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Middleton College
Magazine

Vol. XIII.

1944-45

P. O'CONNELL

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Senior Hockey Team	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Editorial	1
Some Personalities	2
Memories of Midleton College	4
The College Library	5
“Dulce et Decorum est Pro Patria Mori”	6
All in Three Years	7
The Trial	9
The Shipwrecked Mariner	10
The Swallow	11
Tempest	12
The Year’s Music	13
Songs and Films	14
“No Smoke without Fire”	14
The Debating Society	16
Letters to the Editor	17
The Stream Goes On	19
Augustus: a Moral Story	20
S.O.S. “La Tempête”	22
Examination Results	24
Old Boys’ Successes	28
Sports and Gymnastic Display	30
Cricket	31
Tennis	32
Hockey	32
Rugby	33
Athletics	34
With the Old Boys	35
Illustrated Inset—	
Plate I.—Junior Cricket Team.	
Two of the Inter-House Teams.	
Plate II.—A Family Record.	
Plate III.—Old Boys with the Forces.	
Plate IV.—Athletic Team.	
Tennis Team.	
Letters from Old Boys	42
Members of Old Boys’ Association	59
Old Boys Serving with H.M. Forces	60
Membership Form Old Boys’ Association	61
Greetings to Old Boys	62



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM.
Winners of Minor Cup.

J. R. B. Bird. J. H. Watson. J. G. Russell. W. C. Beazley. F. Lynch. G. W. Gleasure.
 G. A. Good. R. G. G. de Foubert. T. F. K. Fetherstonhaugh. F. O. Furney (Captain). J. F. Huggard. H. G. Knox. R. A. Smyth



The

Middleton College Magazine

Editor : T. H. O'Driscoll.

Advertising : W. C. Beazley.

Vol. XIII.

December, 1944.

Editorial

YET another year is drawing to its close. Soon again the bells will ring out, bidding the old year farewell and ushering in a finer and happier 1945. So it is with this the latest *Magazine*. It symbolises both the old and the new. Its pages contain names of Middletonians who have passed into the great outside world. They also include the efforts of pupils who have yet to feel the pang of leaving school for good.

To both I must tender my sincere gratitude for their co-operation in supplying material for this edition. I also take this opportunity of thanking the many advertisers who have once again given us their support.

Since the last appearance of the "Mag," the College has weathered the storms of yet another year of world war and turmoil. As usual, it has been a year worthy of any school. In addition to the Intermediate being once again the source of high honours, another Sizarship, valuing £200, has been gained into T.C.D.

Special thanks are due to those Old Boys who have contributed articles or have sent letters. Some interesting extracts from the latter have been included in this *Magazine*. They show that, whether it be in the fiercest battle zones of the war, or in the tranquillity of country rectories, they are keeping alive the old tradition, *Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna*.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all. Now, proceed, and may you enjoy every word.

Some Personalities.

By G. S. BAKER, Head Master, 1901-1912.

I have been asked to write some further reminiscences. I regard the request as a compliment, but it is also a difficulty. The chief difficulty is to select. I was Head Master for almost eleven years. It is over thirty years since I left, and though it is so long ago, yet, as I take up my pen, memories keep rushing in on me. What I shall find to write about will be mainly trifles, perhaps scarcely up to the dignity of a late Head Master; moreover these trifles will be of direct interest only to those eighty or a hundred boys who passed through my hands (and I through theirs!) during the years of my Head Mastership. I am glad to know that you have many of these among your readers. My memories may however serve to let the present generation of schoolboys, and those recently left, realise that in those so long ago days their now middle-aged fathers were actually boys once upon a time.

Shall I begin by speaking of some of the Masters? I was fortunate in my Masters. I never had more than two. Funds would not rise to it. The master who will be best remembered by that generation of boys is Mr. Swan. He had a Cambridge degree in Mathematics and turned out to be a first-class teacher. When the education authorities insisted on Science and Art, Mr. Swan took on this new subject (which, by the way, he had to learn from the start at special courses for teachers arranged to meet the emergency) but so good a teacher was he that in a couple of years one of his pupils won not only the medal in Mathematics, but also the medal in Science—a very brilliant performance. This boy was James West, alluded to in my previous article. Mr. Swan, owing to an injury received at Cambridge, was unable to take part in Cricket or Hockey, but he always acted as umpire and referee, to the complete satisfaction of all sides. He was the most English of Englishmen—methodical, precise, tidy (the laboratory was a model of tidiness) and punctual. Discipline came very easy to him. No one ever took liberties, but everyone liked him as well as respecting him. I have given a good deal of space to Mr. Swan, because I feel sure that with the boys who were at the College during the nine years of his mastership his figure will be one of the most outstanding memories. He was succeeded by a Mr. Alexander, but as he was with us for only the two years that remained to my Headmastership, he will not be remembered by so many. More will remember Mr. Robinson. He was with us for six years. He was quite young when he came, little more than a boy himself, but I thought I would risk it. I was right to do so. He was a good master inside school and out. He had entered Trinity College, and while with us passed through his undergraduate course, ending up with a Moderatorship in History, decidedly a creditable performance. Yet all the time he never shortened his stride for a day in all our school activities. He was good at most things, but one thing he could *never* do, he could never make runs!

A very sound fellow and a good friend. Mr. Robinson once paid me a fine compliment in "Three Homes," of which he was part author with his sister and his distinguished brother, Lennox. It may seem that in what I write I am now trying to return the compliment! Well, perhaps I am. While dealing with personalities I remember yet one man more, without whom no memories of Midleton College would be complete, one who is perhaps the best remembered of us all. I refer to John Keeffe, the gardener. He was a truly wonderful man. Never was a garden kept so well, hardly a weed to be seen. One day, a lady, looking at the immaculately smart seed-beds, said, "Tell me, does Keeffe *iron* these beds." But Keeffe, with "the pride that apes humility," replied—"Ah no, mam, we are all on the rough now." We never had to buy a vegetable. I don't know how he supplied all he did. He was immensely strong. Once a pestilent drunken fellow who lived near the gate took to annoying Keeffe with loud threats as to what he wouldn't do to him. I was easy in my mind about that! One day this fellow went too far. Keeffe could stand no more of it. He caught the man up, lifted him in his arms, carried him across the street and threw him into an open drain! "Was he as strong," I asked, "as he pretended to be?" "Sir, he was like a sop of straw in my arms." "A sop of straw," delightful! I can well believe it. Keeffe watched every match we played. He was quite a shameless partisan. Once, at a Hockey match, an old boy, Jack Cuppage, then stationed at a Bank in Midleton, was referee. Our opponents shot a rather doubtful goal. The referee allowed it. Keeffe was scandalised. "Oh, Mr. Cuppage, Mr. Cuppage, you oughtn't to forget the bread you ate at the College." John Keeffe, I am sure his memory is green in the hearts of all at Midleton in those days.

I have many other memories, mainly of the more or less non-conventional activities—fishing, singlestick play, even an attack of chess-mania, of all things—other things also. This article is, however, long enough for one issue of the *Magazine*. If at a future date your Editor wishes for a third article, I will write of these things.



LOOKING DOWN THE DRIVE

H. Watson

Memories of Midleton College

Old boys seem to become reminiscent when contributing to your valued *Magazine*, Mr. Editor. If not approaching their dotage, they all seem at least to be well on in their anecdotage. So, at the risk of boring you, I will try to recall a few pleasant memories too.

One thing certainly impresses me about my early days at Midleton College. The seasons must have been different then. I remember greater heat and greater cold than we usually get now. The summers *were* summers and the winters *were* winters in those far-off days. Scorching days, with the grass all burnt up, come readily to my mind. I remember lying almost exhausted with heat, in the shade of a spreading chestnut tree, near the gate leading to the Hockey field, while I endeavoured to read a very small print edition of "*Kenilworth*." Ever since, I have always associated any references to Sir Walter Scott's famous novel with that hot summer's day.

By the way, did I dream it or is there a walnut tree in that shrubbery, near the tennis court? I seem to remember picking up any amount of walnuts one autumn. They would have been useful if there was a good crop of them this year, when all we could get for the kiddies for All Hallows' Eve were hazel nuts.

A really jolly day we spent sliding on the ice on Churchtown lake is a never-to-be-forgotten incident of my school-days. The night before, prep. was taken by the Boss, Mr. Baker. I do not remember feeling cold that freezing night in the great big school-room, but I suppose we were all too thrilled by the strange behaviour of the Boss to mind such a detail as several degrees of frost. The Boss collected a goodly number of ink-pots and filled them with water and corked them down tight. One by one, he put them on the window-sill outside and recovered them after a few minutes. He must have spent most of prep. in little journeys from the desk to the window and back. And his boyish glee as each ink-pot was burst by the frost was goodly to behold. A whole holiday was decreed next day, for such an exceptional frost was considered worthy of celebration, and soon after breakfast the whole school set out for Churchtown lake. Sliding for us boys, and skating for such luckier mortals as possessed skates, was the order of the day. Soon a large part of the town must have been congregated on the lake. One mishap marred the enjoyment of that winter's day. Mr. Alexander, the science and maths. master, was skating along in great style, puffing a pipe, when he stumbled, probably on a stone embedded on the ice. So headlong was his downfall that his pipe must actually have hit the ice first, for it tore a nasty gash across his cheek.

Another holiday left a lasting impression on my mind, possibly a St. Patrick's Day, or perhaps the annual holiday Bishop Meade's visit to the school always brought us. A band of us decided to walk to Queenstown, F. M. Hilliard and Wilmot being, I think, the chief organisers of the expedition. Tuck in considerable quantity, was purchased for our lunch by the wayside. Arrived at the important and salubrious port of Cork, we

saw much that impressed our young minds. Units of His Majesty's fleet, alas, no more to be seen there, rode proudly at their moorings. We were soon resting our weary limbs in a Picture House recently established in the town—for my part, the first Picture House I had ever entered. Cinemas were few and far between in those days. Finally, a good and greatly appreciated tea in a restaurant, probably not a very aristocratic one, completed a satisfying expedition.

So one could go on. School-days have their ups and downs, but they certainly have their advantages. The team spirit is never better exemplified than in the little community of a school. Companionship in work and play, in fair rivalry and in pleasant holiday, is surely a very essential part of our educative system.

D. P. S. WILSON.



The College Library.

It is Sunday morning in the College library. The scene is full of interest. The room fairly hums with excitement and animated discussion. Book-lovers of all ages and sizes are praising the merits of their favourite authors, or are seeking reading material, either for amusement or instruction. The librarian is here, there and everywhere, giving helpful advice as to the best way in which to use the facilities provided.

A good library is an essential thing in every school. Books broaden our minds and teach us about the world around us. In this respect the College is well provided for, but more books would be greatly appreciated.

In past years there used to be a system whereby old boys forwarded books they could spare, and present pupils presented a book to the library at the beginning of each school year. I think that this system would ensure a constant influx of new books, with the result that the resources of the library would never be at an end.

Whenever one enters a library one experiences a sense of eagerness—eagerness to find something one has not read before. At length one comes to the stage when one hesitates over a few books and then finally finds something which is entirely suited to one's taste.

The object of every library should be to provide books for all tastes and requirements. Now, in conclusion, I would like to ask just one thing. Please help the College library to fulfil this condition. Thank you!

J. E. T. SMITH.

Form V.

*"At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."*

The school year has been in many ways an eventful one for the College. A great number of our Old Boys are engaged in the fight for Right against Wrong, and we congratulate all those who have so nobly and heroically responded to the call, and trust that at the end of the present great strife we may be able to welcome them back again to share with those of us who must remain the fruits of their great sacrifice.

The following, we already know, cannot return :—

HAROLD R. DAUNT, Royal Navy.

WILLIAM J. FOGERTY, Essex Scottish, Canada.

ERIC S. LAW, Merchant Navy.

ULICK G. LOVE, North Irish Horse.

GORDON J. G. NICHOLSON, Royal Air Force.

NICHOLAS D. TAYLOR, Royal Air Force.

To their parents and loved ones we offer our sincerest sympathy. May their noble example stir us up to greater efforts to maintain and preserve the best traditions of our School.

"Dulce et Decorum est Pro Patria Mori."

All In Three Years.

Three years ago a considerable number of young men thumbed the involved "Dublin University Calendar" and gaped over that section which delineated the Engineering course. The curriculum evidently pleased them and they made up their minds to participate. From that moment their "good" ship was the Engineering School, and the greater part of the following three years were to be spent aboard. At times, however, there were many digressions away from her, and moreover, it was a rule that "time, gentlemen, please," came each evening at five o'clock.

Our "ship" resembled the training ship "Conway," because her moorings were permanent. The anchor is cast in the midst of Trinity's extensive grounds. Here the School overlooks the pleasant greenery of College Park to the south, and looking across the cricket grounds one gets a very pretty picture of a compact rectangular edifice, with tall chimneys. The appearance is perhaps more striking at closer quarters, for then you may admire at leisure the intricate and ingenious details of architecture appearing in the imposing balconies, about the ornamental windows and around the massive northern doorway.

The interior is not less inspiring. An enormous vestibule greets the visitor. Here can be seen graceful pillars of various Irish marbles which support the vaulting. Two great staircases lead upwards to the right and left with broad serpentine copings (and on these beautifully polished copings the more agile students have their lessons in tobogganing!!) Doors open in various parts of the building to lecture-rooms, museums, laboratories and drawing-offices. It was in some of these rooms that we first came across the problems of the "Robey" Steam Engine, the Water Turbine's Efficiency, and the invisible internal stresses of a "simple" floor beam.

Just as in all other spheres, the drawing-office, too, has its prides and prejudices. Engineering students belong to one of three categories—Junior, Middle or Senior Years—and here we have three venerable armies all ready to die for some "old cause." The larger drawing-office has always been an ideal battle ground for Middle and Senior Years. The two parties work at opposite ends of the long room and often the air is thick with missiles of all shapes, weights and sizes. And woe betide any Junior year man who for a moment finds himself in this same drawing-office! In place of describing the great mishap that would beyond all doubt befall him, let it be sufficient to say that his velocity of approach is exceeded a hundred times by that of his lightning departure. The unfortunate part of it all is that the new-comer has to acquaint himself with the proper etiquette by cruel experience.

In the Junior year the ice is broken for a dive into Calculus and Maths. of all description. The Maths professor is old and bent—bent probably by the mass of "logs" and "antilogs" which he stores in his brain. One could not but admire his endurance, however, when one sees him deeply involved with "solids of revolution," while the uninterested members of

the "year" realistically imitate anything from the shrill crowing of a cock to the prolonged roaring of an old donkey. Also it is nothing strange or out of place to hear a clock alarming most emphatically when the lecture is just nicely under way. The rumpus is still more out of control when gas-filled balloons flit gaily round the room and often just poise themselves between lecturer and blackboard. This last event, however, is a speciality reserved for the end of term.

There are many other memorable scenes of the Junior Year but it is impossible to deal with them all. Therefore we will pass on to the "Middle Year." Before I proceed, however, I can assure my reader that the student is not always in a position to throw stones. We will always remember those Chemistry lectures when even a suspected mischievous expression meant an immediate reprimand and the lectures in Physics, when a little bit of activity to relieve the monotony often meant a substantial impoverishment to one's exchequer. I believe it was the sum of five shillings, but I am not committing myself.

Proceeding with the Middle Year's activities, I could easily bore my reader with detail. I must mention, however, that a very important part of the year's work is Drawing. Here the real trouble arises when the "inking-in" stage is reached. The Indian ink has a deplorable tendency to pass from the liquid to the solid state and ceases to flow. The draughtsman's morale then begins to fail, and he wonders why he ever wanted to be an engineer. He thinks aloud and is always certain to draw around him a crowd of his fellow "artists." Then words of consolation are showered over him, but he can see irony and intense self-amusement on the expressions all round. The drawing is then discussed in great detail. Draughtsmen who are ahead of this unfortunate man in their own works of art scurry back to their places, having got new ideas. Rubbers get to work and the whole drawing office vibrates, causing a general concern. Draughtsmen well in the rear never seem to worry. They cut the drawing to pieces and provoke their suffering companion to a game of "push-halfpenny" on somebody else's drawing board. The next person on the scene is the professor who is just a split second too late to notice the lightning transition from "push-halfpenny" to the "Plate Girder Bridge." In the Senior Year things become more serious because B.A.I. looms ahead. Everybody settles down at the beginning of the year with the best intentions of working day and night, but the craze gradually peters out. A peep into a lecture on "Building Construction" in the summer term would press home this carefree attitude. The lecturer is seated at his desk. Behind him rise two tall poles which once formed part of an easel, and balancing precariously on top of one of these poles is seen an extremely large tin-box. The least touch to its support would immediately endanger the lecturer's life—let alone his nerves. Yet, the unfortunate man lectures, notwithstanding the danger, while the sound of tramping, singing, bicycle bells and even motor-horns provide the usual "incidental music."

