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Middleton College
Magazine

Vol. XIV.

1945—46

P. O'CONNELL

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AT THE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

The Archbishop of Dublin,
Most Rev. A. W. Barton, D.D.

The Headmaster,
T. West, M.A.

The Lord Bishop of Cork, Cloyne and Ross,
Rt. Rev. R. T. Hearn, LL.D., D.D.



THE EDITOR

The
Midleton College Magazine

Editor : H. G. Knox.

Sub-Editor : T. H. O'Driscoll.

Vol. XIV.

December, 1945.

Editorial

AFTER six long years of war, this, the 1945-46 edition of our *Magazine* appears in a world of peace. Those boys who are leaving soon will be entering a world in which the problems of reconstruction and rehabilitation will take foremost place and they will be required to take their stand and give of their utmost in the difficult years which lie ahead.

Although our country was neutral during the war, the names of Old Boys serving in the forces show that Midleton College was more than well represented in the fight of right against wrong. We thank all those who wrote to us : we were proud to get their letters and to hear their experiences. Even though they may in the near future be returning to civilian life, we hope they will continue to write and so keep in touch with us. Some alas, will not return, but their names will be symbolic of honour and courage to those who come after.

The present generation of Midletonians is keeping up the old School's reputation well, both in the Sports and Scholastic fields ; the most outstanding of our many successes in the academic sphere was the winning of another Sizarship in Trinity College, Dublin, while in the field of Sport we won both the Senior and Junior Schools' Hockey Cups.

We wish to thank all those who helped to make this production a success, including the firms who advertised in our pages.

On behalf of the College, we send seasonable greetings and good wishes to all our readers and particularly to the Old Boys wherever they may be.

Roll of Honour



*They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old,
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

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.
ERIC WEBSTER, Malayan Service.
KINGSMILL B. C. WILLIAMS, Royal Air Force.

*Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the Light that never more shall fade.
Deep your contentment in that blest abode
Who wait the last clear Trumpet Call of God.*

Midletonians on Active Service.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Rank</i>	<i>Service</i>	
Aylward	W. J. T. Capt.	Indian Army	
Baker	B. L. Sgt.	N. Irish Horse	
Baldwin	J. Sgt.	Grenadier Guards	Mentioned in Despatches
Batson	W. T. F./Lt.	R.A.F.	Prisoner of War D.F.M.
Bentley	J. M. Sgt.	R.A.F.	
Bolster	G. C. L.A.C.	R.A.F.	Invalided out
Bridgman	P. H. —	R.A.F.	
Daly	C. F. Sgt.	R.A.F.	
Damery	G. A. A.B.	R.N.	
Daunt	B. N. Sgt.	R.A.	
Daunt	B. Y. L.A.C.	R.A.F.	
Daunt	E. R. C.P.O.	R.N.	
Daunt	H. R. A.B.	R.N.	Killed in action
Daunt	J. C.P.O.	R.N.	
Daunt	J. W. L.A.C.	R.A.F.	
Daunt	W. H. Chaplain	R.N.	
Daunt	A. A.B.	R.N.	
Deane-Roe	E. H. A.C.	R.A.F.	
Elliott	P. M. Sub./Lt.	R.N.V.R.	
Fetherstonhaugh	T. F. K. A.B.	R.N.	
Flewett	J. G. Brig./Gen.	Indian Army	
Fogerty	W. J. Lt.	Essex Scottish	Killed in action
Foott	H. G. V. Sgt.	R.A.F.	
Furney	D. F. Cdt.	O.C.T.U.	
Gash	J. A.B.	R.N.	Invalided out
Gifford	C. S. Capt.	R.A.	
Gifford	J. M. Trooper	N. Irish Horse	
Gifford	T. Priv.	96 P.T.C.	
Good	G. F. Sgt.	R.A.F.	Prisoner of War
Good	R. J. A. Sqd./Ldr.	R.A.F.	
Guy	G. F. P. Sub./Lt.	R.N.V.R.	
Hall	G. G. Pte.	Irish Guards	
Hardcastle	R. Lt.	R.A.	
Harte	J. E. T. Sub./Lt.	R.N.V.R.	
Hennessy	J. W. Capt.	Signals "X" Branch	
Hodges	R. W. Col.	King's African Rifles	
Hosford	J. Sub./Lt.	R.N.V.R.	
Howe	E. L./Sgt.	R.E.	
Humphreys	L. W. J. Lt.	Indian Army	
Humphreys	M. C. Capt.	Indian Army	
James	R. F. A.C.	R.A.F.	
Kenworthy	H. E. Major	R.C. of Sig.	

Midleton College Magazine

Name	Rank	Service	
Law	E. S.	Cdt.	M.N. Killed in action
Law	J. H.	Cdt.	M.N.
Lawrence	C. J.	Radio Officer	M.N.
Le Flufy	F. St. J.	L/Com.	R.N.
Love	U. G.	Trooper	N. Irish Horse Killed in action
Love	J. S.	Sgm.	R.C. of Sigs.
Lytton	G.	Col.	Indian Army Prisoner of War
Martin	A.	Gnr.	R.A.
MacFarlan	C.	Priv.	R.F.A.
Nicholson	J. G. J.	F/Sgt.	R.A.F. Killed in action
O'Neill	A. B.	L.A.C.	R.N.
Palmer	R. R.	Lt.	R.N.V.R.
Patterson	W. J.	A.B.	R.N.
Purdon	P. B.	L.A.C.	R.A.F.
Roe	E. A.		M.N.
Smyth	E.		R.A.F.
Smyth	F. R.	L.A.C.	R.A.F.
Stone	W. D.	Priv.	R.A.C.
Tait	J.	Capt.	Indian Army Surgeon
Taylor	N. D.	Sgt.	R.A.F. Killed in action
Warriner	T. J. C.	Capt.	R.A.M.C. Surgeon
Webster	E.		Malayan Service Died in Prisoner of War Camp
Webster	G. A. P.	Pay./Commndr.	R.N.
Webster	W. H. A.	Col., C.I.E.	Brit. Military Mission, S. Africa
Webster	V.	Pay./Capt.	R.N.
Webster	W. P. R.	Capt.	Ceylon Military Forces
West	H. W.	Writer	R.N.
White	D. L.	Sub./Lt.	R.N.V.R.
White	J. K.	Sub./Lt.	R.N.V.R.
Wilkie	C. A.	Sq./Ldr.	R.A.F. Surgeon Dentist
Williams	K. B. C.	W.O.	R.A.F. Killed in action
Williams	T. K. B.	L.A.C.	R.A.F.
Woods	W. O. C.	Lt.	Indian Army
Daunt	Caroline S.	Cpl.	A.T.S.
Nicholson	Nancy	Sister	Q.A.A.N.S.
Simon	Sheila B.	Lt.	W.R.N.S.

Debating Society.

The session 1944-1945 was one of steady progress. On almost every Friday evening during the Christmas and Easter terms an expectant audience gathered to hear the chosen speakers air their views for and against the motion, and rarely was there any reluctance on the part of the members of this audience to express their opinions on the merits both of the motion and of the speakers' efforts. At times the enthusiasm of some of the speakers tended to force the temperature of the debate somewhat higher than was desirable, but on no occasion did the evening fail to conclude in an atmosphere of good humour, and every debate proved a most profitable and enjoyable interlude to the week's work.

Some of the more important motions discussed were: "That the modern Irishman's antagonistic attitude to England is justified" (rejected); "That the theatre is superior to the cinema" (rejected); "That machinery has done more harm than good" (rejected).

It would be impossible to name all the good speakers, but a few deserve special mention. No debate in which H. O'Driscoll rises to his feet is ever likely to prove a complete failure. In his own inimitable style he overwhelms his opponents with a spate of oratory, which must often have won votes for lost causes and impossible beliefs. However, G. Russell can be trusted to see that he does not have things all his own way, and on many occasions these two members formed the backbone of the debate. A speaker of a different kind is H. Johnston, whose contributions, though comparatively rare, were always listened to with attention and respect.

It is a happy omen for the future of the Society that the Junior debates are, if possible, of even greater interest than the Senior ones. Junior debates afford the younger boys an opportunity of speaking on subjects which are of personal interest to them, and they inspire confidence in them, add to their fluency of speech, and serve as an excellent preliminary to the more exacting requirements of a senior debate. Among the many excellent junior speakers L. Kemmis, P. Stanley, T. Jameson, R. Ryall and T. Franklin were outstanding.

To avoid any danger of monotony the debates were varied by an occasional Question Time, and by one Brains Trust. All of these were very successful.

We are glad to say that an influx of newcomers to the junior school, many of whom have already proved themselves orators in embryo, makes the future prospects of the Society very bright. It would be well if these speakers would bear in mind that a good motion does not need to be supported by abuse of the speakers on the opposing side, and that for any speaker clarity of diction is essential. Provided that attention is paid to these points we need have no fears for the future of the Debating Society.

R. A. C.

Music in 1945.

The stated choir rehearsals continue to take place on Wednesday and Saturday mornings. In addition we have occasional extra practices of church music. Our close connection with the Parish Church is maintained and T. H. Franklin (Form IVA) often presides at the organ during term. On Whit Sunday the choir sang the innocuous *God is a Spirit*, from Sterndale Bennett's cantata *The Woman of Samaria*, and at the Harvest Festival they sang the metrical version of Psalm XXIII to *Brother James's Air*. For the annual carol service we are preparing A. E. Horrock's setting of a selection from Milton's *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity* and Mozart's *Cradle Song*. Other pieces we have rehearsed are *How Lovely are the Messengers* (Mendelssohn) and *Sheep May Safely Graze* (Bach), as well as secular part songs including the Elizabethan *It was a lover and his lass*. Mr. Sean Neeson awarded us ninety marks in the annual examination conducted by the Department of Education. Keith Cross again obtained Second Place in the Boy's Solo at the Father Mathew Feis in April.

More than one-third of the boys in the College are studying piano, and during the year seven of these have passed examinations conducted by the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music.

Since the gramophone concerts were inaugurated more than four years ago one hundred and thirty-four recitals have been given at the time of writing. The hundredth programme consisted of request items the chief being *Your Tiny Hand is Frozen* (Puccini), *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2* (Liszt), *Changing of the Guard* from *Carmen*, *Polonaise in A* (Chopin), *Wine, Women and Song*, and the Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

On September 23rd the programme was in memory of Count John McCormack, and was preceded by a paper on the life of the late Count McCormack, read by A. P. Stanley (Form IVB). In addition to McCormack's recordings of *Where e'er you walk*, *Caro Amore*, *I'll Walk Beside You* and *The Star of the County Down*, the following items were played—*Funeral March* from the *Eroica Symphony* (Beethoven), *I Call upon Thee*, *Jesus* (Bach), *Then shall the righteous shine forth* (Mendelssohn) and an *Ave Maria* set to music of Mendelssohn and sung by the Berlin Philharmonic Choir.

Other works recently introduced to our programmes are Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony*, Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*, *L'après midi d'un faune* (Debussy), *Serenade to Music* (Vaughan Williams) and Preludes to Acts I and III of *La Traviata*.

We always look forward to the annual performance of the St. Fin Barre's Cathedral Oratorio Society and on the 14th March the members of the choir travelled to Cork to hear a delightful performance of Haydn's *Creation*, under the able conductorship of Mr. J. T. Horne, Cathedral organist.

On another page will be found a report, by our musical and dramatic critic, of the two concerts given by the College during the year, one in the Gregg Hall, Cork on 31st May, and the other in our own Gymnasium, on 7th July.

“Descent by Parachute.”

