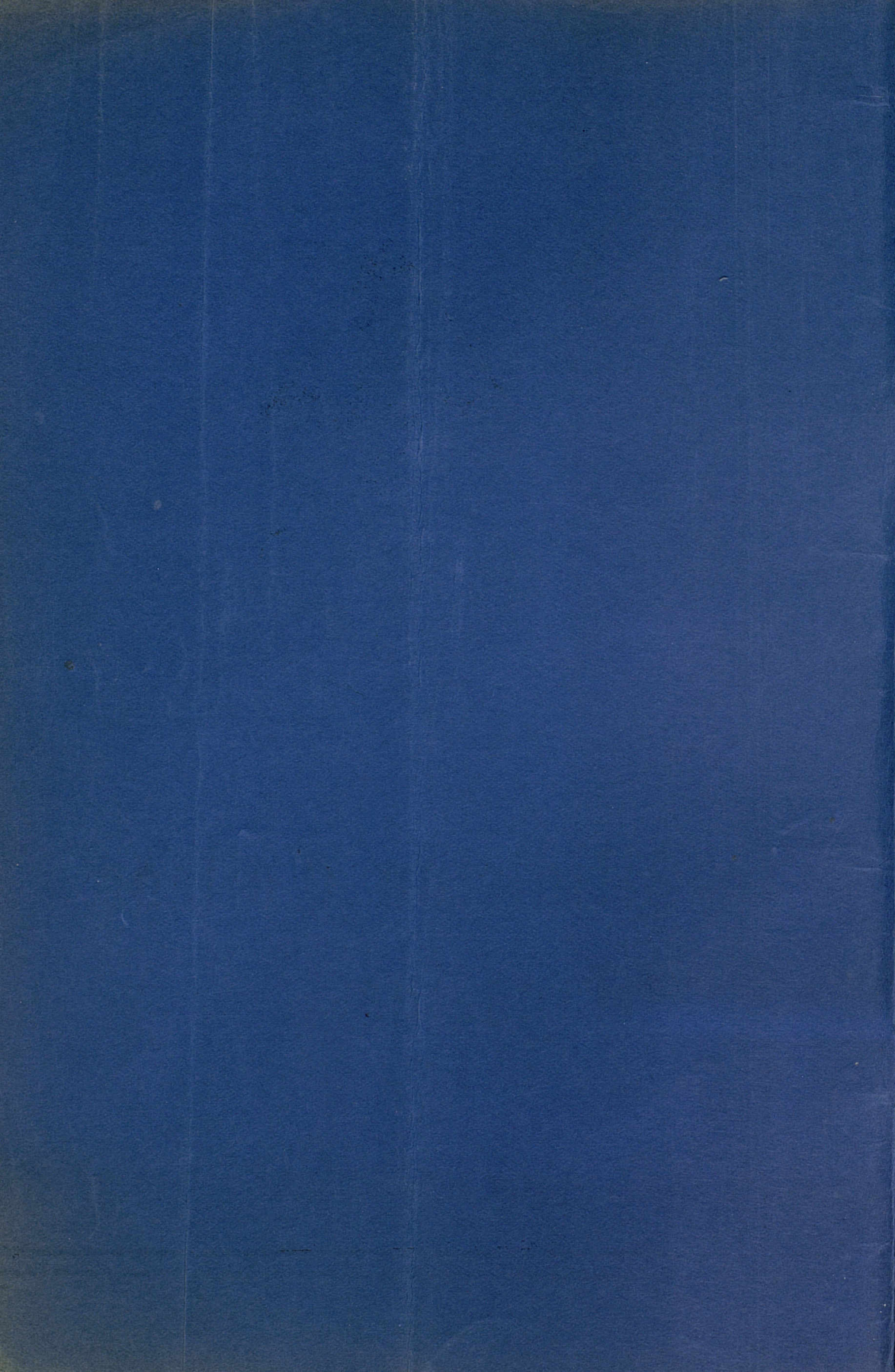


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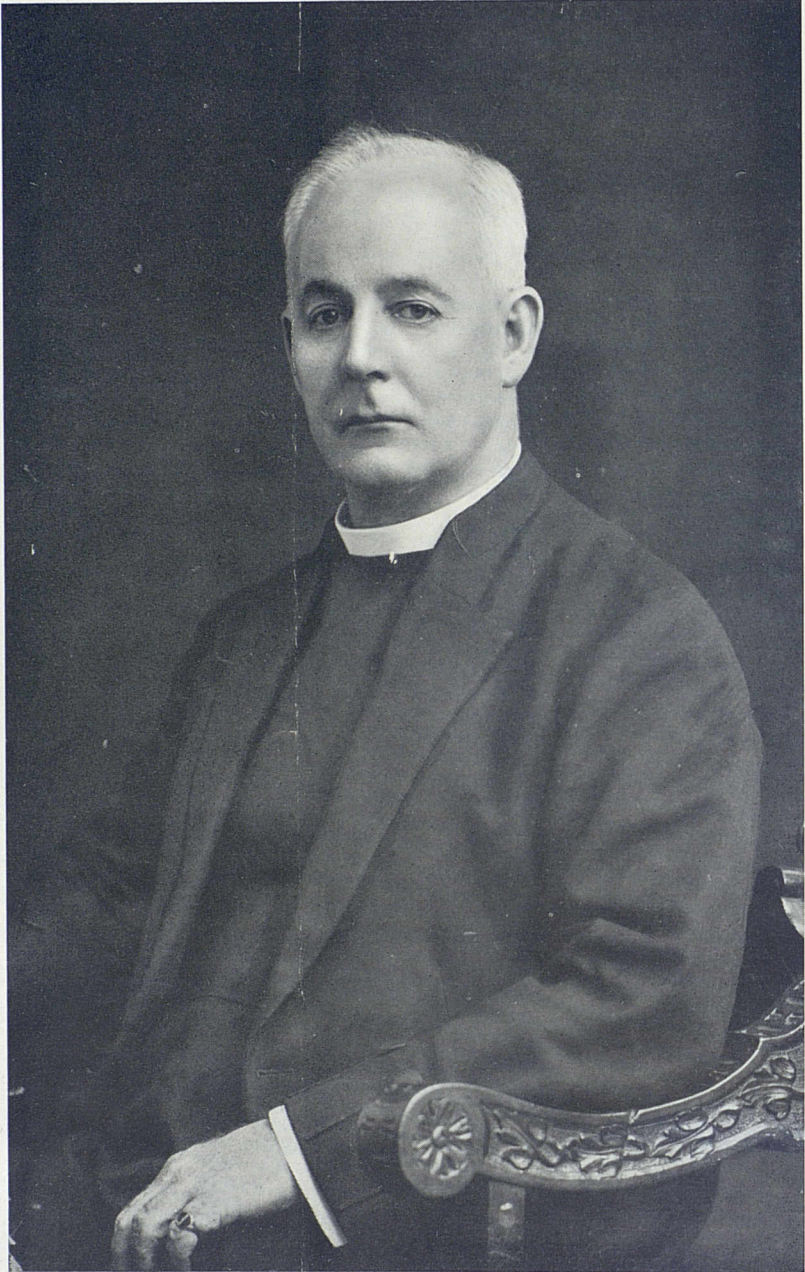
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(Lord Bishop of Cork, Cloyne and Ross.)



*The*  
**Middleton College Magazine**

W. F. MARKHAM, Editor.

Assistants: W. T. J. G. N. SANDHAM  
W. W. DALY.

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*December, 1939.*

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## Editorial

**I** NEVER did appreciate an editorial—I suppose because I had never known the amount of hard work an editor has to go through before he has the finished article. But now I know. The Magazine was finished, ready for the printers, when I found I had no editorial written. More work for already very inky hands!

This magazine would never have been ready for the printers but for the help which the Staff so kindly rendered me. I also wish to thank W. Daly and N. Sandham, who have helped me immeasurably in writing out the articles which were sent to the printers. I thank the contributors. They were excellent, and sent in articles, poems, snaps and drawings. I hope you like the snaps and drawings, which are a new feature in this magazine.

And now, my dear reader, I leave our magazine to your criticism. Don't be too hard on it, and here's hoping you give it your approval.

## Random Memories.

---

Is an Ex-Headmaster an Old Midletonian? Your editor in asking for a contribution is good enough to treat me as such. I am not going to write, as I suppose an Ex-Headmaster ought to write, about Education and Life, or Playing the Game, or Old School-Tie or any high matters of that kind. The invitation given me to contribute to your Magazine has let loose a flood of old memories. These memories will be my theme.

I came to Midleton as Headmaster in 1901 and left in 1912. These eleven years were the most strenuous years of my life. When I look back, I am amazed at the amount of work I did, in field and study. I was young and energetic and very strong, and I enjoyed it all.

I took over an almost impossible task. We opened the Autumn Term of 1907 with only six boarders and eight day boys. I had to engage two Assistant Masters (one, Mr. Swann, with an Honours Cambridge degree in Mathematics, remained with us for nine years). There was no furniture in the place, except old school desks and two blackboards! I had an endowment of only £120 per annum. With that I had to sink or swim. But banks are useful things, and youth and hope still more useful. That is enough about myself and my difficulties.

Our numbers soon began to increase; but during those eleven years our numbers were never more than thirty, and boarders never exceeded twenty. Yet we worked hard and played hard; and with very considerable success in both lines of energy.

We were too few for Rugby, and so were confined to Hockey and Cricket. We did rather surprisingly well in both. We were quite a match for Cork Grammar School and for Fermoy (not yet a Preparatory School), and also met on equal terms elevens (of both games), from clubs like Constitution, Bohemians and other Cork Clubs, Regimental teams, either mixed or composed of officers only, Queenstown Garrison Artillery and Warships from the Harbour.

The most outstanding boys in the earlier days of my Headmastership were Brennan, the two Cuppages, Robert Humphreys, younger brother of one of your present Governors, Jack Smyth, now himself a Governor, I think, and Victor and Eddie Webster. These Websters were an unusual family. There were six of them. All were at the School; though the eldest was there only for one term. He soon passed into the Indian Police. He has now retired from that service and is head of the London Dock Police. The three next in age, Victor, Eddie and George, passed one after the other into the Paymaster branch of the Navy. The youngest of these offered an example of "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere." In his examination, Greek was, for the first time, one of the subjects. He got over ninety per cent. in that (pretty good!), while his French was so good that he with one other

and two Midshipmen were sent to a Lycée in France for a year. This meant that when they joined ship they received quite a substantial increase to their pay as Interpreters. All five of the younger brothers served through the Great War—with the exception of Eddie. He, poor fellow, after the sinking of the *Courageous*, fell into bad health and came home to die.

During my later years at the College, we became really quite good at Hockey. One boy, Devenish, was picked for all three Internationals. He played in two matches; but his father would not allow him to go to Scotland. He thought he had been quite enough away from school. He appears in that unnamed photograph in your issue of 1938. Devenish is in the front row, very tall and thin. He is now Archdeacon of Lahore. I met him a couple of years ago. I found that he had attained a rotundity befitting his Archidiaconal rank. Byron Holmes, too, got his International cap; but this was after he left school. He is in the middle of the central row in that photograph. He, like so many more of my pupils, was killed in the Great War. But the best of them all (*We* knew it; but the Selectors passed him over) was Alfred ("Freddie") Holmes, centre-forward in the photograph (not yet fully grown). He was in many ways a most remarkable fellow. Never did I meet a man of such almost inhuman energy. As a hockey-player, moved afterwards to the key position of centre-half, he played for us, and for the Church of Ireland XI. with perfectly *demonic* fire. In cricket, he bowled like a "Pro." He went to Canada, to Wycliff College, Toronto, and was at once asked to join a Canadian touring side; but could not afford it. There were forty men at Wycliff College, all Englishmen except himself. I wrote to him, "Don't be afraid to take the lead, they will let you have it," In his reply, he said this amused him. "I am captain of the Cricket and the Football Clubs, President of the Debating Society." . . . and a lot more. He came over, as a private, in the Canadians; but was soon given a commission in the Dublins. Severely wounded and taken prisoner in a night raid on the German lines, he found his way eventually to a prison-camp to be welcomed there by an old schoolfellow. I subsequently told this man the story of this advice of mine. "You were right," he said. "Power of leadership is his most outstanding quality. He came to that camp, only recovering from a severe wound, of only lieutenant's rank; yet in a few weeks he was the leading spirit among a couple of hundred officers. Holmes is now back in Canada. He did not "take Orders," as his intention was, but switched off to educational work. He is now Dr. Alfred Holmes of Toronto University. His old father is still alive, I believe, a fine old man, for whom I had always a great respect.