Tours to places of engineering interest are occasions of great significance for all "years." A most memorable tour was held just one year ago, when the Drogheda Cement factory was visited. The fascinating

overland conveyor, the deafening crushing mills, and the huge slowly rotating kilns will remain fixed in our memories for ever. Nor will we forget how we proceeded to Dundalk at nightfall and marched as an army into that town to the strains of a harmonica. The night was spent there and next day Dundalk's engineering attractions were visited. Then a geology expedition at Easter included the ascent of Galteemore through blustering wind. There was an untold number of other tours too, which though interesting, must needs be omitted.

Well, many and varied are the incidents on engineering tours. At the end of each we found ourselves back in the old "boat" again. The three year journey had to be completed at all costs!!

W. W. DALY.



The Trial.

It was hot, very hot in the Court House. The rays of the June sun streamed through the dusty windows on to the heads of the mass packed tightly in the hall. Their expectations had risen to breaking point. It was the last day of the Billingsgate murder trial.

As the Counsel for the Defence rose, a deep and solemn hush fell on all. Although he was a young man and with little experience in law courts, he put forward the motives and emotions brought into play in the course of the crime. He ended with a moving speech which he hoped would have an effect on the sympathies of his hearers.

As the Counsel sat down there was a rattling of chairs and the deep rumbling of whispers, but these soon died away as the Prosecuting Counsel rose. He was an old man, well versed in the wiles of the law. He tore the Defending Counsel's speech to shreds and revealed the cruel callousness of the murder.

The jury retired, but returned again in a few minutes. Their verdict was guilty. The Judge put on the "Black Cap" and prepared to pass sentence. The prisoner stood facing him. His face was ashen and he held himself erect with an effort. His hands gripped the rail of the dock until his knuckles showed white beneath his tanned skin. There was a ghastly look of fear and utter helplessness in his eyes.

The Judge began to speak. From the back of the hall, suddenly a voice said "Cut," and the Assisting Director stepped down from behind the cameras.

R. G. G. de FOUBERT.

Form V.

The Shipwrecked Mariner.

Have you ever thought of buying a yacht and sailing out over the sea to meet the dim distant horizon, a small speck on a considerable expanse of water? Well! I did, but two afternoons' sailing, and not even in Cork harbour, made me change my mind back to the good old feeling of Mother Earth. Now to all young budding yachtsmen and to all old stagers—like George Kenworthy, however, he will come later—I write this as a warning. "Never take up sailing, as a hobby or otherwise."

I may as well be quite frank and start off by telling you I had never sailed before—and never wish to do so again. What is sailing anyway? Nothing more than sound common sense. That's what I thought it was, but I am always left with the impression that it was the boat's fault.

Let me introduce the boat—the name they gave it was the *Snipe*, implying speed and fleetness, but when I was finished with it I renamed it the "Coffin Ship." This Snipe, anyway, was flat bottomed, with a piece of tin tacked on to its keel to act as a centre-board, while it possessed a mast which must surely have reached to heaven, and sail enough to drive a windjammer.

I never found out what use all the ropes were put to, but having pulled and tied every rope possible, the sails were hoisted and I left Blackrock pier with the bow pointing for Cork, although I intended going the other way. However, turning the boat around, I went down river to Monkstown, and will not attempt to weary my readers with all the perils and hazards which befell me.

I never knew how strong an ebb tide opposite Monkstown was until I turned the boat for home. For three solid heartbreaking hours I tacked far out, I tacked far in, I took away part of the pier, I did everything humanly possible to get that boat into the calmer water farther up, but my attempts were worse than useless. George Kenworthy—a hardy sailor, I am sure—with a big smile on his face, was giving me instructions which also turned out to be more useless than my own efforts. In the end I had to row that boat, stern first, to Rushbrooke, where I left it for the night.

The next day, taking her home on a flood tide, the *Snipe* capsized in the middle of Lough Mahon and left me swimming in icy water. Luckily for me she floated a few feet below the surface, so I had some kind of support although it had a nasty habit of moving just when I was comfortable, leaving me to flounder once more.

From wave-top level I saw another yacht in the distance change direction and start sailing towards me. Each time I looked at it, it seemed the same size, but at last it reached me. By this time I was numb with the cold, and heartily sick of the sea, yachting and everything else, but had the presence of mind to salvage my pipe, when at last I climbed into the other yacht.

A stiff row to Blackrock with my *Snipe* in tow helped me to get the

blood circulating again. On landing, I had a last look at the river and the *Snipe*, just discernible below the surface, and made for bed. May I add, I gave up my ideas of sailing after that, and strongly advise the youth of Midleton College to think twice of sailing as a pastime.

F. W. MARKHAM.

The Swallow.

When spring comes, and the winter snows and frosts are forgotten, when the buds burst forth and all the earth awakens, then they come—feathered hordes. We see them arrive, in long straggling bands. The Swallows are here! This is no time for mist and cold. The swallows are with us again, and summer is surely at hand!

The swallow is a beautiful bird, and fit to be the harbinger of summer. But he is often, quite wrongly, mistaken for his relatives the house martin and the sand martin. He certainly resembles them at a distance, but is actually more handsome than either of them. This beauty is easily seen if we catch the swallow resting. He sits, twittering and chattering, while the sun glints on his steel-blue coat and shiny waistcoat. Unless we observe him more closely, however, we may not see his orange throat and forehead, or the white bars that adorn the end of his dark-green tail feathers. In fact, we do not realise the swallow is so beautiful until we study him closely enough to see his magnificent colours.

The swallow, like other birds, must make a nest, and this is where the swallow appears eccentric. He is a bird of the open air and sunlight; yet he builds his nest on the darkest and most enclosed ledge in a barn or out-house. He seldom perches, and then only high up on some spot from which he has a clear view; yet his nest is built of mud, straw and feathers, for which the Swallow—a creature of the air—has to descend to the ground.

The eggs, laid in this soft, featherlined home, soon hatch out, and the young grow quickly, and before long are taking their first lessons in flying. The "solo flight" demands courage. The young swallows are very nervous and seem almost surprised to find themselves airborne for the first time. It is not long before they overcome their nervousness, and one day we see them dip and soar out of the barn door after their parents—flashes of blue and white. The old birds teach them to skim over the meadows, snapping at flies, or over the surface of the river, dipping ever and anon, to disturb for a moment the still shadows of the silent pool.

Ere long the young grow old enough to fend for themselves. Then the parent birds rear another brood. After these have left them their work is over. But alas! Summer is over too. Winter is before them and they must seek a warmer clime, but when in spring all nature wakes to life, then the swallows will remember us, and will come again to fill our hearts with cheer, and bring to us the warmth and beauty of the summer days.

K. W. M. HARBORD.

Form VI.

Tempest.

Clouds are gathering on the distant hills. The air is hushed and still, being at the same time heavy and oppressive. Birds roosting in the trees occasionally chirp plaintively, almost as if they are frightened. The lake which but a short time ago was blue and sparkling now assumes a leaden grey colour. Silence, awful, unfathomable silence—a silence which can be felt—reigns supreme. It seems as if all nature is holding its breath and waiting in dreadful suspense for some stupendous manifestation of the power and glory of the Creator.

But now the sky has become dark and ominous. A gentle breeze whispers and rustles among the sedges at the margin of the lake and little blasts of icy air, forerunners of the storm, send shivers up one's spine. The low moan of the wind in the trees slowly rises to a shrieking crescendo and a few heavy drops of rain fall into the lake with dull "plops." Suddenly there is a flash of lightning, which seems almost to tear the sky asunder. Following hard on its heels comes a booming crash of thunder. The storm gods are playing the drums and soon their whole mighty orchestra will play its awe-inspiring overture.

Far away, and high up among the mountain peaks, whose lofty crags dominate the scene with savage and majestic grandeur and are starkly outlined in the ghastly light of repeated flashes of lightning, the wind howls and shrieks with demoniacal fury, whooping as it rushes up a narrow canyon. Down in the once peaceful valley mighty trees bow low before the blast "in patient deep disdain." The waters of the lake, now lashed to fury by the gale, beat upon the shore with incredible violence. The whole dome of Heaven resounds with the shrieks of nature in torment.

Then comes a sudden calm, a tense stillness which is full of pent-up energy. Not a sound save the beating of the waves on the shore is to be heard.

Now, almost before we can take a breath, the storm is upon us again, this time with redoubled fury. Thunder crashes with startling suddenness. Nature's wild and terrible symphony strikes fear and awe into the hearts of us poor mortals. What is our puny strength as compared with that of the elements?

Rain lashes on the sodden turf and rushes hissing into the creamy wind-swept waters of the lake. There is a rending crash and a hoary oak which has braved the storms of fully nine hundred years is torn up by the roots and lies recumbent on its Mother Earth. Great trees are bent like reeds, and saplings are destroyed in the beauty of their youth. Dainty wild flowers are crushed and battered by a merciless gale. The grassy margin of the lake is torn and churned-up, and the woodland paths have become miniature torrents.

Next morning the sun rises in a glory of golden cloud, revealing a scene of awful devastation. The song of the birds "sweet though in sadness" is like a lament for the passing away of some of nature's loveliest creations.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

Form V.

The Year's Music.

Our musical activities continue with as much enthusiasm as in previous years. On the fourth Sunday of each month during term, the morning service in Midleton Parish Church takes the form of a Youth Service. The Lessons are read by one of the boys and the singing is led by the College Choir. Special items at these services have included Mendelssohn's *I waited for the Lord, Like as the hart* (Vincent Novello), *The stars sang in God's Garden* and *All in the April Evening* (Robertson), and *This Joyful Eastertide* (Old Dutch Carol).

We have pleasure in recording that Keith Cross took Second Place in Boy's Solo Competition at Father Mathew Feis in April. The Choir Examination was held on 16th March, the examiner again being Mr. Seán Neeson, of University College, Cork. The test pieces of our own choice were *The Boys' Chorus*, from Act I of *Carmen* and *Come to the Fair* (Easthope Martin). Mr. Neeson awarded us ninety-one marks, the highest we have yet reached in the Department's Examinations.

Gramophone recitals were given on every Sunday evening throughout the year. Among the larger works performed were: Tchaikovsky's 1812 *Overture*, *Casse-Noisette Suite*, and Piano Concerto No. 1; Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave* and *Hear my Prayer*; and Beethoven's *Eroica Symphony*. The oratorio, *Elijah*, was given in two parts on October 1st and 15th.

The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music held no Piano Examinations in March or June of this year, on account of the travel ban between this country and Great Britain. Written examinations were held by the Board in the College in March, and the results are given in our list of successes. Twenty-one boys are studying piano and two of these have reached Grade VI.

The members of the Choir were present in St. Fin Barre's Cathedral on 8th March to hear the performance of Vaughan Williams's *Mystical Songs*, Stanford's *Ave atque Vale*, and Harold White's *Hymn of St. Patrick*.

On Sunday, 11th June, the choir cycled to Cloyne to assist the choir of the cathedral, where Mr. McBride was deputising at the organ.

Transport difficulties prevented us from holding our Annual Christmas Performance, but a skeleton band has been kept going and provided the music for the Gymnastic Display in July, with R. de Foubert in charge of the drums. The boys marched on to the field to Purcell's *Trumpet Tune* and *The Two Gendarmes* (Offenbach).

Songs and Films.

- "For Whom the Bell Tolls," by Mr. McBride.
- "Whispering Grass," by John Deady, for the cows.
- "They Flew Alone," by Basil and Albert Bird.
- "She'll be Coming Round the Mountain," by Hill.
- "Flight for Freedom," by all, at end of term.
- "Please Leave my Butter Alone," by Miss M.—
- "The Uninvited," by Tadhg Twomey.
- "Run Rabbit, Run," by (F)Perrott.
- "And the Angels Sing," by the Choir.
- "We'll Hang Out Our Washing on the Siegfried Line," by Bridie.
- "The Bells are Ringing for Me and My Gal," by Me.
- "Star Spangled Rhythm," by Frackleton (our Jitterbug).
- "A Kiss is Just a Kiss," by Love.
- "The Mark of (S)Zorro," by the "Cane."
- "The Opening Theme," by "First Bell."
- "All Quiet on the West-ern Front," by the Head in good mood.
- "Oft in the Stilly Night," by the Cats.
- "The Legion of the Lost," by the Drummer Boys.
- "Wrap Yourself in Cotton-Wool and Keep Yourself for Me," by Miss West.
- "Home on the Range," by the Cook.

R. G. de FOUBERT.



"No Smoke Without Fire."

Unfortunately the censor has deleted so much valuable information from our original article pertaining to the activities of Midletonians in Trinity that we are forced to resort to the following rather mild and cautious survey of their conduct. Moreover, we are restrained by the spiteful, vindictive and threatening attitude of certain of the Old Boys, so we hope that our readers will understand our predicament and the necessity for the omission of many spicy tit-bits.

The war situation is of course affecting everybody seriously, but most notably in the case of our illustrious and renowned friend, Mr. L. S. Atkins, who is finding the shortage of shoe leather most embarrassing. In spite of this difficulty, however, he still manages some long walks and yet retains energy for Rugby.

Next we shine the light on our versatile and honourable member from the Doon, Mr. W. E. (Poll) Perrott (frequently spelt with an "a.") Although not officially associated with any of the recognised College clubs, he nevertheless finds opportunity for exercise in other ways. These ways we specified in our original article, but the censor being of a narrow-minded and intolerant nature, has "suggested" that we leave the details to your own imagination.

Talking about colours—we weren't, but we claim professional privileges—we come to "Red" White. He has distinguished himself in the pugilistic art. We, personally, attribute much of his success to the skill with which he manoeuvres his heavenly halo as a means of dazzling his opponents, who, poor fellows, are first confronted with a flaming ball of fire, swiftly followed by groups of twinkling little stars.

Although it has not as yet been officially confirmed, there is a rumour afoot that George Salter has been chosen for and has accepted the presidencies of Clann na Talmhan, Glún na Buaidhe and Altiri na h-Aiseirghe; nevertheless, it is authoritatively affirmed that he is now honorary secretary of the Gaelic Society. "A Sheoirse, má tá Gaedhilg agat labhair í."

Amongst the senior members of the Midletonians in Trinity is William Hubert Hosford Tanner, Esq., B.A. As you all know, Hubie is a Final Year Medical Student. In his recent research work on toothpastes, he met with a regrettable misadventure. Having evolved a completely new formula, he was testing the results of his experiments on a new camel-hair brush, when alas! owing to an error of judgment and miscalculation in the composition of the paste, the toothbrush suddenly attached itself to his upper lip and still remains firmly affixed thereto—

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

A distinguished alchemist is Harold Read. He as yet lacks the absent-minded propensities and hoary visage usually associated with eminent scientists, but doubtless these characteristics will manifest themselves in years to come.

Unique amongst Midletonians is Denis Larmour, our young pioneer in the School of Commerce. In the field of athletics his swift turns of speed suggest frequent encounters with the rent-collector.

From "a cairn on high" may be heard the strains of the following ditty:

"I'm a little prairie flower,
Growing wilder every hour;
Nobody cares to cultivate me,
I'm as wild as wild could be."

Bob Peet is taking a moment off to introduce himself. That sweet and innocent child of nature—the Rose of Tralee—still retains all that boyish verve and tireless energy with which he used to animate the days—and often the nights—at Midleton College. We will leave Bob comfortably seated in his armchair, feet soaring skywards to the mantelpiece, while he emits clouds of foul black smoke from his favourite briar.

Deep in the contemplation of the problems of life in general we always find F. W. Rodgers. At times, however, he appears on the hockey field, but we are at present in no position either to deny or confirm the report that Fred is an active member of the "Tuatha de Danann" Camogie Club.

Thinking of "Ups and Downs" brings Chantler, Jackson and McElveen to our notice. These are the latest reinforcements to our academic

battlegrounds. The taller members of this trio have joined the Boat Club, so—

“Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum.”

Jacko, however, having entered his name on the list of intending members, has since deemed discretion to be the better part of valour. There are other means of amusement, Jacko!!