I remember when first I started operational flying in 1941, a rather grim jest then in use in the parachute packing centre. When signing for your 'chute before a trip the W.A.A.F. packer would smilingly say “If it doesn't open, just return it and we'll issue a new one free.” This was always taken well, because no flier ever believed the time would come when he would be forced to use his parachute. Such calamities only befall “the other fellow.”

For two years after that I was lucky enough to return safely from each operational trip without having to resort to my parachute. However, in June, 1943, whilst returning from a night bombing mission, we had an exchange of “words” with an enemy night-fighter, who suddenly appeared from nowhere, to give us the “Nazi” salute, complete with cannon and machine gun fire. Unfortunately we collected his present right in our gas tanks and control system, and within a minute our aircraft was a mass of flames, plunging to earth, completely out of control. Our skipper, after doing all in his power to put the fire out and get the aircraft back on a level keel, gave the order to bale out. On receipt of this order, I clipped my chute on and about thirty seconds later was blown clear of the aircraft by a terrific explosion, caused by the gas tanks going sky-high.

The next thing I remember with any clarity was floating earthwards with my parachute open. To this day I cannot remember pulling the “rip-cord,” but I must have done so sub-consciously—else you'd never be reading this article. The descent itself was quite tame, there was little or no sensation of falling—in fact one got the impression of being suspended in space. I nearly got violently ill at one period, due to the swinging of the parachute, this induces the most unpleasant nausea, very similar to seasickness, but is easily rectified by spilling air out of the 'chute. The immediate effect is to make your rate of descent momentarily more rapid, thus stopping the swing.

Many of you will perhaps wonder what one thinks about on occasions such as this. I can assure you I thought about everything it's possible to think about—relations—friends—things I had done or hoped to do—but the predominant thought which superimposed itself on all the rest, was to get down to earth safely and in one piece. This my parachute eventually accomplished for me after about ten minutes floating, and I landed with one hell of a bump, bruised and breathless in the centre of a cornfield.

My adventures from then on do not enter into the scope of this article, and so, dear reader, I take leave of you, trusting that “Descent by Parachute” has not bored you unduly.

It certainly *did not* bore me . . .

W. T. BATSON.

“Memory, Hold the Door.”

The articles of Canon Kingsmill Moore were of particular interest to me, for I knew or had heard of most of the characters referred to by him. The Canon himself I did not know, for he had left Midleton before I appeared on the scene, but I knew his father, Dr. Moore, well, for he was, as you know, Rector of Midleton for many years, and occasionally took classes at the College, when Mr. Burd was a master short. There are not many of the Old Boys' names mentioned in the *Magazines* that I can remember, except the Websters, and I am delighted to hear that they are still flourishing. The articles and sketches by the boys are splendid and as for the poetry, well, I think that you must be nurturing some budding Poet Laureates in your flock. During all the decades since I left Midleton I had seen only one *College Magazine*, and I came across it in this way: A few years ago I was over on Vancouver Island, and on passing a Church I happened to glance at the notice board and saw that the Rector was Rev. Cyril Devenish. The owner of this name, I had heard, was an old Midleton College Boy, so I decided to investigate and called at the Rectory. Mr. Devenish, I found is a later product than I am, as he was a pupil when Rev. G. S. Baker wielded the sceptre. We had a talk about the Old School and he lent me a copy of the *Magazine*.

So Mr. Baker is still going strong! That is good to know; I still have a photograph of him as a member of the football team of 1908. He was a well-built man with a chest on him like an ox. In Mr. Burd's day we used to play Rugby against Fawcett's school in Cork, Fermoy College and Mallow. We drove to Fermoy in a wagonette and reached Lismore in the same way, when the town played us in Hockey, and we had far more fun than if we had gone by train and reached our destinations more quickly too. Some ill-conditioned fellow once tried to introduce Golf to the College and although the game never got very far, I have cause to remember it. Mr. Burd had an ebony walking stick which he prized very highly and we all understood that it had been presented to him at Trinity. There is a field at the back of the garden which was, and probably is, known as the "Cavefield" and what ill fate brought me to that field one afternoon, I do not know, but there I found myself watching some of the fellows knocking golf balls hither and thither and one of the enthusiasts was holding the ebony walking stick. It appeared that Mr. Burd was returning from a walk and noticing the boys at this "new" game had handed his stick to one of them while he handled one of the clubs and had gone off and forgotten his stick, which soon alas! I know not how, was in my possession. There it was in my hands and there at my feet lay a golf ball which no one seemed to be using. To turn the stick upside down and hit the ball was the work of a second. One stroke was enough and the ebony walking stick was—unlike Gaul—in two parts, but one part too many for my happiness. What was I to do? I decided I would get the matter over quickly, but not too quickly. So

slowly and sorrowfully I made my way back to the school, past the garden wall and the flower garden on which looked out the study window, which seemed to reflect a sinister foreboding light as I passed with my burden of guilt. On round the shrubbery until I came to the school door, then painted green and scarred with the initials of those whose owners sought to impress upon posterity, if only in wood, that they had passed this way. Through the doorway I went, turned to the right, up the steps and on to the door of the dining hall. Should I go further? No, that would be venturing too far into enemy territory. Here I would take my stand, and so I knocked, not very loudly and waited. There was no reply and so I knocked again and louder. Presently I heard someone coming through the dining hall and as I stood there crouching in the shadows, I felt that surely this was the end of everything—but it was only the Head's son, Wilkie. Wilkie, who was several years my junior, was already deeply immersed in the Classics and "counted that day lost" did he not spend several hours in happy communion with Xenophon, Horace or Cicero or some others of those stout fellows who adorn the pages of Greek or Roman literature, and under all the circumstances I felt that I could not expect much sympathy here, no balm for a soul in torment. However, after the lapse of all these years, I recall how glad I was to see Wilkie, and felt that he came as a sort of reprieve or intermediary. I told him what had happened, gave him the stick and requested him to bear it hence, while I again waited, waited for the axe to fall. Hardly had his footsteps died away, than I heard the hurried and heavy tread of someone approaching and then Mr. Burd stood before me, and with him he brought the fatal walking stick—mute evidence of my guilt. He was not exactly brimming over with cordiality and good fellowship, and his remarks were concise, scathing and to the point. I cannot go further into the details of that interview except to add that it was fully up to my expectations. "Let us," as the Victorian novelists would say, "draw a veil over the harrowing scene which ensued." It is pleasing to be able to add that the stick had not finished its days of usefulness, but thereafter it wore a silver band round the handle. Wilkie cleared everything before him at Trinity, but died many years before his father, who lived well into his eighties.

In the 1944-45 *Magazine*, Rev. D. P. S. Wilson asks if there is a walnut tree in the shrubbery. Before I read his letter, I had been wondering about the existence of that tree too, and I am pretty sure that there is or was a walnut tree there, for I have a faint recollection of some of us picking the fruit before it was ripe and daubing our faces, hands and necks with the juice. It is interesting to look through the advertisements in the *Magazine* for there are many Cork names which are familiar, but only two of the Midleton advertisers are known to me, Jasper Tattan and Coffey.

T. W. HAINES,
R. R. 2 Cloverdale,
B.C., Canada.

[Alas! the walnut tree is unknown to this generation.—Ed.]

Unearthing a Great National Wealth.

I wish to introduce my reader to a region of great wealth. It is a coalfield in Great Britain and I, for my part, got my first introduction in Midleton College. Mr. Smyth was taking us for geography in the famous classroom called the "Fifth Year"—or more commonly "Taxies"—and among a list of coalfields which he gave us was one called "the Notts., Derby and Yorks." At the time it was a mere name as far as I was concerned. I regarded it as one of those things which make geography more complex. Its position had to be known and many other cold facts had to be learnt. Little did I ever realise at the time that I would one day find myself in direct contact with it.

Then in the snows of last January the unexpected happened and I discovered myself for the first time in East Derbyshire! My work was to bring me face to face with Derbyshire coal. I had come to a corner of the great Notts, Derby and Yorks. coalfield, and have been "among the coal seams" ever since. Month after month I have watched coal being wrested from Mother Earth and now the whole procedure involved is a matter-of-fact one.

Before delving beneath the surface of Derbyshire a few words about the landscape may not be out of place. It is a typical coalfield landscape, and how different from my own pastoral and peaceful Co. Cork. Rows and rows of brick houses create a countryside which is a rough mosaic of red and green. Houses skirt the main roads in unending succession. Houses cluster round the country roads and there is a profusion of houses amid the fields. The very horizon has become a jagged line where houses are outlined against the sky. Towns are mostly large and interconnecting roads are a commotion of vehicles, large and small. In truth, there is no peaceful countryside in East Derbyshire.

Standing on a hill—there are ever so many hills here—one at once notices the impressive landscape details, especially the pit-heads with their great chimney-stacks, slag-heaps and winding-sheds. Pit-heads occur all over the countryside at intervals of some four or five miles. The tall chimneys rise up from the midst of green pastures and a dense stream of heavy black smoke pours slowly but unceasingly from each one. Beside the chimneys great trestles forming part of the winding mechanism make their appearance. On top they carry twin winding wheels and these are so big that they can be seen for miles and miles. Sometimes they are seen rotating hurriedly and sometimes they are at rest.

The slag-heaps are black mountains of coal dust and rock fragments which have come up from the underground workings. Each day the heap gets bigger and in the end it reaches gigantic dimensions. Very frequently

the particles of coal burn spontaneously, and if you pass by a slag heap by night you see a mountain of flame! These fires are a source of evil in coalfields. They transmit their sulphurous fumes to the atmosphere and in calm weather the air is often unpleasant and has a biting effect on people's throats.

Now we come to coal itself. It is derived by two distinct methods in Derbyshire. We are all familiar with the deep-mine or colliery system so it doesn't call for lengthy explanation. Suffice it to say that a colliery consists of one or more shafts, which driven vertically downwards, pierce many coal seams, and the seams are worked outwards from the shaft. Great depths can be achieved by this method and this is its great advantage over any other method. Recently I was very lucky in being invited to visit a Derbyshire colliery, where I saw a seam which was three feet thick being worked. In this case the miners' roof was low and they went about on all fours as they operated their coal-cutting machines and loaded coal on to conveyor belts. Equipped with tin helmets, knee-pads and safety lamps, the miners and their strange surroundings impressed me greatly.

The deep mine method is, of course, the chief source of coal. However, when more coal than ever was needed at the outset of the war another system was initiated in Great Britain. It is called "Opencast Coal Production" and the system was well under way in America before it took root here. Extensive borings must be taken to ascertain the depths of various seams and the knowledge is systematically recorded before a "coal-site" can be chosen. It is a known fact that rocks in many districts occur in strata or seams which vary in thickness from a fraction of an inch to hundreds of feet, and coal occurs in seams ranging from extremely thin bands to an usual five or six feet. The seams often run parallel to the ground surface but more often they run at an angle to it. In this latter case the seams meet the surface at a certain point, and this point is known as the outcrop of the seam.

Opencast coal mining deals with these outcrops. It attacks coal seams by stripping off the covering soil and rock which is known as "overburden." I was fascinated when I got my first view of such a coal-site. The rich topsoil was neatly skimmed off by tractor-scrapers from an area of some thirty acres. Large draglines were excavating a long wide trench right across the site and sure enough, at the bottom was a floor of shining black coal. I was able to trace this three-foot thick coal seam to the surface in an adjacent trench, and I noticed how sooty and inferior the coal was as it neared the top and merged into the soil. At six feet deep, however, it was good coal and as a result it was salvaged from six feet onwards. On these sites it is found economical to work the coal up to a depth of sixty feet—depending of course on whether the overburden is hard or soft rock. Thus the deeper portion of the seams are abandoned and their recovery is left to the future discretion of deep-miners.