Hitherto my pen has run away with me a bit on athletic lines. But if we played hard, we worked hard too. Henry Flewett was my most distinguished pupil. In those days Exhibitions and prizes in the Intermediate Examinations were allotted in "groups"—Classics, Mathematics, Science and Modern Languages. Flewett was an all-rounder. Nothing came amiss to him. One year he won a First-Class Exhibition in Classics, and *qualified* for a First Class in Science, and a Second Class in Mathematics. He also got the Medal in Latin, and a special prize for Greek Composition. Marks used to be published in those days. In Flewett's wide range of

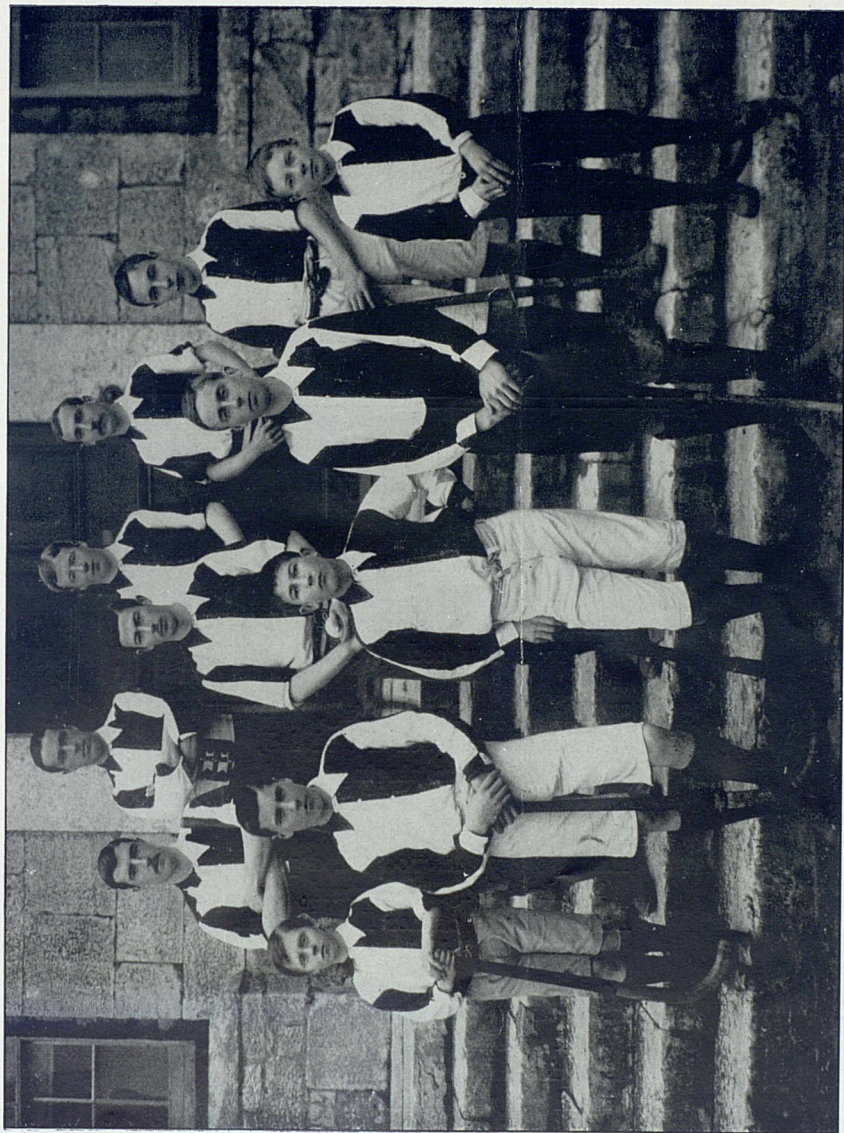
subjects, he was first by a long way in all Ireland. His accomplishments are far from being confined to scholastic matters. He is a first-class cabinet-maker, a good musician, violin and piano, and also (and here his circle intersects my own) an excellent trout-fisherman, either dry-fly or wet. He is now chief classical master "in Hall" in S. Paul's School, and examines in Greek for London University. We usually get a couple of days together by the riverside at Easter. One day a few years ago we struck it rich. He emptied out a good catch of trout on the bank. "Not bad," said I, "but it was I who taught you to fish." "You taught me more than that, Sir," he replied. I was pleased and grateful; for he is far ahead of me in learning now.

Next to Flewett, or indeed, perhaps equal to him, but on different lines, was James West. In one year he won the medal in Mathematics and the medal in Science. Anyone old enough to remember the old Intermediate system knows what these medals meant. A boy had not only to be first-class at his subject, but to be better than anyone else of the many thousand boys in all Ireland. West left us after this exploit, went to Mountjoy and thence to Trinity, where he interrupted a brilliant career to join the army. Flewett went through the war without a scratch or a day's illness. West was killed almost at once. But these two pupils of mine were first-flighters. I am naturally proud of them; yet I think I get more satisfaction from the rank and file. Take this example. Once I had a class of six boys for the "Synod" examination in Greek Testament. I used to take them as an "extra," mostly during "Prep." hours. They were all gloriously keen. When the results were published, I counted nine schools as sending in boys for this examination. There were in all 24 prizes given. Our little school, with less than thirty boys all told, won six of these, for all six climbed higher than the *pass* list. Three of these were boys whom I have already picked out for mention for their powers in cricket and hockey.

It all seems like yesterday to me; yet all this is over a quarter of a century ago. Memories crowd in on me. Time would fail me to tell of many others, of Arthur Wilson (brave and quite whimsical), of how he and Charlie Beatty passed each other with a wave of the hand, being carried back from the bloody field of Guinchev; of Levis and Leonard Leader, bosom friends, the former to die in battle, Leader, one knows not how (kidnapped by Arabs, they think); of many, many others. The war took its toll of us with a percentage as great as any of the great Public Schools of England.

I am glad the Magazine is such a success, we started it in my days. It was I who originated the thought of printing the Coat of Arms. The College was founded by Elizabeth Villiers. I wrote to the Ulster King at Arms for particulars. You will notice that the arms are borne on a *lozenge*, not a *shield*. A woman's arms are always borne thus. Also a woman does not use a crest. Mottoes, in heraldry, permit of much variation. A man may choose a motto for himself. Accordingly I chose the well-known exhortation—*Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna*. The first issue of the magazine translated it. "You had the good fortune to be sent to Midleton College: see that you are a credit to the place." Not bad.

A COLLEGE HOCKEY XI., 1905-6.



Back Row (Backs) (*Left to Right*): Rev. G. S. Baker, H. Alcock, W. James;  
Middle Row (Halves): (Mr.) T. J. Robinson, W. B. Holmes, C. Badham-Thornhill;  
Front Row (Forwards): N. Holt, R. P. Browning, H. A. Holmes, C. Devenish, M. Holt.

One more memory to conclude, and one of the pleasantest. One of the Inspectors under the Commissioners of Intermediate Education was a Mr. Ensor. His duties carried him up and down the schools of Ireland. He visited Midleton College frequently and the boys and he got on very well together. When I left in 1912 to take a country parish, he wrote to me, at first congratulating me on being free of the responsibility of a long fight against odds. "But," he added, "you will miss the boys. They were, without question, the nicest set of boys I ever met." He was right. We were all the time a very happy family.

And now, good luck to the School and to the present Headmaster who is making such a success of it. And to each of you severally, the motto:—

*Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna.*

G. S. BAKER.

---

## A School Day.

O, early in the morning,  
 When I am fast asleep,  
 I hear the first bell ringing,  
 So from my bed I leap.

Still later in the morning,  
 When I am washed and fed,  
 In the gym. I'm singing,  
 Led loudly by the Head.

Then to my classroom I depart,  
 My knowledge to extend.  
 And soon for dinner I will start,  
 A pleasure which will end.

After dinner class again,  
 And at long last I'm free,  
 Then for Rugby I adjourn,  
 And play from half past three.

And after this I have my tea,  
 And then to Prep. I run,  
 And after this is sleep for me,  
 And another day is done.

A. B. O'NEILL and M. BENTLEY.

## Coincidence or ?

It is extraordinary how belief of a limited nature exists in various countries geographically and racially distinct from each other. Thus, on the Continent and Early England, we had the "Werewolf," which in the northern portions of the Scottish seaboard took the form of the Great Grey Seal, while in Africa, almost from one end to the other, it is the Hyena.

What I am about to relate does not hinge on this, but may be a branch of the same theory.

While Africans, through some source of magic, firmly believe that the living body can take up form and masquerade as a hyena, they, and especially their native chiefs, are infinitely more fearful of the appearance of an innocent wild animal visiting their towns, and view such an incident as a forerunner of certain death, if fate has appointed such a connection with their family, such as certain families in this country claim to have with the Banshee.

During the German Cameroon campaign of 1914-16, a very influential native chief lived in a large town near the southern shores of Lake Tchad, and ruled over a large area in German territory.

From the beginning, his sympathies were with us, and at great risk, both to himself and a trusted servant, who carried a secret letter to our Administration, he declared that he was anxious to assist our forces in any way possible.

On the German capitulation, I was sent to this Chief's town on "Occupation Duty," in command of half a company of mounted infantry, and very soon found what a fine type of ruler he was.

During our various interviews, we spoke of many things, and as we could converse without an interpreter, he had no need to guard his words.

He told me one evening how his family was dogged by a certain fear of death, and that should a hartebeest enter his town, it was his death knell, and gave a time limit of seven days.

I thought no more about it, knowing antelope in general to be very shy of approaching even small villages. I was more than surprised one morning to get a message from the Chief, saying that a hartebeest had been caught well within the town in the early morning. He sent the animal to the Fort where I lived, asking me to accept it. I should have liked to do so, but as a hartebeest is as large as a small cow, and as wild as the proverbial hare, I did not foresee its becoming a domestic pet, so had to refuse.

A couple of days later the Chief got ill, and his confidential advisor asked me to visit him. Being the only white man on the station, and not having had any medical training, I did not see myself diagnosing his case if it were difficult; but not a symptom did he show nor did he complain; he believed that he must die, and gave up all hope of recovery. He only lasted three days. I did not imagine that I was to have a rather similar experience later, but fortunately without similar results. A new Chief, and cousin of the former, was duly appointed, and shortly afterwards I left the station and went on leave.

About a year later, I was ordered to go to a spot about fifty miles south of the Chief's headquarters and erect a military barracks in the ex-German territory.

The Chief, with all his retinue and about 2,000 labourers, arrived and work began.

I was living in the usual type of rest house, which comprised a large round grass hut for myself, with two doors, and smaller huts alongside for my personal staff, the whole being enclosed by a "Zareba" made of high grass mats.

That spot was one of the hottest Africa could produce, and in a few days I went down with fever, probably a result of the sun.

The first night I was ill, I awoke about midnight, very conscious that something was passing through the hut. Calling my Arab steward boy, I told him, but he only looked pitifully at me, thinking I was raving.

The next night I had a small lamp burning and about the same time awoke with the same consciousness of a presence, and just saw what I thought was the hinder portion of a small gazelle, passing out through one of the doors. I got up and found proof of a hoof mark in the soft sand within the hut and immediately called my steward, who this time could not deny my story.

News travelled rapidly to the Chief's camp, and it was a foregone conclusion that I could not possibly recover.

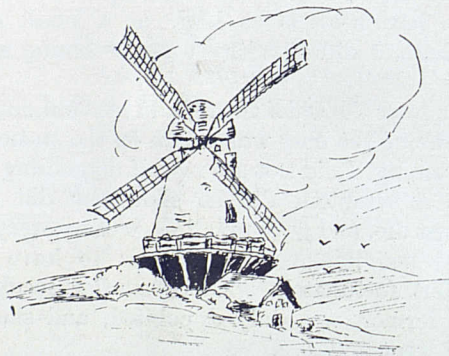
The third night I felt better and did not expect to see anything, but lying wide awake, I actually saw the gazelle come in through one door of my hut and walk quietly across and out again.

When I called my steward on this occasion, he did not query my statement, but rushed to inform the Chief when I had dismissed him.

My death sentence was reprieved! As I had been visited three times, it was deemed a lucky omen, and the Chief showed definite signs of relief.

Many, of course, would treat the episode as a coincidence, but I have not yet discovered why one of the most timid animals should elect to visit me on a bed of sickness three nights in succession.

JOHN DE HEREZ SMYTH.



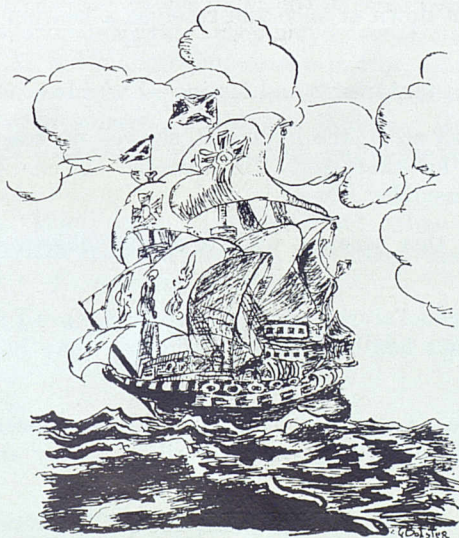
## Ode to the West Wind.