Finally we come to ourselves, but then modesty forbids us, and anyway our characters and conduct are far beyond reproach. Nevertheless, let us now take the opportunity to deny any scurrilous rumours that may be spread by those who wish to eclipse their own deeds of iniquity.

W. W. DALY.

R. W. R. COLTHURST.

□ □ □ □

The Debating Society.

This year an enterprising Debating Committee and its secretary, H. H. Johnston, have made the Society's transactions successful. It is not too much to say that among the practised debaters, a tradition of good clear thinking has been established. We have learned verbally “to take and give,” to be tactful, to grant our opponents untenable points in the hope of carrying their conviction later. However, we would still do well to remember that personal abuse is not argument.

Among the subjects thrashed out were :—“The advantages of town and country life,” “the lack of chivalry in this century,” “the merits of the cinema,” “the methods of rationing,” “that the tourist industry should be Ireland's chief industry,” “that beer is best,” “that ghosts exist.” This last—a debate for juniors—really consisted of a series of ghostly tales. One did not come away convinced that ghosts did exist, but then one had the stories and mental pictures of some orators doing their level best to put across difficult material. Indeed much of the pleasure at a debate arises from the expression of unexpected ideas till then hidden behind a familiar face.

Of the personalities who now hold the floor a few may be specially mentioned. Johnston, Beazley and Harbord, all with good delivery and practical wisdom, contributed a solid basis for discussion. O'Driscoll and Russell, rivalling Hyde Park tub-thumpers, can be relied upon to raise controversial points and ably deal with them. E. Hill, Love and Ryall are the jesters of the Society. Knox, De Foubert and Duggan lend keen insight to the solution of knotty problems. Phipps's witty and sententious remarks carry weight. P. McConnell's fine voice ensures him a sympathetic audience. Nor must we forget the brave efforts of little men like Kemmis, Hilliard, Stanley and the Dormans.

Different personalities, different views, stated with calmness, charm and courtesy combine to make each meeting enjoyable and instructive.

T. R. S.

Letters to the Editor.

Captain J. de HEREZ SMYTH, Rathcoursey, Midleton.

20/12/1943.

I must congratulate you on the excellence of the last publication. Better if possible than ever.

It is a pity that in the article by the late Canon Kingsmill Moore the character Sandy Macpherson (on p. 4) should not read McCarthy. Not that anyone would probably remember him, now. I certainly do not, but I frequently heard my father speak of him, as our house was one of his "dining" houses. This gentleman was a solicitor, but de-frocked for accepting a fee from both plaintiff and defendant, and in a "scandal sheet," called the "Skillig List," published by anonymous "hits" he appeared as follows:—

"Now Sandy McCarthy, that rosy faced man,
Who walks every day as fast as he can,
Small thanks to him either, as everyone sees,
'Tis a penance, they say, for accepting two fees!"

As for the splendid picture the Canon draws of "Eliza Greene," (a relation of mine by the way)—she and her brother Micky were the only children of a Rev. Greene, who was one of a family of twenty-one.

The Editor of "Skillig List" had a poke of sarcasm at them, but unfortunately I can only remember two lines:—

"Micky's so fat, and Eliza's so lean,
The "Prolific offspring" of Minister Greene."

I can well remember this "Olympic Pythoness" whom I frequently visited during my early days at the College, especially when in financial difficulty, and the great climax of these visits was always reached when the old lady began to search for a bulging purse, hidden away in some voluminous garment, and duly produced a "crown" with the injunction to be a good boy.

I regret that all the above has no bearing on the College, but the late Canon's article brought back other days to me.

Mrs. T. BATSON, 8 Bellevue Terrace, Cobh.

3/1/1944.

Thank you very much for the *College Magazine*, which I received safely a few days before Christmas.

Heartiest congratulations to you, on all the brilliant successes your pupils have again achieved. Very many thanks to the editorial staff for the nice reference you have made to Billie, and for all the space accorded him in this copy of the annual *Magazine*. It will make him feel proud one day when he is able to read the *Magazine*. Unfortunately we can't post it on to him while he is in Germany. I have told him about it in a letter

written to him no Christmas week. He will be very pleased to know that most of the boys who were in College during his time are also serving and gaining honours in the Forces now.

Billie seems very happy and very cheerful in his letter, even though a prisoner of war. He is at a camp where there are over 3,000 British and Dominion Air Force Officers also some Fleet Air Arm Officers.

The British Red Cross are doing marvellous work among them out there ; the camps are visited by the International Red Cross Representatives and each prisoner gets a special food parcel every week from the Red Cross themselves. There is a monthly prisoner of war magazine which gives some interesting details of their life in the camp, also sometimes photos of the camps and prisoners taken by the Red Cross and sent home to the next of kin of each prisoner there. Billie has been very lucky, thank God, as he is the only member of that Lancaster crew, who set out on that fatal trip on that night of June 12th known to be safe and well.

Thanking you again very much for your kindness in sending me the *Magazine* and wishing you and all your pupils at the College still more successes in the New Year.

Miss MAY E. MOORE, 21 St. Augustine's Road, Bedford. 5/1/1944.

Thank you very much for sending me the *Middleton College Magazine*. It is, as usual, very interesting reading and quite up to the usual standard.

I read with pleasure, the very sympathetic obituary note about my brother, Canon Kingsmill Moore. He was loyal to his parents, his school and a real lover of the school grounds and gardens from which, through his mother's example, he derived the intense love of horticulture, which was his most pleasurable recreation. His passing was what all his family would have wished for him, swift and painless.

One of my father's first five pupils—three others were Dean Wilson, the Dean of Ross and Dr. Taylor, of Cork—his belief in and love of his first public school never flagged even during its period of greatest trial.

I enclose my subscription to the *Magazine*, and hope there will be no deficit this year.

K. B. WILLIAMS, Esq., Red House, Mallow.

31/12/1943.

We certainly had a most anxious time, but I was on the 'phone with London last night with my wife, and Tommy is now definitely out of danger I am glad to say.

He was stationed at Hornchurch, Essex, attached to an initial Training Wing there. As a matter of fact, he was extremely lucky ; it is a selected station and has the name of being one of the best initial Training Wings in England. Tommy and two others were the only three chosen out of three hundred to go there. He was home on Christmas leave, but got an urgent wire recalling him four days before his leave was up.

I sent on the *Middleton Magazine* to Tommy in hospital. My wife told me on the phone last night he was tremendously pleased with it. We get the *Campbell Magazine*, and also I am an " Old Boy " and subscriber to the

Magazine of the Royal School, Armagh. All I can say is that the *Midleton Magazine* was altogether far and away the best of the three, and certainly was a credit to the school.

KEVIN R. FINEGAN, Esq., Toronto.

31/7/1944.

I believe you will be interested in the report of the death in action of one of your graduates, Lt. W. J. Fogerty, who spoke frequently and highly of the College and all you had done for him. May all your representatives in Canada be as great a credit to you, in the manner of their life among us.

□ □ □ □

The Stream goes on.

The day was hot, in mid-July,
The sun rode high above,
The lark was singing in the sky
Its peaceful song.

The sun began to slowly sink,
Its rays became so long.
A gentle tint of pink appeared
To change the scene.

The pink gave way to brilliant red,
Long shadows came to life,
A mist came o'er the distant hills,
The night came on.

The sun had gone behind the wood ;
The shadows disappeared :
The stars came out to light the sky,
Obscure before.

Before mine eyes a different sight,
Compared with that of day,
In place of sun, there stood the moon
Most beautiful.

A gentle silence filled the air,
Save only for a stream,
Which gently rippled o'er the stones,
Without a care.

The night went on, the moon rose high,
The sky became dark blue.
The stars did sparkle like bright stones,
Then dawn was nigh.

Long silver rays came o'er the sea,
The sun again came up,
Another day awoke the world,
The stream goes on.

H. G. KNOX.

Form V.

Augustus : a Moral Story.

Augustus was a model boy,
 His father's pride, his mother's joy.
 He was a boy who would not shirk
 The greatest quantity of work.
 In school, his bright attentive face
 Shone always from the highest place,
 And if a teacher chanced to say :
 " What pupil knows the answer, pray ? "
 His hand would shoot up from his shoulder,
 Though boys considerably older
 Were quite unable to reply,
 And if he caught the teacher's eye,
 He would repeat the answer right,
 To every master's great delight.
 (At home, they said : " The little beast,
 He knows as much as me, at least !

He was first-rate at Algebra,
 His Irish was go h-ana mhait ;
 With native accent he could speak
 In French, in Latin, or in Greek,
 And led—as ever—all his class
 In learning of Pythagoras.
 His prep. was always neatly done—
 In fact he thought it rather fun,
 And very frequently would do
 Another exercise or two,
 Or problem in arithmetic
 (Which made the others rather sick).

For prizes (and he won a lot
 Each year) the awful little swot
 Picked dictionaries, or some thing
 On Empire Trade and Marketing,
 Or Latin grammars by the million,
 Or full Editions of Quintilian.
 The Head was often heard to say :
 " Augustus will be great, some day
 A Fellow up at Trinity,
 Archbishop of Armagh (D.D.),
 Or Governor of Trinidad . . .
 But gracious !—what a horrid lad."

It happened, by some chance or other,
 That our Augustus had a brother,
 His name was Jonathan, a lad
 Who really was extremely bad.
 In fact, he was a total loss,

His tastes ran more to pitch and toss
(At which he cheated), strong cigars,
And lounging in unwholesome bars,
Than to his proper work, for he
Was lazy as a boy can be.
He'd lie and bully, sneak and thief—
But there! no doubt you can believe
My word, that everybody held
That he was properly expelled.
Now I'll proceed, as best I can;
But pray, remember Jonathan.

Time marched along: Augustus grew
(As even normal children do),
And went to Trinity, where he
Was still a sort of prodigy.
From Sizarship to Scholarship,
He let no chance of honours slip,
But came out first in every list
With never a prize or medal missed.
At last he went for his degree
In Classics and Philosophy,
In Maths., in History, Mod. Lang.,
In—oh, but let the rest go hang!
For all the reader must be told
Is that he won twelve medals (gold).
The Provost pinned them on his vest,
Augustus felt his puny chest
Expanding with delicious pride,
And thought: "Now I must go outside
And walk in state around the town,
My medals pinned upon my gown
That everyone who looks may see
The rich rewards of industry."

He little knew outside the gate
His brother Johnny lay in wait
With ruffians desperate and bold,
Just thirsting for some medals (gold).
As poor Augustus left the door
They plugged him with a forty-four.
The wicked brother, Jonathan,
Snatched all the medals off and ran.
Escaping with the precious gains.
Of Auggie's badly scattered brains.

MORAL (put plain in black and white):
HEADMASTERS ARE NOT ALWAYS RIGHT.

W. J. WHITE.

S.O.S. "La Tempête."

One evening in August, 1943, peaceful Kinsale was disturbed from her usual solitude. A rumour spread that a strange alien-looking craft was outside and bearing in our direction. Before long it was the topic of everyone's conversation. Everyone was in a fit of excitement. Two hours later, when a local "willy" homeward bound, reported her to have actually entered the harbour and anchored there, bedlam literally broke loose. Every boat, large and small, seaworthy and unseaworthy, was unmoored hastily. Into them scrambled the young, the aged, the strong and the feeble. Everyone seemed possessed of a sudden impulse to move quickly, even the boats, which seemed to glide quicker than they had ever done before, over the calm water.

By luck, I was one of the first to get off, and after twenty minutes strenuous pulling I reached the bend of the harbour. There, one of the most marvellous sights I have ever witnessed confronted me—a huge, grey schooner, flying the French flag, rode at anchor on the still waters of the harbour. She was a magnificent ship, so beautiful that words could not describe her. She was very heavily built, of immense beam and draught, built not for speed but for the heaviest weather of the Bay of Biscay, for she hailed from La Rochelle.

I was permitted to board her, and had not gone far when I met one of the crew, whom I wrongly took to be the captain. He told me the whole story, mainly by gesticulations, with a few words of English thrown in. I afterwards learned that he was the only member of the crew who knew a word of English. I will relate now, as accurately as I can, his story.

"In August 22nd (it was now the 28th) two of my comrades escaped with me from a labour camp, and disguised as French peasants, we reached the coast at La Rochelle. We soon found our ship "La Tempête," with whose captain we had secretly planned to escape. We hid under the spare sails, down in the hold, until evening, when a thick mist covered the landscape. This was just what we needed to make our escape safely, so it was with little difficulty we weighed anchor and floated away—undiscovered—with the tide. Once out of danger we set sail in the direction we had calculated England to be. Our supplies consisted of salt porpoise (foul smelling stuff and seemingly weeks old), ships biscuits and whatever fish we caught. We did not grumble, however, for we were overjoyed to have got away safely. After six days strenuous toiling we reached here. Strenuous I say, because I knew very little about sailing, and also I had nearly lost the use of my hands from the sharp, cutting edges of the manacles with which we were bound every night in the camp.

This morning there was great rejoicing among us when we sighted land. We thought that we had reached England at last, for you see we are on our way to General de Gaulle, to join the Free French Forces. So you can imagine our surprise to have hit Ireland instead."

This was the amazing story he told me. During this time I was being shown the different parts of the ship. The most remarkable features are the two "rods," over 50 feet long, swivelled at forty-five degrees—on opposite sides of the main-mast. On these, there are over twelve pulleys at given distances through which run thick, "barked" fishing lines of great length and strength. These are baited with the same rubber "eels" as are used in pollock fishing.

They catch tunny mainly on these lines. On going below I was shown the spare lines—miles of them, the spare sails and the huge box of hooks, of all sizes and shapes.

Before long some much-needed supplies were brought aboard. These consisted of meat, bread, water, vegetables, not to forget that "wholesome and pleasant beverage"—rum. It is needless to say they were overjoyed at their luck.

On account of neutrality restrictions they soon had to bid *au-revoir*. It was a great sight to see them weighing anchor and setting the main-sail, singing French shanties while doing so. Then slowly, now getting quicker and quicker, "La Tempête" gathered way 'mid the loud creaking of the stays and, as the wind had freshened, she soon gathered speed; and as the red sinking sun dipped under the horizon, the ship was lost to sight. Once again all the excitement was over, the air was still and quiet, except for the occasional splash made by the oars as the boats returned home.

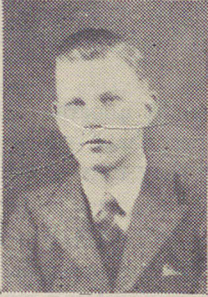
E. H. HILL.

Form VI.



Examination Results.

UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.



R. H. CHANTLER.

REID SIZARSHIP IN NATURAL SCIENCE

Won by R. H. Chantler.

	Botany	Geology	Geography
R. H. Chantler	61½	42	65
K. W. M. Harbord	52	55	60

MATRICULATION.

R. H. Chantler K. W. M. Harbord
D. J. S. Whittaker W. Jackson
 G. T. Williams

SCHOOL OF PHYSIC.

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION IN ARTS.

W. Jackson.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY OF BELFAST.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.

IN FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY.

F. A. Merrick.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

The following entered for the examination one year after passing Intermediate Certificate, under the special regulations of the Syllabus of Department of Education.

E. H. Hill	Passed in English, Latin, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry and Drawing
F. Lynch	Passed in Irish, English, History, Geography and Mathematics
F. A. Merrick	Passed in English, Latin, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry and Drawing

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE RESULTS, 1944

Pass Mark Honours Mark	40% 60%	Irish	English	Latin	History	Geography	Arithmetic	Algebra	Geometry	Science	Drawing	Result	Maximum		
													Higher Course	Lower Course	
			400	400	250	150	200	200	200	300	200				
							72	114	114						
Beazley, W. C.	...	191	362	310	152	124	180	185	145	214	156	Honours			
Coulter, H. V.	...	250	338	368	103	105	185	180	138	199	(75)	Honours			
Furney, F. O.	...	174	334	310	84	109	140	175	180	223	151	Honours			
Knox, H. G.	...	206	318	308	156	108	180	190	140	209	161	Honours			
O'Driscoll, T. H.	...	261	368	307	142	111	180	185	185	203	141	Honours			
Russell, J. G.	...	224	308	261	102	118	165	185	125	192	135	Honours			
Smith, J. E. T.	...	216	303	294	146	108	185	184	175	183	147	Honours			
de Foubert, R. G. G.		181	336	301	181	126	103	150	135	124	134	Honours			
Sweetnam, W. R.	...	220	293	293	150	104	195	185	160	165	103	Honours			
Daunt, N. F. M.	...	244	304	304	138	82	50	82	78	122	146	Pass			

Light Type. Lower Course—Honours are not awarded on Lower Course
 Heavy Type. Higher Course—Honours Marks Underlined.

