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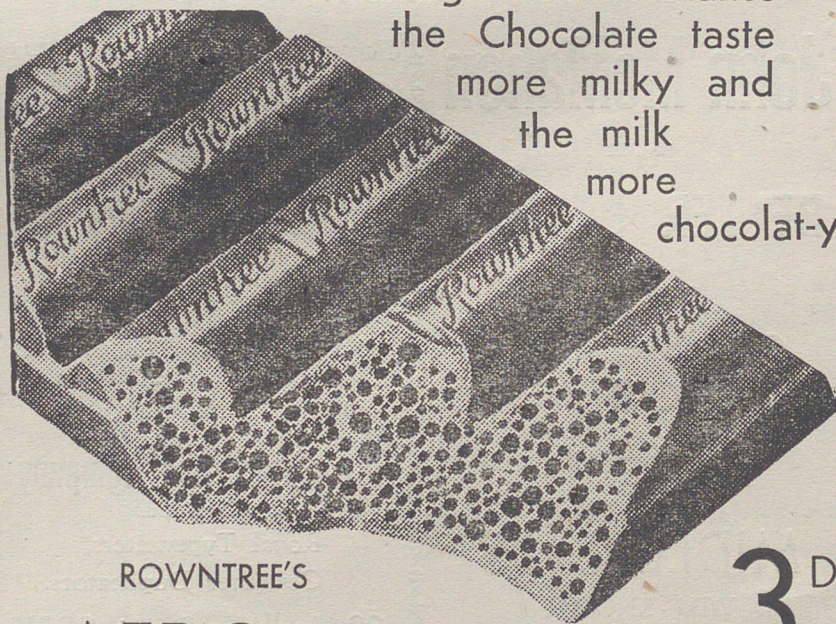
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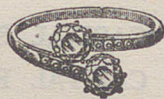
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AN OLD VIEW OF THE COLLEGE FROM THE SOUTH SIDE



The

# Middleton College Magazine

Editor : L. S. ATKINS.

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December, 1942.

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## Editorial

**T**HE Winter winds have come heralding the end of the old year, and once more we take up our pen to review that which is past.

We are all glad to see that the College name has been upheld in scholarship and athletics, and full accounts of the successes of our present and past pupils will be found in the following pages.

The war has forced us to forego many of our school activities but we have contrived to rub along pretty well and have successfully introduced many new and interesting features, such as Question Time, Brains' Trust and an Inter-House Athletic League.

The death of the Earl of Middleton last February deprived us of a true friend, as it was through his generosity that we were enabled to weather a lean period some years ago. It was through his liberal support, too, that the Fete was such an unqualified success a few years back. On behalf of the College and its many friends we should like to convey our deepest sympathy to the Countess of Middleton and the new Earl.

May I, in conclusion, thank all who have helped to produce this record of our doings for the past year, our ever-faithful contributors and financial supporters. And now I will let the *Magazine* speak for itself; the Editor makes his bow and retires (gracefully) from the scene of his labours.

# Midleton Folk Sixty Years Ago.

My memory takes me back quite eighty years, when (a child of nine), my life in Midleton began ; but most of what I am to tell belongs to the last twenty years of the nineteenth century.

When, in 1862, my father came to the College, he found there one boarder—Isaac Jones—and some six day-boys. His insatiable love of teaching led him to resign a good parish in Liverpool, and to make the venture.

In those days, before Disestablishment, many small parishes clustered round Midleton ; the incomes were slender ; there were no Rectories and something like a small hive of clergy found shelter in Midleton. The fine ball-alley at the College welcomed them. At first my father, who was good at hand-ball, used to play. Soon, however, the rapid increase in pupils gave him sport more to his taste—teaching ; and with the coming of Disestablishment the hive of clergy swarmed and melted away.

The case of one of these clergy may be instanced as typical. His cure was seven miles from Midleton. When its single family of gentry was absent there was no congregation. To avoid absolute emptiness, he used to fill his “jingle” with three friends, to whom he afterwards gave lunch. I remember being one of his congregation. At the lunch I tasted porter for the first time.

The only exception to the celibacy of the “cluster” was Mr. Forrest. He rented a small house in Ballinacurra, where he reared a family of five, three of whom did well in life. The eldest, a son, was already prominent when he came to Midleton. His preaching in Cork earned him a London parish, and subsequently the Deanery of Worcester. I remember him at a dinner party given in his honour by my father. He was tall, handsome and attractive ; we all enjoyed his stories.

The rest of the Forrest family consisted of four daughters. Emily, the youngest, was the first to marry. A rich Liverpool merchant fell in love with her. She told me the good news herself, on the day of her engagement. It proved to be a very happy marriage.

One of the “cluster” clergy won the sister next above her. In compensation for his lonely parish he received a sum which, with occasional duty, enabled him to keep a comfortable house.

Ellen, the eldest, was the last to wed. She must have been nearer to sixty than fifty when she became a wife. Her husband was familiarly known as “Old Tom Garde.” He was well off, a man of county standing, and possessed of an interesting house and place on the south side of the Ballinacurra estuary. But everyone considered him a confirmed old bachelor. The quaint part of it was that he had known Ellen Forrest nearly all her life, for the Forrests lived within a stone’s throw of his gate.

How he came to make a change no one knew. The following incident perhaps shows that he hardly knew himself. When after the honeymoon

they returned to Midleton station, the bridegroom, being next the platform, opened the door, stepped out, and, just as he had been doing for half a century, was walking away to the gate of exit; but when told Mrs. Garde was coming after him, he started as if he had received an electric shock, and there broke from him "Oh, I forgot all about it."

After the marriage I was often at Ballinacurra House; parts are very old, but it has been enlarged, and the dining and drawing rooms are large and handsome.

When Viscount Midleton visited his property, the Gardes sometimes asked him to dinner. On one of these occasions as we were moving to join the ladies, his eldest son, afterwards first Earl, did a graceful thing. When the white-haired Rector stood back to give him precedence, "No, no," said Brodrick, "the juniors should let the seniors go first."

One of the smaller rooms held an interesting collection of books. Mrs. Garde showed them to me. They were in confusion, mixed and thrust in haphazard. At first sight it was not easy to read titles when upside down, or to identify scattered volumes, but soon I found them to be a valuable collection of standard works; the originals I had not seen before, but I had often read quotations from them. I offered to arrange the collection, and spent some days very pleasantly at work.

Years after I paid a visit to the relatives who had inherited the place, and was shown the books. They stood just as I had left them—well dusted—a noble array.

Returning to our earliest days in Midleton, many pictures rise in memory—my father's rapid success—the charm and talents of my mother (to this day the laying out of the ornamental grounds and some architectural features bear testimony to her energy and skill). I know of nothing outside her scope—music, languages, drawing, designing, horticulture, elaborate needlework and good housekeeping—she excelled in all. Two beautiful windows in East Ferry Church are dedicated to her memory.

In various ways we children had shared in Midleton's welcome to our father and mother. I, the eldest, was under ten, when we came; after me were three brothers and three sisters. Five of us still live. Among our invitations was one for my next brother, Willie, and me to spend a few days at Youngrove.

Of the Heads who had ruled the College for more than a century, before Mr. West's marked success, only two had raised the school to a foremost place in Ireland, my father and Mr. Turpin.

John Turpin came in the eighteen twenties—a young man with a tremendous reputation as a scholar. When he left in the forties, he purchased Youngrove—a picturesque property of some 600 acres. Dissatisfied with the old residence, he added a new house with spacious rooms and ample accommodation. He then married Miss FitzGerald, a lineal descendant of the great Earl of Kildare.

While Mr. Turpin was at the College, the school was always over-full—at least one Bishop and two judges (one a Lord Chancellor) owed their success to him. When I came to Dublin in 1884, Lord Justice O'Brien spoke with affectionate remembrance of his old school, Midleton College.

Mr. Turpin and my father, both great scholars, soon became intimate.

I remember Mr. Turpin's visits—a courtly polished gentleman, he was welcome always.

Our invitation to Youngrove was eagerly accepted and resulted in days of merriment. The children numbered eight—four sons, four daughters. The eldest son, Sidney (afterwards distinguished in many ways) a little my senior, the youngest (now the sole survivor) a baby in arms. All were the happiest company, early and late we romped together. I enjoyed them all. Soon after the two eldest girls went to a distant school on the Continent. When they returned, brilliant in appearance and accomplishments, at first sight I fell in love with the second, Constance. Often have I tried to recall what she was in 1862, but the only picture in memory is of enjoyable playmates, none more so than the rest. In 1869 the effect was instantaneous—a love story began which was life-long.

The parish church of Midleton revives varying memories of Midleton Folk. The agent of the property was a brother of Archdeacon Scott, who framed the financial scheme of Dublin, Glendalough and Kildare. In those days the church held large galleries, furnished with square pews. Mr. Scott's pew was near the west end of the north gallery. As he was alone, he kindly invited us children to occupy it with him. Only two or three were there of church-going age. The agent had his own sacred corner. There he would sit, solemn, remote, to us awe-stricken, a sort of Jupiter Olympus. There seemed a magic half-circle drawn round that corner, which it would be sacrilege to cross.

As we became more numerous, Mr. Scott promoted us to Lord Midleton's great pew at the east end of the gallery. Next were the Smith-Barrys of Ballyedmond—their golden hair gleamed distractingly when the sun shone.