Blow, blow, thou West Wind, harsh and cold.  
Go, strip the beech of foliage gold.  
Yea, rob the forest of her cloak :  
Blow down the acorns, bare the oak,  
Lay low the rushes by the lake,  
And from her bosom sunbeams rake,  
In thy inquietude.

Depart, ye Sunbeams, warm and kind.  
In ye the zephyrs ne'er shall find  
Your pristine strength, yea, light and heat.  
Leave cold the noon, and to replace thy seat  
Let cruel west wind's stormy blast  
O'er land and sea dark tempests cast,  
In her inquietude.

Blow, blow, thou West Wind, bitter hard,  
E'en now the thicket thou hast marred,  
Yea, robbéd rose tree of her bloom,  
And frozen riggings to the boom :  
Hast carpeted the forest glade  
And further frigid plans hast laid.  
In thy inquietude.

G. C. BOLSTER.



# Hypnotism

When about twelve years old I underwent a trying experience, which might have resulted in permanent injury had I been unable to carry through the method of escape, which I describe.

There came to the College a senior boy, whose name I need not mention. I believe him to be long since dead. He was possessed of a dangerous hypnotic power, which fastened securely and was almost irresistible. He was not cruel. I cannot remember ever receiving from him a blow, or even a hard word. He was even kindly, suggesting interesting books and never interfering with my comfort. But so complete was his mastery that I lost all power over my will, indeed literally I ceased to have any will of my own; his will became mine, so much so, that to take an illustration, if from any distance away he beckoned that I was to come to him, no thought of disobeying occurred. Naturally, as I became more and more helpless, I became more and more miserable.

At last came the thought that while "schoolboy honour" forbade reporting the trouble to my father or any of the masters, there was nothing to bar consultation with my schoolfellows. Beginning cautiously with boys of my own age, I at once saw hope of escape. The hypnotist had not sought mastery wholesale—my case alone stood out—but he was unpopular with all and there was general willingness to take part in his suppression.

Our plan was to fall on him *en masse* and administer a good thrashing.

Watching carefully for a time and place which would make escape impossible, I led my forces to the attack. With sudden swiftness we fell upon him. He went down at once and received a beating such as he never could forget.

The effect was instantaneous and lasting—I was free.

Strange as it may seem, the hypnotist showed no resentment. Cruelty formed no part of his character. He accepted the changed situation and caused no further trouble.

I have written this account with a double object—information and precaution.

In none of the school stories which I have read, have I found a hypnotist such as mine. What has happened at Midleton may happen unobserved elsewhere.

But for the escape my personality would have been ruined. Those in authority would do well to watch for silent misery and its symptoms.

H. KINGSMILL MOORE, Canon, D.D., F.L.S.

## Blind Fish

In both my former articles, the "Cave Field" was prominent, and I thought I had exhausted its attractions. But a feature of widespread scientific interest, whose existence was unknown to me, was brought under my notice through an old Midletonian early this year.

All Midleton boys are familiar with the hollow from which the field gets its name. A large subsidence in the remote past resulted in a deep hollow which measures, perhaps, one-third of an acre. It contains three caves—one dry, two the beds of flowing streams. The dry cave has not, I think, been thoroughly explored. I have been in it as far as the access was simple, but I did not crawl into the darkness where the roof drops.

The entrance to the first water cave is blocked, because the rock descends below the surface of the stream. This does not prevent the issue of a plentiful flow of water which forms a pond and then disappears into a large and gloomy cavern, whose mouth is open, as the rock stops well above the surface. This is the cave where (as described in a former article) W. S. Greene, C.B., the conqueror of Mount Cooke, in New Zealand, first tasted the delights of exploration. No record remains of what his extemporised raft did or did not enable him to see. Certain it is, that he did not get through. At the far end the rock descends and the stream flows underground. I have not seen the exit; it is outside the grounds of the College.

As Greene became Inspector of Fisheries, it would have tantalized him, could he have known the remarkable facts since discovered in connection with the fish in his cave.

Somewhere in England, a lecturer was expounding the nature of the sight of fish. He mentioned the existence of *blind* fish, but added that the phenomenon was extremely rare; they only knew of a single instance in the British Isles. An old Midletonian, now a doctor, amended this statement by saying that he knew of another place where blind fish were found; they had been caught in a cave at Midleton College. Happening to know a sister of mine, he told her of the incident and she passed it on to me.

When he reads this article, I hope he will write on the subject. Many questions arise. Who made the discovery? How were the specimen fish caught? What made it certain that they were blind? Do they exist in number? Upon what do they feed?

H. KINGSMILL MOORE, Canon, D.D., F.L.S.



# The Dramatic Society.

After the Prize Distribution on the 16th December, 1938, the "Copy-Cats" again took the stage in blue pierrot costume against a black background, and the curtain rose to their signature tune of "Phil the Fluter's Ball." This opened a group of songs in which "School Howlers" was sung by W. J. White and Chorus; the plaintive "Road to the Isles" by P. H. Bridgman and Chorus, and that old favourite, "Oh, no, John" and the "Heigh-Ho" chorus from the Snow-White suite were sung by the choir. A new feature in this group was an item by the orchestra, with Mr. McBride making a welcome appearance at the piano. When he first came to Midleton College in September, 1938, in the double rôle of Science and Music Master, he found our band self-organised and splendidly keen, but lacking leadership and cohesion; he immediately enlisted as their pianist, and under his able guidance the enthusiasm of the band has been led into more productive channels, and the standard of performance improved almost beyond belief. They had the arduous and important task of entertaining the audience before the curtain rose and during the intervals, and the success of the performance was in no small measure due to their efforts.

The Play, "Too Much Monkey," was a laughable affair which went very well under Miss West's able coaching. The parts were taken by J. D. Morgan, C. J. Lawrence, L. S. Atkins, B. B. Gale, E. H. Deane-Roe, J. C. McKechnie and R. M. Peet, who combined in good team-work, developing fantastic situations with gusto, and revelling in the antics of the elderly Parson injected with monkey vitality. Particular credit must lie with Lawrence and Morgan for their handling of the difficult duologue with which the play opens, without action to assist them; once the plot began to unfold the fun was fast and furious, and the audience laughed uproariously.

A quick change brought the Choir on to the stage, singing Deanna Durbin's cheery "I love to Whistle" (E. Hill and chorus), followed by the "Old Kentucky Home" (H. O'Neill and chorus). Our old friend, J. H. Brookes, who was back in his place in the band, came forward with R. O. Phillips for a popular accordion duet, after which the choir sang "In Derry Vale" with descant—the most ambitious item they have yet achieved. R. O. Phillips, supported by the choir, sang a topical song to the air of "The Mountains of Mourne," which appears elsewhere in this issue.

Will Hay, in the person of W. J. White, then gave his pupils a course of mis-information, while they responded in traditional style, after which seven Copy-Cats appeared in quick succession with "Musical Games," for which we owe apologies to many song-writers.

Singing the "Toy Drum Major" the most junior boys marched on to the stage, in scarlet tunics, blue trousers, white cockades in helmets, and gave a most effective display of drilling in such a small space. This was one

of the most popular items in the programme, and when their leader, P. H. Bridgman, sang "Go to sleep, my little drummer boy," and his company suited action to his words, there was a spontaneous and prolonged outburst of applause, which only subsided when the Toy Town Soldiers gave an encore.

When Bernard Duffy wrote "The Counter Charm," we doubt if he visualised school-boys playing all the characters, but we think he would have been surprised and heartily amused at the Midleton College production of his delightful comedy. Aloysius Kinsella (W. J. White) and Joe Hegarty (R. H. B. Llewellyn) were in a minority as men; Nora Kinsella (F. H. Jermyn) was an attractive young lady with coy shyness and lovely golden hair neatly "permed"; R. O. Phillips had a small but difficult part as Mrs. Hegarty, which he played with quiet dignity. The laurels, however, were unanimously accorded to A. Allen who, as the brazen and dangerous Mrs. Mulvey, spoke, moved, laughed, mocked with such ease and conviction that we seemed to be watching the Abbey Players themselves. This was a most finished piece of acting, which received tremendous applause, and reflected great credit on Mr. Power for his excellent coaching.

All the players and Copy-Cats mustered on the stage for a finale to their signature tune, and with this happy note the entertainment ended. We think that the College never reached such a high standard in the annual "Show," and it was applauded with so much enthusiasm that we were emboldened to give two performances for charity, based on the 1938 production.

The first of these was in the Gregg Hall, in aid of the Victoria Hospital funds on the 30th January, 1939. We had a bumper house—all seats sold out, and people actually stood throughout the entire performance, which went with great spirit. There were several revivals; R. O. Phillips again appeared as "Mrs. Mulligan" singing the "Charladies' Ball"; H. D. O'Neill recited "Jim"; J. H. Brookes and W. J. White gave a mouth-organ duet, and the "M" Sketch (with R. O. Phillips and B. A. O'Neill) was included in which every word spoken begins with the letter "M." The play "Too Much Monkey" was replaced by "The Old Geyser," and under Miss West's production this excellent farce was one long laugh from start to finish. L. J. McElveen, in the role of Dorothy was actually thought to be a girl by a large proportion of the audience—a rare achievement. The other players, J. D. Morgan (as Colonel Jiggs), C. J. Lawrence (the plumber), E. H. Deane-Roe (the doctor), L. S. Atkins (the suitor), and B. B. Gale (the butler) were all excellent in their several parts, and their efforts were crowned with outstanding success.

Instructor Frazer introduced a new item with gymnastical "Ground-work," in which his boys went through the most alarming and diverting contortions; "Chair Tricks" in which Mr. Frazer and H. D. O'Neill held the audience spell-bound, and a series of the human pyramid tableaux for which our instructor has made the College renowned. His "turn" was greatly appreciated.

This, our first entertainment to make money, was so well supported by our friends and those of the Victoria Hospital that, in spite of the heavy

costs involved in bringing our caste—over 40 boys—and paraphernalia to Cork both for rehearsals and the performance, we were able to present the Hospital with £30.

We repeated this programme in our own gymnasium in aid of the Midleton District Nursing Association, when a large audience gave us a great reception and £25, so that our boys raised £55 clear for charity early in 1939, and raised many hearty laughs in doing so.

A performance by the College boys at the Home for Protestant Incurables has now become an annual event, and soon after the Christmas holidays we were there, giving extracts from our programme, as there is not room for all our caste. As usual, we were provided with a most receptive audience and an enormous tea, and we returned to Midleton with the happy knowledge that our efforts had brought some cheer to others, and that they were therefore worth while.

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## A Lesson for Tommy.

Once upon a rainy day,  
Tommy Smyth went out to play,  
He commenced to kick the stones  
Through the doors of people's homes.

At last he gave a mighty kick,  
And through the window went a stick ;  
The man who owned the house came out,  
And gave poor Tom a mighty clout.

Tommy took to his heels and ran  
Faster than a champion can ;  
He tripped over a mighty stone,  
And broke his arm and collar bone.

Tommy has learnt his lesson now,  
Gone is all his cheek and show ;  
Now he never dares to kick  
Anything like a stone or brick.

This is the end of my simple tale,  
Remember Tommy and do not fail  
To be always the little gentleman,  
And not the rough little hooligan.

KENNETH HARBORD.

(12 Years).

# Appreciation.

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VICTORIA HOSPITAL, CORK.

Victoria Hospital,  
Cork,

January 21st, 1939.

Dear Mr. West,

No doubt after the next meeting of the Hospital Council I shall have the pleasure of conveying to you an expression of thanks for your kindness in organising the Concert, and for all the trouble you took in that connection ; but, meanwhile, I feel that I ought to congratulate you on its very great success. I think that everyone was in agreement that the standard of the performance was excellent. I certainly formed the opinion that your entertainment would hold its own with the best that could be put up by any school in the British Isles. I am very glad, too, that it was so well attended. I think you will have to take the Albert Hall next time !

Kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

A. W. DOBBIN,  
*Hon. Sec.*

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Victoria Hospital,  
Cork,

February 24th, 1939.

Dear Mr. West,

I am much obliged for your letter received this morning with cheque and vouchers.

The result, as you say, is most satisfactory, and I have to-day lodged the sum of £30 5s. 7d., the net profit, and I enclose a copy of my final statement.

The Hospital has every reason to be most grateful to you, and your boys and staff.

With renewed thanks,

Yours sincerely,

A. W. DOBBIN,  
*Hon. Sec.*

## MIDLETON COLLEGE CONCERT, 1939.

TAKINGS.				EXPENDITURE.				
		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Midleton	....	22	0	6	Cartage chairs	1	9	8
Victoria Hospital	and				Advertising	1	10	0
A. W. Dobbin	....	12	1	0	Printing	1	19	9
Door	....	14	2	8	Carpentry, etc. (Stage)	3	16	0
					Travelling Expenses and Cartage	4	18	2
					Hire of Hall	1	15	0
					Royalty	1	1	0
					Sundries	1	9	0
					Balance being Profit	30	5	7
		£48	4	2		£48	4	2

Victoria Hospital,  
Cork,  
February 9th, 1939.