This system is an open air operation and is vastly different from deep mine practice. On my present site two farms are requisitioned by the Government—the farmers being remunerated while their land is "borrowed." When the coal is all extracted the big dragline incisions will be filled with the

broken rock and subsoil—later to be regraded, levelled off and the topsoil replaced more evenly than ever. Neat pailings will replace the old hedges which were quickly brushed aside by bulldozers when the site was opened.

Four seams are being worked at present, and incidentally, all seams have names. We have on hands the "Brown Rake" seam, the "Chavory Horizon," the "Roof Soft" and the "Deep Soft" and they range from two to five feet in thickness. Various thicknesses of rock separate the seams.

Coal seams are always interesting. Invariably they contain fossils—relics of ancient plants and animals—and here I have made a collection of some beautiful ferns, succulent bamboo-like trees, freshwater and marine shells. I have found fossil rootlets in the fireclay beneath coal-seams, so at last I am convinced that coal was a dense vegetation in days that are very much bygone.

Many of my misapprehensions about coal have been corrected since I came to work in Derbyshire. I once would not have believed that coal could occur immediately below the soil in one's garden—but, seeing is believing! I have seen a wonderful coal seam exposed beside a farmhouse. Barely four feet beneath that farmer's doorstep was more than his life's ration of coal. And yet, I'm sure he paid his fifty-five shillings like the rest of his neighbours.

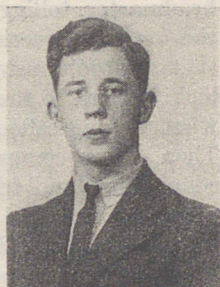
Well then, that is how coal is derived on the opencast system. Will this system continue now that the war is over? Economically it should do so as the cost compares very favourably with that of colliery coal. From the extent of outcrops it can only last some ten years I should say. Seams cannot be followed where there are woods, orchards, houses and other obstacles. Then there is the farmer's attitude in the matter which I can assure you is emphatically hostile. What of the local people's say? Their countryside is churned into heaps of unsightly clay and the peace they once enjoyed has given way to the jarring sound of excavators at work, day in and day out. No wonder they have complained to public authorities.

All these factors will decide the future of the industry. It has, however, played its part in the crucial war years and if it does cease to function, well, it may retire with full honours.

Coal has given rise to many large industries in Derbyshire and hence the great prosperity. Derbyshire is only one-third the size of County Cork and yet it has almost three times its population. Geology has arranged it thus.

WILLIAM W. DALY.

Memories in the Twilight



H. H. JOHNSTON

The last rays of the setting sun have tinged the weather-beaten College building with a warm rosy tint, flushing the grey walls with pink and gold. On high, pearly clouds rise and fall and drift away like majestic ships sailing into the unknown. A scene like this might almost be part of fairyland.

The gentle light has softened out the harsh lines and unsightly angles of the rugged old building and it now has a bland secretive air, the air of a person who knows much and derives happiness from that knowledge. What secrets it could tell us. What joys and sorrows it has witnessed during the past three centuries. This old pile has been dedicated to the service of youth and it has fulfilled and is fulfilling its purpose nobly. Let us draw close and endeavour to capture the memories of this great institution.

While the sunlight still gleams redly, its memories are wholly happy. If one listens one can perhaps hear the joyful cries of youth at recreation. Some sing, some whistle, others shout with the sheer joy of living. The sound of pounding feet and panting breath conjures up the fierce excitement of a clean, hard-fought game of Rugby football. The click made by leather as it meets the springy willow reminds one in a flash of baking summer days and the playing of that great game, cricket. Midleton College has always loved sport for sport's sake but we must remember that sport does not mean the mere playing of games. The members of the Old School have always remembered that "it matters not whether you won or lost but *how* you played the game."

Then one may hear the soft drone of a teacher's voice. The bright classrooms which but a moment before resounded with cheerful chatter and laughter are now steeped in an atmosphere of study. The boys frown and concentrate on hearing what their teacher has to tell them. But, however, the picture does not seem quite right. Where is the traditional "slacker," that black sheep without which no class is complete? Ah, there he is in the back desk trying to masticate a piece of toffee as unobtrusively as possible. The master is, as they say, no raw hand and one hears his voice sharp and incisive. "Boy, whatever are you..." Let us hope the slacker had enough foresight to place a few exercise books inside his pants.

Thus the old School remembers all those whom she has sent out into the rough struggle of life in a changing world. Good sorts, most of them were, with no real "bad-lot" among them, boys willing to do or die and ready to sacrifice their lives for the finest and noblest ideals of their country. Yes, that's what the old school turned out and she's not forgotten one of them. Their memory is hallowed in every stone of this fine old building.

Now, the twilight has almost departed and darkness is brooding over the land. Our memories turn to sadder things. One hears the voice of the

headmaster, telling the boys that yet another of the "Old Boys" has made the "supreme sacrifice," and during the silence which follows we are reminded that we, too, must try to be worthy of those that have fallen. Most boys look forward to the time when they will leave school, but they do not realise what leaving school really means until the time comes for them to do so. Then there comes the wrench of parting from those who have been companions and friends to them during their years of school life. Masters who have won the boys' affection and respect pass away or leave the school as time goes by. Each event of this sort is a tragedy in itself to the youthful soul. But, we must remember that it is the so-called "little" things like this which make life really worth living.

Amid joy and sorrow the College has stood as a symbol of truth and right for many a year. She stands as an inspiration to all those who have passed a time within her walls. Let us not forget the old school. We who have been educated by her have for some part of our lives been "citizens of no mean city."

Now the first stars gleam and night is upon us. The spell is broken and the walls tower above us, gaunt and forbidding. It looks almost as if the old College regrets her action in letting us share for all too short a time those precious memories of former days. The time has come for us to go. Soon the sun will rise on yet another day and these memories will be, as Virgil says, *par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno*, or nearly so. We who live for the future will do well to keep an eye on the past.

H. H. JOHNSTON,
(Form V.)



T. H. O'DRISCOLL

Schooldays.

Schooldays "are the happiest of your life." So say our elders, but I am afraid that I myself am not in a position to judge its truth from the point of view of "Senectus." But let us take the view of those whose schooldays are not yet past. We must remember that grandad paints a picture of its happier incidents and is inclined to forget the trials and troubles of his school life which he dismisses as petty little things. Yes! they may seem petty and trivial to him but to the schoolboy and to himself when young they are anything but trivial.

Might I suggest a substitute for that word "happiest"? It is "romantic." Of course when I talk of school I mean a boarding school. The day school does, in some degree, conform to that word "happiest." We all of us remember that day not so long ago when we first entered into that mysterious realm of ink, copy-books and plasticine. We can recall the excitement of playhour, the relief of three o'clock. But all this was childish and rendered happy by its very novelty. Then there came a day when we were whirled, excited and not a little frightened, into a new life. The

surroundings were different, the voices and faces all strange. We talked to none and nobody talked to us. We were lonely and disillusioned.

Things never returned to what they had been. We did not, as before, take everybody just as we found them. Some people we disliked because they were cantankerous and disagreeable, others because we thought them mean or selfish. We thought others "decent" and liked their company. We had quarrels, some of which passed off while others rankled in our minds. Unknowingly, as term succeeded term, we became more and more acquainted with our companions. We began to be aware of a strange new force of which hitherto we had not been aware. Seeing them in every phase of life we realised that it takes many types to make a world. How different a conception from when we frolicked with the companions of our childhood. Without knowing it we were going through the hated process of growing up and preparing for future life.

Future life! how mysterious and romantic it seemed. The time could never go fast enough. We dreamed of being as big as our elder brother or father. Then there came a day when we were very proud. At last we were in our 'teens. But now birthdays got less romantic and exciting and acquired a knack of coming round more quickly. Then we realised with a shock that we were not such a long way from twenty. But we did not look forward to it now; quite the reverse, we hated the thought.

Reader, have you ever seen a ship being launched? As she goes down the slipway amid the cheering of crowds and the blare of bands we feel a pleasurable thrill. We have no idea of the dangers she has to face, the storms she will have to weather. She goes now to the dockyards to be equipped and strengthened to withstand those dangers. Have you thought how similar is the case of the boy going away to school? The ship is commencing her career, so is he on the threshold of his. He goes to school to be, as it were, fitted out for that career. There he will be built up mentally and physically, his mind broadened, his pluck and honour developed. The fruits of this training he will give to the world as a decent, good living citizen. There is one difference. The ship is an inanimate thing depending on man to shape its destiny. The boy's success or failure in life depends entirely on himself. If he chooses to be an idler and a waster it is his own look-out. School can influence him only if he is willing to take advantage of the chance given him. It cannot mould him into what he should be without his co-operation. And in these times of post-war turmoil and corruption it is of paramount importance that the youths of to-day should strive to make themselves both capable and worthy of the great task which is theirs—that of rebuilding a shattered world. We shall be the men of the new world, and it will be our job to make that world a cleaner and nobler place to live in; therefore, in the immortal lines of Longfellow:

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

T. H. O'DRISCOLL,

Form V.



J. E. T. SMITH RECEIVING HIS PRIZE
 From Mr. McBride in BACKGROUND

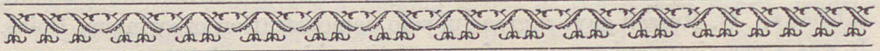
The Prize Distribution.



Probably the most distinguished and the most popular visitor who has ever been kind enough to distribute our prizes came to us on the 31st May, 1945, in the person of His Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin. As a large number of our parents and friends could not travel to Midleton and home again without spending a night en route, we decided to hold our Prize Distribution and Concert in Cork, the terminus of all our local bus and train services; so pupils, staff, prizes, stage clothes, props., scenery and all the paraphernalia in connection with our entertainment were shifted by special bus and lorry in joyous happiness, to the Gregg Hall, which our parents and friends (entering into the spirit of our experiment), filled to capacity. Here's thanks to them! We were extremely sorry that we could not entertain them at the College, but the Archbishop paid us the very great compliment of visiting us in our normal surroundings in the morning, when our good friend, the Bishop of Cork drove Mrs. Barton and his Grace to see the boys and the school itself. The result of our brief contact with him was that when, after the usual preliminaries and the reading of the Headmaster's Report, Dr. Barton rose to make his speech, Midleton College gave him spontaneous applause. In a delightful address, the Archbishop recalled a bottle of the well known and potent disinfectant, T.C.P., and applied it to **Teachers, Children and Parents**. Just as in the making of the disinfectant the constituents T and C and P must all play their proper part, so in the life of a school the staff, the pupils and their home influences must all do their bit; efficiency depends upon the co-operation of all in combination. While enlivening his speech with many humorous stories and illustrations, his Grace developed his theme, the urgent need of powerful cleansing and healing elements in the moral and spiritual chaos of the post-war world. He congratulated the Headmaster and all concerned on the remarkable successes achieved in 1944 (which Mr. West had said broke all the previous records of his régime), and wished Teachers, Children and Parents God-speed in preparing the rising generation of Irishmen for the task which lies ahead of them. The audience, drawn by the speaker's friendly personality, gay humour and serious, straight talking, listened with the greatest attention, and when the Bishop of Cork, Captain Smyth and

Mr. D. Humphreys, as Governors of the School, thanked his Grace for his address, the applause from Teachers, Children and Parents showed enthusiasm in co-operation.

The distribution of prizes was followed by a concert, details of which are given elsewhere in this issue, and after this Mrs. Knox and a band of Mothers and other Friendly Ladies gave the whole school a much appreciated tea, so good a tea that the fact that our special bus was an hour and a half late did not succeed in spoiling the day.