The corresponding great pew in the opposite gallery, showed in Mr. Halloran, a rich maltster, a figure hard to parallel. Massive—should I say bulky—he was in every detail. On visiting the celebrated warerooms at Balbriggan, I was shown special stockings made for elephantine legs. A visitor to Mr. Halloran's hattery would have seen hats of astonishing circumference, and similarly those who planned his guns (I believe he was a good shot) had to make provision for the abnormal thickness of his fingers, if the trigger was to be reached.

Mr. Halloran was a bachelor. He had two close friends, one a Major, who spent every Sunday at Charleston, his handsome place. They always attended morning service. Punctually as the bell stopped, they would be seen entering the long passage to the pew. Slowly, in single file, they moved, Halloran, massive in all his proportions, the two friends as slender laths in comparison. The goal gained, still standing, in accord with old world custom, each said his prayers with his top hat pressed against his face. Finally, as though drilled, all three subsided simultaneously into their seats.

In the eighteen-sixties, and early seventies, the Allins were the leading family in Midleton. One of the youngest of them, Charles, was a favourite pupil of my father. He entered T.C.D. with marked distinction, winning First Place easily, and I think several of the Entrance Prizes. Unhappily in an attack of mumps he contracted a cold, which caused the disease to prove fatal. All mourned his death. Another son, Harry, was in the army. He married Katie Chester, the Rector's daughter. For both of them I had a

boyish admiration, and I ventured to write a Marriage Ode, which my father read at the wedding breakfast. They are dead long since ; but Mrs. West tells me that their charm survives in a daughter who married a Bishop in South Africa. Lately she visited the old scenes and won golden opinions everywhere. The Rev. Thomas Allin for a time was curate of Midleton. He had the misfortune to fall a victim to the beauty of Lily, the eldest of the Turpin girls, then barely eighteen. She did not fall in love with him, but he constrained her to become engaged, urging that love would follow upon marriage. For a time she struggled to believe this might be so—in vain—the engagement was broken off. As a botanist the Rev. Thomas was more successful than as a lover. His book on the Flora of Cork is still an authority, which Dr. Lloyd Praeger honours by quoting.

The eldest of the Allins was Samuel. My mother thought him the handsomest man in Midleton. He married Miss Barker, an English girl—equally handsome. Their entertainments at Avonmore were celebrated. Mrs. Allin's elation was infectious when the Countess of Shannon (then resident at Castlemartyr) paid her a visit. Charles Barker, a younger brother, was popular in Midleton. Those were the days of "Penny Readings," simple gatherings which brought all classes together in a pleasant way. As a boy I made, at one of them, my debut as a pianist. Barker had a fine voice, and was always welcome on the platform.

Our baker—Bill Dalton—was a tenor who would have become famous if like "Signor Foli," the son of a neighbouring village clerk, he had been given the opportunity of travel and study.

The story of the eclipse of the Allins makes sad telling. "Sam" owned the flour mills which had made their fortunes. He was ambitious, and believed that the profits would be largely increased by installing new machinery. Unhappily, the machinery which had cost large sums turned out to be a failure ; the Allins were ruined, and they disappeared from the annals of Midleton.

The name Chester is associated with whimsical happenings. Mr. Chester, the Rector, was beloved. Once when he was ill the Roman Catholic curate brought him a large bottle of Harrogate water. Mrs. Chester, unacquainted with the nature of the spa, finding her nose assaulted with an abominable stench, promptly discharged the contents into the nearest sewer.

Young Chester was known to be fond of frolic. When the good people of Midleton Main Street awoke one morning to find their door knockers had gone, suspicion fixed on him and his companions. But proof was lacking, and the escapade remained a mystery and was forgotten. Some twenty years later, when my father, as Rector, was living in what is now the Grange, his gardener, digging deep, unearthed all the knockers in the kitchen garden. By this time the roisterers had left Midleton ; most of them were "sober men among their boys." Chester had married well, and was in an influential position. The robbed folk of Midleton were able with good humour to wonder at the planning and silence with which the assaults on their doors had been accomplished.

(To be continued.)

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

# A Christmas Ghost Story.

---

It was midnight on Christmas Eve, but Mr. Western's guests had no thought of retiring for the night, as they sat round the fire in the cosy old drawing-room of the Little Priory. Besides Mr. Western's son and daughter, Ronald and Joan, there were four other guests, Mr. and Mrs. Latimer and their son and daughter, Paul and Angela. The Latimers were old friends of Mr. Western and he always invited them to his beautiful old home for Christmas.

As the last chimes of the clock on the tower died away into silence, young Paul Latimer, who had been deeply rapt in thought, suddenly suggested, "Why not turn out the lights and each of us tell a Ghost Story, a true one if possible." Everybody agreed, but Paul noticed that Mr. Western was strangely reluctant, but he passed no comment. The lights were extinguished and everybody drew closer to the fire. First Mr. Latimer told of a strange experience he had in India. At last Mr. Western's turn came. His daughter, Joan, said, "Daddy, why not tell them about the family Ghost?" Mr. Western did not like to tell the story but in the end he decided to do so.

It seems that over one hundred years ago, Mr. Western's ancestor, Sir George Western, had died by his own hand in that very room on Christmas Eve, having taken poison in a drink. He had gambled all his fortune away and had taken the coward's way out. It was said that he appeared in the drawing-room every Christmas Eve at three o'clock, and anybody who saw him fell dead.

When Mr. Western had finished his story there was a general movement of retirement and everybody went off to bed. Paul Latimer was lying in bed restless for a while when he decided to sit up and smoke a cigarette, but he discovered that he had left them downstairs in the drawing-room. He donned his dressing-gown and went down to fetch them. As he neared the drawing-room he saw that the light was shining. He walked in and saw an elderly gentleman standing by the fire, looking at him. The gentleman looked so much at home that Paul never thought of enquiring who he was. They had been conversing a little while when he just asked, "Might I enquire your name, Sir?" The gentleman looked at him strangely and said, "Don't you know me? I am Sir George Western!" Paul was amazed at this remark, but he said, "I have not fallen dead." The apparition took him by the arm and said, "You have been dead this last quarter of an hour." At that Paul sat up in bed, bathed in perspiration, and decided not to go down for the cigarettes after all.

N. DAUNT.

## ODE TO THE DUBLIN TRAIN.

---

I think that I shall never see  
A train that runs as slow as thee.  
You leave Kingsbridge, she puffs away,  
You think she's going well to-day.  
She'd travel faster if she could,  
But you can't do much on turf and wood,  
And as you clutter past each station,  
You hope you'll reach your destination  
If not on time, at least that you'll  
Not be whole hours behind schedule.  
Poor fond deluded traveller! Vain  
Your faith in that slow-moving train!  
Poor fool! You've plenty time to sit and stare  
Before you limp into Kildare;  
And of travelling you'll be sick and sore  
Before you get to Templemore.  
You never know—she may last all right,  
She may get in to Cork ere night;  
Or, perchance, may cease to function  
Before you get to Limerick Junction.

And now the moral of my tale,  
—Shun, O shun, the Dublin Mail!  
Yet if for business or for pleasure,  
Or reasons that I cannot measure,  
If you resolved, determined are,  
To travel by the G.S.R.,  
Then, my poor, young, foolish friend,  
I'll wish for you a speedy end  
To all the deadly iteration  
Of every idle speculation:  
“When shall we reach our destination?”  
May you not falter, faint, nor tire,  
In God's own time you'll reach Glanmire,  
And thank your lucky stars to see  
The lovely city by the Lee.

D. A. LARMOUR.

# The New Midleton College.

Midleton College, a day school for girls, started in September, 1940, stands high up on the southern slope of a Surrey hill. Its name is not derived from that of a founder, nor from its situation, but has a purely sentimental origin—the Principals, the Misses Moore, being grand-daughters of the late Dr. Thomas Moore, for eighteen years Headmaster of Midleton College, the old established boys' Public School at Midleton, Co. Cork.

The Moore family motto, *Duris Non Frangor*, exemplifies the spirit of this undertaking, for it needed courage to relinquish posts of Head and Assistant Mistresses of a flourishing school, in war time, to start a new enterprise of this kind.

The building is admirably suited to its purpose. The classrooms are large, high and unusually well lighted, as their semicircular ends, measuring thirty-three feet, are entirely filled in with plate glass windows. Small tables and chairs are used in preference to desks, and yellow boards instead of the customary black. The walls are decorated with coloured drawings of historical costumes or with charts for the study of history and geography. The studio and well-stocked library are ideal rooms. Large grounds provide space for tennis, badminton and netball, and matches are arranged with rival teams. Poultry keeping is another interest, heightened for the children by the bestowing of names on the birds, ranging from the homely "Tootsie" to such appellations as "Araminta" and "Etheldreda."

Miss Dorothy Moore, a much experienced and enthusiastic District Captain of Girl Guides and Rangers, has started a College Company, the 16th Purley.

The Curriculum is varied and embraces a wide selection of subjects.

The pupils are a particularly attractive set of girls and the high standard of their work at public examinations is the result of their keen attention in class and their ready response to the efforts of their teachers.

The A.R.P. arrangements are excellent, and there are well arranged cellar shelters. Two of the Principals have Red Cross certificates, including an advanced one for First Aid in chemical warfare.

The College tends to become more and more a social centre for the district. The classrooms are willingly lent for lectures and meetings of various kinds, Red Cross sales are held and plays are acted by the girls in the garden or indoors, costumes and scenery being designed and made on the premises. Add to the above that parents are encouraged to call at all times for advice or information, and that pupils may use the school grounds for play out of school hours and it will be easily understood that Midleton College, Purley, is already a most popular institution.

MAY E. MOORE.