Dear Mr. West,

At to-day's meeting of the Council, the Lord Bishop in the Chair, a most cordial vote of thanks was passed to you, your boys, and helpers, for the very successful Concert organised on behalf of the Hospital.

I have much pleasure in conveying to you this vote of thanks, which I feel was fully earned.

Yours sincerely,

A. W. DOBBIN,  
*Hon. Sec.*

## MIDLETON DISTRICT NURSING ASSOCIATION.

Midleton House,  
Co. Cork,  
March 3rd, 1939.

Dear Mr. West,

At the Meeting to-day of the Midleton District Nursing Association, the Committee passed a vote of sincerest thanks to you for the splendid cheque you sent the Association, the result of the very excellent entertainment given by the Midleton College Co-Optimists. Everyone enjoyed the show immensely, and we are so grateful to you for your kind thought of helping the Nursing Association.

A further 6/- arrived, which brings the cheque to £25 0s. 0d.

Again thanking you and all the artists.

Yours sincerely,

M. WATERS,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

HOME FOR PROTESTANT INCURABLES, CORK.

The Incorporated Home,  
For Protestant Incurables,  
Cork,

February 4th, 1939.

Dear Mr. West,

I feel I ought to let you know how very much my old people enjoyed your show last night. They really were delighted with the boys; they were all full of it to-day when I was with them.

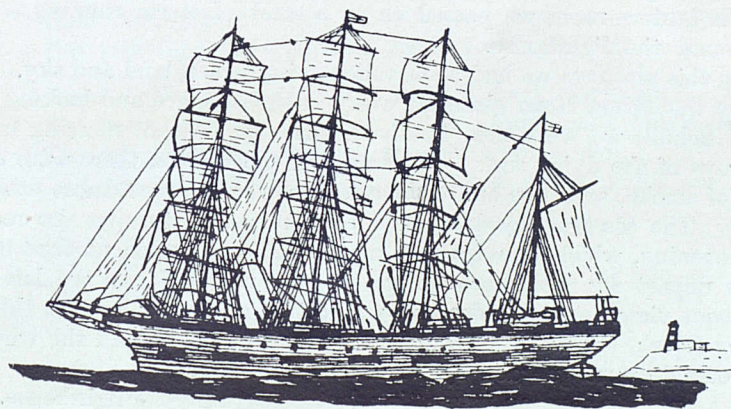
We are most grateful to you all for the trouble you took to give so much pleasure here.

No one could help enjoying such a finished performance. I am sure Mrs. West and Miss West were tired when they got home, and I hope you gave them extra time off to-day to rest.

Please give our very best thanks to each and all who contributed so ably to give us such a grand entertainment. Also please come next year.

Yours sincerely,

A. R. SMYTH,  
*Matron.*



A Drawing from Memory  
by J. H. HOWE  
(13 years).

## A Visit to the Fastnet.

We were baked. We had had a most enjoyable picnic, and now we were lazing around the boat. We had landed for lunch in the north-west harbour of Cape Clear, and now we were looking for something to do. At last somebody suggested visiting the Fastnet. This suggestion was greeted with a unanimous shout of approval, and after much scrambling and shouting, we were all safely stowed away somewhere in the motor-boat.

The Fastnet is about three-and-a-half miles from Cape, so by the time we arrived near the lighthouse we were all feeling pretty sick. There was little wind and the sea was practically flat calm, save for a slight swell.

The boatman would not allow us to land till the turn of the tide, because, he said, the swell was smaller then. He also told us that the keepers were often marooned there for six months at a time because the waves would not allow any boat to approach near the rocks.

We had half an hour to spare till full tide, so we kept on circling the Fastnet till we were sick of photographing it. We thought the flood would never come, but at last the boatman brought the bow of the boat up to the rocks and we had to jump, one by one, in between the waves. The keepers were there to help us ashore and welcome us. Were they delighted to see us? We were wondering after a few minutes, whether we had any arms left or not. We asked them would they mind showing us over the lighthouse,—of course not; so off we went on a tour of inspection.

We entered the lighthouse through two massive iron doors, one on the outside and one on the inside. They were at least six inches thick. On the first and second floors oil and water were stored in big drums. We mounted, from floor to floor, by a winding iron ladder. Up, up, never ending. We passed the sittingroom, the bedrooms and more storerooms. At last we came to the lantern. This was a marvellous piece of machinery, capable of sending a beam of light more than twenty miles. From the lantern-room we passed on to a steel platform running all the way around the lighthouse.

From this platform we had a marvellous view of sea, land and sky. We could see the Mizen Head gleaming away in the distance and looking back towards Schull, we were able to distinguish the Beacon, showing faintly in the rays of the dying sun. Far away on the horizon there were a few plumes of smoke, and here and there a few trawlers showed, most probably fishing. The sea was sparkling and even now was turning the reddish tint of evening, which was drawing nigh. This reminded us that it was time to depart for Baltimore before it grew too dark, so we left that magnificent view. On the descent, we noticed a window let into the wall on every floor; the walls were at least seven feet thick, and the windows at the outside were guarded by thick iron shutters.

The keepers told us an interesting fact concerning the lighthouse. It is built in such a way that when a gale springs up, the lighthouse will bend. We could not imagine that strongly built lighthouse bending in any way with the wind. However, appearances are deceptive.

At last came the time to depart, and having supplied the keepers with cigarettes, for which they were infinitely grateful, we said good-bye. We boarded the boat again without mishap, and having slowly circled the Fastnet once, we returned to Baltimore. Our last definite recollection of the Fastnet Lighthouse was a dark silhouette against the evening sky.

F. W. MARKHAM.



The Fastnet Lighthouse.

F. W. M.

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## A Score.

Buck the ball, buck the ball, buck the ball, forwards !  
 On towards the muddy scrum ran the eight forwards.  
 First one dropped, then two dropped, then three dropped in all,  
 But still they kept bucking the unfortunate ball.

Have it back, have it back, have it back, forwards !  
 But they turned a deaf ear to the scrum half's quick orders,  
 The full back then fainted, the ref. gave a sigh,  
 And the touch-judge looked on with a gleam in his eye.

O, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, forwards !  
 On, ever onward, ran three of the forwards.  
 The leader yelled in the midst of disorder,  
 The captain, he shouted and tried to keep order.

First one dropped, then two dropped, but still one kept on,  
 Battering his way in the midst of the throng.  
 But at last this great forward did break his way through,  
 And scored for the College, a try good and true.

L. S. ATKINS.

# The "M" Sketch.

*Scene : The College Sick-Room.*

*Characters : The Patient, and*

*The Visitor, who must convey to the audience that he is running a great risk of being discovered in the Sick-Room, which is strictly out-of-bounds.*

*Visitor : (cautiously entering). 'Morning, Mugsey. Mitching ? Malingering ? Measles ? Mastoid ? Mulligrubs ? Mathematical malady ?*

*Patient : (sitting up in bed). Matron mentioned maybe Mumps.*

*Visitor : My Mumps melted. Moping ?*

*Patient : Mighty miserable.*

*Visitor : Most monotonous malady, Mumps.*

*Patient : Monstrous Mumps.*

*Visitor : Mangey martyr. May mean month's mollycoddling. Masquerader. Make-up's magnificent ! Millinery's marvellous ! (pulling Patient's bandage about). Mainmast, Mizenmast, Main-sail.*

*Patient : Mind, Mutt !*

*Visitor : My mistake. Miserable microbe—misfortunate mosquito ! (Footsteps off) Master, Murder ! (Peeps out of door). Missed Matins. Must mind Maths. Maths. Master's mighty mad.*

*Patient : Most Maths. Masters mental. Make many mathematical monstrosities.*

*My Mumps made me miss my mid-day meal.*

*Visitor : Monday's mid-day meal's mouldy ! Mince-meat, marrow, mash, macaroni.*

*Patient : Marmite makes marvellous mince. Matron makes me mawkish malted milk. My menu—Morning, milk ; mid-day, milk ; midnight, milk. Milk, more milk, malted milk.*

*Visitor : Matron's mighty methodical. (Producing sweets) masticate my marsh-mallow.*

*Patient : Matchless mate ! My medicine's muggy ; Magnesia's milky, Metatone's murky. Matron mentioned Medico Mary might modify my menu. Matron's Mother made me marvellous meringues.*

*Visitor : Meringues ? Mumps ? Most mysterious methods. Most 'mazing ! (feeling Patient's head) Mighty moist—mildewy. More marsh-mallow ? Much more mellow.*

*Patient. Merci, Monsieur, merci.*

*Visitor : (going to door) Midleton's music mad. Much music makes me melancholy.*

*Patient : Mr. McBride's marvellous musician,*

*Visitor* : Merrick major's murdering Mozart ; Merrick minor's memorising Moore's Melodies. Mugsey, methinks Mickey's musically mad ! (*sings*) Ma, Mai, Me, Mo, Mu. (*Thinks he hears sounds and returns from door sniffing*). Mary's making marmalade.

*Patient* : Magician.

*Visitor* : Markham mentioned Mountjoy may manage Midleton match March.

*Patient* : Methinks Markham's meteor's mounting.

*Visitor* : (*aside*). Methinks Mugsey's mumps minimising.

*Patient* : Must mow my moustache. Mouse ! (*by-play by visitor who tries to catch it*). Marvellous mouser !  
(*Voice heard outside*).

*Visitor* : Maths. Master ! Merciful Moses ! (*dives under bed, cautiously re-emerges as the danger passes*). Mutual misunderstandings.

*Patient* : My Mater may meet me Monday ; may motor me Monatrea.

*Visitor* : Methinks Monday month, my mumpish mate. My mother's Morris makes maximum mileage, minimum minutes. Motor mechanics make marvellous mates. My magazine's mislaid, maddening.

*Patient* : Midleton magazine ? My mistake. Mattress. (*Produces College magazine from hiding place under mattress, and reads it while Visitor reads newspaper*). Millers' maize mixtures make many millionaires. Massage makes many miserable men more muscular.

*Visitor* : Midleton men merit more medals. Midleton's musicians make many meetings more merry.

*Patient* : Modern maidens' missing morals make middle-aged magistrate malevolent. Mid many manifestations, Mussolini met Mr. . . .

*Visitor* : (*rushing to door*) Mind ! (*returning*) Morbid 'magination.

*Patient* : Mr. Manager Monahan manipulates municipal matters most meritoriously. Makes many mansions more modern. Mr. McEntee motors many miles materially modifying manufacturers' machinery.

*Visitor* : Moss Moore's mounts make many men meet mishaps. Murphy's mechanics mend middle-aged motors miraculously.

*Patient* : Masticate Mrs. MacBennett's massive mid-day meals. Muckley's makes magnificent meeting matrimonially-minded males.

*Visitor* : Midleton malt makes men more merry.

*Patient* : Murnane's meadow-grass makes magnificent milk. (*Bell rings off. Visitor makes for door*).

*Patient* : Medical Mary !

*Visitor* : Masterly Madam ! Makes malingerers mighty miserable.

*Patient* : Might make me masticate more meals.

*Visitor* : Medical Mary's marvellous medicines make more muscular men.  
Must migrate (*Exit*).

*Curtain.*

# Impressions.

It was a Saturday in July, and I had just completed my round of farewells, in the course of which we made "whoopee" in several of the suburbs. Thoughts of war were very far away, in fact it hardly seemed possible that anything could happen to shatter the "six months holiday" my friends assured me I was going to have in the Army. They, of course, had read all about it in the newspapers, so there was no lack of advice on what to do, or what not to do. At length I was permitted to leave, feeling like someone about to make history, but I must admit a slight sinking sensation as we passed through many familiar haunts while we headed West from the great metropolis.

The first view of the barracks is rather awe-inspiring; the great limestone buildings, although softened to some extent by the presence of leafy trees, tend to give one the impression that more freedom exists outside the gates than inside. However, this feeling soon disappeared when I was shown to my barrack-room, where we were allotted beds, and instructed in the art of bed-making, army style. (I almost needed a tin opener to get out next morning). This barrack-room was a really comfortable home for us for some time, and we had good fun there.

In due course we went to the ranges to fire rifles and light machine guns, with varying degrees of success or failure. This must surely be the last place on earth—cold, dreary and miles from anywhere. (We know, because we marched there!) We had to make our own amusement, and had our enjoyable moments.

At the beginning of war, some of us were sent to a commandeered rugby grounds, which was used as a centre for training specialists. This place proved to be a mixture of good and evil, where we worked and played equally hard. Later, we moved to join a battalion at a town, "somewhere in England"—a place meant to try any soldier, where rain, mud and chalk undo in a few minutes the work (which took as many hours the previous night) of polishing brass, cleaning and pressing uniforms. We are bored stiff with this war, but I think we have one thing to thank the one-time interior decorator for—he did bring us all together, to banish selfishness, and instil anew in us the true spirit of fellowship.