Dramatic Notes.

Since transport troubles prevented many of our parents and friends from coming to us at Midleton, we decided to go to them—or rather to a point which most of them could reach, and so our 1945 concert was given in the Gregg Hall, Cork, immediately after the Prize Distribution. This meant that we were working under considerable difficulties on a stage too small for our cast, in a hall we did not know, and with “off stage” facilities which were exceedingly cramped for our forty-seven performers.

In spite of these draw-backs, the entertainment was very successful. Its success was in a large measure due to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, for his delightful address had put audience and actors into such a happy humour that they were prepared to enjoy everything, so when the “Welcome Boys,” our seven very smallest performers, appeared before the curtain in the now familiar Drummer Boy uniform and welcomed everybody in short, topical rhyme, they were given good applause, and the curtain rose to show all the choir dressed in summer “whites” (for it was the month of May) on a black stage. They sang the College version of “Phil the Fluter’s Ball” and then that rousing song “Old Father Thames,” in which the basses enjoyed themselves with evident and popular gusto. T. Jameson was soloist in “I love to Whistle,” and then Will Hay (K. Harbord), cap and gown complete, appeared and with the choir gave some illustrations of “School-boy Howlers.”

The Drummer Boys next took the stage, and incidentally captured many a mother’s heart. Though very young, they went through a really remarkable gymnastic display, assisted R. Perks to sing “There’s something about a Soldier,” built up and sustained some advanced tableaux, and were finally sung to sleep by their nurse (K. Cross), finishing in a most effective group. Applause was enthusiastic.

The select Choir then gave a charming group of songs, including two part songs—"Merry are the Bells," and "All on the April Evening"—and two delightful solos by K. Cross, "On Wings of Song" and "An Irish Lullaby." The singing was accomplished and sympathetic, and the audience showed great appreciation.

We have learnt to look forward to something exciting and spectacular when we reach "Mr. Fraser's turn," and this year we certainly were not disappointed. Although very much hampered by the small size of the stage, which gave us no room to run back, nor even a safety margin, he, or rather the two Mr. Frasers, produced a marvellous display of ground-work, which held the audience breathless, followed by clubs and far-reaching tableaux. G. Russell gave a graceful solo demonstration of swinging Bolas. It was a very impressive group of gymnastic achievements.

T. Wilson, with his mandoline, P. Stanley in a Monologue and "The Man from Monte Carlo" (W. Beazley) in top hat and tails, all accompanied by A. Frackleton on the piano, came before the curtain to entertain the audience while the stage was being set for that excellent farce "Tanks." The amusing situations and the speed of the dialogue delighted the audience and the actors, who seemed quite at home, enjoyed themselves too. H. O'Driscoll as Captain Chancit was good in a part which called for much characterisation, and the spectators loved his brief appearances from the heating Turkish bath; T. Jameson was an excellent French maid, and sustained a French accent and coquettish manners in a very exacting part. The palm, however, must go to T. Franklin for his playing of Lady Deerly. This was a very sophisticated and difficult part for a fourteen-year old boy; his voice, poise and assurance carried the play, which moved swiftly through bursts of hearty laughter, to its unexpected climax, where it was rounded off by the Hotel Porter (H. Knox).

All actors, singers, gymnasts, Drummer Boys and other members of our Company mustered on the stage for a Farewell song, and the 1945 concert came to an end amidst loud applause.

We gave a repeat performance after the Sports in July. With our own stage, room behind the scenes, and the experience gained in the Gregg Hall this production was an even better show, and we hope that our parents and friends agree that, in spite of the break caused by Emergency conditions, our standard of performance has continued to rise.



Our Trinity Observer.

On recently entering through the Front Gate of Trinity, our College observer met a galaxy of Old Boys.

Atkins, very worried, is arranging teams at the Notice Board, whilst G. Salter is holding a preliminary Ceilidhe Class in the Front Square. Issuing from No. 9 were the sounds of a "rumba" as Perrott rehearses for the Metropole. A distant hum, a roar and a clash, as McElveen narrowly misses our observer with a motor bike, closely pursued by J. Mulligan. We observed Larmour in the distance under escort (the price of peroxide must be going down!)

Distant shrieks and a crash are heard as Red White departs a non-member out through the window of the Phil. It is good strategy always to combine boxing with Presidencies of College Societies.

What are those muffled creatures appearing now? Is it Frankenstein and his little brother?—Oh no! sorry, it is only Chantler and Harbord, plus beer bottles and boat club scarfs. There must have been an "At Home" last night. Colthurst is so timid, I wonder is he really so timid with his "Class-mates"?

On passing across the Bay, I narrowly missed a kidney flung from a top window by Jackson—this Medical Course is definitely going too far.

Beazley, after a brilliant dash, arrives on time at the Engineering School.

On passing the Science School near the Back Gate, our observer is rocked by a violent explosion—I think Read must be carrying these atomic physics too far.

* * * * *

Sir Patrick Dunne's Hospital was near, however, and our observer got ready treatment from R. M. Peet. ("I never knew that chloroform was so scarce that you had to K.O. them before an operation, Bob! But I suppose that it is good training for the boxing.")

This, quotes our observer, is the end, for alas, all "good things" come to an end.—*Adios.*

Letters to the Editor.

Rev. C. J. BOUCHER, The Rectory, Kanturk, Co. Cork. 21/12/1944.

Thank you for sending me a copy of the *Magazine*, which I found most interesting, especially as I observe some faces here so well known to me while with you.

You are probably aware that vigorous steps are being taken in England to introduce Chess to the Schools, a Chess Education Society having already been formed.

I am most keen on the game, and with a view to encourage the playing of it in Midleton, I would like to present a Perpetual Trophy to be competed for annually—let the best man win. Just a small, token cup, shall we say; and in addition, a prize for the best chess problem composed by any pupil.

I would be glad to present some elementary literature to the Library pertaining to both arts, and also would be glad to let you have copies of the literature which the C.E.S. above intends to produce in the near future, outlining schemes of instruction, etc. I am sure that the lads have time enough during the winter to read and play, despite the manifold activities which you provide for them.

Let me know what you think of the idea, and we can hammer out the details later.

Mrs. ELIZABETH SANDES, Chantry Cottage, Orford, Woodbridge,
Suffolk. 21/9/1945.

I heard from my brother, Dr. I. H. Wilson, who lives at Woodlands, Molong, New South Wales, Australia. He asked me to send you £1, his subscription to *Midleton College Magazine*. I now enclose £1. My brother sent me the last *Magazine* and it was intensely interesting, there was mention of so many people I knew in years gone by, when we lived in Dungourney Rectory, six miles from Midleton. I have written to my brother who said he had written to you; he is 82 and I am 80, so it is very ancient history, but we keep up a brisk correspondence.

Miss DOROTHY W. MOORE, Midleton College, 32 Selcroft Road, Purley,
Surrey. 6/1/1945.

We thank you very much for your greetings, and for the *Midleton College Magazine*, which we have read with great interest and pleasure.

We look forward to the day when we can publish our own *Magazine*. In the meantime we have to be content with a news letter.

My father celebrated his 90th birthday on 14th December. We are very proud of him.

With kind regards, and best wishes,

Sir JOHN L. MAFFEY, United Kingdom Representative to Éire,
50 Upper Mount Street, Dublin. 25/1/1945.

My warmest thanks to you for your courtesy in sending me a copy of the *Middleton College Magazine*. It is beautifully produced and the contents are worthy of the container. As you can imagine, I found much of interest, particularly in the collection of letters from Old Boys.

Floreat Middleton College!



Taking Up Photography.

J. B. HAYNES, A.R.P.S.

The day when a man or boy first takes in hand the development of his photographic film or plate is the day when a photographer is born, one which few of us amateur photographers ever forget, even though our devotion to the art may last our lifetime. There is a wonderful and enduring thrill in the sight of the photographic image appearing in the developing tray, and the finished picture, no matter how poor in quality at the first attempt, is yet something which cannot help but give rise to feelings of self-satisfaction and pride of achievement. We have created something! We have, inspired by the heart, directed by the mind, and executed by the hand, made a Picture! What matter that our contribution to Art is probably of the humblest possible nature? We realise that, and our immediate and urgent thought is to do better the next time. What matter that many critics scoff at Photography as a medium for artistic expression, saying that it is "mechanical"? We know (indeed, how well we know, to our cost in effort and often to our despair!) that it is anything but "mechanical" in the sense meant, and that mastery of the technique of "Drawing with Light,"—which is the definition of the word "Photography,"—requires much study and practice just like competence in drawing with pencil or paint.

Photography is a first-class hobby even for those who have not either the time or the disposition or, as in many cases, the facilities, to develop its possibilities as an art medium fully and seriously. There are not many hobbies which enable their devotees to pursue them at all times and in all seasons with full satisfaction always, but Photography is one of them. In the daytime (and often at night, also) the camera can be a constant companion, at night the darkroom can be a refuge from the tedium of the

workaday routine. If the weather be fine the photographer can take to the countryside with an object better than most, if it be inclement he may take to his studio (if he is fortunate enough to have one—if not, one can easily be improvised temporarily) and occupy himself to greater advantage than by playing cards or reading the latest crime novel. In Photography, there are many different methods which may be adopted to reach the final result of a finished picture; if one grows tired of one method, another may be tried; so there is a variety of possibilities for the dilettante or the novelty-seeker. Photography inculcates or strengthens qualities of the mind which are absent or dormant with most people; the necessity of constantly making selection of what we want from the vast collection of objects which fills the world leads inevitably to a sense of discrimination and good taste; we learn not only to look, but also to *see*, not only to know about things, but to *feel* about them.

A charge frequently made against Photography as a hobby is that it is an expensive one. There is no denying the fact that photographic apparatus is not cheap. A camera costs a great deal more than a Stamp Album, but there is a great difference between Photography and certain other hobbies. Photography can pay its way. Whereas the only employment to which a stamp album may be put is the taking in of more and more pieces of printed paper (which often cost a great deal of money to acquire), the camera may be made to turn our pieces of printed paper which are often capable of being sold for money. And by making occasional sales of his work, the amateur photographer can soon make up the initial cost of his apparatus. (It is not considered in the least belittling to his amateur status, by the way, for him to do so. In fact, one of the problems which surprisingly confronts every amateur photographer as soon as he has developed even a fair degree of competence, is what to do about the demand for his work which will appear from numerous sources!)

In conclusion, it is worth remarking on the extremely social nature of Photography as a hobby. Of all the organisations catering for the advancement and regulation of the various forms of self-expression, probably none are so well run and so well supported as Photographic Societies and Camera Clubs; and furthermore, there is an international goodwill and understanding amongst photographers which is as remarkable as it is beneficial and sorely needed in this war-weary world of to-day. It is not possible, in such a short article as this, both to touch in a general way on the value of Photography as a hobby and to tender some practical advice on how to set about taking it up as well, but one piece of very sound advice can at least be given, and that is:—join the nearest society or club in the district and go to its meetings where there is usually certainty of receiving good welcome. Even if regular attendance at meetings is not possible, the advice to join still holds good, as most societies have means of keeping their remoter members in touch with one another through journals, correspondence, circulating portfolios, exhibitions and other facilities; this is an example of their well-organised nature and progressiveness, befitting the social centres of one of the most entertaining and instructive of hobbies and one of the most useful and vigorous of graphic arts.



Examination Results.

UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

SIZARSHIP IN NATURAL SCIENCE

K. W. M. Harbord

K. W. M. HARBORD

	Botany	Geology	Geography	Average	
K. W. M. Harbord	71½	71	60	67.5	2nd Place
H. G. Knox	62½	37	61	53.4	4th Place
W. R. Sweetnam	61½	37	46	48.1	5th Place
H. H. Johnston	41½	27	61	43.1	7th Place

MATRICULATION

W. C. Beazley	H. H. Johnston
R. G. G. de Foubert	H. G. Knox
H. A. Duggan	J. W. Perrott
W. R. Sweetnam	

ENGINEERING SCHOOL ENTRANCE (Competitive)

W. C. Beazley (3rd Place)

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

The following entered for the Leaving Certificate Examination one year after passing Intermediate Certificate under the special regulations of the Department of Education :

N. F. M. Daunt Passed in Irish, English, Geography, Chemistry and Drawing.
 J. G. Russell Passed in English, Latin, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry and Drawing.
 J. E. T. Smith Passed in Irish, English, Latin, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry and Drawing.

EXAMINATION IN RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

METHODIST CHURCH IN IRELAND
Special Award for 1st Place (4th Year Course)
A. E. W. FRACKLETON

FIRST PRIZES

A. E. W. Frackleton	T. I. Wilson	K. R. Cross
W. L. N. Bateman	R. L. Smith	R. F. J. Cross
J. M. Phipps	J. E. Parker	T. B. H. Jameson
J. R. B. Bird	R. A. Ryall	R. F. Welch
T. H. Franklin	L. G. Kemmis	G. W. H. R. Perks
A. P. Stanley	W. B. Palmer	H. V. Coulter (Greek Testament)

SECOND PRIZES

A. M. Bird	R. N. Love	A. M. Roe
D. Smyth	D. H. McConnell	I. E. Kingston
J. R. Dawson	H. J. W. Moore	T. H. O'Driscoll (Greek Testament)

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE RESULTS, 1945

Pass Mark Honours Mark	40% 60%	Irish	English	Latin	History	Geography	Arithmetic	Algebra	Geometry	Science	Drawing	Result
		600 300	400	400	250	150	200 72	200 114	200 114	300	200	
Bateman, W. L. N.	...	256	263	306	132	82	177	121	170	136	132	Honours
Bird, A. M.	...	178	243	319	122	82	145	129	175	128	113	Honours
Bird, J. R. B.	...	(114)	232	230	132	101	157	113	105	(79)	(67)	Pass
Coulter, H. V.	...	252	310	389	192	127	180	190	179	238	—	Honours
O'Driscoll, T. H.	...	266	349	362	225	132	155	180	190	202	160	Honours
Phipps, J. M.	...	319	254	332	105	98	185	137	166	166	85	Honours
Smith, R. L.	...	230	266	319	120	86	185	171	157	170	138	Honours
Wilson, T. I.	...	212	256	284	113	101	170	121	172	171	142	Honours
Smyth, D.	...	263	196	102	102	106	44	80	90	(115)	96	Pass

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

PRIZE LIST.**MOORE MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP**

K. W. M. Harbord.

EARL OF MIDLETON SCHOLARSHIP

T. H. O'Driscoll and H. V. Coulter

" J. H. BENNETT MEMORIAL " SCIENCE PRIZE

H. V. Coulter

Mrs. BENNETT'S MUSIC PRIZE

K. R. Cross

HEADMASTER'S NATURAL SCIENCE PRIZE

H. G. Knox

Rev. R. J. COLTHURST'S SCRIPTURE PRIZES

A. P. Stanley

W. L. N. Bateman

T. H. Franklin

T. I. Wilson

R. L. Smith

Rev. VICTOR J. COTTER'S PRIZE

G. W. H. R. Perks

LEAVING CERTIFICATE

J. G. Russell

J. E. T. Smith

N. F. M. Daunt

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE**Honours**

W. L. N. Bateman

T. H. O'Driscoll

A. M. Bird

J. M. Phipps

H. V. Coulter

R. L. Smith

T. I. Wilson

PASS

J. R. B. Bird

D. Smyth

SCIENCE NOTE BOOK PRIZES

Presented by A. McN. R. McBride, Esq., B.Sc.

FORM V.

K. W. M. Harbord

FORM IVH

T. I. Wilson

FORM IVA

A. E. W. Frackleton

FORM IVB

R. F. J. Cross

FORM III

A. P. Stanley

FORM PRIZES**FORM V.**

W. C. Beazley

FORM IVA

1st.—A. E. W. Frackleton

2nd.—J. R. Hilliard

FORM IVB

1st.—R. N. Love

2nd.—T. H. Franklin

3rd.—T. B. H. Jameson

FORM III

1st.—A. P. Stanley

2nd.—J. R. Dawson

UPPER PREPARATORY

1st.—R. C. Williams

2nd.—E. W. Kingston

3rd.—D. R. Dorman

LOWER PREPARATORY

1st.—G. O'Grady

2nd.—T. T. West

Sports and Gymnastic Display.

Our Annual Sports took place here on our own grounds on Saturday, July 7th. The day, though cloudy, remained fine and permitted a large attendance of parents, friends and Old Boys.

The afternoon commenced with sports. The competitors had been practising hard during the previous weeks and were in excellent form when "break-up" day came. The running and jumping were every good. In particular, W. Beazley and T. H. O'Driscoll gave fine displays at the high jump. Their action was superb. Duggan, Wilson and Jameson ran with grit and determination. Novelty items, egg and spoon races, parents' and friends' "catch and carry," provoked much excitement. Several events for visiting boys and girls were included.

This year the Victor Ludorum Cup, awarded to the best all-round athlete was won by W. Beazley from H. Duggan and H. O'Driscoll.

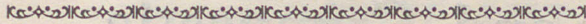
After the tea interval instead of the usual open-air gymnastic display, we repeated, on our own platform in the gymnasium, the concert given in the Gregg Hall, on May 31st. A small-scale display of Club-Swinging, Groundwork, Bolas by J. G. Russell and Tableaux was included in the programme.

At the conclusion of the concert, Mrs. West very kindly distributed the sports prizes and congratulated the winners.

The day was brought to a close by the usual Old Boys' Dance in the State Hall, Midleton.

The Championship Results were as follows :—

50 yards (under 10) :		
1st.—K. Kingston	2nd.—G. O'Grady	
75 yards (under 12) :		
1st.—K. Hunt	2nd.—E. Kingston	
100 yards (Junior) :		
1st.—T. Jameson	2nd.—C. Harrison	
100 yards (Middle) :		
1st.—I. Wilson	2nd.—A. Bird	
100 yards (Senior) :		
1st.—W. Beazley	2nd.—H. Duggan	
200 yards (Senior) :		
1st.—W. Beazley	2nd.—H. Duggan	
880 yards (Senior) :		
1st. B. Bird	2nd.—H. Duggan	
Senior Long Jump, Senior High Jump, and Senior Shot :		
1st.—W. Beazley	2nd.—H. Duggan	3rd.—H. O'Driscoll
Junior High Jump :		
1st.—T. Jameson	2nd.—K. Cross and R. Hill (tie)	
Parents' and Friends' Race :		
1st.—Miss P. Dorman and F. Lynch	2nd.—Miss Casey and F. Markham	
Old Boys' Race :		
1st.—D. W. Loane	2nd.—G. Williams	3rd.—W. Jackson



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

Won by W. C. Beazley.



W. C. BEAZLEY

Cricket.

Throughout the long summer term, though unable to engage in league competitions, we had many enjoyable practices and a few friendly matches. We were specially indebted to Mr. McGrath's eleven and Mr. Catchpole's eleven, both Cork teams, who sportingly came to Midleton to play us, even when we could not give them return matches in Cork.

In the match with C.I. (Junior) team, Hugh Knox hit up the best score of the season—thirty runs. He captained our side and his superb leadership was an encouragement to all. His play as wicket-keeper was exemplary. His batting was aggressive; many of his runs came from good hard slogging, but he should exercise discretion with well-pitched balls. K. Harbord was unlucky as a batsman, but bowled consistently well



throughout the season. H. Duggan proved a hard hitter when in form, and should practise his strokes carefully. At point or slips A. Smyth was a nimble and reliable fielder and saved many snap runs. At deep field and long stop Beazley's and Wilson's bursts of speed proved very valuable. Our best bowler was J. W. Perrott. His fast and accurate balls were very destructive to the opening defence. Ronnie Hill and Frackleton are enthusiastic cricketers; both are highly promising bowlers and good "bats." G. Perks, too, had a good toll of wickets for the season.

Our juniors are very keen players. Of these the Dormans, Stanley, Jameson, Harrison and Hunt are outstanding. Perhaps with improved conditions next year they will get some well-deserved matches.

This year, as in previous years, we had the benefit of several visits from Captain Mostyn. We thank him for his helpful words and useful demonstrations of what cricket should be. We look forward to the 1946 season confident that peace will restore cricket to its former glory.

The team :—H. Knox (Capt.) K. Harbord, H. Duggan, J. W. Perrott, R. Hill, W. Beazley, A. Smyth, I. Wilson, H. O'Driscoll, G. Perks, A. Frackleton, W. R. Sweetnam. Subs. :—G. Russell and D. McConnell.



Tennis.

The long summer term provided excellent opportunities for tennis. Though the weather was not always kind, and transport strictly limited, yet we contrived to present a brave front. The absence of the glory and excitement of matches was counteracted in great measure by organising keen competitive tournaments and inter-class competitions amongst ourselves or with local teams.

When it did come to matches we felt the loss of Franks Furney, the best tennis champion we have had in recent years.

In the Munster Schools' Cup we were drawn against Christian Brothers' College, Cork, and considering the experience of our opponents, put up a good losing fight. A summary of the match appears below.

Harry Duggan, popular and competent captain of the team, played brilliant impressive tennis throughout the season and lost none of his extern matches, whether singles or doubles. Wilson and Perrott are cool, calculating players with plenty of stamina and should go far in future years. A word of praise is due also to Knox, Bird and O'Driscoll, who show distinct promise.

In our own Senior Cup the careful steady tactics of Wilson defeated the more stylish play of Duggan.

The more distinguished Junior players were Frackleton and Hill, the former winning the Junior Cup.

On the whole, the season proved very satisfactory and we venture to hope that next year will be even brighter.

Results of School Competitions.

Senior Championship I. Wilson	Runner-up, H. Duggan
Middle Championship A. Frackleton	Runner-up, R. Hill
Junior Championship D. Dorman	Runner-up, M. Dorman

M.C.C. versus C.B.C. (at Blackrock)

Singles :—

I. Wilson beat D. Crosbie	6-2, 6-3
H. Duggan beat G. Keedy	6-3, 3-6, 6-3
J. Perrott lost to B. Murphy	3-6, 5-7

Doubles :—

Duggan and Perrott beat Crosbie and Keedy	5-7, 6-3, 6-4
Wilson and Bird lost to Murphy and Cantillon	2-6, 2-6
O'Driscoll and Knox lost to Lynch and Horgan	0-6, 2-6

Rugby.

The 1944-45 season was one of the leanest Rugby years we've had. Travelling facilities were inadequate and consequently there were few matches. However, the fixtures we were able to arrange were most enjoyable.

We entered the new season with a sadly reduced team. Only four members remained from the previous year—one forward and three backs. Those who filled the gaps, though keen, were inexperienced.

On December 7th, we tried our luck against Christian Brothers' College, Cork. In Midleton a strong cross wind swept the field and soon after the kick-off rain and sleet began to fall. Play and sleet continued, each without thought of ceasing. Mud became abundant. Forwards had a luxurious time in the soft wet earth, and amongst their own steaming bodies. Backs felt abandoned, but play continued to the bitter end. The result was inevitable—a scoreless draw.