## Obituary

### **Right Hon. St. John Brodrick, Earl of Midleton.**

By the death of the Right Hon. the Earl of Midleton, K.P., which occurred at Peper Harow, Godalming, Surrey, on February 13th, Midleton College has lost a true friend.

For over thirty-four years he was a member of the Governing Body, and during that long period he showed how dear to his heart was the welfare of the School.

Although unable to attend regularly the Meetings of the Board—he nevertheless took the deepest interest in everything connected with the College, and it is true to say that it was mainly owing to his devotion and generosity that it stands so strong and prosperous to-day.

For many years he presented an Annual Prize, and when he and the Countess of Midleton came over specially from England for the opening of the Fete on July 10th, 1937, its success was assured. It is difficult to express all that we owe to him during many past years.

We are thankful for the life and good example of a Christian gentleman—whose help and encouragement were so deeply valued.

The Countess of Midleton and the new Earl are assured of our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow.

### **Michael Henry Cummins.**

We very much regret to announce the death of Michael Henry Cummins. Michael spent just over a fortnight with us when he had to be operated on for appendicitis. Unfortunately, although the operation was successful, complications set in and after a gallant fight he passed away quietly on the 11th February, 1942. During his short stay with us he had endeared himself to one and all and we greatly miss him. To his parents and guardians we offer our most sincere sympathy.

## The Year's Music

Gramophone concerts were given frequently throughout the year. Most of these recitals took place in the large schoolroom and the programmes were of a popular nature. Towards the end of the summer term several recitals of more serious music were given on the stage in the Gymnasium, to a few musical enthusiasts, who gathered behind the curtain and in a quiet seclusion enjoyed a Beethoven Symphony or one of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies. Among the recent additions to our library of records we must mention Ravel's "Bolero," "Dance of the Hours" (Ponchielli) Bach's "Toccatina and Fugue in D minor" and several numbers from Handel's "Messiah,"

Eighteen boys are studying piano and the nine entries for the examinations of the Associated Board were all successful. The names and grades are given in our Prize Lists. The choir was examined by Mr. T. H. Weaving, organist of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, and his report was very satisfactory. One of the test pieces of our own choice was Percy Fletcher's "Ring out wild bells."

Our Annual Singing Competitions were held on July 1st, and Mrs. West kindly acted as adjudicator. The results are given on another page. In the intervals between the various classes, the choir sang "Eriskay Love Lilt" and "The Peat Fire Flame" (Songs of the Hebrides) and the part songs "Lo, how queenly beauty" from Gluck's "Armide"; Lullaby (Brahms) and "The Three Mariners" (with Descant). As a final item they sang "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" (Bach) to the accompaniment of a recording by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski.

Fourteen boys attended the bicentenary performance of "The Messiah" by St. Fin Barre's Cathedral Oratorio Society in the Cathedral on March 4th. During the month of June we paid two visits to Cloyne Cathedral, where Mr. McBride was deputising for the Cathedral organist. The College Choir united with the Cathedral Choir, and the result was some very fine and rousing singing.

The report of the Christmas Concert gives details of our public musical activities. Our small but enthusiastic band as well as playing during the intervals in the Concert, also provided the music at the Athletic Sports and Drill Display.



## Illustrated Lectures.

We are indebted to Mr. Alec. R. Day for a most unusual evening's entertainment. He came to us on the 11th March and brought us some of his wonderful collection of photographs of the Shakespeare country: these must be unique, both for the beauty of the photography and the enormous amount of time and work devoted to their matter. Mr. Day is steeped in his subject; he has spent many holidays in study and research in the district which the Great Bard loved so dearly, and he lectures as an authority. As for his illustrations, the skill and artistry in their production left us spell-bound, and revealed to us some of the timeless charm which dwells in the heart of England.

Another illustrated lecture was given to us by the Reverend J. Hobson, on March 25th. Mr. Hobson took us for a holiday in our own lovely island, and enlivened the way with the most entertaining anecdotes and unexpected studies such as the treatment of beggars in Belfast, Dublin and Cork. His photography was delightful, but even more to our liking was his sparkling wit and genial personality and his audience were profoundly sorry when his lecture came to an end.

We should like to take this opportunity of again recording our thanks to both these lecturers, and we feel that we are speaking not only for ourselves but for those friends of the College who joined us for these pleasant evenings.



### SPRING.

The Spring to us once more has come,  
 And with it brought a lot of fun.  
 Children in a meadow playing,  
 Birds upon a tree are saying,  
     Welcome Spring.

The swallows, too, know Spring is here,  
 Their twittering in my ear is clear,  
 The cuckoo in the distance tunes,  
 The cornrake in the meadow croons,  
     Welcome Spring.

The budding trees which once were bare  
 Are bursting forth in the sun's hot glare,  
 The cornfields too, are fresh and green,  
 And on each blade of corn is seen  
     Welcome Spring.

W. SWEETNAM  
 (13 years).

# Angling.

My Dear Readers,

Fishing is an extraordinary hobby, where one spends days or even weeks trying to catch a miserable trout or another somewhat larger species called salmon. Therefore, our sympathies must be with the Angler and not with the innocent fish. What! did I say Angler? Well—I mean a person who goes fishing, but pays a stealthy visit to the Fish-monger on his way home. I myself am one of these Mugs, and I must claim the sympathies of my readers—that is, if I have any.

It is not a daft hobby, as you might think, for it requires great skill to land a fish. It takes a few years of practical experience to acquire this dexterity. The learning period is the best, because the beginner frequently has spasms of beginner's luck, which invariably beats the haughty experts. What about patience? It is not required in this sport, and an over-dose of patience may even land one in bed for treating the weather with contempt.

Fishing, either with wet or dry flies, requires expert skill. I usually fish with three wet flies—tail, second dropper, and top dropper. I am very prejudiced against the angler who has thousands of flies for one particular district; yet with 25 flies you can rig up 13,800 different casts! Believe it or not! Try it out some time, and I will wish you luck. Strange to say, there are various other methods of angling, more deadly, but less skilful: dapping with live insects, fishing with worms and many other ways which I have not yet tried.

I have mentioned a few modes of catching the common trout, and I hope I have encouraged all my readers to take up the art of angling as a sport. If so, I will gladly furnish him (or her) (?) with the necessary information.

Yours truly,

J. H. A. MARKHAM.

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## SUMMER.

As I look out through, the window pane  
 And see the big, big drops of rain,  
 A shivery feel runs down my spine  
 And I think of Summer when the days are fine.

The frosty eve' and the chilly night,  
 The wide, broad sky where stars shine bright,  
 Bring back the thought of Summer to me,  
 And the happy days when I was free.

But when I think that another year,  
 With sunny days will soon appear;  
 My heart within me bounds with glee,  
 And I long for the days when I'll be free.

J. E. CROWLEY.

## Our Cricket Enthusiasts.

A thrilling Cricket Match was witnessed last Summer Term against Mr. Hunt's Invincible Eleven. His side batted first with most remarkable results, against most determined opposition. They retired at 122 for 6; Captain Mostyn, Mr. St. Clair Rice and Mr. Hunt distinguished themselves with high-class batsmanship.

This score did not perturb the eager Midletonians, who hustled and hustled about getting ready for action. Each member of the College team was dying to do his best in giving their antagonists a good game. The College retaliated and by sound batsmanship soon had the score 100 for 7. "Easy cheese," said some one.

Due to the excellent bowling by Mr. McGahey, the last four batsmen collapsed, but raised the College grand total to 110. In this latter part of the game the spectators were held spellbound, and on their lips was the question: "Who will win?" Mr. St. Clair Rice relieved the suspense and afforded much amusement by taking brief moments to practice his golf shots.

After the match another popular item was tea, which was most admirably managed by the Misses West and Moorhead. As a grand finale to a most enjoyable afternoon speeches were made by all. The oration of Mr. St. Clair Rice and his colleagues relieved the College of a night's ghastly prep.

I would like to conclude by again thanking Mr. Hunt, who very kindly mustered his team, and Captain Mostyn, who improved the College batsmanship so speedily that in the return match they reversed the situation. The College hope in the near future to renew their acquaintance with Mr. Hunt's Invincible Eleven.

J. H. MARKHAM.

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## MIDLETON COLLEGE ALPHABET.

A is for Aylward in India now,  
Or maybe Alf. Allen a-pushing his plough.  
B is for Bolster; we've one here again,  
He's quite good at Rugby like more of his kin.  
C is for Crowley, our flying new wing,  
Or maybe for Campbell, well able to sing.  
D is for Duggan from that mystical land  
Where the Sphinx and the Pyramids watch o'er the sand.  
E is for Eric; Hill is his name,  
And he comes from Kinsale of historical fame.