EXAMINATION IN RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

FIRST PRIZES.

T. I. Wilson	K. R. Cross
J. R. F. Hilliard	W. K. Hunt
T. H. Franklin	A. M. Roe
L. G. Kemmis	T. H. O'Driscoll
D. Smyth	W. C. Beazley
R. N. Love	H. P. McConnell
W. L. N. Bateman	J. M. Phipps
J. E. Parker	R. A. Armstrong
T. B. H. Jameson	G. W. H. R. Perks
R. L. Smith	H. G. Knox
A. E. W. Frackleton	J. G. Russell

SECOND PRIZES.

W. R. M. Hill	R. Smyth
R. F. J. Cross	H. V. Coulter
R. A. Ryall	R. G. G. de Foubert
A. R. Hamilton	H. H. Johnston
W. B. Palmer	F. O. Furney

H. M. Newenham

THIRD PRIZES.

G. A. Good	N. F. M. Daunt
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PASS CERTIFICATES.

R. N. Fitzelle	H. N. Hume
C. G. Harrison	J. W. Perrott
E. W. Kingston	H. A. Duggan
D. H. McConnell	G. W. Gleasure
W. R. Sweetnam	J. W. Millar
J. E. T. Smith	J. V. Perrott
J. R. B. Bird	R. A. Smyth
A. M. Bird	J. M. Mulligan

MUSIC.

FATHER MATHEW FEIS, CORK.

SECOND PLACE IN BOYS' SOLO.

K. R. Cross

ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS
OF MUSIC, LONDON.

GRAMMAR OF MUSIC.

GRADE I.

W. L. N. Bateman	T. B. H. Jameson
------------------	------------------

GRADE IV.

T. H. Franklin.

PIANOFORTE.

Preliminary Grade	T. B. H. Jameson
Grade IV.	T. H. Franklin

CHOIR EXAMINATION.

CONDUCTED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION.

Result—91%

PRIZE LIST, 1944.

MOORE MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP.

R. H. Chantler and T. H. O'Driscoll.

EARL OF MIDLETON SCHOLARSHIP.

W. C. Beazley, H. V. Coulter and H. G. Knox

"J. H. BENNETT MEMORIAL" SCIENCE PRIZE.

F. O. Furney and W. C. Beazley.

Mrs. BENNETT'S MUSIC PRIZE.

T. H. Franklin.

PRIZES PRESENTED BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF CORK, CLOYNE and ROSS.

F. O. Furney	J. E. T. Smith
R. G. G. de Foubert	J. G. Russell

REV. VICTOR J. COTTER'S PRIZE.

G. W. H. R. Perks.

REV. R. J. COLTHURST'S SCRIPTURE PRIZES.

T. H. O'Driscoll	T. I. Wilson
W. B. Palmer	T. H. Franklin

HEADMASTER'S DEBATING PRIZE.

L. G. Kemmis

LEAVING CERTIFICATE.

F. Lynch	E. H. Hill
F. A. Merrick	

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE.

W. R. Sweetnam	N. F. M. Daunt.
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SCIENCE NOTE BOOK PRIZES.

Form V.	Form IV A.
K. W. M. Harbord	H. H. Johnston

Form IV H.	Form IV B.
J. E. T. Smith	A. M. Bird

Form III
W. R. M. Hill.

FORM PRIZES.

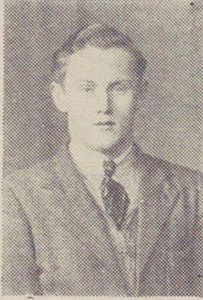
Form V.	Form IV B.
1.—W. Jackson	1.—J. M. Phipps
2.—J. F. Huggard	2.—T. I. Wilson
	3.—R. L. Smith

Form IV A.	Form III
1.—H. P. McConnell	1.—R. N. Love
2.—H. H. Johnston	2.—T. B. H. Jameson
3.—J. W. Perrott	3.—T. H. Franklin

Form II A.	Form II B.
1.—A. P. Stanley	1.—M. E. Dorman
2.—W. B. Palmer	2.—R. C. Williams
3.—C. K. Hunt	

OLD BOYS' SUCCESSES

UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN—1943-44



L. S. ATKINS.

1st Honour, Natural Science. J. F. (Xmas, 1943).

1st Honour, Natural Science. (Prize).
J. F. (October, 1944).



T. J. C. WARRINER.

M.B., B.Ch., B.A.O. 2nd Class Honours
in Gynaecology.



A. R. WHITE

(Scholar)

1st Honours in Classics and Mental and
Moral Science. J.S. Honours in Hebrew.
"John Henry Bernard" Prize in Mental
and Moral Science. (£24).

"Mullins" Classical Prize. (£34).

Hon. Sec. of University Philosophical
Society.

President's Gold Medal in Composition.



H. C. READ.

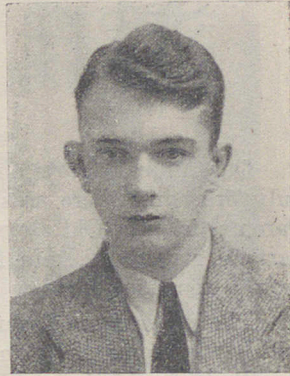
1st Honour, Experimental Science. J. F.
(Xmas, 1943).

1st Honour, Experimental Science. (Prize).
J. F. (October, 1944).

OLD BOYS' SUCCESSES—Contd.
UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN—1943-44

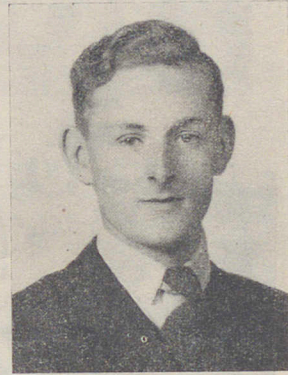
R. M. PEET.

1st Honour, Philosophy in "Half."
2nd Honour, Anatomy in "Half."
Demonstratorship in Anatomy. Trinity
and Michaelmas Term.
Demonstratorship in Physiology. Michael-
mas Term.



W. W. DALY.

B.A.I. with 2nd Class Honours.



W. J. WHITE, B.A.

The Vice-Chancellor's Prize in Poetry.



G. A. SALTER.

1st Honour, Irish. J. F. (Xmas, 1943).
3rd Honour, Spanish. J. F. (Xmas, 1943).
Irish Composition Prize.

Sports and Gymnastic Display.

Our Annual Sports and Gymnastic Display took place on Wednesday, July 5th, and there was a large and representative gathering present. Parents, friends, Old Boys, all contrived to reach Midleton by their own particular methods. In fact the exceptionally large attendance was the more astonishing in view of the bad travelling facilities.

The programme began with the races, and the sports field, bedecked with flags, presented an imposing background. The traditional high standard of athletics was maintained for the performances of some pupils compared favourably with those of the best of former times.



PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' RACE.

The race was won by D. W. Loane and Miss Chadwick (left), with H. R. Johnson and Miss Hawke (right) second.

The "Victor Ludorum," a trophy presented by the Old Boys' Association, and awarded to the best all-round athlete, was won by W. Jackson from W. C. Beazley. "Jacko" may be described as a "flyer," for he is capable of terrific bursts of speed at times. Beazley, who looks every inch an athlete, displayed good pace, whilst Wilson ran with determination. Harrison proved the best of the Juniors.

The Old Boys' race was keenly contested, for the former pupils like to show the students how it was done in their day. There was a number of novelty events for visitors and "tiny tots," followed by tea in the Gymnasium.



JUNIOR CRICKET TEAM

J. E. T. Smith (*Marker*), C. G. Harrison, W. B. Palmer, W. L. N. Bateman,
E. S. Kingston, A. P. Stanley, M. E. Dorman.
W. K. Hunt, W. R. M. Hill, G. W. R. Perks (*Capt.*), A. E. W. Frackleton,
H. M. Newenham.



TWO OF THE INTER-HOUSE TEAMS

Standing from left)—J. E. Parker, W. R. M. Hill, E. W. Kingston, D. H. McConnell,
T. H. Franklin, W. K. Hunt, R. N. Love, J. R. F. Hilliard, R. A. Ryall, A. M. Roe
(Seated)—R. C. Williams, H. N. Hume, L. G. Kemmis, W. B. Palmer and R. L. Smith (Captains)
C. G. Harrison, M. E. Dorman, C. K. Hunt
(In front)—D. R. Dorman M. E. R. Perks



A Family Record

Rev. W. H. Daunt, R.N.V.R.

J. Daunt, R.N.

H. R. Daunt, R.N.

B. N. Daunt, R.A.

A. J. Daunt, R.N.

E. R. Daunt, R.N.

Two other brothers, who were not at the College, are also serving in the Forces, and their sister, Caroline, is a member of the A.T.S.



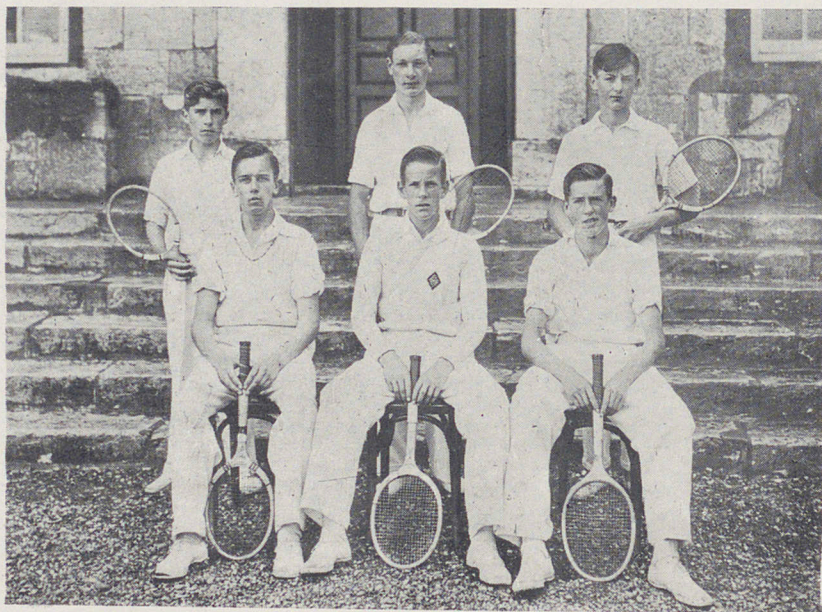
H. G. V. Foott, R.A.F. B. A. O'Neill, R.N. T. K. B. Williams, R.A.F.
H. R. Kenworthy, R.A.S.C.
N. Taylor, R.A.F. W. O. C. Woods, R.A.
D. L. White, R.N.V.R.



ATHLETIC TEAM

F. Lynch, W. C. Beazley, J. G. Russell, J. R. B. Bird, F. A. Merrick,
T. H. O'Driscoll, H. A. Duggan, J. F. Huggard, T. I. Wilson.

In the Munster Schools' Athletic Championships F. Lynch won the Senior Half-Mile, W. C. Beazley won the Senior Long Jump, and W. Jackson, who is missing from the group, won the Senior Pole Jump.



TENNIS TEAM.

J. W. Perrott. H. A. Duggan. T. I. Wilson.
J. F. Huggard. F. O. Furney (*Capt.*) R. G. G. de Foubert.

Much appreciation was shown of our Gymnastic display, and some amazing feats were accomplished by small boys. Mr. Fraser conducted operations skilfully and was always at hand to help those who hesitated.

Mrs. Colthurst very kindly distributed the prizes, which were many and varied.

A very appropriate ending to a well-balanced programme occurred in the nature of a Dance in the State Hall. We were delighted to see so many Old Boys present and the evening was such a success that the dancing period was considerably extended.

The Championship Results were as follows :—

100 yards. Senior.	1.—W. C. Beazley	2.—F. Lynch
" Middle.	1.—J. R. B. Bird	2.—A. M. Bird
" Junior.	1.—T. I. Wilson	2.—G. W. H. Perks
" Under 12	1.—M. Dorman	2.—C. G. Harrison
75 yards Under 10	1.—R. Perks	2.—C. K. Hunt
220 yards. Senior.	1.—W. C. Beazley	2.—F. Lynch
880 yards. Senior.	1.—F. Lynch	2.—J. R. B. Bird
Senior Long Jump	} 1.—W. Jackson 2.—W. C. Beazley 3.—F. Lynch	
" High Jump		
" Shot		
Middle Shot	1.—H. G. Knox	2.—J. G. Russell
Senior High Jump	1.—W. C. Beazley, 4' 11"	2.—H. A. Duggan
Middle High Jump	1.—H. G. Knox, 4' 6"	2.—H. O'Driscoll
Junior High Jump	1.—T. I. Wilson	2.—G. W. H. Perks
Old Boys' Race	1.—D. W. Loane	2.—R. H. Johnson

VICTOR LUDORUM CUP—Presented by O.B.A.

Won by W. Jackson



Cricket.

As it was impossible for us, owing to travelling conditions, to engage in competitive Cricket last season, we had to confine ourselves to friendlies.

Three Cork teams, Cork Constitution, Wanderers and Midleton Old Boys, sportingly travelled to Midleton to play us. Of those who "wielded the willow" last season Franks Furney was outstanding. His able leadership and all-round Cricket acumen left nothing to be desired. De Foubert showed promise and proved himself a "dour" batsman on occasions. Both Lynch and Knox hit several boundaries. The latter was our "Keeper" and acquitted himself very well in that position. Merrick fielded well whilst Jackson's speed in chasing a ball saved many a run. Fetherstonhaugh was our best bowler and a useful "bat." Huggard took great interest in the game and contributed many runs. Our weakness last season lay in attack, for our bowlers were below usual standard. Consequently, in matches, good batting and keen fielding were offset by weak bowling.

By way of variety, our Junior XI played the newly formed Cork Ladies XI. Our Junior team contained many promising players. Perks was a good opening bat, Hill, Frackleton, E. S. Kingston and Harrison were excellent all-rounders. M. Dorman and P. Stanley showed promise.

We are very much indebted to Captain Mostyn, who imparted his wide experience and technical knowledge of the game to our players. Despite the unfavourable circumstances, we had a very good season. Great eagerness for the game was displayed by all.

Tennis.

The weather was exceptionally fine during the summer term, and therefore conducive to tennis.

Besides our usual championship tournaments, we competed in the Munster Senior Schools' Cup. In addition, we played a number of friendly matches. First team players were permitted on certain occasions to play on the courts of Midleton L.T.C. Several matches were played with that Club, and in American Tournaments there Franks Furney was twice successful.

In the Munster Schools Cup we were drawn against Christian Brothers' College, Cork, who proved too strong for us.

Franks Furney was the "idol" of the School in the sphere of Tennis, and his superior play was impressive. De Foubert rose to great heights on occasions, and was a sound player. Wilson has improved considerably and though he lacks finesse, his untiring energy and careful play should enable him to obtain the highest honours. Duggan showed up well, especially in doubles, where he partnered Franks Furney.

Among the Juniors, G. Perks was the most accomplished player. Hill improved very much during the term. Eric Kingston was a useful player.

Rochelle School, Cork, very kindly entertained our team, and though inclement weather prevented much play, we thoroughly enjoyed the outing.

The Senior School title was again won by Franks Furney from R. G. G. de Foubert, and Eric Kingston defeated R. Sweetnam in the Middle Section. The Junior event was won by G. Perks, who defeated R. M. Hill in two sets. Perks's greater experience was the deciding factor.

□ □ □ □

Hockey.

Since the inception of Hockey as the premier Winter sport, owing to the difficulty of arranging Rugby matches, considerable progress has been made in the former game.

Some promising Juniors of the Season 1942-43 acquitted themselves well on the first XI last season.

Valuable experience was gained by matches with Wanderers, Civil Service and an Old Boys' XI. This experience, together with the physical fitness of our players, contributed much towards our success in the Munster Senior Schools' League.

We defeated both Bandon Grammar School and Cork Grammar School in this competition and so captured the Schools' Senior Hockey Trophy.