Knox was the outstanding player of the year. As a wing-forward his unflagging energy made him very dangerous. Russell's great reach proved highly useful in the line-out. Sweetnam was an able hooker and kept well up with the ball. As a whole, our forwards were rather light, broke from the tight scrums fairly quickly and were plucky tacklers.

At the full-back position, A. Smyth showed ability and his touch-kicking was sure. As centres, Duggan and Beazley, by reason of their good sprints and evasive swerves were formidable. Perrott, at out-half is a neat player and makes the most of every situation. Basil Bird is a very energetic left wing.

The senior team comprised—A. Smyth; I. Wilson, W. Beazley (Capt.), H. Duggan, B. Bird; J. Perrott, R. de Foubert; K. Harbord, R. Sweetnam, H. O'Driscoll, H. Knox, A. Bird, P. McConnell, J. Smith and G. Russell.

Twelve of last year's team are still with us, so we hope to put up a very good show next season. We wish them the best of luck.

Hockey.

Through the worst of the war years we tended to play more hockey than rugby, as it was easier to transport the smaller team. The maximum came this year. We succeeded in winning six and drawing two of the thirteen matches played.

We entered for the Junior and Senior Sections of the Cork Minor Cup. The Juniors having won all their matches opposed Bandon Grammar School at Cork and won by five goals to nil. The Seniors won their final against Cork Grammar School, and so the trophy was secured.

This year for the first time we entered the South Munster Senior Hockey League. As the teams in this league were mostly composed of men, we had to seek the help of some of our Old Boys to supplement our senior team. However, despite the able services of Messrs. T. and A. and G. Jeffery, G. and W. Nicholson, F. Lynch and G. Good, we sustained, a number of defeats. We wish to express our appreciation and thanks to those Old Boys who so loyally came to strengthen our team.



The Seniors.

Great keenness was shown throughout the progress of the League. H. G. Knox played a sound defensive game when full-back and gave great "pep" to the forwards when centre-half. De Foubert, captain till December, played a very useful game as left inside. W. Beazley and I. Wilson were excellent wings, and their superb centering of the ball kept the opposing defence busy. The whole forward line would do well to strike harder and straighter when in the opponent's circle.

Amongst junior players, the Dormans, Frackleton, Hill and G. Perks show a great aptitude for the game. We hope to see them figuring prominently next year.

The Junior Cup Team comprised H. Newenham, W. Bateman, R. Smith, M. Dorman, A. Frackleton, D. Dorman, A. Kingston, B. Palmer, G. Perks (Capt.), R. Hill, I. Wilson.

The Senior Cup Team comprised G. Russell, J. Perrott, H. O'Driscoll, A. Frackleton, B. Bird, K. Harbord, W. Beazley, H. Duggan, H. Knox (Capt.), A. Smyth and I Wilson.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
				F.	A.
13	6	5	2	27	24

The following members of our team were chosen to represent the South West Munster Schools against South East Munster Schools—W. Beazley (right wing) ; B. Bird (centre half) ; A. Frackleton (right half) ; H. Knox (full back) ; J. Perrott (full back) ; A. Smyth (inside left) ; I. Wilson (left wing).



The Juniors.

Athletics.

During the summer our young athletes trained and practised hard at running, jumping and shot-putting, under the keen eye of Mr. Frazer. It was well worth their while as the results achieved in the Munster Secondary Schools' Sports held in the Mardyke, and at Ballinrostig were highly creditable.

Events Entered.

W. Beazley	High Jump, Long Jump, Hop, Step and Jump.
A. M. Bird	Seven Pound Shot
T. H. O'Driscoll	Seven Pound Shot
H. A. Duggan	Hurdles
T. I. Wilson	100 yards (under 15) ; 220 yards (under 15)
R. A. Smyth	Pole (senior)
G. W. H. R. Perks	Pole Jump (junior)
J. R. B. Bird	880 yards (senior) ; 100 yards ; 220 yards (under 17)

The results were one first and two second places

High Jump (Senior)	W. Beazley 1st place (5' 2")
Long Jump (Senior)	W. Beazley 2nd place
100 Yards (Junior)	T. I. Wilson 2nd place

A detachment of our team (Bird and Beazley) travelled to the Ballinrostig Sports on June 29th. Beazley entered for the 100 yards, the high jump and quarter mile, and carried off the first prize in the high jump and 100 yards. Bird entered for the high jump and half mile race and secured a second place for his jumping.

At the All-Ireland Youths' Championships held in Cork, W. Beazley further distinguished himself by obtaining second place in the high jump, when he cleared five feet six inches.

We wish him every good fortune in a career so promisingly begun.



H. G. V. Foott, R.A.F. A. B. O'Neill, R.N. T. K. B. Williams, R.A.F.

H. E. Kenworthy, R.C. of Sigs.

N. D. Taylor, R.A.F.

W. O. C. Woods, Indian Army

D. L. White, R.N.V.R.



J. M. Gifford, N.I.H.

K. B. C. Williams, R.A.F.

F. R. Smyth, R.A.F.

J. G. J. Nicholson, R.A.F.

J. Hosford, R.N.V.R.

G. F. P. Guy, R.N.V.R.

C. S. Gifford, R.A.



D. F. Furney, O.C.T.U.

T. J. C. Warriner, M.B., R.A.M.C.

B. L. Baker, N.I.H.

J. W. Hennessy, R.C. of Sigs.

P. M. Elliott, R.N.V.R.

W. T. Batson, R.A.F.



BATH GLOW.

J. B. Haynes, A.R.P.S.

(Exhibited in the London Salon of Photography, 1945.)

(See Article on page 21)

With the Old Boys.

Old Boys' Association General Meeting and Luncheon.

This year the Luncheon took place before the General Meeting, and was held in the Metropole Hotel, Cork, on Wednesday, January 3rd, 1945. There was a record attendance of forty-five. Captain J. de Herez Smyth presided, and after an excellent luncheon, the following Toasts were honoured: "Our Country," "The School," "The Old Boys' Association," "The Boys in the Forces" (to which J. E. T. (Ted) Harte, R.N.V.R., who was home on leave, responded) and "The Headmaster." The Annual General Meeting followed, at which the Treasurer presented his report (a copy of which will be found in this issue). The following officers and committee were elected:

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

Amongst the general business it was decided to have an Old Boys' Tie, and after a keen discussion, one of the samples, prepared by Atkinson & Co., Dublin, was adopted—two members dissenting. The Ties may be had from the Hon. Treasurer, D. W. Loane, 83 Patrick Street, Cork, at the price of seven shillings and six pence.

It was also decided to invite members of other Old Boys' Associations as soon as the Annual Dinner was revived. A request from members of the O.B.A. in the Dublin area to hold an Annual Function was agreed to.

O.B.A., Dublin Area.

The Dublin section of the O.B.A. held a Dinner in Jury's Hotel, on Friday, 11th May. From what we hear, the Dinner was a great success and there were twenty-four Old Boys present. We congratulate W. T. Stickland and the Committee who organised the function.

Stop Press. Another Dinner was held on 29th November, and previous to it an O.B.'s Team played a Trinity Selected in College Park and lost by 3 points to nil. Even McElveen, who played in the second row of the scrum, enjoyed it.

Old Boys' Dances.

The Annual Dance, run in conjunction with the Rochelle Old Girls' Association, was held in the Imperial Hotel, on Friday, 26th January. For the week previous to the dance, weather conditions were abnormal,

with snow, frost and ice ; on Thursday night, 25th January, a very severe snowstorm in Cork completely dislocated traffic and it was almost impossible to get about on foot. However, the Committee, who had a very anxious time, are to be congratulated on the success of the evening ; there were over 170 members of both Associations present and although a small financial loss resulted, it was voted by all a most enjoyable evening.

The second Dance was an informal Flannel Dance in the State Hall, Midleton, held on the evening of the Summer Break-up. This dance has definitely become an annual fixture and we were delighted to see so many Old Boys and their friends present. The record attendance helped us to cover the loss on our Dance on 26th January, and both present and past pupils thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Midleton College Old Boys' Association.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT, YEAR TO 31st MAY, 1945.

Dr.				Cr.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
1944—June 1st				By Postage and Printing	2	16	6
To Balance on Hands				„ Magazine A/c. 1943/44	14	0	0
Cash	5	18	1	„ Sub. Association of Schools			
Thrift A/c.	63	8	7	Union	0	5	0
			69 6 8	„ Miniature Cup	0	17	6
„ Annual and Life Subscriptions	53	16	0	„ Annual Lunch	10	9	0
„ Magazine Subscriptions		0	12 0	„ Lunch to College Boys	2	7	9
„ Profit on Dance at Midleton		7	0 8	„ Loss on Dance at Imperial	1	7	3
„ Interest on No. 1 Thrift A/c.		0	3 11	„ Life Subscriptions Transferred	72	14	0
				1945—May 31st			
				By Balance on Hands			
				Cash	£3	11	0
				Thrift A/c. No. 1	15	6	3
				Tax Stamps	7	5	0
						26	2 3
			<u>£130 19 3</u>				<u>£130 19 3</u>

CAPITAL ACCOUNT.

Dr.			Cr.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To amount of Life Subscriptions transferred from No. 1 A/c.	72	14 0	By Balance No. 2 Thrift A/c.	72	14 0
	<u>£72</u>	<u>14 0</u>			<u>£72 14 0</u>

I have prepared the above Accounts from the Cash Book and Thrift A/c. Pass Books and Vouchers. The Accounts are correct and in accordance with such Books and Records.

13 South Mall, Cork,
10th December, 1945.

EDWARD W. HEASLIP,
Incorporated Accountant,

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

A. J. L. Hawke, on being awarded silver medal for First Place in Ireland in the Irish Flour Millers' Examination (Final) in Cereal Science and also on gaining First Class Pass in Flour Milling in the Final Examination of the City and Guilds of London Institute.



A. J. L. HAWKE



H. D. O'NEILL



R. J. PAYNE

H. D. O'Neill and R. J. Payne on gaining Clerkships in the Bank of Ireland and Munster & Leinster Bank respectively. The former has been stationed in South Mall, Cork, since his appointment and the latter, after serving a period in Cahirciveen and Limerick, has now returned to Midleton.

J. H. A. Markham, on passing the First Year Medical Examination (Dentistry) in University College, Cork.

Trinity College, Dublin.

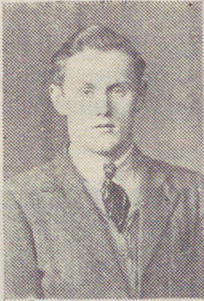


A. R. WHITE

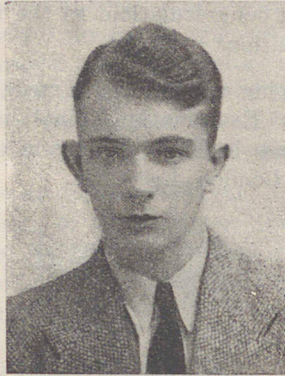
A. R. White, on being elected to a Studentship. He gained First Class Moderatorships in both Classics and Mental and Moral Science with Second Place in each subject. In addition, he won the Vice-Chancellor's Prize in Latin Verse and was elected President of the Philosophical Society in which he was awarded a Gold Medal in Composition. He is at present acting as Lecturer in College.

W. J. White, B.A. (Mod.) LL.B., on being awarded the Vice-Chancellor's Prizes in both English Verse and English Prose.

R. W. R. Colthurst, B.A., who has taken up a Curacy in Portadown, Co. Armagh, on winning the Lambert Prize.



L. S. ATKINS



R. M. PEET



W. E. PERROTT

L. S. Atkins, on gaining First Class Honours in Natural Science in both Junior and Senior Freshman years, with First Place in Chemistry on both occasions.