F is for Furney, we've Desmond and Franks,  
 Not to mention dear "Feathers" with all his wee pranks.  
 G is for Goof! Well I think I am one,  
 For not working this poem like an Algebra sum.  
 H is for Hilliard, Ken Hunt and James Howe,  
 And our old pal, Fred Huggard, who's known as "the Cow."  
 I is for Ireland, Irak and Iran,  
 And if we spoke Latin we could say Iapan.  
 J is for Jameson, Johnson and James,  
 His surname is Smyth and he takes us for games.  
 K is for Kingston and Kemmis as well,  
 In debate little Leo surely speaks "swell."  
 L is for Larmour and I think you'll agree,  
 That a better athlete you rarely would see.  
 M is for Markham, a madman no doubt;  
 He spends all his spare time a-fishing for trout.  
 N is for Knox (I know that's an error),  
 Our dashing wing forward, to scrum halves a terror.  
 O's for O'Neill, the last of his clan,  
 Who still does the good work the others began.  
 P is for Perrott, at present there's one,  
 The other to graduate in Dublin has gone.  
 Q's Mr. Quinlan, who has left us, you know;  
 We wish him God-speed wherever he'll go.  
 R is for Robert well known as Bob Peet;  
 In the Trinity Rag his figure was "sweet."  
 S is for Shorten of Botanical fame,  
 Or old Seoirse Salter with Gaelicised name.  
 T's for Tobacco, Tapioca and Tea,  
 Though we see very little of these you'll agree.  
 U is for Ulysses, a hero in Greek;  
 About him our classical scholars oft speak.  
 V is for Virgil, much studied by us,  
 But we think the "pious Aeneas" a curse.  
 W is for Williams, a gay little lad,  
 Or maybe for Wilson with countenance sad.  
 X is for Xylem, a part of a tree,  
 On this our good Botanists will surely agree.  
 Y is for Yahoo—I'm certainly one,  
 For continuing the mad work which I have begun.  
 Z is the letter that has got me stuck,  
 So this is the end and I'll bid you "Good Luck."

L. S. ATKINS.

# Midleton College Dramatic Society.

For the 1941 concert we took as our theme song "It's foolish but it's fun," with words of our own, and for the first time we had two compères, D. Larmour and H. Watson, complete in dinner jackets. The curtain rose on a black stage, with the College Co-Optimists' choir in their blue pierrot costumes, and a rousing opening chorus of "Here we are again." Then Larmour, through our theme song, introduced the principal actors, who made dramatic entries from a height at the back of the stage, and received an uproarious welcome.

In more serious mood the choir sang that lovely part song "The Stars in God's Garden," followed by "I'll walk beside you," "Passing by" and "The Rose of Tralee" with C. Good, D. Campbell and K. Harbord as soloists.

After a brief interval the audience found themselves in "The Dentist's Waiting Room," and watched with much merriment the reactions of a Parson (E. Hill), a champion boxer (D. Whittaker), a young man (G. Williams) and his irrepressible fiancée (A. Cunningham), a Christian Scientist lady (H. Knox) and the doleful nurse attendant (K. Harbord). The suspense and tension in the Waiting Room grew, as sounds from the dentist's drill and buzzer became more ominous. This is an excellent play, and the audience enjoyed it thoroughly.

Our two compères then took the stage, and, somewhat after the style of the Western Brothers, put over a topical song to our theme tune; this was quite a new venture for us, and was very well received.

With rousing martial air, and gay red and blue uniforms, the small Drummer Boys made their entry; after an effective drill display and some pleasing songs they completed their turn by some tableaux which were most ambitious for such junior performers, and brought down the house.

The choice of the senior play showed a departure from tradition; instead of an Irish play we produced "The Bath-Room Door," with a sequence of comic events in a hotel corridor where a Prima Donna (A. Allen), an ardent young man (D. Larmour), an elderly lady (H. O'Neill), an old gentleman (W. Aylward), a modern young woman (L. Atkins) and the hotel boots (B. A. O'Neill) make onslaughts upon the offending bath-room door, and provide much entertainment for the audience. The situations are very funny, and the play was well received.

For our finale, the compères re-introduced all our actors to the stage, the whole cast of performers sang a new version of "The Perfect Day," harmonised by Mr. McBride, and the curtain was rung down amid loud applause.

No account of our concert would be complete without a tribute to Mr. McBride and his orchestra; as nearly all of them appear on the stage in various other rôles, their orchestral achievements represent

a great deal of extra work, and this indefatigable band can be heard practising at odd hours by day and by night, in unexpected corners, and with enormous vigour.

The 1941 concert, thanks to drastic cutting, was shorter than usual, and we think it was the most "slick" production we have yet staged; we were all sorry that transport difficulties made it impossible for us to reproduce portions of it for our friends at the Home for Protestant Incurables.

This is the first time for many years that we are making no effort to produce some entertainment for our many friends this December; but we know that under present conditions very few outside the immediate Midleton district could find means of transport to come to us. But the concert is not dead—far from it. We hope that, when days are longer and journeys by bicycle or pony and trap are more inviting, you will all find your way to our postponed entertainment, and that you will be kind enough to think it worth waiting for.



## 1941-42 TOPICAL SONG.

(Tune—"It's Foolish but it's Fun.")

In Summer time we often go  
On bicycles to Garryvoe;  
The road is long and tough, and, oh!  
It's foolish, but it's fun.

We bathe and swim and splash about  
Until we hear the Boss's shout  
"Th're ices, Boys, when you come out."  
It's foolish, but it's fun.

And on some sunny Sundays, like a bicycle parade,  
We rode to the East Ferry, the small Church there to invade.  
We rode to Cobh, and Whitegate too,  
And met some showers, and got wet through,  
And Miss West said it *would not do*—  
It's foolish, but it's fun.

Our Mr. Frazer's dulcet tone  
Requires no sort of megaphone—  
When he's about the fact is known!  
He's foolish, but he's fun.

If he is teaching you a trick,  
Then put your best foot forward quick,  
For you will find he's pretty slick;  
He's foolish, but he's fun.

Now when we're learning music from our friend, Mr. McBride,  
We test his patience sorely, and his temper's greatly tried;

But when he's teaching us our stinks,  
 No matter what a stranger thinks,  
 We have some jolly good high jinks ;  
     He's foolish, but he's fun.

No doubt you've heard of the great feat  
 Of White and Daly and Bob Peet ;  
 Three like them you seldom meet—

    It was hard work, but 'twas done.  
 T.R.O.T.—the Rose of Tralee,  
 Has blossomed forth in Trinity—  
 The Rose does well in PEET you see !  
     It's foolish, but it's fun.

The Rochelle girls have challenged us at hockey for a jest ;  
 We hope to play the match next term, it's Watson versus West.  
 If you are fond of pantomimes,  
 Then visit us at Question Times  
 And hear our guests say Nursery Rhymes ;  
     They're foolish, but they're fun !

Of the young Wests no doubt you've heard,  
 Since August there has been a third,  
 So like the others he's absurd—

    He's foolish, but he's fun.  
 For them the Study holds no dread,  
 They play and romp and bounce instead,  
 And even knock about the Head ;  
     For him it's not much fun.

Our mothers have been anxious lest our wants should be denied,  
 But thanks to the Head's foresight all our needs have been supplied.  
 We think that if our forthright Head  
 Had been in Sean Lemass's stead  
 We'd all have coal and tea and bread,  
     For it could have been done.

Our buses now are scarce and few,  
 Of trains to Cork we've only two ;  
 They're often long hours overdue,  
     But still we hope they'll run.

If you can buy a cigarette,  
 And for a smoke you are all set,  
 A match you'll find it hard to get ;  
     It's foolish, but it's fun.

If you should want some paraffin to light your lamp at night,  
 Fill up form K for Kerosene, applying for a light.  
 But do not think you'll get the stuff  
 For there is really not enough,  
 And all these forms are only bluff.  
     It's foolish, but it's fun.

When Sean Lemass has no supplies  
 Our clothes he'll ration bye and byes,  
 And then we'll all dress Ghandi-wise !  
     Going nudist is no fun.  
 We've bought some ships from U.S.A.  
 To bring our food round Lisbon way ;  
 They're twenty-three years old they say—  
     'Twas foolish, but 'twas done.  
 In spite of extra tillage all our feeding stuffs are short,  
 So if we don't produce more to compulsion we'll resort.  
 Please, Farmers, turn your land up now ;  
 No idle land we can allow.  
 Our motto is, " God speed the Plough,"  
     More tillage must be done.



## Debating Society.

Our Debating Society flourishes like the bay-tree. The 1941-42 Session showed that these weekly debates are as popular as ever and that we still fight these battles of words with all the old verve and enthusiasm. Indeed, while L. S. Atkins is privileged to speak, the proceedings never lack a certain liveliness. He tears into the opposition like a gay crusader, with shining sword, and lays about him with infinite gusto. The bald, bare, account in the Minute Book can hardly do justice to such exuberance, though occasionally we read that "L. S. Atkins spoke with considerable heat." A speaker of a very different kind was T. R. Shorten, whose contributions to the debate were always listened to with respectful interest. We have not yet mentioned A. B. O'Neill, but we can remember how in that peculiar, aloof, almost diffident fashion of his, he would aim shafts of ridicule at his opponents' arguments. Nor must we forget W. J. T. Aylward, a very effective speaker indeed, easy, confident, imperturbable, even when opposed to that master of sarcasm and irony, A. Allen. Other very good speakers were D. A. Larmour, R. H. Johnson and R. B. H. Llewellyn ; while among the Juniors the most prominent were George Williams, K. Harbord, D. Whittaker and two interesting newcomers—H. O'Driscoll and H. Coulter.

By way of variety we had a meeting of the Brains Trust occasionally, and as some members of the staff took part, we rather looked forward to see how they would wriggle out of some of the most difficult questions.

A special word of thanks is due to our efficient and popular chairman, Mr. J. W. Smyth, whose help and encouragement have done much to make these debates a success.



SYNOD EXAMINATION RESULTS—*continued.*

## SECOND PRIZES.

Furney, F. O.	Smith, J. E. T.	Chantler, R. H.
Colthurst, J. P.	Payne, R. J.	Roe, M. A.
	Merrick, F. A.	Kingston, W. N. W.