F. Furney, our captain, by his able leadership and hockey prowess, set an excellent example to the other members of the team. He was ably served at full-back by F. Huggard, whilst G. Good, our custodian, brought off some excellent saves. F. Lynch was an untiring worker, and was sound both in defence and attack. W. C. Beazley and B. Bird were speedy wings and threw in some fine centres. Knox has developed into a first class player, and his hard-hitting was a great asset to the side. The most improved player was A. Smyth. He added spirit to the attack and netted a number of goals. Fetherstonhaugh found his correct position at right half and played well there.

The following members of our team were chosen to represent Munster against a Leinster XI—F. Furney, G. Good, T. F. K. Fetherstonhaugh, F. Lynch, A. Smyth and B. Bird.

Matches.

Played	Won	Lost	Goals	
			F.	A.
8	6	2	31	18

Rugby.

We have much pleasure in recording an excellent season. Despite the number of obstacles presented by the transport problem, we arranged a number of fixtures. The summary of matches reveals the ability of the College team and testifies to its success.

The season opened with a lively match against an Old Boys' XV, led by R. H. Johnson. A decisive victory in our favour resulted. Though outweighed, our forwards displayed much energy, whilst the thrusts of our backs were a feature of the game. Subsequent games included matches with Glenstal Priory, Presentation College, Cork and Christian Brothers' College, Cork. Our set-back at Glenstal may be partly attributed to the fatigue of our players owing to travelling conditions. However, a draw with Presentation College, and a victory over Christian Brothers' College restored confidence.

On the whole, the team shaped well. We had two very useful backs in Beazley and Jackson. The latter's fine bursts of speed delighted spectators on more than one occasion, whilst Beazley's speed and weight rendered him a constant menace to our opponents. Alan Smyth, who played at full back for a part of the season, showed marked improvement. His kicking, though not lengthy, was safe. Good used his strength to advantage and was always difficult to bring down. Franks Furney, by his covering and good sense of position, redeemed many difficult situations. Duggan displayed keenness in attack, whilst de Foubert showed great courage and resource in the difficult position of scrum-half. The outstanding forward of the season was F. Lynch. His untiring energy, anticipation and excellent leadership contributed in no small way to the success of our team. His rallies resulted in many a score, whilst his work in the loose and in the scrum deserves special commendation. Fetherstonhaugh, Merrick, Huggard and Williams also did good work in the forwards. Knox has greatly improved and his tackling in particular deserves praise.

Among those who did not obtain a regular berth on the XV, but showed promise, were B. Bird, J. W. Perrott and A. Bird.

In the Junior ranks quite a number displayed prowess. C. G. Harrison, whose all-round athletic ability is worthy of note, has a good future ahead of him in the Rugby world. G. Perks handles well, whilst the kicking of R. Hill was the deciding factor in many practices.

D. Dorman, M. Dorman and T. Jameson all showed promise. They all possess football brains, keenness and courage, characteristics which go to make up the ideal footballer.

In conclusion, tribute must be paid to our enterprising Secretary, F. A. Merrick, whose zeal and energy helped to make the season a very successful one.

Summary of Matches—1943-44.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points F. A.
8	4	2	2	77 57

Athletics.

Athletics in Midleton College have always been of a high standard. It is only of recent years, however, that our interest has been extended outside the school. To a large extent this has been due to the arrival of Mr. Fraser, junior, himself an enthusiastic and capable athlete. He has introduced and popularised long and high jumping, weight throwing and the pole vault. Under his able tuition the College has produced some very promising young athletes.

On May 17th of this year, we were represented at the Cork Inter-Schools Championship Sports held at Douglas. Our securing of three firsts excelled the performance of the preceding year. In addition to W. Jackson winning the pole vault, with a magnificent jump of 9ft. 6in., F. Lynch and W. Beazley obtained first places in the half mile (2mins. 11sec.) and the long jump (19ft. 11in.) respectively. All these events were won only after a hard and gruelling contest with some of the best schoolboy athletes in Munster. Those boys taking part in other events, though they did not win prizes, put up a creditable performance.

On Whit Monday we took the field in Midleton Novice Sports. Competitors included those from Cobh, Castlemartyr and Midleton schools. The beautiful weather helped to make the proceedings very enjoyable. Contrary to our expectations, our boys carried off most of the events. Two of our most promising young athletes, C. Harrison and I. Wilson, were among the first to bring honour to the school; the former won the 80 yards dash under 12 years while the latter easily secured first in the 100 yards under 14 years. W. Jackson in the 100 and 220 yards had hard luck in only securing two seconds. The College were again to the fore when W. Beazley won the long and high jumps (5ft. 2½ins.). Later in the evening the sack race, the wheel-barrow and pick-a-back races, all won by the College boys, afforded some very amusing spectacles.

The highlight of the evening was the Gymnastic Display by the College boys which took place after the Sports; it was indeed worthy of the high standard Mr. Fraser (senior) has set himself. The Display included Box Horse, Parallel Bars, Swedish Drill and Tableaux. The well-merited applause of the spectators showed that the fine display was much appreciated.

On the 29th June we participated in I.C.I.C.Y.M.A. sports. Once again the College emerged supreme. In the Junior events K. Hunt and C. Harrison were successful in winning the 100 yards under 10 years and under 14 years. I. Wilson won the 220 yards under 16 years. F. Lynch, justifying his fine reputation, won the senior half mile. Later our successes were crowned by the winning of the Hill Cup by the Relay Team.

On the same day we were represented at Ballinrostig Sports by W. Beazley. He also obtained extremely gratifying results. Having won the 100 yards and two miles cycle, he achieved second in both the hop, step and jump and high jump.

Such a fine record gives credit both to the athletes themselves and to their instructors. During the coming year we hope to see these achievements not only equalled but excelled.

With the Old Boys.

Old Boys' Association General Meeting and Luncheon.

The Annual General Meeting was held in the Metropole Hotel, Cork, on Thursday, 30th December, 1943, and there was an excellent muster of Old Boys, considering the difficulties of travel. Captain J. de Herez Smyth presided, and paid a very generous tribute to the memory of the Rev. Canon H. Kingsmill Moore, who had been President of the Association since its inception.

The following Officers were then elected :—

<i>President</i>	Captain J. de Herez Smyth.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	D. Humphreys, W. Bird, T. West, M.A.
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	G. F. Kenworthy
<i>Hon. Treasurer</i>	D. W. Loane.
<i>Committee</i>	H. J. Baker, H. E. Deane-Roe, R. Good, J. B. S. Haynes, B. C. S. Hosford, A. Jeffery, F. W. Markham.

After the meeting the members proceeded to luncheon. The toast of the O.B.A. was proposed by the Rev. D. P. S. Wilson, who said that many happy memories of his time at the College were in his mind. He thought the O.B.A. an excellent institution, reviving many happy associations, and he had great pleasure in proposing the Toast. The President replied on behalf of the O.B.A.

The Rev. G. S. Baker proposed the Toast of "The Boys in the Forces." He said that, although five years over the allotted span, a re-union such as this made him feel many years younger. He said that the School should be proud of the number of Old Boys in the Services—those fine fellows in the Army, Navy and Air Force. He noted that the majority of them were in the R.A.F.—a matchless band of men—the equal of any that fly. It was a record they should be proud of, and in proposing the Toast, he said "God bless and preserve them all."

A. R. White, Scholar, T.C.D., in proposing the Toast of the College, said that in the annals of the Services our School stands high, as in academic and other spheres. The name of Midleton College is associated with high traditions, and he hoped it would long continue to maintain its high standards of valour, scholarship and athletics.

In replying to the toast of "The Headmaster," proposed by Captain Smyth, Mr. West said he was proud to be associated with a College with such traditions, and he felt that every effort was being made to maintain those traditions. During his regime, three of his boys had the unique

distinction of becoming Scholars of the House in Trinity College, the last to add his name to that list being A. R. White. He was glad of the increased membership of the O.B.A., and he believed that with a little co-operation that membership might be doubled. He thanked those Old Boys who had contributed to the *Magazine*, which he hoped would continue to act as a link between the past and the present

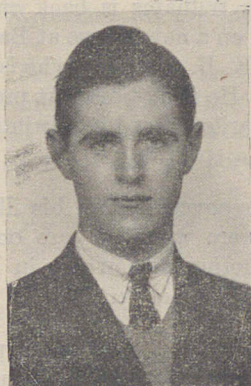
The Rev. C. B. Hilliard, who had just arrived from Chota Nagpur, expressed much pleasure in being present at this, his first function of the O.B.A., and spoke of very pleasant days he had just spent at the College, and his appreciation of the great improvements made since he was a boy there. He felt very proud of his Old School, of which he had many pleasant memories; one of the most amusing of these was the making of explosives, which were placed in the Ball Alley. Having lighted the fuse, the boys ran for the class-rooms and waited for the explosion. When it came it was terrific, and the Headmaster and Staff rushed to the front steps to see if anything was left of the police barracks—it was in the “troubled times”—much to the amusement of the boys. He wished the Association every success.

Old Boys' Dances.

The Old Boys' Association had two official dancing dates this year, very different in time and place. The first was a formal affair on the 4th February, when the “Old Boys” of Midleton College and the “Old Girls” of Rochelle School gave a combined dance in the Imperial Hotel. As these two schools have been, and still are, responsible for the education of many brothers and sisters, a series of family links has united them, and the suggestion of a joint dance was a welcome innovation. In spite of transport difficulties the Old Boys and Old Girls (past pupils sounds more dignified) mustered in force and in the latest fashions: Pat Crowley and his band were in their best form, and from the word “go” the dance went with a swing. Everyone seemed to enjoy it, and the Committee are to be congratulated upon their enterprise in organising the happy function, which was such a huge success.

The second dance was an informal flannel dance in the State Hall, Midleton, which rounded off the annual sports fixture and gym. display on the 5th July. Many of the younger guests migrated from the College grounds to the State Hall, where many others joined them, and helped to spread a gay and happy atmosphere from the dancers to Chris Moloney's band, playing at top form. The dance was due to end at 10 o'clock, but the band were so pleased with the dancers' response to their music that they volunteered to continue playing until 11 p.m. and then gave a further extension till 12 midnight. If there were any doubts about the success of this function, a count of the bicycles parked at the College would have dispelled them; it was a pretty compliment to find so many people prepared to cycle long distances to attend it. The younger generation does not moan for petrol: hardened by the rigours of emergency conditions—*spartam nactus es*—go to it with a bike.

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



F. W. MARKHAM

F. W. Markham, on passing the Final Examination of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries.

Tom Gifford, on passing his Intermediate Examination for his diploma in Electrical and Mechanical Engineering in Burnley College. We wish him good luck in his Final in December.

John H. Markham, on passing his Pre-Medical Examination in University College, Cork.

Eric and Joe Daunt, on passing their examinations for Chief Petty Officers (Writers) Royal Navy.

Trinity College, Dublin.

F. W. Rodgers, on gaining B.A. (2nd class) and passing Junior Divinity examination.

W. E. Perrott, on passing Middle Year Engineering examination and "Little-Go."

R. W. R. Colthurst, on being awarded the Carson Biblical Prize and passing B.A. (1st class) and Junior Divinity examination.

W. H. H. Tanner, on completing his 4th Medical year, a term of residence in Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital and the Rotunda.

D. A. Larmour, on passing the First Year examination in Commerce.

The following past pupils were married during this year and we congratulate them and wish them every happiness :

Douglas W. Loane, Alan H. Thompson, Rev. F. H. Garrett, Alec Good, Eric R. Daunt, Captain J. de Herez Smyth, Norman W. F. McDonald and Joseph Hosford.

We heard that Langley Humphreys met with an accident in India. The electrical fan in his quarters went out of order and Langley in his efforts to fix it would have been electrocuted had not a brother officer arrived just in time to detach him from the fan. We hope he is nothing the worse of his experience.

His brother, Max, who was in Irish Guard Commandos, is now in the Indian Army, and we congratulate him on receiving his commission. Oscar Woods, W. J. T. (Bunty) Aylward and Dr. J. Tait are also serving in India.

Ashley (R. J. A.) Good, from whom we had a most interesting letter from Ceylon, has also been posted to India and he is back at his old job of Flying Instructor. We hear that he is now teaching "the Blacks" to fly. We wonder if "the Whites" had him seconded to his job!! We were delighted to hear that his brother Fred (R.A.F.), who was posted as missing, is safe, though a prisoner of war.

Some of the Old Boys may remember a member of the Staff, Mr. Dermot Quinlan—he is now an Army Chaplain and is serving in India.

We were all delighted to hear that Tommy Williams is back on the active list again after his severe illness. He is now on a new course at Babbacombe, Devon. We had a letter from his brother, K. B. (Bunnie), who is now a Flight-Sergeant in a Spitfire Fighter Squadron. He is stationed at present in Italy, and we have recorded his meeting with Charlie Gifford in a swimming pool near Naples.

We were glad to hear that C. Gifford has recovered from his illness, and that Basil Baker and John Gifford, who were wounded, are on the active list again. Charlie and John met one another somewhere in Italy for less than an hour, as John's troop was moving further on.

Another strange meeting occurred in a Glasgow Cinema when G. F. P. (Gerry) Guy found J. E. H. (Ted) Harte sitting beside him when the lights went up. Both are Sub-Lieutenants in the R.N.V.R. The former is now in command of his ship. It is rumoured that he had an anxious time on his first trip as C.O., which took place on Friday, 13th. However, everything went off satisfactorily.

Another Old Boy, A. (Bonzo) Martin, has been severely wounded. We were all very sorry to hear the sad news and wish him a very speedy recovery.

Rev. W. H. Daunt (Mod.) B.A., who was a curate in Carlow, is now in Devonport, where he has commenced training for his Chaplaincy in the Royal Navy. We wish him the best of luck in his new sphere of work. This is the fifth boy of the same family to join the R.N. Eric is now on a shore job at Greenock, while Joe is attached to *H.M.S. Woolwich*. Harold, we are sorry to hear, has been killed in action. Achilles is also in the R.N. Their sister, Caroline, is in the A.T.S., and is stationed at Armagh. There are two other boys in the Services, George and Nicholas. This must be certainly a record for any family. (See Plate II).

Michael Bentley is in the R.A.F. and is stationed at St. Athan, in Wales. He is doing very well and hopes to be one of the 20 per cent. to be recommended for a Commission at the end of his training.

George Christian Bolster, L.A.C., R.A.F., hopes to be ordained into the Ministry of the Church of England after the war is over.

We congratulate W. T. Stickland, A.C.A., on his engagement, and also on his appointment as Secretary of the Lucan Dairies Ltd., Dublin.

We congratulate Mr. S. G. Patterson, B.A., on being appointed House Master at Harrow. We wonder if he will have as much scope for his agricultural activities as he had in "St. Columba's." If so, we foresee him moving onward to the British Department of Agriculture. We would be very glad to hear of life in Harrow and wish him well.

Two of our Old Boys, G. T. Williams and D. J. Whittaker, have received appointments in the Ocean and Accident Insurance Co. We hear that they are doing well. B. B. Gale, who is in the same company, has been transferred to Waterford on promotion. Congratulations, Brian!

Frank Lynch, our well-known all-round athlete, has taken up an appointment with John Atkins & Co., Cork. He still continues to win prizes at various Sports. L. S. Atkins and he must have covered many miles in attending Sports Meetings all over the country.

We welcome to the staff Mr. Cox and Mr. Duggan, in the place of Mr. Scanlan, who has received an appointment in a Cork School. Mr. S. Hamilton-Fox has also left, to take up an appointment in England. We wish them all that is best in their new schools.

Miss Nancy Nicholson, who is nursing with the Forces in the Middle East, met two sister nurses named Wilson, daughters of Dr. J. Wilson, Woodlands, Moolong, New South Wales, an Old Boy of the College. He is a brother of the late Very Rev. W. J. Wilson, and is probably one of our oldest Old Boys. We are glad to hear that he is so well and strong and wish him many happy days. We would like to hear from him.

Sporting Items.

We owe an apology to the able Hon. Treasurer of the O.B.A., Douglas William Loane, on omitting his name in our previous issue. For several years he has been the mainstay of the C.I. teams, both in Hockey and Cricket. In the former game he represented Munster three times last season against Leinster, Ulster and Connaught, and judging by the number of goals he has scored in the Senior League this season, he should again represent his Province. He has also done good work "Wielding the Willow" and has played several games with Cork County. We hope soon to see him captaining a team of Old Boys in the Senior Hockey League. [For other activities see page 30.—Ed].