W. E. Perrott, who has received an appointment with Dublin County Council on passing B.A.I. with Second Class Honours.

R. M. Peet, on passing Third Medical Examination with Second Class Honours and gaining his B.A.

G. A. Salter, on gaining First and Second Honours in Irish, with a Composition Prize, and Second Class Honours in Spanish in Senior Freshman year.

H. R. Chantler and L. J. D. McElveen, on gaining Second and Third Honours respectively in Natural Science in Junior Freshman year.

W. H. H. Tanner, on passing in Medicine and Gynaecology in Final Medical.

D. A. Larmour, on passing his Second Year Examination in the School of Commerce.



W. JACKSON

W. Jackson, on passing Pre-Medical with First Class Honours in Botany and Second Class Honours in Chemistry and Physics.

T. R. Shorten on passing Senior Freshman Hilary Examination.

H. C. Read, on gaining Third Class Honours in Experimental Science in October.

* * * *

The following past pupils were married during the year and we wish them every happiness:—

W. Tait (Buckstown), W. Tait (Hermitage), B. E. A. Nicholson, Dr. Alfred Holmes, (Toronto), Captain C. S. Gifford, Captain T. J. C. Warriner, G. G. Hall, Agnes E. Love, Margaret S. C. Barrett, Olive M. Smyth.

We offer our congratulations to Rev. H. J. V. Packham, R. H. B. Llewellyn, E. Howe and Peter M. Elliott on their engagements.

Eric H. Hill, after spending his first week in the Munster and Leinster Bank at Cobh, has now been transferred to the Head Office, South Mall, Cork.

Fred Huggard has taken over the management of the Bayview Hotel, Waterville and from what we hear he is making a good success of it. Good luck, Fred !

R. G. G. de Foubert was appointed to a vacancy in the Ocean and Accident Assurance Co. in Dublin in January last and seems to be enjoying himself. He finds it difficult working after 3.15.

Alec Simpson, who was with the National Flour Mills, has taken up a post with J. Hornibrook, Leitrim Street, Cork.

F. Lynch, who was with Atkins & Co., Cork, has received an appointment in Dunlops Ltd.

G. A. Salter represented the T.C.D. Gaelic Society in an Inter-Varsity Debate with U.C.C. in Cork.



G. A. SALTER



B. B. GALE

B. B. Gale has been promoted to a Resident Inspectorship in the Ocean and Accident Assurance Co. in Limerick. At his present rate of progress—he is just twenty-one years—we foresee a managership in the offing. Well done, Brian !

Alan Thompson has been transferred on promotion from Limerick to Cork and is at present having great trouble with his moustache.

We were all glad to hear that Alfred Martin, Basil Baker and John Gifford, who were on the wounded list, are all fit again. The first-named two are on the active Service List, but John's arm is still giving him some trouble.

We congratulate A. M. Bird and Desmond McConnell, on receiving appointments in John Atkins Ltd., Dunmanway and Musgrave Ltd., Cork, respectively, and wish them both every success.

W. W. Daly, B.A.I., has taken up an appointment with a coal-mining Company in Derbyshire and seems to like the work immensely. We were glad to receive his most interesting article.

F. H. Jermyn (Mr. Twiddles) was a member of the cast in "The Belle of New York," which was presented by the Fermoy Operatic Society and was acclaimed a great success.

J. B. S. Haynes is to be congratulated on being elected an Associate of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, and on his successes at the Camera Exhibition. He won the Silver Cup with "Bath Glow" in the Members Advanced Section (Portraiture). He was also very highly commended for his work both in the Landscape and Pictorial Section (advanced) and also in the Members' Lantern Slide Section.

Rev. F. H. Garrett has left the North and has received an appointment in Rathkeale, Co. Limerick.

Rev. G. C. B. Hilliard, who hoped to pay us a second visit, was unfortunately prevented by illness. However, we are glad to hear he made an excellent recovery and is now back at work in India in the D. U. Mission to Chota Nagpur. He did valuable work during his short stay in preaching and speaking for the Society up and down the country.

Rev. F. W. Rodgers has been appointed to a curacy in Cookstown, Co. Tyrone, and we wish him well.

Dr. Forde of Annalong, Co. Down, from whom we had a letter, has retired, and we wish him very many happy days. We were delighted to hear from him.

A. E. Jeffery was successful in winning the Championship Cup in the Sheep Show (Suffolk Section) in both Cork and Dublin. In the latter place his exhibits took first, second and third places. He was also successful in taking first place in the Cork Sheep Sales where another Old Boy, W. Tait, was one of the judges. In the Munster Spring Bull Show he won the Breed Medal with "El Toro of Knock" in the Aberdeen Angus Section. On the same day, Ted's "Ahanesk Beauty" won his first course in the "Oakes" and was amongst the last eight at the Clommel Coursing.

E. H. D. Walker won First Place and the Barry George Memorial Cup and R.D.S. Premium in the Cork Show with his brood mare "Speculation" with foal at foot. He also won the Special Prize for his foal and carried off several prizes at the Clonakilty Show.

Walter Aylward and Max Humphries have both been promoted to the rank of Captain in the Indian Army. The latter is considering "Pearl Fishing" as a post-war career. Just what we would expect from Max!

Langley Humphreys, also in the Indian Army, met with another Old Boy in Ceylon. This is the conversation that took place when a complete stranger walked into his office in Ceylon and asked to see the C.O., as he was an Irishman:

“Stranger: I have just taken over the unit across the road and have heard the O.C. of this unit is an Irishman.

Self: Yes, he is not in at the moment, but he comes from N. Ireland. Where do you come from?

Stranger: Southern Ireland.

Self: What part?

Stranger: Co. Cork.

Self: What part?

Stranger: Midleton.

Self: What part?

Stranger: Ballinacurra.

Self: I come from Midleton and my name is Humphreys. What is yours?

Stranger: Webster.”

The Stranger was Percy Webster.

We owe an apology to J. G. Flewett, son of the late Bishop of Cork, for omitting his name from the list of the Old Boys in the Forces; we heartily congratulate him on his promotion to the high rank of Brigadier. He has had an arduous time serving in India and Burma. “Shades of E. G. Seale’s Latin Class in C.G.S.”

We offer our hearty congratulations to Lt. Col. W. F. Moore on attaining his 90th birthday. He must be the oldest Old Boy. We send greetings to our Sister College in Purley.

Desmond Furney has completed his training in O.C.T.U. He had the proud distinction of being selected as the best recruit on the square and at a ceremonial parade the C.O. “draped him with a belt.” We heartily congratulate him.

We were glad to hear that B. E. A. Nicholson (Beano) has been manager of a munition factory. As soon as the factory turns over to civil production he hopes to be retained on the staff.

Duncan MacLachlan has taken up Civil Aviation as a career and is at present located at Tobruk.

Sergeant A. Baldwin, Grenadier Guards, received a certificate from Field Marshal Sir B. L. Montgomery for “outstanding good service and devotion to duty during the campaign in North West Europe.” We heartily congratulate him.

We were sorry to hear that N. MacDonald had lost his wife and we offer him our sympathy in his very sad bereavement.

THE OLD GIRLS.

Marion Read has taken up a post as Tutor Sister in Groote Schuur Orthopaedic Hospital, Capetown. She had a very brilliant course at Oswestry, and we wish her every success.

Olive M. Peckover (née Smyth), who was with the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Co., was married recently in Madras where she had charge of the Red Cross and St. John's (Joint War Charities) offices up to a month ago. She is due to arrive home this week.

Nancy Nicholson, who has served all through the War as an Army Nursing Sister and has spent several years in Cairo, has been recently demobilised.

We offer our very sincere sympathy to Charlotte Weldon (née de Cogan) on the death of her husband under very tragic circumstances. Sergeant Weldon, without regard for himself, plunged to the rescue of a drowning comrade, and although a very powerful swimmer, gave his life for his friend.

Sporting Items.

Our able O.B.A. Hon. Treasurer, D. W. Loane, continues to hold his place on the Munster Senior Hockey Team and is still the mainstay of the C.I. attack. He was also in good batting form during the summer and was substitute for the Munster Cricket Team.

The O.B.A. Hon. Secretary, G. F. Kenworthy, has blossomed forth as a Yachtsman, and has won several races in Cork Harbour with his Yacht "Wee Too."

D. St. J. Sullivan, another Yachtsman, was down racing in Cork Harbour during the summer and came third in the race between Dublin (represented by the Sutton Sailing Club) and Cork. He helped Dublin to win. We hear that he contacted some of his contemporary Old Boys late in the evening.



R. J. BOLSTER *Cork Examiner*

R. J. Bolster, who is with the Norwich Union Co., captained the Dolphin First XV which won the Munster Senior Cup for the second year in succession. They drew with the U.C.C. in semi-final and won the replay—then drew with the Army in the Final and won the replay by 8 points to nil.

He also won the Handicap singles in the Cork Open Table Tennis Tournament and he was successful in the C.I. Club's Snooker Competitions—an all-round sportsman.

Desmond Furney played in the Leinster Schools' Rucker Trials while Franks got his place on the Leinster Schools' Hockey Trials. Franks won the Senior Boys' Tennis Championship in the Blackrock and Rushbrooke Tournaments and in partnership with Miss Pat Humphreys (daughter of

the President of the O.B.A.) won the mixed Doubles at both Tournaments. We note that with his help Columba's carried off the Schools' Senior Tennis Cup.



DENIS LARMOUR

Denis Larmour continued to do good work as centre on Wanderer's 1st XV and was selected on the T.C.D. Athletic Team in the Inter-Varsity Competition with Queen's, Belfast; he came third in 220 yards and Long Jump and helped his team to win the Relay Race. In the A.A.U.E. Championship he was third in the Long Jump.

P. C. Hilliard was elected Captain of the Killarney Golf Club for year 1945.

J. A. Mattsson still continues to play excellent football as Full-Back for Wanderers 1st XV. He also helped the Bank of Ireland to win the Leinster Bank Cricket Cup with a well hit 67.

B. C. S. Hosford hooked his first salmon of 20 lbs. one evening at 5.15. Having played with it up and down the river until 9.15, he finally gaffed him in the moonlight in the pool in which he hooked him with the whole surrounding countryside as an audience. Well done Stewart!

Henry Smyth continues to do excellent work as centre on the Ford 1st XV. He is now specialising in tool-making.

Congratulations to Basil Baker on gaining his place on his Brigade Cricket Team. Well done, Sarge!

H. C. Read was elected to play on the Leinster Junior Trials in Hockey.

L. S. Atkins is again Captain of the T.C.D. 3rd XV. Last year his team won its way into the Minor Final to be beaten by U.C.D. G. A. Salter and W. C. Beazley are helping him out. Where has Wilfred got to? We hear he has other attractions—we are surprised!

W. C. Beazley, who has entered the Engineering School, T.C.D., won second place in the Youth's Championship High Jump. He also won several events at the Upton Sports last summer.

R. H. Chantler and L. J. D. McElveen were members of the T.C.D. Maiden Fours which won the Craig-Davidson Cup. We hear the latter has become very interested in music and is often seen rehearsing in Sutton. Boys will be boys!

A. R. White (Bantam) and R. M. Peet (Welter Weight) both won their finals in the Irish University Boxing Championships in March last. The former was awarded his "Colours," and the latter has been elected Captain of the Boxing Club for 1945-46.

My Experience as a P.O.W.

We had been on a daylight bombing raid on Kamen in the Ruhr Valley when our aircraft was hit over the target by falling bombs. All the crew took to their parachutes, but unfortunately, four were killed before they reached the ground. This left the two gunners and myself to be taken prisoners.