Finally, although the holiday theory exploded itself in the first week I spent in the army, I will no longer be horrified by the tales of old soldiers. Sergeants, too, are not all they are cracked up to be; most of those I met are regular fellows, but—and let it be whispered—they don't kiss us good-night.

J. W. HENNESSY.

## Schoolboy Recollections.

*(With apologies to Father Prout).*

With deep affection  
And recollection,  
I often think  
Old school of thee :  
With thy masters sterner,  
And thy rules far firmer,  
Then ever I dreamt  
Were in store for me.

There my friends were truer,  
And my foes far fewer,  
Than ever I had  
In all my life ;  
But I left thy gates  
And all my mates  
To make my way  
In this world of strife.

Full many a pleasure  
And rarest treasure  
Have I enjoyed  
And cast away ;  
But no joy so great  
Has been my fate  
As the sight of thee,  
On that long lost day.

With thoughts of sorrow  
And fears for the morrow,  
I said farewell  
My school to thee ;  
But thy pleasant ways  
In those carefree days  
In my mem'ry always  
Will live with me.

“ LEUKOS.”

## Definitions.

*Master* : A strange animal, savagely cruel and pitiless, with a certain amount of sarcastic humour, designed to make one squirm in one's seat and having a passion for punishment, corporal or otherwise.

*Desk* : A hard contrivance, designed to be uncomfortable, the seat being made of a board which has a tendency to splinter and to cause a great amount of pain and activity with a needle.

*Bell* : A hellish contrivance specially invented to jangle in the most horrible fashion, jarring excruciatingly on the ears and providing a most unwelcome and unnecessary awakening from slumber at a time when the moon still rides high in the heavens.

*Latin* : A certain inexplicable and insolvable conundrum invented by a race of madmen who wore togas and fought Carthage, but for what purpose we are at a loss to guess. This terrible mix-up of "hics, haecs and hocs," though long dead and useless, is specially patronised by a certain portion of the community whose sanity is strongly doubted.

*The School Clock* : A hollow object hanging on the wall, which bears a strong resemblance to a clock, the difference being, however, that the minute hand takes longer to go up than to come down. There has been much conjecture as to the record time for the half-hour, some putting it at twenty minutes and others at ten. The care of this mechanical "mistake" is given to one Loane, whose job we do not envy.

*Morning Wash* : A process whereby the face, ear and back of the neck are lovingly laved with cold water and dried with a wet towel, after which one's ears and neck freeze solid, to relieve which one bounds into bed and submerges.

*Maths. Fever* : A strange disease afflicting members of the A and B classes especially. Attacks of it generally occur after repeated attempts to solve an arithmetic or algebra problem. Symptoms are: at first, sighs, gradually increasing to groans, with tearing of the hair. It reaches its climax with hysterical laughter which gradually dies away leaving the patient exhausted and with a heavy headache, but otherwise almost normal.

A. ALLEN.



## A Retrospect.

I have had the privilege of acting as Hon. Secretary of the Board of Governors of Midleton College under three Headmasters, and have seen many changes during the past twenty-one years.

When I came to Midleton in 1918 the Rev. R. D. Parker was Headmaster. He had taken Holy Orders a few years previously, and was in charge of the School from 1912 to 1919.

I only knew him for about a year, but he left behind a record of work well done during a difficult period, and both he and his wife had gained the affection of the boys. He left the College to take up Parochial Work in Co. Kerry, and subsequently went to England.

Professor A. E. Layng, M.A., LL.D., was appointed to succeed Mr. Parker. He had been previously Headmaster of Preston School, Abbeyleix, prior to which he had been Fifth Form Master of Queen's College, Taunton, and Assistant Professor of Classics, Queen's University, Canada. He held a Commission in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers during the War, and was seriously wounded.

To him fell the task of carrying on the College during the troubled times in Ireland. At one time it was feared that the school premises would be required for military occupation by the Free State troops. This order was cancelled as a result of an interview between the Commanding Officer in Cork and the Archdeacon of Cork (Ven. W. E. Flewett), Dr. Layng, Mr. Blundell and myself, and thus a situation was saved which might easily have meant the end of Midleton College.

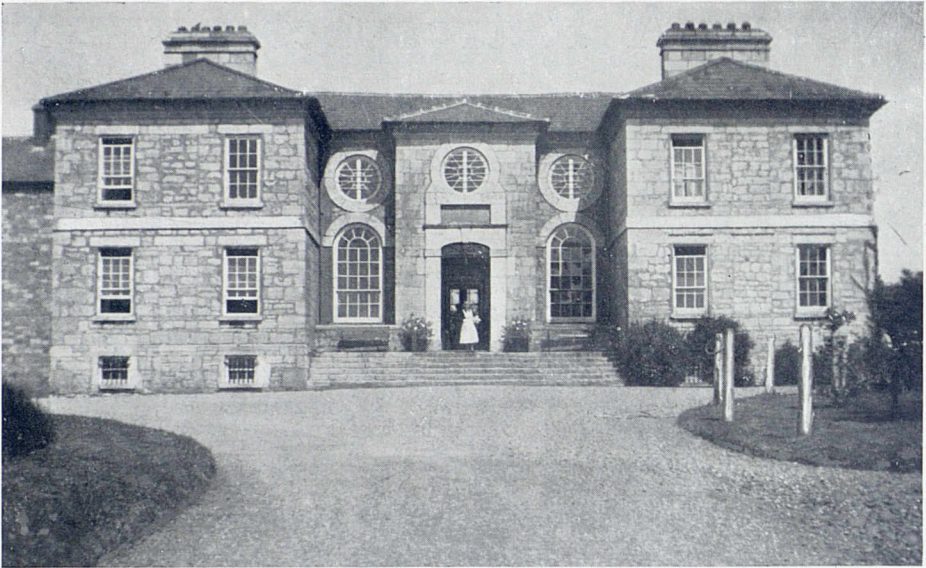
In 1920-21, at the request of the Governors, I made an appeal to Old Boys and friends of the School for subscriptions towards carrying out urgent repairs, particularly for the renovation of the roof. The response was splendid, and a sum of nearly £200 was received.

In 1927 the Earl of Midleton kindly gave a dinner to old members of the College, to celebrate the 230th anniversary of the foundation.

Dr. Layng left in 1928, on his appointment as Headmaster of Foyle College, Londonderry. It can be truly said that he loved his boys and took a deep interest in their after welfare; there is still a bond between him and them, and many of us have happy recollections of friendly gatherings at the School after hockey matches and other functions.

Now I come to our present Headmaster, Mr. T. West, M.A. He came to the College from Mountjoy School, Dublin, where he had served on the staff since 1919 and been Senior House Master for four years. He came with a fine record as an athlete, having been a member of Wanderers Football Club and captain of the 1st XV. He took over the College when its numbers were very low, and what a wonderful work he has done! In his time we have seen the numbers increased to the highest figure for over sixty years.

We have had two Fêtes—the first in 1929, opened by the Countess of Midleton, realizing nearly £350 for the remodelling and equipping of the gymnasium, which had fallen into disuse. We have now one of the best equipped gymnasiums in Eire.



*Photo by B. B. GALE*

The second Fête in 1937 was also opened by the Countess of Midleton—a huge success, realizing a sum of over £788 for clearing off the overdraft and for extensive necessary repairs to the building. Electric light has been installed; the entire sanitary system overhauled and modernised; boys' bathrooms fitted with hot and cold running water; new baths and shower baths; reflooring of dormitories, and provision of lockers for each boy.

In the class rooms are ninety new desks; in the kitchen a double Aga Cooker, and in the new laundry an electric machine, extractor and ironing machine. In the last few months a wonderful improvement has been made in the extension of the gymnasium by roofing the ball-alley, and the building of a stage.

As we think of Midleton College to-day, we think also of the good friends who worked for it in the years that are gone and who have now passed on.

Dr. L. C. Purser, Vice-Provost of T.C.D., was for a time a pupil of the College, and to the end of his life took a deep interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of his old School. We shall always remember him, not only as a famous classical scholar who won European fame, but also as a gentle and gracious personality, a man of boundless kindness and liberality.

Mr. V. Clare Blundell had a personal love for every bit of the College and every boy in it, and we shall long remember his many services so willingly rendered to the School during the sixteen years that he was a Member of the Board. Mr. J. H. Bennett was a Member of the Board of Governors for thirty-eight years, and Vice-Chairman for thirteen years, and his wise counsel and splendid help in all matters connected with the welfare of the School were deeply valued. Captain W. R. Clarke was a Member of the Board for a comparatively short period, but we remember with great gratitude his many benefactions and practical help at all times so willingly given.

I have served on the Governing Body under three Bishops—the Right Rev. C. B. Dowse, D.D., for twenty-one years an able, courteous and understanding Chairman; the Right Rev. W. E. Flewett, D.D., who had been Hon. Secretary of the Board when Rector of Midleton, and consequently took a very deep interest in all our doings; and our present Bishop, the Right Rev. R. T. Hearn, D.D., of whom I need say nothing except that he is known as a keen educationist, not only in his own diocese but also throughout the Church of Ireland.

I cannot close my retrospect without a word of reference to the Earl of Midleton. What Midleton College owes to him it is difficult to estimate, but it is certain that the School would not be in the prosperous and happy condition in which it is to-day without his deep interest and unflinching generosity.

We are proud that our School, with its great traditions, is standing strong to-day. That it may go on from strength to strength is the fervent wish of many friends, and particularly of the Old Boys at home, and in lands beyond the seas.

H. DENNY TOWNSEND.

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## Golf.

That little ball, so round, so small,  
 And oh! so hard to hit,  
 I am afraid it was supposed  
 Upon the tee to sit.

I took my stance, and with a glance  
 At those all standing round,  
 I raised my club, then made a swipe  
 And landed on the ground.

Again I made a smack, then heard a crack,  
 That blew my hopes away,  
 For there upon the verdant sward,  
 My broken club-shaft lay.

I took my ball, so wondrous small,  
 And threw it out to sea,  
 I made my shaft a fishing-rod  
 Of much more use to me.

T. A. GIFFORD.

## Topical Song.

(Tune—*The Mountains o' Mourne*).

On behalf of this College we are anxious to say  
 How delighted we are you've all turned up to-day.  
 As this is our maiden attempt to make money  
 Please don't be severe—for we try to be funny.  
 We hope you'll be generous with your applause,  
 Though if we are bad, well, it's in a good cause!  
 And we hope you'll be able to say when you go,  
 That you're sorry it's over—a jolly good show.

Our Government, they tell us, is facing the task  
 Of supplying each Citizen with a Gas-mask.  
 That Dublin should first get them may seem a sell,  
 But remember that they have the Liffey as well!  
 Still, Cork would be first to be bombed from the air,  
 To cripple the State, as they all say up there;  
 Thus they maintain, if you're tempted to scoff,  
 Would all Civil Servant supplies be cut off!

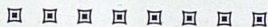
We learn the Taoiseach's spring tour in the States  
 Has been settled with i-tinerary and dates.  
 He'll be welcome we know in that warm-hearted land,  
 Though we're sure Alfie Byrne got a much bigger hand.  
 Is it true, what they tell us, or is it a jest,  
 That Roosevelt has sent him an earnest request,  
 As a cask of their beer wouldn't raise a hiccough,  
 To take him a barrel of "Johnny-Jump-Up"?

It seems that this business of new valuation  
 Will place some of us in a tough situation.  
 To my bike-shed already I've said my good-bye,  
 'Cos Father's afraid 'twould be valued too high.  
 The dog's kennel, of course, will be next thing to go—  
 We may save the house, but it's doubtful, you know;  
 But the Deputies must get their raised salary,  
 So I don't mind—"Big-hearted Arthur," that's me.

We were all pleased to see Mr. Chamberlain's son  
 Had come over looking for sport with his gun.  
 As the weather we showed him was just a bit damp,  
 He'd have been better armed with his father's old gamp!  
 The boys learning German in New York, we hear,  
 Are fewer by thirty per cent. for this year;  
 They're afraid if they talk it too much, it is stated,  
 That Hitler will come and they'll be "liberated."

Mr. Power's the strong man you've met here before,  
 If you heard him recite, you'd be shook to the core.  
 He's fluent at English and Irish, of course,  
 And we hear he's a jolly good judge of a horse.  
 Mr. Frazer, you know, of gymnastical fame,  
 Without him the College would not sound the same !  
 He's a wonder with horses, but not in a stable ;  
 At many a fete he has run a wee table.

A. McN. R. McBride, M.Sc., Q.U.B.,  
 Is a talented man from the North, as you see,  
 For science and music on him we rely ;  
 Does he beat on the drums on the twelfth of July ?  
 Of our versatile head, as you know, Mr. West,  
 The least said by us, you'll agree, is the best.  
 He's an accurate eye and his right arm is strong ;  
 He is close in the wings—so we'll finish our song !