## THIRD PRIZES.

Ryall, R. A.	Salter, G. A.	O'Neill, H. D.
Smyth, C. P.	Stone, W. D.	Lynch, F.

## PASS CERTIFICATES.

Smith, R.	Whittaker, D. J. S.	Campbell, D. S.
Williams, G. T.	McElveen, L. J. D.	Good, R. C. S.
Jackson, W.	Fetherstonhaugh, T. F. K.	Watson, J. H.
Beazley, W. C.	Hill, E. H.	Huggard, J. F.
Markham, J. H. A.	Howe, J. H.	Larmour, D. A.

ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS  
OF MUSIC, LONDON.

## GRAMMAR OF MUSIC.

## Grade I.

J. G. Russell	D. S. Campbell	A. B. O'Neill
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## PIANOFORTE.

Preliminary Grade	.....	J. R. F. Hilliard.
Grade I.	.....	G. W. Gleasure.
Grade II.	.....	F. A. Merrick.
		D. S. Campbell.
Grade III.	.....	E. H. Hill.
		J. G. Russell.

## INTERMEDIATE CHOIR EXAMINATION.

Result	.....	86%
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## PRIZE LIST, 1942.

## MOORE MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP.

G. A. Salter.

## EARL OF MIDLETON SCHOLARSHIP.

J. P. Colthurst and R. J. Payne.

## J. H. BENNETT MEMORIAL SCIENCE PRIZE.

L. J. D. McElveen.

## REV. CANON H. DENNY TOWNSEND'S SCRIPTURE PRIZES.

H. H. Johnston, T. H. O'Driscoll, J. R. F. Hilliard, K. W. M. Harbord.

## REV. V. J. COTTER'S PRIZE.

H. G. Knox.

Mr. A. McN. R. McBRIDE'S SCIENCE NOTEBOOK PRIZES.

Form V, ..... W. E. Perrott  
Form IVA. and H. .... G. T. Williams

Form IVB. .... H. G. Knox  
Form III. .... W. Musgrave

HEADMASTER'S NATURAL SCIENCE PRIZES.

T. R. Shorten.  
L. S. Atkins.

FORM PRIZES.

Form V.  
1. A. Allen  
2. W. E. Perrott  
3. R. H. Johnson

Form IVA.  
1. G. T. Williams  
2. K. W. M. Harbord  
3. D. J. S. Whittaker

Form IVB.  
1. R. G. G. de Foubert  
2. H. G. Knox  
3. J. G. Russell

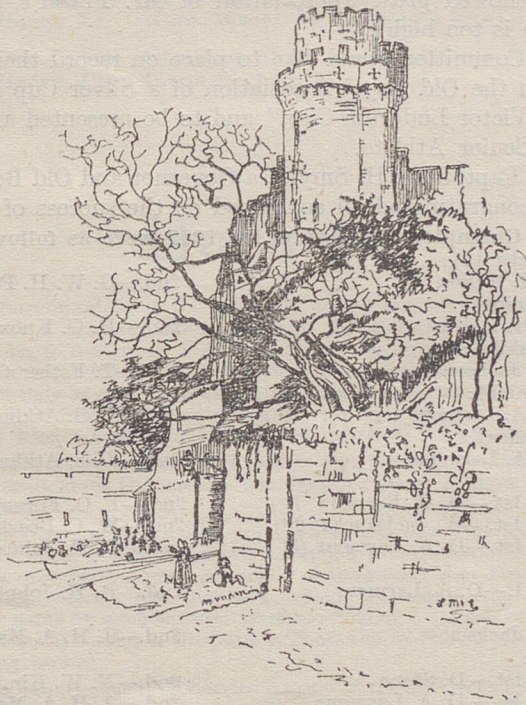
Form III.  
1. J. W. Perrott  
2. W. Musgrave  
3. H. H. Johnston

Form IIA.  
1. T. I. Wilson  
2. F. D. Foott  
3. J. R. F. Hilliard

Form IIB.  
1. C. G. Harrison  
2. C. K. Hunt  
3. W. B. Palmer

SINGING PRIZES.

Senior ..... D. A. Larmour  
Middle ..... F. O. Furney  
Junior ..... C. G. Harrison



L. J. D. McELVEEN

# Sports and Gymnastic Display.

Our Annual Sports and Gymnastic Display took place on Saturday, July 4th. The attendance exceeded all our expectations in spite of transport difficulties, and we would like to pay tribute to those parents and friends who took the opportunity of a fine day and made little of the cycle to Midleton.

This year we included High Jumping and Pole Vaulting in our Sports Programme and also awarded prizes for Shot Putting and Long Jumping, which had been contested on the previous day. Some of our boys show remarkable ability in these athletics—Larmour gave a fine all-round performance, and Jackson showed great proficiency at Pole Vaulting. It is hoped that when times are more normal, we shall be able to take part in the Munster Schools' Contests, now that athletics are being taken seriously and have come to stay. We owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Fraser, jun., himself a fine all-round athlete, for initiating us into the finer points of the sport.

The Drill and Gymnastic Display reached its usual high standard, and to the rhythm of the College Band fine exhibitions of Club Swinging, Wand Drill, Maze Marching, etc., were given. Tableaux, Box Horse, Parallel Bars and Gymnastic Games provided the remainder of the programme. Those present showed great appreciation of Mr. Fraser's fine work, for which no praise is too high.

The Sports' Committee would like to place on record their appreciation of the gift from the Old Boys' Association of a Silver Cup and replica to be called the "Victor Ludorum Cup," and to be presented annually to the best all-round Senior Athlete.

At the close, Capt. J. de H. Smyth, a Governor and Old Boy, distributed the prizes and congratulated all concerned on the success of the day.

## The Championship results for 1942 were as follows :

100 yards (under 12):		
1st.—T. I. Wilson		2nd.—G. W. H. Perks
100 yards (Junior):		
1st.—J. R. B. Bird		2nd.—H. G. Knox
100 yards (Middle):		
1st.—W. Jackson		2nd.—T. Fetherstonhaugh
100 yards (Senior):		
1st.—D. A. Larmour		2nd.—L. S. Atkins
220 yards (Senior):		
1st.—D. A. Larmour		2nd.—L. S. Atkins
High Jump :		
Junior. 1st.—H. G. Knox (4' 7")		2nd.—F. O. Furney
Middle. 1st.—W. Jackson (4' 9")		2nd.—W. C. Beazley
Senior. 1st.—D. A. Larmour (5' 1")		2nd.—R. H. Johnson
Long Jump :		
Senior. 1.—D. A. Larmour		2nd.—R. H. Johnson
Pole Vault :		
1st.—W. Jackson		2nd.—J. H. A. Markham
Shot Putting :		
Middle. 1st.—D. Stone		2nd.—N. W. Kingston
Senior. 1st.—D. A. Larmour		2nd.—J. H. A. Markham

VICTOR LUDORUM CUP (presented by O.B.A.)—D. A. Larmour.

# Cricket.

Owing to the prevailing circumstances it was impossible for us to travel to Cork for matches or to have any Cork teams down, except on two occasions, and so our thanks are due to Mr. R. Hunt for fielding a Midleton Town and District team which was able to give a splendid account of itself. We enjoyed the three matches splendidly and it was a pleasure once again to play the game without that deadly seriousness, which we had begun to associate with our efforts in the Junior League. A great feature of these matches was the splendid batting and fielding (and I think he proved himself a bowler of no mean merit too) of Capt. Mostyn. It was easy to see he loved the game and that it was an even greater pleasure to him to pass on to the boys his knowledge of it. Under his tuition a great improvement all round took place amongst the Senior team, and in particular, J. Markham, D. Larmour, H. O'Neill and F. Furney showed great promise.

We are greatly indebted to Capt. Mostyn for his work, and also a word of praise to the merry men of Mr. Hunt's team for making our Saturday Cricket so pleasant.

Thanks are doubly due to Mr. St. Clair Rice and Capt. Mostyn for presenting bats for the best two batsmen, and to Mr. R. Hunt for presenting a silver inscribed ball for the best bowler.

## RESULTS.

25/5/42	Midleton College	(Mr. Smyth 22)	.....	49	Draw
	Wanderers	(Larmour 7 for 21)	.....	49	
6/6/42	Midleton College	(F. Furney 17, Larmour 11)	.....	59	Lost
	Mr. Hunt's XI	(Capt. Mostyn 56, Larmour 7 for 43)	108		
13/6/42	Midleton College	(Markham 9, F. Furney 9)	.....	43	Lost
	Old Boys	(Fetherstonhaugh 5 for 16)	.....	88	
20/6/42	Midleton College	(H. O'Neill 29, F. Furney 22)	.....	110	Lost
	Mr. Hunt's XI	(Capt. Mostyn 62, Larmour 3 for 41)	122		
24/6/42	Midleton College	(Markham 33, F. Furney 21)	.....	124	Won
	Mr. Hunt's XI	(Larmour 6 for 8)	.....	21	

# Hockey.

Being a great hockey school in the past, and having won such trophies as the South Munster Schools' Cup, Munster Minor Cup and the Munster Junior Cup we have a very high reputation to live up to. When hockey was again introduced after a lapse of several years, it was not taken to with such great enthusiasm as it was in former days. Even now only a small portion of the school supports our hockey club, but I am glad to say that from our membership we are able to pick quite a useful team, and there is very keen competition among the members for places on the first XI.

Among the Rugby players hockey is found to be a pleasant recreation from pushing in the scrum, while it gives the smaller members a chance to show that brawn does not always count.