Most of the older generation of past pupils will be glad to hear that we have again appeared in Competitive Hockey. Last season our School Senior Team won the Minor Cup, and this year with the assistance of several Old Boys, we have made bold to enter the Senior League. The team consists of Albert, George and Ted Jeffery, William and George Nicholson, Gordon Good, T. R. Shorten and Derek Stone, with the aid of the most outstanding of our present boys, R. G. de Foubert, H. G. Knox, W. C. Beazley and Basil Bird. The matches have been most enjoyable, and although we cannot record any victories to date, we have had a series of most interesting and pleasant games:

Y.M.C.A. 1	Midleton College	0
Harlequins 3	Midleton College	1
Church of Ireland 5	Midleton College	0
Bohemians 1	Midleton College	1

Trinity College, Dublin.

R. M. Peet is a member of the Boxing Club Committee. He represented the Dublin University Boxing Team in Trinity week and won the Welter Championship. He acted as Secretary for the Rag, which proved a tremendous success. The proceeds, which were for the "Anti-T.B." fund, were considerably more than last year. Good work, Bob.

A. R. White has won his colours for boxing (43/44) and was a member of the D.U. Harriers and Athletic Team which won the Dublin Novice League, 1944.

F. W. Rodgers is captain of the Hockey 2nd XI. He has played several games for the 1st XI.

L. S. Atkins is a member of the Harriers and has played on 1st and 2nd Rugby teams on certain occasions and is Captain and Hon. Secretary of 3rd XV. He is ably assisted on the 3rd XV by W. W. Daly and G. A. Salter. The former has also played Gaelic Football for the Engineers against the College Irish Society. W. Jackson is playing on 3rd A XV.

H. R. Chantler and L. J. D. McElveen, who have joined the Rowing Club, are on the Maiden Fours.

* * * *

H. C. Read plays Hockey for Pembroke Wanderers 2nd XI and has been picked for Junior Interpro Trial; he also turns out for Palmerstown 3rd XV.

R. J. Bolster and A. J. L. Hawke are members of the Dolphin 1st XV. The former is captain of the Club, which had a unique season last year, winning all the available competitions.

R. H. Johnson is playing forward for Constitution 1st XV.

J. A. Mattsson is vice-captain of Wanderers 1st XV, and is now joined by D. A. Larmour who captained the College 1942/43. In describing the semi-final of the Leinster Senior Cup between Wanderers and Old Belvedere last season, the *Irish Times* said: "the best player on the whole field was J. A. Mattsson at full-back. His fielding and kicking were almost faultless, and on several occasions he made remarkable runs to give his side the opportunity of counter attacks." If he is not careful he will be playing out-half.



DENIS LARMOUR

In the Youths' Championship of Éire, Denis Larmour broke the record for the Long Jump with 21 ft. 4 in. He came third in 220 yards. Although he failed to get his place on the Trinity Athletic Team, he had the proud distinction of being selected to represent Éire in an Athletic Contest against Northern Ireland. Denis is only eighteen years of age and we heartily congratulate him. He is doing great work as centre on Wanderers 1st XV and we have read of dazzling runs from his own half to score tries under the post in the match against Collegians.

V. Foott has played a number of games for his R.A.F. Squadron and scored several tries in one match on the wing. He also had a remarkable success in his gunnery course, gaining 97 per cent. Good shooting, Val.

H. O. Hennessy, who is now on the staff of Messrs. Going & Smith, Cahir, plays for the local Hockey team and is Hon. Secretary.

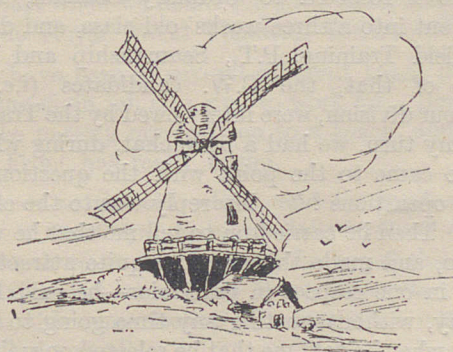
B. C. S. Hosford and J. A. Markham are devotees of Isaac Walton. It is rumoured that John caught his first salmon (10 lbs.) on a trout fly. He had better luck than poor Fred with his *Snipe*.

We are glad to hear that William Bird, whose yacht, *Ballydulea* has been handicapped very severely after all its successes in the previous season, is on the active list again. He has been in the Victoria Hospital for over six weeks with an injured arm. He has thrived on the good care he received.

MAGAZINE ACCOUNT 1943-44.

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* We are very grateful to the following, who sent subscriptions to the Magazine Fund:—S. G. Patterson, J. J. O’Neill, Lt.-Col. W. F. Moore, T. C. Moore, M.D., Miss A. E. Moore, G.F.T., The Munster Arcade and Captain V. Webster.



Letters from Old Boys.

□ □ □ □

Sub-Lt. D. L. WHITE, R.N.V.R., *H.M.S. Lizard*, Hove, **Sussex**.

27/12/1943.

Thank you for the *College Magazine*. I'm afraid I have no stirring tales of daring to relate. My job consists in the main of waiting for this much-vaunted invasion to take place, and in trying to keep myself from stagnating physically, mentally and morally as a result.

I entered the Navy in November, 1942, having volunteered for training as a wireless telegraphist. I was sent to my first training establishment, where I was vetted by doctor, dentist and others; and I underwent what is known as the "psychological exam." This consists of graduated tests in maths, science and one's powers of observation. Evidently I passed well up the top of the list, for I was ushered into the Training Commander's Office, where he told me I had done very well and gave me a metaphorical pat on the back. Then he told me that I could do a better job than the one I had volunteered for, and asked me if I would like to train as a Wireless Mechanic. It sounded interesting, and meant a fairly lengthy technical training—about nine months, I believe. An added attraction was the prospect of a more-rapid-than-usual promotion. On completing the course—incidentally, allowance is made for about a 50% failure *en route*—a man passes out as a leading seaman, with prospects of early promotion to Petty Officer.

However, I never got through more than three weeks of the disciplinary course, for one day we were all interviewed by our Divisional Officer, and four of us were picked out for further interviews with other Officers bearing more gold braid on their arms. The upshot of all this was that the four of us were recommended for commissions, and we were transferred to another class for more intensive training. After a further three weeks in this class, during which time I resorted to Ordinary Seaman, I was drafted to *H.M.S. Raleigh*, went into a three weeks' old class, and did a further seven weeks training—Field Training, P.T., Seamanship and Gunnery. Then, towards the end of that, the C.W. candidates (*i.e.*, candidates for commissioning) in our division, were interviewed by the Training Commander. When it came to my turn, we had a little chat, during which time he sized me up. Then, he came to the point with the question, "What do you think of combined operations?" My reply was to the effect that I didn't think much of it. Then he carried on to tell me that he was not asking me to be a Commando, and made things sound quite attractive. It seemed a sound proposition in one respect in particular—he said I would become a cadet straight away, without wasting any time going to sea first. Also, I felt quite honoured when he told me that he selected only five men a fortnight

from the whole of the establishment to go on this course, which he described as being strenuous, mentally and physically, but of only six weeks duration.

After some leave, I was packed off up to the West of Scotland, to be put through the mill. Strenuous it was, right enough. We were hard at it from crack of dawn until 9 p.m. or later, with navigation, signalling, pilotage, seamanship, gunnery and other things, not to mention P.T. first thing on waking in the morning, P.T. for an hour during the day two days a week, and P.T. in the shape of a cross-country run, or a mountain climb, or a chase around the assault course every afternoon before tea. This before-tea period often included a plunge through the river, and it *was* a game getting our gear dry again to start the following day. Every Sunday, the day of rest, was a day of work for us. We swotted all day, after Church parade in the morning, and we had also to replenish our stock of timber if we wanted to keep a fire going in our hut. However, I did insist on taking the evening off after 7 o'clock supper, and attended the camp cinema each Sunday. This was rather frowned upon by the powers that be, but I felt I needed the relaxation and had no qualms about it.

Included in the course was what was called a boxing tournament. We were all weighed, and matched against men of similar weight. The idea was not to show boxing ability, but to show how much we could give and take—and some blood spilt helped the effect considerably. Unfortunately, I found myself matched against a friend and fellow-Irishman. On discussing things afterwards, it seems that we both went in with the same idea, namely, that if the Commander wanted to see a fight, he was jolly well going to get one. It was only three two-minute rounds, and seemed like years. Neither of us was a boxer, and we left ourselves open all over the place, but we did sock into one another with gusto. In fact, each one of us was out on his feet at different stages in the fight. However, we stuck it out, and slammed like mad, and in the end the Commander awarded a draw, and congratulated us on the show we had put up. Then we withdrew to the canteen together for internal repairs.

An amazing number of people stuck out the course and passed out at the end. I surprised myself by coming seventh on the list, with an all-round average of just over 80%, included in which was full marks in pilotage. It was 29th April last when we heard the good news, and received temporary commissions in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Since then I have been in several different bases, doing different jobs, but with always the main job as a goal to work for. Some day, somewhere, I shall probably be putting my craft on to a beach, and then I shall know that the Second Front has really begun.

My good wishes to the old school, and its pupils; also to the ever-growing company of Old Boys, more especially to those of the vintage years 1929–1933, and to those in the forces. Let's get this job done with all possible speed, chaps, that we may go home and settle down to the daily round once more with some feeling of security for ourselves and for our children. God bless you all.

Radio Officer C. J. LAWRENCE, *S.S. Empire Torrent*. 7/1/1944.

Since I last wrote I have been in many corners of the earth I never thought I should visit. I promise you an evening's story-telling when next I return to Ireland.

I spent Christmas at sea this year, with the temperature well above the hundred mark in the shade. During my watches on that day, I think I thought of everyone I knew, but we had our turkey and refreshments all right, and had on the whole a pretty nice time.

We are at present in port but I am up all night to-night as my friend the third Engineer has got a touch of the fever and needs watching. My regards to any of the masters and pupils I still know, and I suggest a free Maths. period or part thereof while you digest this:

I had an accident at sea last year, lost all my kit, but I was lucky myself, thanks to the powers that be. I suppose transport difficulties have upset your Rugby, Cricket, etc.; they are things I miss as I liked exercise. It is no joke with only iron decks to walk on, with no green fields, etc., for about six or seven weeks at a stretch. However, things could be much worse.

11/4/44.

Just a short note to let you know that I am still above, and not below the surface. I am at present on watch and that in the tropics, with Black-out, is no picnic. The temperature is 110°F. at the moment, but that is low to what it has been. I have just put in my sixth month on this ship now and we have been around quite a bit. We had a most marvellous stay in Australia, at a little port where they see a ship once in a Blue Moon. The people never gave us a moment's rest, what with dances, tours, parties, etc., and when we were leaving, they all came out in their yachts, with flags, to give us a send-off. I would not mind going back there again, but of course U.K. is preferable.

I wrote you a letter from India when we were there but do not know if you got it or not. I am in the middle of a poem which, if passed by the censors when it is finished, I will send on to the *Magazine*. By the way I would enjoy a copy of the last two if there are any to spare.

I often think of some of the lads and smile at some of the tricks that were played. I have just written a line to Robert Peet. I daresay he and myself knew the red carpet as well as any. I still think that Miss West saved us a few times. I suppose the concerts and gym. displays are still going strong, or have the rationing and transport difficulties put a stop to that? I gave a turn on the stage in Australia at a Charity Ball one night which did not go down too badly, as there is quite a number of Irish people there.

Do you get much news of any of the other Old Boys in the forces? Is Hawke still in the Mills? He was very keen on the R.A.F. at one time. Personally I think he is all right where he is, as I do not know what we will do for jobs after this lot is over. I will have to come back to you as a geography teacher or dancing instructor; on the other hand, I might go on the films. My kindest regards to all, and if there is any souvenir you would like from foreign lands, let me know.

FRED SMITH, Trewarthenick, Tregoney, **Truro.**

3/1/1944.

At the moment I am in hospital. I hurt my knee about seven weeks ago, and had to undergo an operation. It wasn't a serious one luckily, but the knee is a slow thing. I am hoping to be out in about a month's time. I think I must be one of the most unlucky fellows in the R.A.F. Still, may be things could be a lot worse.

Paymaster Captain V. WEBSTER, *H.M.S. Racer.*

13/1/1944.

I was very pleased to receive no less than two copies of the *College Magazine*—one sent here and one through my bank. I am passing the extra copy to one of my brothers.

The College is again to be congratulated on a successful year, with all its numerous activities well maintained in very difficult circumstances.

I was very interested to see the photograph of the boarders who look a fine lot of boys. The photographs throughout the *Magazine* are excellent.

I was also delighted to see that my old Headmaster, Rev. G. S. Baker, was present at the Old Boys' Luncheon, under the chairmanship of my ancient shipmate, J. de H. Smyth of the *Xanthe*. What memories both of their names evoke.

In case it may be of interest for the Records, three of my brothers are also serving with me in H.M. Forces. They are :—

Royal Navy—Paymaster Commander G. A. P. Webster, D.S.C., R.N.

British Military Mission, S. Africa—Colonel W. H. A. Webster, C.I.E.

Ceylon Military Forces—Captain W. P. R. Webster.

My brother, Eric, was captured by the Japanese in Lower Burma, in February, 1942, and I am sorry to say we have heard nothing about him ever since.

I enclose a small subscription for the extra copy of the *Magazine*, with all good wishes to you and the College for 1944.

S. G. PATTERSON, College of St. Columba, Rathfarnham, **Dublin.**

24/1/1944.

I write to thank you very much for my copy of the *College Magazine*. I do congratulate your editors on the splendid way in which they have done their work and I would like to say how much I appreciated being able to read so much news about Old Boys.

H. D. SMYTH, 49 Cecil Avenue, Barking, Essex.

6/2/1944.

Thank you very much for the *Magazine*. It was excellent and was very pleasant reading during the Christmas week-end. I sent it on to Fred, as he asked me for it. He is now stationed in Eastchurch, Nr. Sheerness.

The work is most interesting in the Tool Room, and I find that the little bit of knowledge I have got about Trigonometry, Geometry, etc., is very useful now. We are on all day-work, which is much healthier.

We have a Rugby match every Saturday and usually our opponents have one or two stars, which makes the game all the more interesting. Yesterday week I had the privilege of marking Cromey. Just imagine! Lucky for me he wasn't in training. He is a padre in the R.A.F. I had better not say where. It is surprising the number of Irishmen that are playing for these R.A.F. teams. We played one before Christmas with fourteen Irishmen and one from Ceylon. Llewellyn never turned out this season. I don't know why.

TOM GIFFORD, 279 Colne Road, Burnley, Lancs.

10/2/1944.

Thank you very much indeed for the *Magazine*, which was exceptionally good this year and I enjoyed it far away from the old familiar scenes.

We have played a couple of Rugger matches this term and hope to have a few more.

I hear quite regularly from John and Charlie. John was to box for his regiment some while back, but was three pounds overweight and so could not go through with it. He has been in Tunis on leave lately, and says that the place is "slightly" different from the first visit he paid it. Charlie has had a dose of pneumonia and has been in hospital for some time, but is well again.

Trooper GIFFORD, J.M. 7938739. B. Sqn. N.I.H. Africa.

11/2/1944.

Many thanks for the College *Magazine* which I had a few days ago. It is just as good as ever and seems to have grown even bigger. I have been thinking what a great link it makes both between the College and the Old Boys and between the Old Boys themselves, so many of whom are scattered over the world these days.

We are having a fairly easy time just now and spend most of our spare time playing Rugger and Football. Football gives us a lot of laughs as a lot of the chaps don't know very much about the game.

The rain and cold the past few days have been very bad and make life in tents rather dreary and unpleasant; still we cannot complain. The chaps in Italy must be having a rotten time, with mud and rain, and the mud out here must be the father and mother of all muds.

P/O WILLIAM T. BATSON, D.F.M. 2255 M. Stammlager. Luft. 3,
Deutschland. 7/3/1944.

Just a card to let you know I'm keeping fit and well, though prisoner-of-war life is not exactly my idea of Utopia. However, we make the best of things here, and organised study classes and sports aid the passing of time. I trust the College still continues to bag the honours in all spheres of its activity. Warmest regards to Mr. Fraser.

With all good wishes.

A. B. O'NEILL, FX682852, Class 119.B.5 *H.M.S. Gosling*.

15/3/1944.