### Lines Written in a T.C.D. Exam.

What a job it is to do  
 Greek, upon this hard old pew ;  
 What a job it is to think,  
 Slopping through this muddy ink ;  
 And 'twould make it much less rough  
 If you only knew the stuff.  
 They've got my names, at any rate,  
 At full length, in copperplate.  
 I'd love to write, I think I must—  
 By " College Standing "—" only just " ;  
 But that might take the mark, that they  
 Will give me for my name, away.  
 Maybe better leave it, so . . .  
 Lord, that clock is moving slow !  
 Could get up and go, but I  
 'm under the reprovng eye  
 Of Thomas Seale, F.T.C.D.,  
 Provost 1683.  
 (Was his collar, I dunno,  
 As filthy then as it is now ?)  
 And Bishop Berkeley, too D.D.,  
 Is squinting crossly down at me.  
 Lumme, what a cheerful hole !  
 Might as well be a mausol-  
 Eum—it is about as cheery.  
 Wonder if that old and bleary  
 Fossil in the funny cap

At his after dinner nap  
 Over there beyond the table,  
 Still is really truly able  
 To breathe, or if he is a fossil ;  
 If not, then he's a hardy morsel.  
 (Yes, the rhyme is lousy, true—  
 But this poem isn't meant for you.)  
 All these blighters round about  
 Are writing full-length novels out,  
 Or that's how it looks to me,  
 Though not upsetting Bish. Berkley.  
 (Yes, I know I dropped the "e."  
 It's pronounced like that, you see).  
 Not a sound—how can they go  
 On while keeping silent so ?  
 Foxy little chap nearby  
 Hasn't even breathed a sigh,  
 And he's writing reams and reams  
 Of history—or so it seems.  
 Gee, this is getting on my brain.  
 Couldn't someone screech with pain ;  
 Or burst out with a loud guffaw.  
 Or start to sing some Opera ?  
 Lord, the silence ! Are they dead ?  
 If I knew I was in bed,  
 I'd think it was a hideous dream . . .  
 Stand by, folks—I'm going to SCREAM !

W. J. WHITE.



"Over the Top."

L. J. McELVEEN.



*There was a young fellow one day,  
Who, to climb up a board did essay,  
But the urchin behind  
Was very unkind,  
And tugged till his breeks came away.*



# Annual Sports and Gymnastic Display.



We held our Annual Sports and Gymnastic Display on Saturday, 1st July, 1939. A fine day brought us a large attendance of parents and friends, some old, some new. Several past pupils were to be seen amongst the crowd, and it was pleasing to see R. P. Williams, one of the Older Old Boys, hold his own with some of the younger ones, where "chewing the tape" was concerned.

In the races, which came first on the programme, many close finishes were witnessed, especially in the Handicaps, where everyone had an equal chance of winning. The events for visiting boys and girls were well supported and keenly contested. Amongst the novelty items, the Sack races and Obstacle races, with their numerous spills, created great excitement. An innovation was the Tipping Bin Race, which afforded great amusement to onlookers. We are grateful to Mrs. West for risking the bins for such an occasion.

The highlight of the afternoon was the Gymnastic Display, which took place after tea interval. It was worthy of the high standard Mr. Fraser has set himself; indeed as the years roll by, he goes from better to better, always varying the old with something fresh and new. No tribute is too high for the part he played in making the whole function a success. The display included Wand Drill, Club Swinging, Box Horse, Swedish Drill, Chair Tricks, Tableaux and Blind-fold Boxing. The latter proved most amusing, particularly when Duffy chose to hit Mr. Fraser in mistake for his opponent. The well-merited applause of the visitors showed that a fine display was much appreciated.

The prizes were distributed by Dr. Mary Hearn, to whom we are grateful for sparing some of her valuable time to be with us. She has always been more than a friend to the College. Amidst cheers for all, the day ended and the boys departed homewards, some sorry to be leaving for good, others happy at the thought of a long summer holiday ahead.

The Championship results for 1939 were as follows:—

100 yards Championship (under 13)—

1st—D. F. Furney

2nd—H. G. O'Neill

100 yards Championship (under 14)—

1st—R. H. Johnson

2nd—J. C. McKechnie

100 Yards Championship (under 15)—

1st—L. S. Atkins

2nd—R. C. Merrick

100 yards Championship (under 16)—

1st—R. M. Peet

2nd—H. G. Loane

100 yards Championship (over 16)—

1st—U. G. Love

2nd—F. R. Smyth

220 Yards Championship—

1st—F. R. Smyth

2nd—U. G. Love

Old Boys' Race—

1st—R. P. Williams

2nd—A. K. Thompson

3rd—G. Kenworthy

Parents' and Friends' Race—

1st—Miss Tanner and Mr. A. Good

2nd—Miss Moorhead and Mr. G. Jeffery.



### TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Senior .... G. F. P. Guy

Junior .... H. G. V. Foott



“After a hard Set.”

R. J. BOLSTER.

# Sports News.

## Rugby, 1938-9.

Owing to the ravages of an epidemic, our 1938-9 season was marked by few matches. Though we always eagerly look forward to matches and though the lack of them often makes the routine of practices seem monotonous, the season could in no way be termed dull, for Rugby remains, even if only played among ourselves, the most popular of all school games, packed with thrills and excitement.

Eight games in all were played and of these we lost only two. It was gratifying to see our "points for" again exceed our "points against." We entered a team for the Schools Seven-a-Side Tournament at the end of the season and lost, after a hard fought game to Presentation College, Cork, by the only try scored. In the two matches played against Presentation College, Cobh, draws were registered; already this season we have drawn with them twice. We hope to have a positive result the next time we meet them.

Eight newcomers appeared on the team and all proved that they were in no way inferior to those whom they supplanted, as the results show. The team, on the whole, was well balanced and made up by liveliness in the loose the lack of weight in the tight. Hawke showed himself a promising full-back, with good hands and a long kick. Morgan was speedy on the wing and though he obtained a few good tries, he lacked determination at times and was weak in defence. Guy and Loane were always sound without being outstanding. Guy's defence was of particular merit. Love ran strongly and was hard to stop, but often failed to hold his passes; his gathering and kicking under pressure relieved many an anxious situation. Smyth was the inspiration of the back line and seemed to be able to go through more often than anyone else. His tackling was always impeccable. Jermyn possessed more football sense than anyone else on the team, invariably choosing the right thing to do, covering up well and showing great pluck. In the forwards, Bolster hooked well and both he and Woods showed up well in all phases of the game. However, they were often inclined to hold on too long in the line-out, when putting the ball down and heeling it would have been of more advantage. Hennessy, Tanner and Peet were a good back row trio; the former a good attacking wing forward; the latter two more conspicuous in defence. Aylward's weight was of advantage in the scrums, but he lacked pep. Gifford and Daly proved themselves by sound all-round play.

Of those not on the team, H. Smyth showed great promise as a centre playing in a style similar to his brother. Lawrence was an elusive wing when "in form." Atkins proved a good marauding forward, but must learn to get into the loose scrums.

It would not be fitting to close these notes without paying a tribute to Mr. Shannon, who was always so keen to give of his best where the School Rugby was concerned. We miss his familiar figure on the field. We wish him, as well as all others who have left us, good Ruggery in the future.

SENIOR RUGBY TEAM.

A. J. L. Hawke ; H. G. Loane, G. F. P. Guy, U. G. Love, J. D. Morgan ; F. R. Smyth, F. H. Jermyn ; R. J. Bolster, W. O. C. Woods, H. O. Hennessy, W. H. H. Tanner, W. W. Daly, R. M. Peet, J. M. Gifford, W. J. T. Aylward.

**Cricket and Tennis, 1939.**

In the summer term we divided the school into three sections—Spartans, Trojans and Romans—in order to participate in a competition including Cricket and Tennis. Each section was represented by a Senior and Junior Cricket Team. These teams played each other twice. For Tennis, Senior and Junior teams consisting of four players were chosen from each division : they also played each other twice. Points were awarded on a league basis. Spartans ran out easy winners as the summary below shows. Their captain, F. W. Markham, received the Hearn Cup.

These matches helped to keep interest in both games very much alive. More Tennis was played than for many years previous, the three courts being in constant use. Amongst the smaller boys, F. O. Furney and R. J. Payne showed good promise. The Senior Cup went to G. F. P. Guy, who defeated R. J. Bolster, last year's holder, in a hard-fought final.

We played three Cricket matches, winning one, losing one and drawing one. In these, F. R. Smyth was outstanding in all departments of the game. F. H. Jermyn batted well and fielded excellently. R. M. Peet's stubborn stone walling also proved effective. The others, too, played their part keenly. All except one are still with us, so with the year's experience, we can look forward to having a good side next Summer.

CRICKET TEAM.

F. R. Smyth	R. J. Bolster	F. W. Markham	A. J. L. Hawke
G. F. P. Guy	R. H. Llewellyn	R. M. Peet	F. H. Jermyn
E. S. Law	G. H. Loane	C. J. Lawrence	O. Woods ( <i>Sub.</i> )

Below is a brief account of the Cricket Matches played :—

20th May,	Midleton College	70	:	Constitution	....	....	30
24th June,	Midleton College	....	79	:	C.I.	....	83
21st July,	Midleton College	....	67 for 5	:	Constitution	....	89

LEAGUE SUMMARY.

TEAM	CRICKET		TENNIS		TOTAL
	SEN.	JUN.	SEN.	JUN.	
Spartans (F. W. Markham)	16	32	12	32	92
Trojans (F. R. Smyth) ....	8	16	12	16	52
Romans (R. J. Bolster) ....	24	0	24	0	48

# Examination Results.

## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE, 1939.

### PASS WITH HONOURS.

W. W. Daly ....	....	<i>Honours</i> in English, Latin, History and Geography, Mathematics, Science and Drawing. <i>Passes</i> in Irish and French.
F. W. Markham ....	....	<i>Honours</i> in Latin, History and Geography, Mathematics, Science and Drawing. <i>Passes</i> in Irish, English and French.
H. C. Read ....	....	<i>Honours</i> in Latin, History and Geography, Mathematics, Science. <i>Passes</i> in Irish, English and French.
W. T. J. G. N. Sandham		<i>Honours</i> in English, Latin, History and Geography, Mathematics and Science. <i>Passes</i> in Irish, French and Drawing.
R. W. R. Colthurst ....	....	<i>Honours</i> in Latin, History and Geography, Mathematics and Science. <i>Passes</i> in Irish, English, French and Drawing.
J. D. Morgan	....	<i>Honours</i> in Mathematics. <i>Passes</i> in Irish, English, Latin, History and Geography, Science and Drawing.

### The other Five Candidates failed to qualify in Irish.

J. M. Gifford ....	....	<i>Honours</i> in History and Geography, Mathematics. <i>Passes</i> in English, French, Science and Drawing.
A. J. L. Hawke ....	....	<i>Honours</i> in History and Geography, Mathematics. <i>Passes</i> in English, French, Science and Drawing.
B. J. O'Neill ....	....	<i>Honours</i> in History and Geography. <i>Passes</i> in English, French, Mathematics, Science and Drawing.
R. M. Peet ....	....	<i>Honours</i> in History and Geography, Mathematics and Science. <i>Passes</i> in English, French and Drawing.
W. O. C. Woods ....	....	<i>Honours</i> in Mathematics and Science. <i>Passes</i> in English, French, History and Geography, Drawing.

## UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

### TRINITY COLLEGE.

#### MATRICULATION.

R. O. Phillips (High Place)	W. H. H. Tanner (High Place)
G. C. Bolster	G. F. P. Guy
U. G. Love	

#### PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION IN ARTS.

(Medical School)

W. H. H. Tanner

**KING'S HOSPITAL ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIP.**

H. C. READ.

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**ASSOCIATED BOARD  
OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.**

GRAMMAR OF MUSIC.

Grade II. .... W. T. J. G. N. Sandham  
Grade III. .... R. O. Phillips

PIANOFORTE

Grade I. .... E. H. Hill

**PRIZE LIST, 1939.**

**MOORE MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP.**

F. W. MARKHAM.

---

**EARL OF MIDLETON'S SCHOLARSHIP.**

W. W. DALY and W. T. J. G. N. SANDHAM.

---

**"J. H. BENNETT MEMORIAL" PRIZE.**

W. T. J. G. N. SANDHAM.

---

**Mrs. A. ROWLAND'S LITERARY PRIZE.**

G. C. BOLSTER. K. M. HARBORD. J. H. HOWE.

---

**WEBSTER MEMORIAL PRIZE.**

R. H. CHANTLER. D. F. FURNEY.

---

**Rev. H. DENNY TOWNSEND'S SCRIPTURE PRIZES.**

W. W. DALY. A. ALLEN. H. D. SMYTH. J. H. HOWE

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**Mrs. J. H. BENNETT'S PRIZES FOR GARDEN PLOTS.**

1st.—H. D. O'Neill. 2nd.—J. H. Markham.  
3rd.—R. J. Payne and S. D. Seymour. 4th.—L. J. D. McElvoen.  
5th.—P. H. Bridgman.