Our first Match was against the Midleton Ladies, over whom we had an easy victory of 7—2. Midleton Men, however, proved a tougher proposition. In the first match we held them to a draw with 2 goals all, while in the return they beat us 6—nil. Our next was a Challenge Match with Rochelle, whom we beat 4—1 in a very exciting match. Then we came up against Cork Grammar School, old rivals of ours, with whom we have had many great tussles in the past. These too we beat 4—2 in a very exciting and quick moving game.

Our last match was against Civil Service Second XI, which included two Old Boys (the Dean-Roe brothers), and after an excellent game we won by 5 goals to 2.

# Rugby.

In the season 1940-41 we played fourteen matches; six of these were in the New Schools' League, and we succeeded in retaining the Lawson Cup, losing only one match.

The three Senior Matches produced very close games and very exciting football. The Juniors had two easy victories and narrowly lost the other match.

The Senior team had plenty of weight in the forwards, but did not seem to be able to make proper use of it. They often pushed the other team and then lost the ball! In the loose they were rather sluggish as a whole. Our chief advantage over the other teams was in the backs, where Larmour and Johnson shone. They were very dangerous in attack, seizing any opportunity of an opening. H. O'Neill and H. Smyth proved themselves great defenders, tackling with grim determination.

Atkins was a fine forward and a most painstaking Captain, and saved himself no trouble to do what he could for Rugby in the school.

Of the Juniors, Kingston stood out head and shoulders over his comrades in the forwards, ably supported by Whittaker, Knox and Shorten. F. Furney and de Foubert were very neat halves, and Beazley and D. Furney ran with determination in the threequarters. Huggard, Captain of the side, proved himself a good all-rounder, playing equally well in the backs or forwards.

## TEAMS.

### Senior.

H. D. O'Neill; T. K. Fetherstonhaugh, D. A. Larmour, R. H. Johnson, R. V. Good; H. D. Smyth, J. H. A. Markham; W. T. Aylward, F. Lynch, N. Kingston, A. Allen, W. E. Perrott, W. D. Stone, L. S. Atkins (*Capt.*), R. B. H. Llewellyn. Subs.—W. Jackson, A. B. O'Neill, T. R. Shorten.

### Junior.

G. W. H. Perks; W. Gleasure, D. F. Furney, J. F. Huggard (*Capt.*), W. C. Beazley, J. E. Crowley; F. O. Furney, R. G. G. de Foubert; J. G. Russell, N. Kingston, E. Shorten, H. G. Knox, D. J. S. Whittaker, G. T. Williams, W. Musgrave. Sub.—A. Armstrong.

## LEAGUE RESULTS.

**Senior.** Midleton College 6, Newtown School 3.  
Midleton College 6, Glenstal Priory 0.  
Midleton College 0, Bishop Foys' School 0.

**Junior.** Midleton College 35, Newtown School 0.  
Midleton College 35, Bishop Foys' School 0.  
Midleton College 3, Glenstal Priory 6.

## SUMMARY OF MATCHES.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Points for	Points against
14	6	1	7	123	101

MIDLETON COLLEGE SENIOR XV.  
 Winners of Schools' League and Lawson Cup, 1941-42.



*Standing*—Mr. J. W. Smyth. W. Jackson. F. Lynch. W. E. Perrott. R. V. Good.  
 A. Allen. T. R. Shorten. W. N. W. Kingston. Mr. T. West, M.A. (*Headmaster*).  
*Seated*—W. D. Stone. J. H. A. Markham. W. J. T. Aylward. H. D. Smyth.  
 L. S. Atkins (*Capt.*). R. H. Johnson. R. B. H. Llewellyn. D. A. Larmour.  
 A. B. O'Neill.  
*On Ground*—T. F. K. Fetherstonhaugh. H. D. O'Neill.

MIDLETON COLLEGE JUNIOR XV.  
 Winners of Schools' League and Lawson Cup, 1941-42.



*Standing*—Mr. J. W. Smyth. G. W. H. Perks. G. T. Williams. J. E. Crowley.  
 D. F. Furney. E. N. Shorten. R. A. Armstrong. W. Musgrave.  
 Mr. T. West, M.A. (*Headmaster*).  
*Seated*—G. W. Gleasure. W. C. Beazley. W. N. W. Kingston. J. F. Huggard (*Capt.*).  
 D. J. S. Whittaker. H. G. Knox. J. G. Russell.  
*On Ground*—R. G. G. de Foubert. F. O. Furney.

# Tennis, 1942.

We entered again for the Munster Schools' Cup, and this year qualified for the final, avenging, on the way, last year's defeat by Presentation College, Cork. This match was played at the Midleton Lawn Tennis Club and provided some very attractive tennis. In the final at Sunday's Well we met a very formidable Glenstal Priory team which included the Munster Champion, and our display was disappointing apart from the efforts of F. Furney and H. Johnson. This match was played during the Summer holidays and it looked as if most of our players were short of practice. Had the game been played in June our performance would have been very different.

Our congratulations again to Franks Furney on retaining the Munster Championship (under 15), on winning the Dwyer Cup for Handicap Singles (under 15) at Rushbrooke, and the Mixed Doubles Handicap at Fitzwilliam. This is a fine record and it should encourage others of our players to take part in as many tournaments as possible during the Summer holidays, for nothing improves one's tennis as much as match play.

## RESULTS.

### MUNSTER SCHOOLS' CUP—1st Round.

Midleton College	....	....	4
Presentation College, Cork	....	....	1

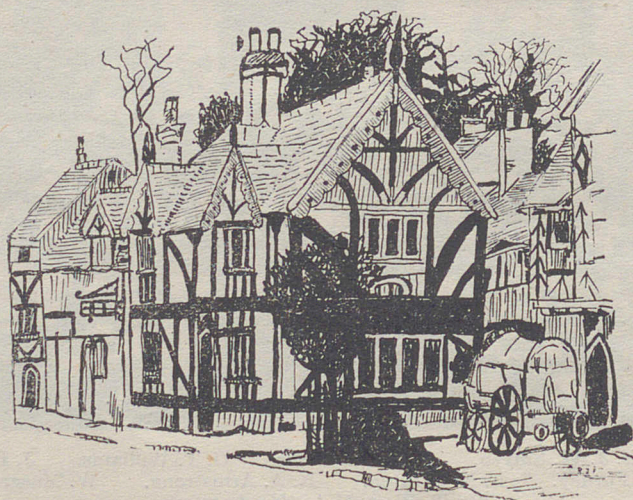
Final.

Glenstal Priory	....	....	6
Midleton College	....	....	0

### SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Senior	....	F. O. Furney.	Runner-up	....	J. P. Colthurst.
Middle	....	N. W. Kingston.	Runner-up	....	D. J. S. Whittaker.
Junior	....	T. I. Wilson.	Runner-up	....	E. T. Foott.

Tennis Team: R. H. Johnson (*Capt.*), F. O. Furney, J. P. Colthurst, R. V. Good, H. D. O'Neill, W. E. Perrott, J. Markham (*Sub.*), D. Larmour (*Sub.*)



R. J. PAYNE.

## With the Old Boys.

Considering the difficulties of travelling, we are glad to be able to record two very successful functions held by the O.B.A.

### Old Boys' Dinner.

The first dinner held under the auspices of the O.B.A. was held in the Metropole Hotel, Cork, on 8th January, 1942, and it was a great success. Previous to the dinner the Annual General Meeting was held and the following officers were elected for the year 1942 :

<i>President</i>	....	Rev. Canon H. Kingsmill Moore, D.D., F.L.S.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	....	Very Rev. W. J. Wilson, B.D., and T. West, M.A.
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	....	G. F. Kenworthy.
<i>Asst. Hon. Secretary</i>	....	D. W. Loane.
<i>Hon. Treasurer</i>	....	W. T. Stickland, A.C.A.
<i>Committee</i>	....	W. Bird, S. Palmer, J. B. S. Haynes, A. Jeffery, R. P. Williams, W. J. White.

The President, the Rev. Canon H. Kingsmill Moore, D.D., F.L.S., was absent owing to illness, but Mr. D. Humphreys presided and was mainly instrumental in making the first dinner a very real success.

After the dinner the following toasts were proposed :—" Our Country " ; " The O.B.A. " ; " The School " ; " The Guests. " The speakers included Mr. D. Humphreys, Rev. Canon H. Denny Townsend, Rev. D. P. S. Wilson, Mr. W. Bird, Mr. W. J. White and the Headmaster, Mr. T. West, who gave a full record of the College successes during the previous year, and congratulated the Association on its fine membership of 9 life members and 59 ordinary members, after one year's working. A very enjoyable musical programme was provided by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. George Kenworthy, and we were very grateful to those who helped the time to pass all too quickly. Songs were sung by Mr. D. Humphreys, Mr. W. J. White and Mr. J. H. Brookes ; and the accompaniments were played by Mr. Frackleton and Mr. Barry, two of our musical guests.

### Old Boys' Dance.

The first Annual Dance of the O.B.A. was held as an experiment in the State Hall, Midleton, on Friday, 16th January, and we were pleasantly surprised at the excellent attendance. A Ladies' Committee under the Chairmanship of Mrs. West ably looked after the catering arrangements. It was agreed by one and all that it was a most enjoyable evening, and we hope that when times are normal it will be possible to hold at least two reunions each year in the College Gymnasium. Our sincere thanks are due to the Dance Committee and the Ladies' Committee who helped in making the evening such a success.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to the following on their successes in their various examinations :

H. C. Read and J. K. White on passing Leaving Certificate with Honours, and the latter on his appointment to a Junior Mastership in Wesley College, Dublin.