I am in the Navy now as an Air Mechanic, "Electrics" branch of the Fleet Air Arm. I have been over here for eight weeks training in a camp near Manchester. I have been taught how to use various weapons such as Lewis Gun, etc., and have also done quite a lot of drilling and marching. I am enclosing a snap of myself in uniform, which you requested me to send.

I shall be sent to Henlow, which is outside London, for my technical training, which will last for about six months. After that is over God only knows where I shall be going.

What I did not like was the dose of vaccination and inoculations which they give out in very generous quantities. I am enjoying the life here; the only complaint possible is the weather. There is always a hard frost, snow or rain, and when the rising hour is 6.30 a.m. you can hardly blame us for feeling a bit cold. One thing they can do well in the Navy is give punishment. Fellows get piles of it for very minor offences. I'm glad to be in a position to say that I have not suffered yet, which is quite a wonder, for as well as I remember, if I ever misconducted myself in school I was always caught red-handed.

I hope everything is going well in Midleton, and that they have done as well in their Rugby as usual.

26/9/1944.

I have passed out as an Air Mechanic Electrician after five to six months constant work on the course down in Southern England. It was all very new; very involved. During the course we worked from 8 a.m. to 5.45 p.m. They were long hours, but they passed quickly.

While the course progressed I visited, on occasional week-ends, various well-known spots in England. They included Cambridge, Oxford, London, and Bath. All were extremely fascinating, as they all have very interesting sights or histories. Unfortunately I never had enough time to explore any place thoroughly. Whipsnade Zoo was also honoured by a visit by the, or should I say THE O'NEILL. It is quite different from all other zoos, in that the animals are all in their natural surroundings. (I got out all right).

We were supposed to get leave half way through the course, but the leave ban was on at the time, so, as they say in the services, "We'd had it!" When we finally got leave about three weeks ago, I was unable to get home, so visited Scotland under the custody of a Scotsman, and had a very enjoyable week, finding the Scottish people very hospitable indeed, and the Scottish country exceedingly beautiful. I visited Ayr, and the Burns country, which of course included a visit to Rabbie's birth place, and to the "Old Brig of Doon" where the witches pulled the tail off "Tom O'Shanter's" mare. Coming back from leave I passed through both Glasgow and Edinburgh.

We are now back in Gosling to await draft to Operational Bases or to ships. We may be here for five months in the meantime, during which time, of course, the Naval Authorities try their best to convert us into veritable Tarzans. We have battle courses and assault courses and gunnery courses and heaven knows what.

I have not met any Midletonians yet on my travels, but am still hoping that I have a bit of luck and do so.

I would like to hear the general news from Midleton.

Best wishes to all.

120867 Squadron Leader R. J. A. GOOD, R.A.F., Ceylon.

4/4/1944.

I received a copy of the 1943 *College Magazine* to-day. It was forwarded to me by my brother. He, as you know, is in the R.A.F. in England.

I have not been home now for almost two years and have almost lost touch with my contemporaries at Midleton. The *Magazine* gave me a lot of information about them. They seem to have specialised in getting into the services and in writing to you. I feel rather guilty as I certainly should have written before now. I often thought of doing so.

My experiences in this war have not been so hectic as some of your correspondents, so I will not waste your time with them. Perhaps, however, I can interest you in a brief account of my life in the Royal Air Force.

When I got my wings, sewn by the grace of God, on my tunic and not my back, I was given the job of teaching other hopefuls to fly. I spent eighteen months at that hard and boring job. Then I spent some time on long range fighter aircraft and after that I moved to night fighters. Then the "powers that be" decided that I had had enough home service, so I came oversea. I flew my own aircraft to the Middle East and remained there for eight months. I was just in time to get in a few operational flights before the wily Hun was thrown out of North Africa. Then I was sent to India and finally to Ceylon.

This is a new war to me altogether. It had never occurred to me that I should do my humble bit to put a spoke in the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity League. I think that is what the Japs call it. However, now that I am here I had better make the best of it.

Before coming here all I knew about Ceylon was its position, its capital and the fact that it grew tea. These interesting and almost pleasant facts I acquired, of course, at Midleton. Unfortunately nobody pointed out to me that the island also had many disadvantages. To begin, the climate is against it.

If you look at a map of North Africa, you will see a large area marked "The Great Sand Sea." I've been inland to the edge of that. It was hot there, but Ceylon has a heat all its own. It feels much worse too because of the high humidity. The island is about 90 per cent. jungle station at the moment, so you must excuse me if I am a little bitter. Being surrounded by trees for month after month and never able to see more than a hundred yards is beginning to "get me down." The everlasting precautions against dysentery and malaria also do not contribute to cheerfulness.

According to tradition the Garden of Eden was in Ceylon. That is why the chain of islands like stepping stones from Ceylon to India is called Adam's Bridge. I am not surprised that Adam (a) made his getaway, and (b) fell for Eve. I should like to emulate him. Unfortunately there are no Eves here and I cannot go without the R.A.F.'s permission.

With any luck I should be posted back to England about the end of this year. One thing that helps to make my stay here more bearable is the shooting. It is excellent. Around here there are deer, wild pig, pea fowl, bush fowl and many other birds of game. Also there is an occasional leopard. So far I have not shot myself a rug, but perhaps I shall before I go. Well, Sir, I seem to have crammed Ceylon into a nut shell. I hope I have not bored you.

Thank you very much for the information the *Magazine* supplied about my school friends. With best wishes.

Sub-Lieut. J. HOSFORD, R.N.V.R., R.N., Officer's Mess, Marine Hotel,
Troon, Ayrshire. 19th April, 1944.

It's high time I wrote to you. Much water has passed astern of me since I last wrote. In fact it seems years since I was on *H.M.S. Raleigh*.

I have done what I set out to do and feel the way a man does when he has turned his hand to the plough and does not look back until the furrow is completed—it's a grand feeling.

At present I am undergoing training as a First Officer; when that is finished I hope to be appointed as second in command of a ship operating with an operational Flotilla. I am attached to combined operations and so work with small ships.

In spite of all this I would give all the world for one day's sailing in my yacht, to experience once again the thrill of the race, and the rush of green seas along my roamings as she heeled over to the breeze, the slatting of sails, the song of the wind in the shrouds—Oh! Heck! I am getting sentimental.

Unfortunately I have not received any *College Magazine* this year. I wonder could you please forward one to me. My good brother, Chris, I am sure, will be willing to pay for its cost on my behalf!

I like to read all the doings of the Old Boys in the Forces and of the present generation of Midletonians at my ease. Could you put me in contact with Douglas White?

By the way, I never heard any more of Jack White, R.N., since he left *H.M.S. Raleigh*. His debating society was still going strong in November of last year, so I have heard from men whom I met recently.

Good luck to Midleton College.

3/5/1944.

I received the College *Magazine* and your welcome letter; many thanks indeed.

I am glad to see in spite of the shortness of paper that the *Magazine* is up to its usual standard. Judging by the formidable array of names of Forces Old Boys, Midleton College is certainly doing her bit towards World Liberation. Good old Batson of the R.A.F. certainly deserves his award—the amount of sorties he had made up to his capture is very high indeed. They are great lads those chaps that constantly risk unknown horror and death that our armies and navies may carry on their good work!

I am sorry to hear that Nicholson of Killeagh (I knew him all right) has met his death, doing his duty—such are the hazards of war. We have to grin and bear such things with fortitude, though it's hard, I know, on those who loved him at home to look at it so easily as we do. We hear those things every day—the gap is filled so quickly that one hardly realises anything has happened.

It is very sad to see such young lives as ours cut short without warning, but we hope to blaze a trail for those who follow on, and in the process we are bound to lose many. They shall, however, I feel sure, reap a richer reward in the skies. I'd rather not say any more on that subject, it gets one down to think about it any more than is necessary. I am sure every Old Boy in the forces carries before him a banner upon which is written *Spartan Nactus Es Hanc Exorna*, which will always give him courage to face the enemy and any other task laid upon him. The main thing is Midleton College has had the honour to help in the upholding of England's honour, and the freedom of the world. Long life and prosperity to those who jealously uphold our College motto, wherever they may be, on land, sea, air, or at home in our lovely Island.

At present I am doing my final Officer's exams, and wish to heaven I'd seen the last of them. I still have another course to do—two weeks A.A. Gunnery. It's been course after course since I joined, and I can tell you it's worse than being back at school. Thank Heavens in two week's time I'll be at sea, away from it all.

GEORGE SALTER, 11 Trinity College, Dublin.

1/5/1944.

So far, I have been getting on fairly well in my examinations. In my Honour exam. last Christmas I got a 1st Class Irish, and a 3rd Class Spanish. At the beginning of this term I did the languages part in Little-go.

Next October I will do another Honour Examination. To-morrow being Trinity Monday, Trinity will be holding its annual "Rag-Day." The collections this year will be in aid of "anti T.B." Practically everyone in College is going to dress-up, so I am sure that there will be some marvellous tableaux on show. The Irish Society (to which I belong) is getting up a tableau of its own. We shall be going under the name of "Turf Campaign."

7903209 Sgt. BAKER, B.L., C. Sqn., N.I.H., Italy.

9/6/1944.

Well, here goes again. Thanks for your last letters and *Magazine*. I hope you got the photo. The year started very badly with me; fractured ankle and was laid up for two months. Did I feel rotten going round with a big plaster and especially taking it to bed with me after walking through mud and dirt? Fortunately it healed up in time to move over here and now, after a few months' campaigning, it's much better. We had about a month to get organised for the battle, then moved up, started on train transporter from Foggia, and what a journey to Cascota. We had to stop in the tanks or get into a cattle wagon. Decided on the tank, thought any minute we'd be pitched down a mountain. However, it's a beautiful country, and enjoyed the ride through lovely mountains with towns built right on the top. I believe the reason is for defence and another reason, they say, is they use all the ground for growing, and boy, it's certainly a "Dig for Victory" country. The women do all the work and as for carrying stuff—they just pile it on their heads; they'd make good mannequins. Washing is no problem to us, as they do it for a tin of bully. Jerry certainly took everything away. How they lived before we came up beats me. They all took to the hills during our advance and came back to nothing. The towns are no more, especially Pontecorvo and Valmontone and many more. Our job was to take the "Hitler Line" with the 2nd Brigade Canadian Infantry. Attack started on the morning of the 23rd May—with the usual tremendous barrage. We moved up through a hive of grape-vines with the Infantry all round us—but our visibility was only 30 yards and for a start off that shook us badly. However, we just carried on and Jerry was just waiting for us with 88 and 75 mm. We hadn't a chance. Our tanks were being hit all over the place, the infantry managed to silence a few of them. We re-organised half way through, with what was left, and managed to over-run Jerry, although we couldn't find his guns. My tank, lucky enough, broke down at the first push—but I'd seen enough and hope never to see it again. The tanks pulled out that night, and then the tale of casualties came in. Old Ulick got it with the other two in the turret. John came out O.K. We lost about forty and many injured. Anyhow between the Canadians and ourselves we finished the Line. We got the honour of wearing the "Maple Leaf"—the only British Regiment. We had another go at Jerry on the run and had a good day. So at the present we are lying back and listening to the good news; all seems to be going well now and hope it stays like that. Rome will be worth going to see, but not at the moment, on account of being

an "Open City." Saw Naples, passing through it; the shops all seem to have plenty of stuff and the Yanks control everything. At Cascota I met Sheila Dwyer from Glanmire, she's working in the canteen, which is in the King's Palace, second biggest in the world they say. Imagine us having our tea—sitting on sofas with our feet on the ivory fireplace and chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. Managed to get a swim in the King's Pool, about 300 yards long, felt lost in it, but it was good. Charlie Gifford is out here somewhere. That's all, Sir, and best of luck to the College, and hope to see you all soon.

26/9/1944.

Just another line to let you know how we are all getting on. Did you get my last letter, written in June sometime, telling about Ulick, etc. Thought I might have heard from you. However, I hope you get this.

Well, we have been on the "go" ever since that action in May—not actually fighting all the time but had to keep going; most of it was done in the night, which didn't improve things. The reason for that being that our tanks (Churchill) take up so much of the road, whether they're on transporter or their own tracks, and traffic cannot get past. Anyhow, we managed to get three weeks near Terni; swimming pool right near us, and an odd picture.

After a few days I was told I was going on a gunnery course, down near Foggia. Didn't appeal to me at all but it was only for three weeks. Well, got through the course O.K., and then the trouble started, trying to get back. Our unit had moved up the line and after a week's hunting I caught up with them. Didn't have time to see Rome on the way back, although I have been on twoday trips to see the city. It is certainly a marvellous place and untouched by war. The mosaic work in St. Peter's is colossal—it's too grand! Some of the chaps went to visit the Pope. He saw the Irish Brigade (Infantry). I met Sheila Dwyer again, near Cerezzo. She's doing canteen work in the Catholic Women's League, and looking very well. Certainly a small world. Anyhow time marched on and next thing we knew we were going into the Gothic Line. Things didn't go too badly for us, thank goodness. Had an odd tank hit and a couple turned over. But on the whole we did a good job and the old tanks certainly did some climbing. However, Jerry stiffened up at the end of the line and I expect you've read about it. Had a few narrow shaves, but it's all in the game. Well, the last night I was in I had the bad luck to get my thumb crushed in the gun. Managed to find an infantry F.D.S. after seeing our Major, and they looked after it, and said I had to go on back. Well, at one C.C.S. they put me to sleep and had a look and everything went O.K. That wasn't all, the next day we were on our way down by plane—a Douglas transporter, and enjoyed the journey very much, especially being a walking patient, as when we got there they had another look and everything seems to be O.K. with it, so now I'm just waiting and hoping it won't be too long before I'm back with the chaps. In the same ward was a Sergeant from B. Sqn. (same unit) and his tank had been knocked out (88 mm.) and old John

Gifford was the gunner. John is O.K. except for a few shrapnel wounds. They were very lucky; shell took a slice of the Sergeant's leg. Everything seems to be going well up the top now so maybe they might forget us. Regards to all. (Ed.—Photo did not pass the Censor.)

JACK H. LAW, *S.S. Pacheco*, c/o McAndrews Shipping Co., Cunard Buildings, Liverpool.

22/6/1944.

I have only just joined my ship, so please excuse the paper. Well, this time I'm here as Third Officer, though I did not pass my exam. The last day got me stuck, but I passed navigation, chartwork, signalling, etc., with good marks, so they decided to let me have this job. The exam I dipped in was seamanship, and I was in the room for just over an hour; anyway, I can sit again next time home and I should whip through it.

Did I tell you about that chap who told the family that Eric was safe in a hospital in Buenos Aires? I'm afraid it turned out to be a phoney, he was just looking for some easy money.

The ship I'm on is a nice motor job, not as big as the last one, but the accommodation is superb. She is a blue ensign ship, working for the Royal Navy. I tell you, that mob could not do without us.

All the best.

GEORGE PACKHAM, "Garryvoe," 79 Ardleigh Green Road, Hornchurch, Essex.

22/6/1944.

School life here is pretty much the same all the while. You will be glad to hear that as a result of entering two football teams in Leagues and Cups this season, we won two Cups and a Shield: the latter was won with an unbeaten record in twenty-six games. I quite enjoy being able to get out early to organise our sporting activities. Incidentally, we have just received a massive Shield (lifesaving) which we won last summer.

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

23/7/1944.

I am delighted that Raymond Chantler got Sizar. It will be a great kick for M.C. In fact I am beginning to think that you will produce a Sizar every year now. Of course there is a great advantage in being a Kerryman (in every sense of the word at any time) when going up for Sizar!! I am sure you put greater value on us now, and liken us less to mountain goats and "hill-top haymakers!" I shall never forget the day you showed me how they make hay in Kerry.

I believe Ulick Love was killed. I was sorry to hear that, as he was a bit of a lad with a great kick in him. Of course he was a bit above me when he was at M.C., but I believe himself and my brother and Goosie had rare times together.

I got "Half" in March with about 71 per cent which entitled me to a Second Class Honour and Fifth Place. I was very lucky and never expected to do so well. However, the fortunes of war and exams. are never known till the end.