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**THE HEADMASTER'S MUSIC PRIZE.**

W. T. J. G. N. Sandham.

## SCIENCE NOTE BOOK PRIZES.

Form V.	....	....	W. H. H. Tanner.
Form IV.	....	....	W. W. Daly,
Form IV B	....	....	E. S. Law.
Form III.	....	....	J. H. Law.
Form II.	....	....	R. H. Maybury.

## CLASS PRIZES.

## Form IV.

1st.—H. C. Read
2nd.—R. W. R. Colthurst
3rd.—B. B. Gale
4th.—A. J. L. Hawke
5th.—J. M. Gifford
6th.—B. G. O'Neill
7th.—R. M. Peet
8th.—W. O. C. Woods

## Form III.

1st.—H. D. Smyth
2nd.—J. P. Colthurst
3rd.—R. J. Payne
4th.—J. H. A. Markham
5th.—J. H. Law
6th.—P. H. Bridgman

## Form IV. B.

1st.—A. Allen
2nd.—T. A. Gifford
3rd.—M. C. Humphreys
4th.—L. S. Atkins
5th.—R. H. Johnson
6th.—W. E. Perrott

## Form II.

1st.—J. G. Russell
2nd.—H. G. Knox
3rd.—J. H. Howe
4th.—F. O. Furney
5th.—J. J. Duffy

## EXAMINATION IN RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Conducted by a Joint Committee, representing the Church of Ireland, the Presbyterian Church in Ireland and the Methodist Church in Ireland.

**SILVER MEDAL for 1st Place in Junior Grade (98%)**  
**A. ALLEN.**

## FIRST PRIZES.

W. W. Daly	R. W. R. Colthurst	A. Allen
T. A. Gifford	H. D. Smyth	J. P. Colthurst
D. F. Furney	W. E. Perrott	L. S. Atkins
J. H. Law	B. B. Gale	J. M. Bentley
J. H. Gow	R. C. Merrick	R. V. Good
E. H. Hill	J. C. McKechnie	H. D. O'Neill
H. R. Chantler	L. J. D. McElveen	A. B. O'Neill
E. H. Deane-Roe	R. H. Johnson	G. W. Maybury
J. H. A. Markham	R. C. S. Good	

## SECOND PRIZES.

W. T. J. G. N. Sandham	B. G. O'Neill	W. O. C. Woods
M. C. Humphreys	R. H. B. Llewellyn	H. C. Read
J. M. Gifford	A. J. L. Hawke	R. J. Payne
H. G. V. Foot		

## THIRD PRIZES.

J. D. Morgan	R. M. Peet	C. J. Lawrence
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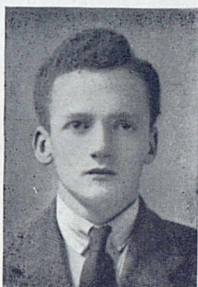
## PASS CERTIFICATES.

W. T. J. Aylward	R. J. Bolster	E. S. Law
F. H. Jermyn	G. F. Good	G. H. Loane
N. J. Fanning	E. A. Woollam	N. F. McDonald
J. D. Smyth		

## OLD BOYS' SUCCESSES.

### TRINITY COLLEGE.

- W. J. WHITE .... 1st Class Honours in Classics on three occasions. President of the Philosophical Society's Gold Medal for composition, awarded to him for his paper, "The New Gaelic Revival," which he read to the Society.
- W. H. DAUNT .... Elected Scholar of the House in Mental and Moral Philosophy.  
John Henry Bernard Prize (£24).
- T. G. RICKERBY Sizarship in Experimental Science.
- 
- 



### INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE.

- A. R. WHITE .... 1st Class Intermediate Scholarship worth £80.  
Maximum marks, viz.  
400 in Latin and Greek.

## With the Old Boys

There was a very satisfactory response to the circular sent out in connection with the proposed Dinner for Old Boys, at which the Midleton College Old Boys' Association was to have been inaugurated, and which was provisionally fixed for September. Owing to the "Black-out" and petrol rationing orders this had to be postponed, but we hope not indefinitely. Meanwhile, it is hoped that the Association will be formed in the very near future, and that its first re-union will take place early in the New Year.

In publishing information about our Old Boys, we have to rely entirely on press cuttings and letters which they write to the Headmaster, so items

of news about many old boys and their successes are sometimes overlooked, which we greatly regret. One Old Boy has written :—

“ I wish to point out your omission of my name from the list of successes of Old Boys. I am afraid you have placed me in a very embarrassing position, as people are inquiring of me why the omission, is it because of some dishonour I have brought on the school ? ”

We should like to point out that, while we are anxious to keep in touch with all past pupils, this is almost impossible if they do not occasionally write either to the Editor of this Magazine, or to the Headmaster ; it is up to them to keep us informed of their successes. We sincerely hope that when the Old Boys' Association is formed, a Record Secretary will be appointed, and we hope that with his help there will be no further cause for embarrassment.

We were sorry to hear of the illness of one of our very oldest Old Boys, the Very Reverend W. J. Wilson. Dean Wilson has had a very long connection with the College ; his father was educated here in the days of Dr. Turpin's headmastership. The Dean himself entered the College in 1863, when nine years old, and remained until 1872, when he entered Trinity College. Three of his brothers were also educated here. He has always taken a kindly interest in our welfare, and we have vivid recollections of the very racy anecdotes he told at one of our Prize Distributions, while we look forward to seeing him at many other of our functions. We wish him a speedy return to good health, and hope to record some of his stories.

\* \* \* \* \*

We wish to congratulate the following Old Boys upon their continued successes in Trinity College, Dublin :—

W. J. White (Classical) ; W. H. Daunt, F. H. Garrett and A. J. V. Packham (Divinity) ; L. W. J. Humphreys and W. J. Young (Engineering) ; W. H. H. Tanner and T. J. C. Warriner (Medical) ; and T. G. Rickerby (Experimental Science).

W. J. White has been elected Registrar of the Trinity College Philosophical Society, a unique distinction for a Junior Freshman.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Rev. Dominick Patrick Sarsfield Wilson, rector of Ballydehob, has been appointed to the Incumbency of Kilgariffe, Clonakilty.

The Rev. F. T. Shannon has been appointed Curate of Rathdowney, Leix, and we take this opportunity of congratulating him and sending him our best wishes in his new sphere of work.

We congratulate W. T. Stickland on passing the Intermediate Examination of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Ireland, held in November, 1937, and wish him all success in his career.

Gerald Smyth is to be congratulated upon taking a First Class Pass in the London City and Guilds' Intermediate Examination in Flour Milling Technology and Science.

A. R. Smyth has passed the Second Professional Examination in the Royal Veterinary College, Dublin, and we send him our congratulations.

S. G. Packham is now instructing in Dealership, Organisation and Management at the South-East Essex Technical School under the Ford Motor Co. in a scheme known as the "Ford Scholarship Plan," which combines education with industry. We were very glad to have a visit from him at College last summer.

We congratulate S. G. Patterson, B.A., who has been appointed Assistant Mathematical Master in St. Columba's College, Dublin. The Headmaster of St. Columba's, in his annual report, mentioned that fifty-two yards of the Front Drive had been laid down in six-inch concrete, and that the work was done entirely by the Staff and Boys, and said "the greatest credit for the performance is due to Mr. Patterson—the most benevolent bully the world has ever known. We all enjoy being bullied by him, and the secret is that however hard we may work with wheelbarrow, pick or shovel—we know that he is working at least twice as hard and four times as fast."

H. R. Kenworthy has been appointed Lighting Advisor to Messrs. Callender, Hamilton House, London.

G. F. P. Guy is at present in the London School of Printing.

Ted Roe, having completed his course in H.M.S. *Conway*, secured his Second Mate's Certificate early this year, and has been on the Eagle Oil and Shipping Co.'s Tanker *Ban-Gerado*.

R. R. Palmer is working with the Bush Electrical Engineering Co., Loughborough. This firm has been taken over by the Government.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following Old Boys are serving with His Majesty's Forces, and we wish them all God Speed, and a safe return to the Homeland:—

#### Royal Navy.

F. Le Fluffy, H.M.S. <i>Penelope</i>	H. R. Daunt, H.M.S. <i>Glorious</i>
J. W. Daunt, H.M.S. <i>Ark Royal</i>	A. Daunt, H.M.S. <i>Afridi</i>
E. R. Daunt, H.M.S. <i>Suffolk</i>	J. Gash, H.M.S. <i>Courageous</i>
W. Patterson, H.M.S. <i>Repulse</i> .	

#### Royal Engineers.

Gene Howe.

#### Hertfordshire Yeomanry R.A. Anti-Aircraft Section.

H. R. Kenworthy.

#### 5th Btn. Gloucestershire Regiment, Signal Platoon.

J. W. Hennessy.

### Royal Air Force.

B. E. A. Nicholson.

R. F. James

C. A. Wilkie, B.D.S.

There must be many other Old Boys serving with the Forces, and we should be glad to hear from them.

\* \* \* \* \*

We congratulate H. R. Kenworthy, H. J. Packham and Flight-Lieutenant C. A. Wilkie on the announcements of their engagements, and wish them much happiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the realm of Sport, the following news is of interest :—

B. L. Baker and D. W. Loane have been selected for Cork County XI. The former hit up 69 against Cappoquin, 26 in one over, and took 6 wickets for 24.

J. A. Mattson helped Wanderers R.F.C., Dublin to win the Seven-a-Side Championship for Leinster.

D. W. Loane has again been selected to play centre forward for the Munster Hockey XI.

J. K. White helped King's Hospital to win the Junior Schools' Hockey Cup when they defeated Dundalk Grammar School by 2 goals to 1.

K. B. Williams was selected to play Hockey for Ulster Schools against Leinster. During the year he passed the T.C.D. entrance.

\* \* \* \* \*

We regretted learning of the deaths of W. Wilcox, Dublin, and the Rev. Canon E. H. Hawkins, who was Vicar of Holy Trinity, Stroud, Gloucestershire, from 1879 to 1928. In a short address, the Bishop of Colchester said they had reason to thank God for the life and work of the late Canon. His was a wonderful personality; he possessed charm, brilliance of conversation; they could remember his bright wit and the marvellous power he possessed in telling a story or relating an episode of his experiences. The background of his personality was a simple trust in God. They thanked God, too, for the life of a faithful and devoted parish priest, and from his (the Bishop's) own experience, he could say that the secret of his success in that direction was his possession of a wonderful heart of love. To his people he was a real guide and helper. To all who knew him he was a loyal and never failing friend, and the memory of his friendship was something they would cherish. His gifts, which were many, were always at the disposal of his friends. "I never knew anyone who had less jealousy in him than the late Canon Hawkins," observed the Bishop. "He was a most contented man without a scintilla of envy for others. He has now passed to higher service, and our consolation and joy is that we shall meet him again."

# The Meeting of Some Old Boys.

*all old pupils  
of mine.*

When the Old Boys' Association is formed, we hope that one of its functions will be to keep Old Boys who are abroad in touch with others who may be relatively near them. At present there is no such link, but the Headmaster has been able to introduce a few of them to each other with happy results. Occasionally haphazard meetings have occurred, and we publish accounts of two of them which have been sent to us.

William Bird has kept in contact with C. H. Brennan (Charity) and sent him a copy of our last Magazine; in acknowledging it the recipient wrote:—

“Very many thanks indeed for sending me the copy of the College Magazine, which gave me great pleasure. It is funny reading the old names again—Good, Bolster and Humphreys, etc.

I retired on pension from Kenya some time ago, and am settled down here (Canterbury, Kent) with a small practice. It is a wonderful old town, and very interesting, and we are very happy with two little girls aged four and three.

The first news I had of Midleton happened in a most extraordinary way. An old friend from Kenya came to stay, and was driven over here by an old friend of his. After he was here a little time he asked me if I was at a school called Midleton, because his friend, seeing the plate on the door, was interested, as he was there. His friend was that small boy—Lytton, now a Colonel in the Indian Army. Isn't it a small world? So Lytton and I talked and talked when we met, and he told me five of them met in a Mess in India one night—Flewett, Lytton, Devenish and two others I can't remember.”

A few years ago, G. Noel Humphreys (Colonel), was travelling in Corsica. While lunching at a small village inn, he overheard two elderly men discussing education at the next table. One of them said he was at school in a town in the South of Ireland called Midleton, and that the Headmaster was a fine old chap, but that he couldn't remember his name. Leaning towards them, Colonel Humphreys said “The name you are trying to remember must be that of the Reverend Dr. Moore.” The stranger was astounded.

“What an extraordinary thing,” he said, “that you, whom I have never seen before, should tell me who my Headmaster was over fifty years ago.”



THE EDITOR.

## Letters to the Editor.

The Editor will always be glad to hear from Old Boys and Friends of the College.