F. H. Jermyn on gaining a clerkship in the Munster and Leinster Bank.



F. H. JERMYN



W. J. WHITE



T. J. C. WARRINER

### Trinity College, Dublin.

W. J. White on gaining Moderatorship (2nd class) in Classics and First Place in LL.B. with Honours, and also on sharing the Vice-Chancellor's Prize in English.

T. J. C. Warriner on obtaining Second Class Honours in the Midwifery and Gynaecology Examination.

S. G. Patterson on taking his M.A.

A. R. White, who has won several first of 1st Class Honours in Classics and Mental and Moral Science in his Junior Freshman Year.

R. M. Peet on gaining one First Class and three Second Class Honours, and fourth place in Botany in Pre-Medical Examination and passing Part I of Little-Go.

W. W. Daly on his success in Junior Freshman Hilary Examination and in the Junior Engineering Course with third place in Drawing.

W. H. H. Tanner on successfully completing his Second Year Medical Examination.

W. J. Young, on getting his Middle Engineering Examination.

F. H. Rodgers and R. W. R. Colthurst on passing Little-Go.

F. H. Garrett on passing his Junior Divinity Examination.

J. K. White, who missed an Irish Sizarship by one-and-a-half marks, on being awarded the Wormser Harris Exhibition of £40.

T. G. Rickerby on his success in J. S. Examination in Experimental Science.

The following Past Pupils were married during the year and we congratulate them and wish them every happiness :

Rev. F. T. Shannon, B.A., Dr. J. W. Tait, Ronald F. James, Leslie N. P. Furney.

The engagements were announced of W. J. White, D. W. Loane, A. K. Thompson, Sheila B. Blundell, and we heartily congratulate them. We note they are contemporaries.

The Bishop of Ossory installed Rev. F. T. Shannon as incumbent of Coolcullen, Co. Carlow.

W. H. Daunt, who completed a brilliant course in Trinity College, was ordained as Curate of Belfast Cathedral by the Bishop of Tuam. We offer him our hearty congratulations and best wishes for his success in the Ministry.

The Rev. A. J. V. Packham has been appointed Rector of Ballylongford, Co. Kerry.

The *Irish Times* says of W. J. White, who divided the Vice-Chancellor's Prize in English : " Mr. White gives yet another proof of his astonishing versatility. He is a Scholar and Moderator in Classics, a Student of Law and presides over Societies as disparate as the University Philosophical Society, the T.C.D. Company and the Dublin University Players." The latest news is that he has received an appointment on the Editorial Staff of the *Irish Times*. It is also reported that he had a play accepted for Broadcasting by the B.B.C., but although in the process of production, it was held up at the last moment by the Censor and sent back for revision. We heartily congratulate him. [Not the Censor—*Ed.*]

W. T. Stickland, the able Hon. Treasurer of the O.B.A., has received an appointment in Coleraine. We are very sorry indeed to lose his services, but we congratulate him and wish him Good Luck in his new post.

R. B. H. Llewellyn and H. D. Smyth have received Engineering Appointments in Ford's Motor Works, Dagenham, and we wish them well.

Congratulations to Brian Gale on his promotion to the Ocean & Accident Assurance Co. in Limerick.

Marion F. Read has passed her final examination at Oswestry Orthopaedic Hospital. She was 16th out of 396 candidates. She was also successful in her post-graduate course in Electrical Massage at Guy's Hospital, and we heartily congratulate her on her new appointment.

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### MAGAZINE ACCOUNT.

EXPENDITURE.			RECEIPTS.				
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To 400 Magazines Printed	61	13	0	By Advertisements	36	5	0
„ 5 Half Tone Blocks and 2 Line Blocks	3	7	6	„ Sales	9	0	0
„ Postages	1	8	6	„ Subscriptions :			
„ Awards	1	0	0	S. G. Patterson	1	1	0
				S. G. Packham	0	10	0
				Miss M. Moore	0	5	0
				Eustace & Co.	1	0	0
				Munster Arcade	0	7	6
				„ O.B.A. Contribution	7	6	0
				„ Loss	11	14	6
	£67	9	0		£67	9	0

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### Sporting Items.

J. A. Mattsson received his cap and colours on Wanderers R.F.C. 1st XV. for season 1941-2. He is still doing great work at full-back.

. . . . .

W. W. Daly and R. M. Peet have been playing Rugby in Trinity and the latter played several times on the 2nd XV. We are glad he has recovered from his operation for appendicitis and hope to see both himself and Daly in due course on the 1st XV.

. . . . .

W. J. Young and A. R. White won their places on the Trinity College Boxing Team.

. . . . .

Joe. W. Hennessy, who is now with the Royal Army Corps of Signals, has kept his place on the Regimental 1st XI. at Hockey for three seasons.

J. K. White was selected to play for Leinster Schools in Cricket and captained the King's Hospital 1st XI, who beat Masonic in the final of the Schools Leinster Cup. He has also won his place on Old Wesley R.F.C. 1st XV.

. . . . .

H. C. Read was selected to play for Leinster Schools in Hockey.

. . . . .

Can you imagine R. M. Peet as a Modern Young Lady in the Trinity Rag ? Is it true that some ungallant Dublin Policeman hit him with a baton ?

. . . . .

Was W. W. Daly fined by the Junior Dean for boisterous behaviour in No. 19 ? We are certainly surprised and feel he must have been the victim of circumstances or of Peet and his gang !!



**With the Forces.**

L. W. J. Humphreys and W. T. J. Aylward have both been selected for nominations to Cadetships for Training in India for the R.I.A.S.C. They have left London and we hope that by now they both have arrived safely. We hope to hear from them later, and wish them every good luck.

. . . . .

K. B. Williams, still somewhere in Canada, had one exciting incident. When flying over 3,000 feet up, his plane went on fire and under great difficulties he landed and saved his plane by extinguishing the fire. He was warmly congratulated by his O.C. He is now a Sergeant Pilot and hopes to be transferred to the Ferry Command. Good luck K. B. and happy landings.

. . . . .

H. E. Kenworthy has been promoted Captain in the Royal Army Corps of Signals. We hear he is Instructing Officer to Cadet Training Units. We hope to congratulate him on more interesting news later.

. . . . .

R. R. Palmer, from whom we had a visit last summer, has been appointed a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R.

. . . . .

C. S. Gifford has been promoted to First Lieutenant in Royal Artillery A.A. Good work, Charlie, and congratulations.

. . . . .

J. W. Hennessy has received his Commission in the Royal Army Corps of Signals, and Sheila B. Blundell has been commissioned in the W.R.N.S. Congratulations to both.

. . . . .

We regret to announce that Colonel G. Lytton has been posted as missing at Singapore.

**Additional List of Old Boys serving with His Majesty's Forces.**

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**Indian Army Cadetships.**

L. W. J. Humphreys

W. J. T. Aylward

**Irish Guards.**

Max Humphreys

**Royal Air Force.**

J. W. Daunt (Blarney)

**Officers' Training Corps.**

W. O. C. Woods

**Royal Navy.**

D. L. White

G. F. P. Guy

J. E. T. Harte

**Merchant Navy.**

C. J. Lawrence

We wish to have post-card photographs of all Old Boys serving in the Forces, for the purposes of a pictorial record for the College dining hall, and we hope all will respond.

*Stop Press*—One photograph received to date.

# Letters from Old Boys.

---

1127186 L. A. C. Williams, K.B.C.,  
 Hut 15a,  
 39 S.F.T.S.,  
 R.A.F. Station,  
 Swift Current,  
 Saskatchewan,  
 3rd March, 1942.

Dear Mr. West,

Many thanks for the College Magazine, which was forwarded to me here from Mallow. It arrived 28th February, after what was I expect a beautiful crossing in the hold of some ship. Coming here I know I felt perhaps worse than the poor old Mag. I read it completely through in our crew room between flights. The standard seems to be as high as ever. May you keep it so.

The same Mag. may have set up a record for Midleton, in being the first to perform acrobatics and spinning—I had it in my pocket while up for an hour's exercise.

I noticed that several more of the Old Boys have joined the Forces against the Axis: Good luck to them all.

I am training out here for a pilot on Service Type Aircraft—or "kites" as they are more generally called. Have hopes of getting away from here in about five weeks, but whether we get back to the Old Country or not I haven't the slightest idea. I should say it depends on how naughty the "Japs." and "Nasty Nazis" are. I'll be going on single seat, single engine flights when I graduate with my wings, should get them in two weeks or so.

Wishing you, Sir, the College and all Old Boys the very best for 1942.

Sincerely yours,

KING WILLIAMS.

---

C. J. Lawrence,  
 Radio Officer,  
 S.S. *Marie Louise Mackay*,  
 c/o D.S.T.O.,  
 Naval Base,  
 Milford Haven, Pems.,  
 Wales.

Dear Mr. West,

I hope this letter will not give you such a shock that a postponement of Maths. class will be necessary, but every time I wrote a letter you seemed to haunt me, so now while I am out in the ocean, miles from civilization, I am writing this to you.

I will now relate my story to you. When I went to join the R.A.F. I failed in eyesight test so I went over to Wales and took up radio. Being keen, I qualified in four months. I am now in charge of the radio on the above-named vessel. She is a cable boat of Dad's Company, but it was only by a fluke I got on this packet. I wish I could tell you all the experiences I have had both in and out of England, but I do not think the censor would like it, so will leave it till we meet. I am sure you will be a bit surprised to hear that I have taken up this as a career.