That resulted in my having a bit of a rest at present with no immediate worries. I have on the strength of the above been awarded Demonstratorships in Anatomy and Physiology. As for my sporting activity I rely entirely on boxing which I like very well. It is a great game as it develops you properly all over, unlike most other games. It requires a very high standard of fitness and this is probably its best point, for fitness is the best resistance, together with good grub, to our most common and most feared disease—T.B. Just merely as a suggestion—and don't think I am trying to be funny, but it would be a good thing to have all the boys X-rayed at least once a year, as one actively infected member would endanger the health of all others and you would be doing not only him and the rest a good service, but you would be helping the Medical Profession to stamp out the most devastating disease Ireland has ever known. The Anti-T.B. campaign is only in the embryo stage, and for you to take up the banner in your little domain would not only set a good example to the rest of the community, but would give the College a very good publicity if handled properly. I doubt if any other school has done it yet, but soon it will be compulsory for the whole nation, so why not step in before that and set the style for Munster and do the College some good, publicly and physically. I am sure you think this is a hair-brained notion or else it is too expensive, but life is dear and so it is cheaper in the long run to prevent than cure.

I had an airgraph from Bunty Aylward. He seems to have got right into the spirit of the Indian Army, and I can almost visualise him now as a retired Colonel!! I had an airgraph from Charlie Lawrence, who seems to be enjoying life on the ocean wave. Please give my regards to Mr. Fraser.

I ran the Rag this year on an Anti-T.B. basis. It was very successful indeed. It was very troublesome, but worth it, as the cause was good; anyway I had very little to do in the way of work and it occupied part of my time.

HUGO O'NEILL, Bank of Ireland, Maryboro'

4/8/1944.

Barry is having a tough time of it and he is no longer able to be in bed until 10 o'clock in the morning. They have to do their own washing there and he said that it was most amusing to see fellows settling down to a tattered handkerchief with a monstrously big scrubbing brush. There is no bank exam. this year, and if things are favourable I will probably have a shot at Cadetships in the R.U.C. I joined the Intelligence branch of the L.D.F. Out on parade last night I could not help laughing at a poor fellow who lost himself, and I was then and there given a lecture on laughing at other men on parade and on not being so good myself! Mr. Daunt, the

Curate, asked me to play the piano and also act in a concert after Easter. There is a very good play in it called "The Rehearsal," and I am sure it would go off well in one of your future concerts.

Bryan is home at present for his summer holidays. Last night he was asked to go to the parade ground at the barracks to give an opinion on the Maryboro' L.D.F. as compared with that of Galway. He thinks that Galway is slightly better.

1127186 F/S. K. B. WILLIAMS, No. 3 B.P.D., R.A.F. Italy.

4/9/1944.

I expect that this epistle will come to you more as an overdue shock than anything which might have been expected! Somehow or other during these past four years in the R.A.F., I don't think I have ever once been able to really get down to this job of letter writing and answering.

Rather a strange coincidence happened on the 2nd instant.

Some of us had gone swimming to the Lido Nuntziato—a spot some thirty miles or so south of Naples—when quite by accident I ran into Charlie Gifford in the water. It really was grand to have someone from home to talk to for a change, and we spent quite a time going over old happenings together. Charlie was looking very fit himself and quite as happy as one can be out here, miles from everyone and everything, except the filth and dirt of Italy.

John Gifford and Basil Baker are up further north he said—Good luck to them both.

Charlie told me too of the death of Ulick (Mick) Love. My sincere sympathies to all his family and relatives.

At the present rate of sea mail this should reach you sometime about early December and in time to wish you every success with the concert. A Happy Christmas to you and your family, all the boys, past and present, together with world peace in 1945.

All of us have had more than enough of this war, so here's hoping.

DENIS LARMOUR, 18 Eaton Square, Terenure, Dublin.

10/9/1944.

Thank you very much for the *College Magazine*. I think it is better than ever. I passed my examination and am now a second year Commerce student. I had to do six subjects.

I entered for the Youths' Championships of Éire. I came third in the 220 yards and won the Long Jump with 21ft 4ins., this being a record for the Youths' event. I was picked for Éire in a competition against Northern Ireland. I gave up the high jump this year, because I could not reach top form in three events.

FRED MARKHAM, 2 Ardfoile Villas, Ballintemple, Cork.

I received news to-night that I had successfully completed my Final of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries, and I am very glad that all my work has not been in vain after all.

I have been very puzzled as to how you heard about the "Sailing episode." It was certainly an experience which I would not have missed. George Kenworthy was trying to give us instructions sailing along by Monkstown. If you remind me I might write an article for the *Magazine* next year "on the joys of sailing." If the *Snipe* had not capsized I would have bought her, but after one swim in mid-channel—well, I changed my mind.

ALAN MERRICK, Botanic Guest House, 83 Botanic Avenue, Belfast.

12/10/1944.

I am just getting to know my way round fairly well. I went out to Cherryvale, Queen's Athletic Grounds, on the Ravenhill Road, yesterday week. There were several Rugby and Hockey matches being played that afternoon, one was between Queen's 3rds and Instonians. The latter were short of men so I got on for them, and had at least a run round.

At the Technical College the work is more or less at the standard I had reached while at Midleton. Experimental and Mathematical Physics are about the only things that take a bit of time studying. I have quite a good bit to do on my own, and at first I found it difficult to concentrate, but now I can work much better.

Certainly the Tech. is a fine place, and there is quite a fine crowd of lads doing the course with me. There are five other men in the digs, all old stagers. I don't think there is one of them under forty years of age. They are all very fine men, and as Mrs. Nobbs, the landlady, says, "all gentlemen." Most of them have travelled the world over and I find them very interesting to talk to.

Lieut. J. W. HENNESSY, R. Signals, "X" Branch, G.H.Q., Iraq.

14/10/1944.

Since leaving England I have travelled quite a way—the milestone in our Officer's Club here (a gift from Lord Nuffield) proclaims that London is 3,250 miles off—Moscow is much nearer! I am in Iraq—that much is no secret at all, and I arrived in a comparatively short time (*i.e.*, for war). First of all a long sea voyage, very pleasant, but absolutely without incident. Next we travelled for two days by train and the final leg was about 750 miles in a three-ton lorry. Needless to say, that was the least comfortable part of the whole journey, the roads were uneven and we were bumped and jolted about on our wooden seats for six or seven hours on each of the five days we spent en route.

Furthermore, most of it was across the desert and very uninteresting, but the early part is at least worthy of mention. Having passed through country which was fairly well cultivated, we crossed the river Jordan and began to climb into the mountains. After about half an hour we were amazed to read (on a large sign-post) that we had just reached sea level. It was uncanny. The road was a miracle of engineering—it twisted in and out, up and down, sometimes doubling right back on itself, but all the time it was bearing us away to the East, and then to the seemingly endless desert with the sun beating down and making every puff of wind like a blast from a bake oven. We arrived in time for some of the hottest days of the Summer, when the temperature reached 140° in the shade. (Out in the desert, with no shade it was over 140° , pretty warm, especially when you consider that many summers at home cannot boast one day on which 100° was reached in the sun). Night time brings a drop—sometimes as much as 40° , but even then it is good to take off as many of one's garments as convention and the flies permit, and if possible, sit under a fan.

I must say that the East is rather disappointing—particularly this old city—you have all heard its name. Sanitation is always crude and in most places it smells abominable; I wonder how it ever could have been considered "romantic." It is interesting for all that. I love to wander about the bazaar and watch the goldsmiths, the silversmiths and all the other craftsmen at work. Their tools and methods are still primitive, and some of their work is extremely fine, though to my mind it lacks symmetry too much to be considered beautiful. It is typical of the people—they never seem to worry—they take life as easily as they can. In pursuance of this latter belief, they have no shame whatever in asking fabulous prices. This afternoon I was asked the equivalent of 13/- for a piece of fishing tackle which I used to buy at home for 6d. That is no exception, though it is my best example to date. Clothes, too, are very expensive, even a tie costs about 15/-, yet labour, and life for that matter, is very cheap.

One certainly sees some nice views here, the date palms by the river, a number of donkeys (fine specimens too, many of them pure white) carrying packs and decorated with coloured tapes and tassels and bells. The animals themselves are sometimes coloured in patches with a kind of orange dye, and so on. Scarcely a day goes by without my seeing something new, something strange, something fantastic—but I'll never be surprised at anything I see out here.

Sport, strange as it may seem, does exist here—tennis, cricket and swimming being most popular just now. With the advent of winter, football and hockey will be played and I hope to be able to manage some riding as well. By the way I hold a staff appointment at present.

I should like to hear from anyone who could find time to write, any news from the School in particular would be very welcome. I trust all goes well, and that you still manage to beat all-comers at all games. Is Mr. Fraser still with you—or his son? I should like to be remembered to them, and I'm looking forward to receiving my copy of the *Magazine* so that I may read how the last Gym. Display went.

R. P. WEST, C.77, P.O. Box 19, Stafford.

3/11/1944.

As you probably know, I am working here in Stafford with the English Electric Co., since early in January. The work is similar to that I used do in Haulbowline, but its of an entirely different character. It is quite interesting and I like it very well. Since I came here I have had one offer of a permanent position with the firm as design engineer, but I cannot make up my mind whether to accept it or not, as I don't intend to take up engineering as a vocation. Still I have another couple of months to decide.

I wonder what news is of the Old Boys with the forces? I hope they are all coming off lucky, as no doubt, many of them have seen some action since the *College Magazine* was last printed. I think that anybody reading last year's *Magazine* couldn't but feel proud of the Old Boys, and how wonderfully they are taking their places in all spheres of life.

You may wonder what my address is. Well, it's a war-worker's hostel, somewhere in the Midlands. When I came here first I used stay in Stafford, but the two chaps with whom I work lived in the hostel, so I came to live with them. (Incidentally they are both B.E's, graduates of U.C.D. and came here same time as myself). It's a grand experience to live in a hostel; you meet people from all over Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales—all types, creeds and classes. We have every form of amusement—pictures and dances. Sometimes twice a week, E.N.S.A. or C.E.M.A. pay us a visit with some of their leading West End shows and artists. We broadcast too, a couple of times since I came here. We also have a Conference Room Club and Dramatic Society, as well as cycling and rambling clubs.

I will be looking forward to getting a copy of the *Magazine* when it comes out again to see all the latest news of the Old School.

Kindest regards to all.

It may be of general interest to know that previous issues of this *Magazine* for the years 1932-1944, may be had from the Editor, c/o Midleton College.

Members of Old Boys' Association.

Previous List—12 Life Members, 91 Ordinary Members.

Total to date—133.

Life Members.

- Mattsson, J. A., Bank of Ireland, College Green, Dublin.
 Perrott, A. E., The Doon, Kinsale, Co. Cork.
 Tait, W., Buckstown, Rostellan, Co. Cork.
 Tait, W., Hermitage, Rostellan, Co. Cork.

ADDITIONAL LIST.

Ordinary Members.

- Atkins, L. S., 9 Trinity College, Dublin.
 Campbell, D. S., 5 Melville Terrace, Bellevue Park, Cork.
 Chantler, H. R., 27 Trinity College, Dublin.
 Daunt, Rev. W. H., R.N.V.R., R.N. Barracks, Devonport.
 Fetherstonhaugh, T. F. K., Gurrane, Douglas, Cork.
 Gleasure, G. W., The Square, Listowel, Co. Kerry.
 Good, G. A., Glenny, Riverstick, Ballinhassig, Co. Cork.
 Good, R. C. S., Belmont, Innishannon, Co. Cork.
 Good, R. V., Mill House, Rineen, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.
 Huggard, J. F., Waterville, Co. Kerry.
 Jackson, W., Trinity College, Dublin.
 Jeffery, R. F., Rathcoursey House, Midleton, Co. Cork.
 Johnson, R. H., Waterpark, Carrigaline, Co. Cork.
 Larmour, D. A., 18 Eaton Square, Terenure, Dublin.
 Lynch, F., The Bungalow, Glounthane, Co. Cork.
 Markham, J. H. A., 2 Ardfoile Villas, Ballintemple, Cork.
 McDonald, N. W. F., Perkville, Youghal, Co. Cork.
 McElveen, L. J. D., 42 Hollybrook Road, Clontarf, Co. Dublin.
 O'Neill, H. D., Bank of Ireland, Maryboro.
 O'Neill, B. A., Bank of Ireland, Maryboro.
 Payne, R. J., 4 Rocklawn Terrace, Douglas, Co. Cork.
 Shorten, T. R., Midleton College, Co. Cork.
 Stone, W. D., Castle Road, Bandon, Co. Cork.
 *Tanner, W. H. H., Poulavone House, Ballincollig.
 Walker, E. H. D., Ballymaccus, Kinsale, Co. Cork.
 Watson, R. H., L.D.S.I., 38 Barronstrand Street, Waterford.
 Watson, J. H., Melrose, Ballyvolane Road, Cork.
 White, A. R., Trinity College, Dublin.
 Whittaker, D. J. S., Ashleigh, Ballintemple, Cork.
 Williams, K. B. C., Red House, Mallow, Co. Cork.
 Williams, T. K. B., Red House, Mallow, Co. Cork.

* Omitted in error from previous list.

Additional List of Old Boys Serving with H.M. Forces.

Royal Air Force.

J. M. Bentley.

Royal Navy.

G. A. Damery. T. F. K. Fetherstonhaugh. Rev. W. H. Daunt.
G. A. P. Webster, D.S.C.

Royal Artillery.

W. D. Stone. B. N. Daunt (Waterrock).

British Military Mission, S. Africa.

W. H. A. Webster, C.I.E.

Ceylon Military Forces.

W. P. R. Webster.

Essex Scottish.

W. J. Fogerty.

*We should be always glad to include in this page the names of
any other Old Boys Serving with H.M. Forces.*

*The Committee of the O. B. A. has arranged to hold a
LUNCHEON and **The Annual General Meeting**
on Wednesday, 3rd January, 1945, at 1 p.m., in the
Metropole Hotel, Cork.*

*The Old Boys' **DANCE** will be held in the Imperial
Hotel, Cork, on Friday, 26th January, 1945.*

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, 83 Patrick Street, Cork.

Subscriptions.

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

The financial year begins on June 1st.

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 :

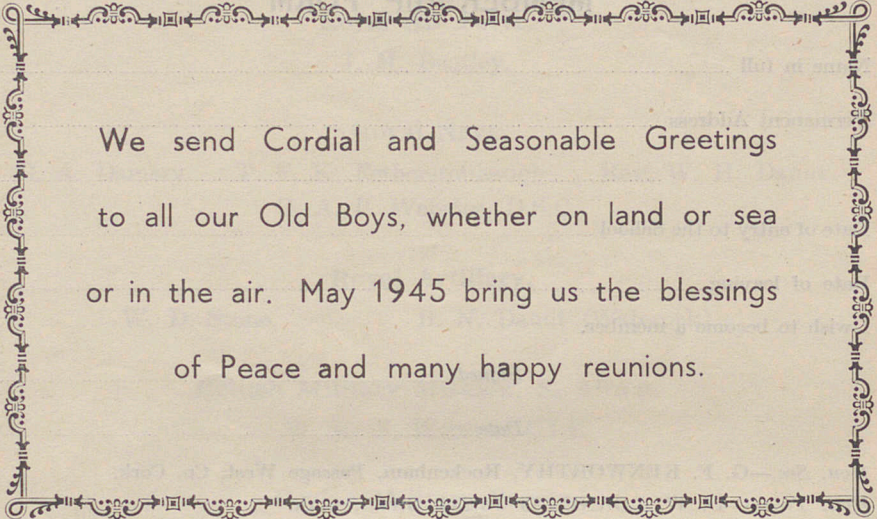
Name

Address

Remarks

The Card to be addressed as follows :

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



We send Cordial and Seasonable Greetings
to all our Old Boys, whether on land or sea
or in the air. May 1945 bring us the blessings
of Peace and many happy reunions.

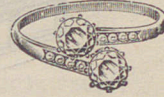
If you have not already joined the O.B.A., we suggest you fill up the form on page 61 straight away and return it to Editor, or Hon. Secretary, O.B.A.

The membership to date is 134—help to make it 234 before next issue.

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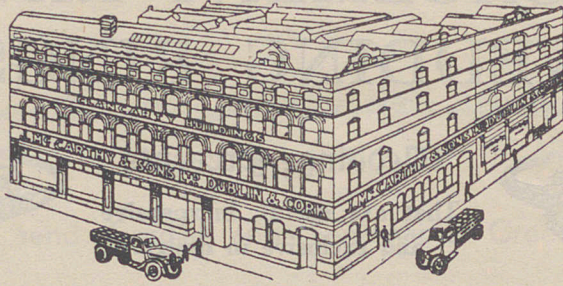
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