Bolton School,  
Bolton,  
Lancashire,  
December 30th, 1938.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Please accept my thanks for so kindly sending me a copy of the *Midleton College Magazine*, in which my modest contribution is so flatteringly displayed. I also would like to congratulate you and your staff on the excellent standard of the magazine—not only in its contents, but also in the printing, format, paper and general lay-out. It is quite the best produced school magazine I have seen for a long time and reflects great credit on all concerned.

I observe that the idea of an Old Boys' Association is being mooted on page 31, and a suggestion by Canon Kingsmill Moore appeals to me so much that if such a scheme is adopted I would very much like to join.

I am sending the magazine to my eldest brother, and it will probably circulate round the family. I am sure that all of us will be very touched at the kind references to my late mother. As you say, the welfare of Midleton College was always in her mind, and nothing pleased her more than to have boys out to tea. It was a regular Sunday practice in my day at the College.

I was interested in the Hockey photo on page 30. This was some years after I left—about 1905—I should say, but I recognise some of the

faces. You will probably get the correct details from Old Boys of that time, but I can recognise :

*Top Row—Left to Right*—Rev. G. S. Baker (Head) ; — (unknown) ;  
W. James (now Rev.).

*Middle Row* — ; Holmes ; Thornhill.

*Front Row*—Nicholls Holt ; Browning ; Holmes ; Buck Cuppage ;  
Meredith Holt.

I hope this will help to check up other information.

Again thanking you, and wishing your College and your admirable Magazine every success.

Yours sincerely,

V. WEBSTER.

---

Painswick Lodge,  
Shurdington Road,  
Cheltenham,  
December 27th, 1938.

Dear Mr. Phillips,

Very many thanks for the *Midleton College Magazine* you so kindly sent, it gave me great pleasure. I agree with my brother in Dublin that it is a very superior publication—it does its Editor credit. I feel quite humble at seeing my contribution among so many noble efforts.

Captain Webster's reminiscences about the big stone under the former football field wall interested me. My youngest brother's name as "Rex" is still distinct on it. He tells me I was mistaken in thinking Lord Midleton gave the cricket cup and that it was really presented by Ravenhill Moore, my father's cousin. My cousin, Mondy Woods, won it the second year, the winner retained it. We are not quite sure if it was only played for on those occasions or if the competition was an annual event.

My brother, Colonel R. R. H. Moore, has many pleasant recollections of College cricket and of matches away from and at home in the beautiful grounds of Cahermone. The College scored many wins, even beating the County Eleven. One advertisement in the Magazine amused me—"Barry's Tea is an insidious beverage. You can never drink ordinary Tea again." I hope it is not in use in the College, for to me it hints at dissolution.

Mr. White's description of Germany tallies with my own experience a year last summer. I spent three weeks there. Knowing German well (I spent two years studying it in the Vaterland), I was admitted to the confidence of many who did not bless the Führer's rule. As always, I found the ordinary German friendly and obliging. I think it a terrible pity that a land which produced such splendid poets, musicians and thinkers should become Hitlerized.

My best wishes for the New Year.

Yours sincerely,

M. E. MOORE.

College of St. Columba,  
Rathfarnham,  
Co. Dublin.

*To the Editor.*

Dear Sir,

I sometimes wonder if there is kept at the College a record of passing events. Such a great deal has happened there in the last ten years that I feel it would be a great pity if future members of the College remained ignorant of it.

I first saw Midleton College when I went there as a boy in 1928. The present Head had just then begun his enormous task of finding boys and furniture for a great empty building, which (old though is its foundation, and great its records in dim past) had but little to commend itself to critical parents. It was easy, you know, to run a school for our fathers and grandfathers; they did not need a bath very often, if they needed one at all! So Mr. West set about and put in baths and basins and a great deal else besides. He taught from early morning school to late evening, when he coached us for T.C.D. and other Exams. At the same time he coached us in our games, and at the beginning, when there were not enough boys to form both sides of a scrum, he, himself, filled all the empty places. Besides all this he had to show prospective parents over the school—awfully difficult job!—and was he helped by us in this? I fear not. I regret to recall that on one occasion, when the Head brought parents into the Senior Dorm. to show them how clean and well kept it was, he found us in possession, with a great swing suspended from the rafters. The story ends abruptly here, but let not the present generation of Midletonians think it worth their while to erect another swing!

Four years after I left the College, I returned there to teach the Junior School. For weeks I could do nothing but make comparisons. In that short period the whole place had been renovated. All the dirty dusty floors had been pulled out and new ones put in—Aga cookers, shower rooms, gymnasium with full equipment—and not least in importance, there was a new wooden bed for every boy in the school. In fact the place was changed beyond all recognition since that evening in September, 1928, when I first saw it.

Also, there was then, and there is now, an increasing evidence that sound scholastic work is done there, and that when boys leave the College they do so well prepared to meet the difficulties of University or business life.

I should, I am sure, be disqualified as a letter writer if I go on, but before I stop, may I say that I have heard rumours that since I left many more great things have happened there and the Head—great man—went and got married.

With best wishes to you all,

Yours sincerely,

S. G. PATTERSON,

Old Castle House,  
Canterbury,

December 24th, 1938.

Dear Mr. West,

I have just received a copy of the *Midleton College Magazine* from a friend, and please allow me to congratulate you on a very fine production.

I enclose a "key" to the Hockey Team photo. It is quite possible it may not be quite accurate. It was just a year or so before my time.

Several years ago I heard the school was closed, and felt very sad, and it is a great joy to see you are still carrying on so well. *Floreat Midletonia!*

Kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

C. H. BRENNAN.

---

Cedar Mount,  
Dundrum,  
Co. Dublin,

December 23rd, 1938.

Dear Mr. West,

Will you kindly thank the Editor for the six copies of the *Magazine*—a very interesting number!

I congratulate you upon the generous way in which you are promoting the Union. With pleasure I enclose £1. I think £1 payable, either at once or in four yearly instalments would meet the case. If you can fix a higher fee, I shall be very glad to send you the balance.

I am,

Sincerely yours,

E. KINGSMILL MOORE,

## Occasional Notes.

One of the outstanding events of this year has been the extension of the College gymnasium, which now covers the old Ball Alley. This should be a great asset, for it has enabled the erection of a large, moveable stage, with room behind it for stage properties, dressingrooms, etc.; a vast improvement upon the cramped conditions in which we had been working hitherto. This has been made possible by Mrs. Bennett, who has presented the College with the Extension and Stage as a Memorial to Mr. John H. Bennett, for many years Vice-Chairman of the Governing Board of the College, and at all times one of its most staunch friends and upholders. We know that the fact that we are now a large enough body to require such an extension would be a source of great satisfaction and pleasure to him whose memory is linked with this new development.

\* \* \* \* \*

This year the College took up choral singing seriously, under Mr. McBride's able tuition. After less than six months' training the choir was submitted to the ordeal of examination by the Board of Education's Examiner, passing with 86 per cent., an Honours mark. Considering that this was an entirely new venture, we feel that this was a highly creditable performance, and in his Report, Dr. G. H. P. Hewson said:—

“A very promising little choir of boys. Their tone was pleasant. The second trebles were particularly good. The attack was good; phrases well finished . . . the material is good and the choir-master painstaking. The sight-reading, as yet, is only fair, but when this choir has more experience this should improve; some of the boys made a plucky effort to keep the test going.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The school is to be congratulated upon its first attempt to raise money for charities; this amounted to £55, taken at two concerts, one in the Gregg Hall in aid of the Victoria Hospital Funds, and one in our own gymnasium for the Midleton District Nursing Association. A detailed account of these concerts is given elsewhere in this magazine; suffice it to say here that the Boys worked with enthusiastic zeal for each performance, and gave of their best.

The College Band, under Mr. McBride's leadership, were invited to play at the Garden Sale held last June in aid of the Parochial Funds of St. Michael's, Blackrock, where their music introduced a cheering note, and was much appreciated.

\* \* \* \* \*

We wish to take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. J. W. Smyth, a popular member of our staff, on obtaining his B.A. Degree in Trinity College, Dublin.

We offer Mr. and Mrs. West our congratulations upon the birth of their second son in July of this year.

\* \* \* \* \*

All those who have played Rugger in Midleton will join us in congratulating Mr. West upon the honour paid to him by the Referees' Association when he was chosen to referee the Inter-Provincial match at Galway between Leinster and Connaught. We all know how indefatigable his interest in Rugger has always been, and are glad that this high compliment acknowledges it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Editor wishes to take this opportunity of wishing all Old Boys and friends of the College, wherever they may be, the Season's most cordial greetings. He offers his thanks to all who have sent articles for the Magazine, and items of news about themselves and other Old Boys, and only regrets that limitations of space have prevented the publication of some of them.




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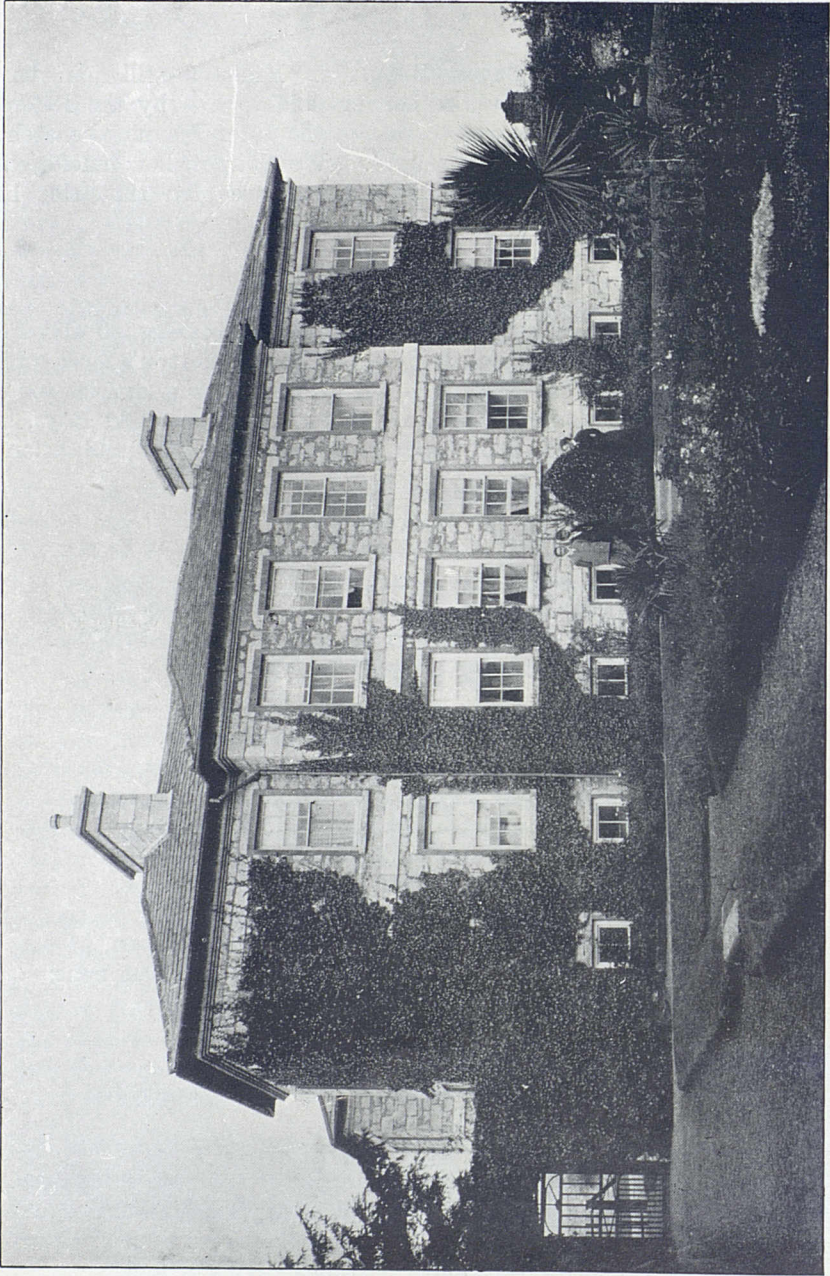
## Young Paddy Joe.

Oh, young Paddy Joe is gone up to T. West,  
 Through all the disorder his deed was the best,  
 And save his good cord'roy, of weapons had none,  
 He strode all unarmed and he strode all alone,  
 So brainless above and so knock-kneed below—  
 There ne'er was a student like young Paddy Joe.

He stayed until break, then stopped not to moan,  
 He fled in a "Morris" when "Ford" there was none;  
 But ere he alighted at Home Sweet Home gate,  
 The boss soon arriving decided his fate.  
 For a laggard in class and a lad without go  
 Would describe with exactness the same Paddy Joe.

One touch to his —, one word in his ear;  
 When they reached the hall-door his companions stood near.  
 So light to the group, poor old Paddy's head hung,  
 So quick to encircle his greatness they run.  
 For the fellow who dares it, though truly a fool,  
 Still more truly deserves the esteem of the school.

H. D. SMYTH.



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