You may tell Miss West that I have done three concerts for Will Fyffe's "Merchant Navy Comforts Fund," and that I also broadcast one night in a ship's concert. I would be very grateful if you would inform Mr. Frazer of my whereabouts as I always joked with him that I was going to sea. If you come across Leonard Hawke or Robert Peet, will you give them my regards and also my address, letters are so cheering on this job; it gets lonesome at times. I will be waiting to hear from you with all the news from the good old College. I must now go on watch, so I wish you the best of luck in everything, also the family.

Yours sincerely,

C. J. LAWRENCE.

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#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

*From Canon H. KINGSMILL MOORE, Cedar Mount, Dundrum, Co. Dublin,  
December 24th, 1941.*

Best thanks for copies of your most interesting *Magazine*. As the oldest *Midletonian* (89 December), I am proud of the endless variety of the successes.

*From F. M. HILLIARD, 171 Newton Drive, Blackpool, Lancs.*

Please accept my warmest congratulations on the fine record of the College, as disclosed in the latest edition of the *Midleton College Magazine*. I would also like to thank you, the Editor and the Secretary of the O.B.A. for the copies of the *Magazine*, which were so kindly forwarded on to me. They are of great interest, and the whole production is of an amazingly high standard.

It is obvious that under present conditions, I will be unable to attend the Annual Dinner, but I hope some day to be able to do so. Please convey my regrets to Mr. G. F. Kenworthy.

*From G. PACKHAM, Pugome, Ardleigh Green Road, Hornchurch, Essex.*

Receiving the *School Magazine* just before Christmas was a pleasant surprise, and I must say that it gave me a great deal of pleasure in reading it through.

You will be surprised to hear that I have changed my position with the Company since November 1st, and I am now Assistant Headmaster of the Ford Trade School.

The boys in the Trade School number over a hundred, and their period of training is four years, commencing at the school at fourteen years of age.

I would like to wish you and all at the College every success.

*From* R. M. PEET, 19 Trinity College, Dublin.

There was great sport last Saturday when National tried to take Trinity via the front gates under a smoke screen and gas attack (SO<sub>2</sub>); also volleys of turf, sticks, small explosions, etc. The whole thing was very exciting, and unlike last year, I sustained no injuries. However, I was proud in getting a fellow with a rotten egg across the head; he was supposed to be a cave man and the egg made him much more realistic. A few baton charges cleared the scenes and I was lucky to keep out of these. A policeman's helmet was captured and put up on the College flag staff. The Junior Dean tried to keep order and ended up as a referee.

I haven't played any rugger yet as I had an appendicitis in the Long Vac.

*From* W. W. DALY, 19 Trinity College, Dublin.

We are settled down again to another year's work, and we both can say a more interesting year's work. Both Bob's course and mine are more practical and more of the "real" stuff than the work of last year. Perrott and Colthurst are getting along very well, and we are very glad to have them up here with us.

You may be surprised to know that Bob and I are still agreeing! *I did* try to object when bones began to fill our rooms at start of term, but naturally it was of no avail. Fortunately (for me) however, osteology is over for the time being, and the anatomy room alone is used for dissecting, etc.

*From* J. H. LAW, 161 Rake Lane, Clifton, Manchester.

Writing to Mr. McBride, he says:—"I received your letter in Seattle, where we were under repairs, having been torpedoed. I'm really having a swell time over here, and everybody is very kind to us, hardly a night passes without someone asking us out. We were over there for over two months, and I had the use of a big car and used to drive around all day in it—gasoline is only 20 cents a gallon.

We are in Victoria, B.C., now and expect to be home in November.

*From* F. H. JERMYN, Munster & Leinster Bank, Fermoy.

I like the work very much and am in a grand town to start off in. In the evenings there is a good variety of amusements. We have a Commercial Club, two picture houses, and a good nine-hole golf course.

How is the rugger team this year? I miss it very much as there is no team here and I had no cricket at all.

I was already in one concert in the aerodrome, given by the town in aid of the soldiers' welfare. It was great fun. I had to do some chair tricks that Mr. Frazer taught us, and they went off grand. They want them again now.

From Sgt. W. T. BATSON, R.A.F., Sgts. Mess, R.A.F., Skillingthorpe, Lincoln.

I've been in this part of the country for the past five months. I should like to offer my hearty congratulations to you on the great success achieved by the College during the past year.

Truly it has gone from "strength to strength" in every one of its many fields of activity, and I'm sure I voice the wish of every "Old Boy" in hoping that its future successes will reach even greater heights.

On my last leave I got home the evening before the Old Boys' Dinner, but as I was not an actual member I did not feel justified in "gate-crashing."

I have been on operational flying for the past five months now, during which course I've had many exciting experiences, some of them I admit much too exciting for my liking at the actual time.

I noted in the *Magazine* the names of several "Old Boys," who have enlisted in one or the other of the three services, and hope I shall meet some of them sometime.

From J. W. HENNESSY, 17 The Terrace, Bray, Berks.

Quite recently I was approved by a War Office board as a candidate for O.C.T.U., and I have been recommended for a Commission in the Royal Corps of Signals. This should suit me well as I have been signalling for three years.

I have kept my place in the Regimental 1st XI at Hockey during all three seasons. Our most successful one was our first when we played about eight games in France without suffering defeat. Later, on our return to England we continued to meet teams.

I have also taken part in track events and recently ran 2nd in an Inter-Regt. Sports meeting. Our training ensures perfect fitness, and every week we run at least six miles across country.

In spite of travelling around the country quite a lot and of meeting many Irishmen, I have yet to meet an old Midletonian.

From H. TANNER, Poulavone House, Ballincollig, Co. Cork.

It is very pleasant for me to tell you of my elation on passing my First Medical Examination, *i.e.*, "Half" as it is now less commonly called.

Actually, only 20 out of the original 110 odd of "Pre-Reg." year succeeded in this examination first time.

From Miss M. E. MOORE, 46 Kimbolton Road, Bedford.

Thank you so much for your *College Magazine*, I find it most interesting and read it through at once from beginning to end. It is splendid to have had such outstanding successes at T.C.D. and such a fine record for games; I hope 1942 will bring equal achievements.

It is nice that my nieces' College has had such friendly notice. Over 40 pupils its third term is not a bad record, and as the principals are throwing a great deal of the family energy into both work and play it bids fair to be a success.

I think my brother, Canon Kingsmill Moore, can claim to be the oldest Old Boy as he was 89 in December, and my second brother, Lieut.-Col. W. F. Moore, father of the ladies at Purley, is 87.

I send a small donation towards the *Magazine*, which, I am sure, must have many difficulties to cope with these times.

# Members of Old Boys' Association.

Previous List—8 Life Members, 48 Ordinary Members.

## ADDITIONAL LIST.

### *Life Member.*

Packham, S. G., Pugome, Ardleigh Green Road, Hornchurch, Essex.

### *Members.*

Baker, B. L., The Mill House, Fermoy, Co. Cork.  
 Bolster, R. J., St. Finbarr's Hostel, 12 Deane Street, Cork.  
 Fogarty, W. J., Imperial Life Assurance Co., London, Ontario.  
 Good, Alex., 13 Long Quay, Kinsale, Co. Cork.  
 Holt, Nicholls, 225 Glenview Avenue, Toronto, Canada.  
 Kingston, W. D., Bay View, Carrigaline, Co. Cork.  
 Jeffery, R. F., Rathcoursey House, Midleton, Co. Cork.  
 Jeffery, A. E., Rathcoursey House, Midleton, Co. Cork.  
 Magahy, W., Rotunda Hospital, Dublin.  
 Moore, Lt.-Col. W. F. (Retd.), Midleton College, Purley, Sussex.  
 Palmer, R. R., Ringaskiddy House, Ringaskiddy, Co. Cork.  
 Palmer, S., Roekenham, Passage, Co. Cork.  
 Smyth, F. R., Ballyfinn, Cloyne, Co. Cork.  
 Tait, W., Buckstown, Rostellan, Co. Cork.  
 White, D. L., Ardeevin, Connaught Avenue, Cork.  
 White, W. J., Ardeevin, Connaught Avenue, Cork.  
 Warriner, T. J. C., 34 Terenure Road, E., Rathgar, Dublin.

### Correction.

Deane-Roe, H. St. G., 6 Sydney Ville, Bellevue Park, Cork.

The Committee of the O.B.A. has arranged to hold a **LUNCHEON** on Thursday, 7th January, 1943, at 1 p.m. in Cork. Each Member will be notified in due course of the venue.

The **Annual General Meeting** will be held after the Luncheon.

# Midleton College Old Boys' Association

## MEMBERSHIP FORM

Name in full.....

Permanent Address .....

Date of entry to the School.....

Date of leaving.....

I wish to become a member.

Signed.....

Date.....

*Hon. Sec.*—G. F. KENWORTHY, Rockenham, Passage West, Co. Cork.

*Hon. Treas.*—D. W. LOANE, c/o Midleton College, Co. Cork.

### Subscriptions.

Members outside Munster.	Life	....	£3 3s. 0d.	....	Annual	5s. 0d.
Other Members.	Life	....	£5 5s. 0d.	....	Annual	10s. 0d.

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS CARD

Should this Magazine have been incorrectly addressed in any particular, kindly complete and return a card as follows so that the error may be rectified in the books of the Association.

Correct Name and Address :

Name .....

Address .....

Remarks.....

The Card to be addressed as follows—

The Secretary,

Midleton College Old Boys' Association,  
Midleton College, Co. Cork.

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