I had no sooner hit the ground than I was approached by two policemen, looking like a walking armoury. One of them shouted something which I took to be "Hands Up," an order I wasted no time in obeying. While one searched me the other kept me covered with two very hostile looking revolvers and shouted some very uncomplimentary names, the names subsiding a little when he discovered I was not carrying a gun. I was then bundled into a car and driven into the town of Kamen, a very dejected and scared airman.

In the town I was paraded across the square a couple of times while the civilians gave me a shower bath and called me some more very uncomplimentary names—those able to speak a little English excelling themselves. I was then joined by one of the gunners who had two black eyes and a bleeding nose. I don't believe I was ever so glad to see anybody. He told me that the civilians had a very pleasant game of football outside the town, he being the ball. That night we were taken to Dortmund and put into separate cells for four days. We had been there three days when we were joined by the other gunner and some British and American airmen. The gunner had a badly injured spine and could not walk. He crawled into my cell on his hands and knees and before I gave him any assistance I got down on my knees and bombarded him with questions about the rest of the crew. We must have looked a very funny sight to the German guard that had opened the door for him. He told me about the other four members being killed.

From there we went to Frankfurt to be interrogated and then we went to our permanent camp, known as Luft VII, which was situated on the German Polish border.

This camp was supposed to be one of the most comfortable in Germany; it certainly was above my expectations. We had our own football and cricket pitch, a school and a theatre. In the school one could take almost any subject, the lecturers being inmates like myself. The theatre was probably the most interesting factor of the camp. It had been a barrack at one time and was converted into a theatre by the more energetic inmates. The furniture and scenery were made out of broken-up Red Cross boxes and the costumes were made out of such articles as pyjamas, towels, and sometimes painted paper. The make-up and musical instruments were sent by the Red Cross. We had some very talented chaps in that camp and subsequently we had some very good shows. The female impersonators always got very loud applause. The German food rations were fairly good and we always had a certain amount of Red Cross parcels. When I say good, I mean that they were good in comparison to what we were to get later on.

Luft VII was evacuated on January 21st, when Russian forces were about to overrun it. The complement of the camp then being about sixteen hundred, was made up mostly of Non-Commissioned Officers. When we arrived at the next camp, Stalag IIIA, we were down to about thirteen hundred. We spent seventeen days marching and four days on a train. For these twenty-one days the food ration we got from the Germans is hardly worth mentioning; we were also unfortunate enough to have run out of Red Cross parcels before the camp was evacuated. We kept ourselves alive by eating sugar beet and raw potatoes. I remember seeing three chaps fight over a crust of black bread thrown to them by a Polish worker. I was one of them and I lost the fight and subsequently the crust of bread. The temperature kept well below zero all the time, which did not help matters. We slept in hay barns and the only way to keep warm was to try to get into a barn where there were animals. The really sick always had priority in this type of barn. All the time we had been leaving the very ill chaps at different places en route. Usually they were cared for by hospitals or the German civilians. However, some of them were unfortunate enough to fall out in the desolated areas by night and I think they would have a very poor chance of survival. Sometimes it was snowing so heavily that anybody unlucky enough to "black out" would be covered over within half-an-hour. There was not one of us who had the strength to help another man, our only strengthening factor being the German rifle butts.

On the train we did not get any food and very little water. We were fifty-six men to a cattle truck and had just room to sit on the floor with our knees drawn up to chest. About twenty-five per cent were then suffering from dysentery and another twenty-five per cent from frost-bitten feet—I being one of the latter. This did not make the four-day journey any more comfortable.

Stalag IIIA was situated about 20 miles south of Berlin. It was a very large camp—I believe every allied nation was represented there, the different nationalities being in separate compounds. The food ration there was not enough to keep one alive, however, we were fortunate enough to get in a certain amount of Red Cross parcels soon after we arrived there. The Russian prisoners did not get any parcels and were dying at the rate of about four a day of starvation; every other day a horse and cart could be seen going by our compound with a load of Russian corpses. The Germans did not even take the trouble to cover the cart. It was a ghastly sight and one I always tried to avoid but couldn't. I know that when a Russian prisoner died in his barracks his comrades held on to the corpse for about three days to collect his rations and then reported the death. I mention this just to show you what our plight would have been like if it were not for the splendid efforts of the International Red Cross.

Stalag IIIA was released on April the 22nd by Russian forces. It was a wonderful day for us all.

G. F. GOOD.



G. F. GOOD in P.O.W. Camp.
Stalag IIIa.

(p. 44)



G. F. GOOD on Stolen Motor Cycle.

(p. 51)



Not a Film Star.

EBIC DEANE-ROE on Active Service.

(p. 49)



THE GARDEN TOMB.

(p. 53)

Letters from Old Boys.

Capt. AYLWARD, 145 Coy., R.I.A.S.C. (Tippers). S.E.A.C. 8/12/1944.

I have been rather ill of late and am just recovering.

I was flown out of the front line to a base hospital, from there to another, where I stayed for some time.

I then got sick leave and went to Darjeeling. It was bitterly cold there compared to the jungle heat and after my month's leave I really felt much better. I am now back in a "green hell" again.

I am looking forward to this year's *Magazine* very much as it does help one to tide over things a great deal. I still get letters from Peet, Daly and Johnson. They seem to be very much alive.

10/7/1945.

At long last, the European War has ended, and at present I give the Japs. another 18 months; you know, they're very good soldiers, not the little, stunted, buck-toothed men one is led to believe. They have one great thing about them, although they rather misuse it, and that is they are ready to die for their ideals.

I saw some of their Imperial Guards, their crack regiment, and they were all six footers, with really fine features. Of course we are as good, and better than they are, so the end is inevitable.

I expect to be home in 1948 or 1949 and one of the first things I want to do is to come down to Midleton and see the old place again. The old saying that one's " schooldays are the best days of one's life " is very true: my time at the College seems far away, I have seen so much death and destruction in the short time I've been here.

After this war I want to settle down to a quiet, well-ordered life, with no more roaming around the world.

7903209, Sgt. BAKER, B.L., C. Sqn., N.I.H., Italy. 16/3/1945.

Thanks for *Magazine*, I certainly enjoyed reading it and to know where all the " boys " are. John Jermyn walked into me the other day, he is in the 2nd Commandos, looking very well, plus moustache. He is fighting in the same sector as we are at present.

Well, it happened again. I got in the way of a shell, four of us from the first shot—I got it in the loin and a piece grazed my neck very luckily. At present two of us are still being held at a Field Dressing Station and having the best of a time. The Regiment is nearby and as for visitors, it's terrific. We get anything we want. I'm feeling much better now, after the first week and eating like a horse, so you can see how bad I am, out in the sun every day and getting a real colour. A chaplain walked in last night and saw my card with C. of I. on it and immediately asked where I came from. He is Father Finn from Blackrock and knows you very well.

You were both on the Dublin Schools Rugby Committee. He wishes to be remembered. We had a great talk about the various Rucker players, it brought back memories. The 8th Army are looking for Hockey players, and of course I entered, but for the present it's out of the question.

14/8/1945.

When I came out of hospital I rejoined the Unit at Rimini, and have been here ever since. We are spending all our time on the beach and really enjoying sunny Italy. Since the campaign finished the only thing we did for a while was guarding the Germans—hadn't any trouble with them, so life was very easy. My wound has had no after effects—thank Goodness—although it has left a nasty scar.

We have managed to get Cricket going and I have figured in all the matches. Actually I got on to the Brigade team after a bit of luck.

I believe John Gifford is getting along fine—practically fit again.

C. H. BRENNAN, M.D., Old Castle House, Canterbury. 3/1/1945.

Please accept my thanks and congratulations for the copy of the M. C. *Magazine* which got here on January 1st.

What has cast a gloom over us all has been the death of the Archbishop, Dr. Temple. His passing leaves a great gap and is very serious in many ways as he was a very great influence for good and a very great man. He was so human and kindly and a great lover of children, and one of the few Englishmen I ever met who could unbend gracefully. At the Christmas party at the Palace in 1943 he tied in the Final of the Musical Chairs with one of my small daughters aged ten.

To be present at his funeral in the Cathedral was a great privilege. Such a simple ceremony in such a magnificent setting, with the coffin draped in purple and flood-lit from both sides in front of the High Altar.

It was the first occasion of this kind in which there were two Archbishops present in full robes, one of course being Dr. Lang. The day actually coincided with his 90th birthday.

I took the liberty of showing your *Magazine* to a member of the staff of our local Public School. He was very impressed, especially by the sentiments expressed about the O.B.'s in H.M. Forces.

G. C. BOLSTER, "Afgam," Woodside Close, Amersham, Bucks.

15/12/1944.

Thanks for the *Magazine*. It was indeed a pleasure to hear again some news about the old school. I see, too, from the photographs, that the number of boarders has increased very much since I left you.

I have been discharged from the R.A.F. and hope to take up my studies again in Dublin in the near future, probably after Christmas. When in Ireland, I hope to come down and see Midleton once again. On leave in Ireland last year, I called in to Trinity and saw Tanner, Peet and Daly.

P. O. Writer J. DAUNT, H.M.S. *Woolwich*, c/o G.P.O. London. 17/10/1944.

My apologies for not writing before, but I suppose being a writer by profession has a strong bearing on my reluctance to take up a pen after my day in the office.

You were probably as surprised as I to hear that Eric had taken the plunge into matrimonial bliss. You probably heard that I knocked into him quite by chance in Gibraltar last November, when on my way here. He is now a Chief and has a shore job near Glasgow.

I expect to be made Chief Writer any day now—all things being equal. I will probably sit for W.O. next year if I get sufficient opportunity to swot. I have already taken and passed half the educational examination. Fortunately we are allowed take it in parts.

I have almost completed one year of my foreign service and have slightly over another year to do. In many ways I do not regret volunteering for sea service when I did. I had more than my share of home service— $3\frac{1}{2}$ years. I have had to work hard in the past year, much harder than I ever dreamt I would; still, it certainly causes the time to pass quickly. All these new increases in pay will mean many hours of overtime for my staff and me, but that is work we will do with a will.

18/3/1945.

Many thanks for the two issues of the *College Magazine*, which arrived safely. I am very pleased and proud to see our "Family Record" in the latest issue of the *Magazine*, it was nice of the Editor to find space for it. It is grand to get news of so many of the Old Boys.

My present location is dreadfully dull. The only things that are plentiful here are fruit and tea. One can't send fruit home, but tea parcels are our postman's greatest burden. Realising what a grave shortage there is in Eire I simply cannot resist sending some at every opportunity.

E. R. DAUNT, 14 Meadow House Road, Corsterplime, **Edinburgh 12.**

27/2/1945.

Thanks for the *College Magazine*. It was of special interest to me to see the "Daunt Family Record." We are all proud to have been to Midleton College and to get such a fine recognition in its yearly *Magazine*.

I accidentally met my brother George in Belfast on his way to join the R.A.F. I ran against Joe in Gibraltar last April. I still thought he had a nice comfortable shore billet in England. I have also met Achilles and William recently. Willie has a Chaplaincy very near Edinburgh and we meet fairly frequently on week-ends.

I was advanced to Supply Chief Petty Officer on the 6th January, 1944. Joe was advanced to Chief P.O. Writer early this year.

It was interesting to note that the College is keeping up its proud record both in the education and sports spheres. I have played a few games of hockey this season in Greenock for my own unit and also for the R.A.F.

While in Alexandria last spring I got a hockey team together from a Ship's Company of only 150. Some of the chaps had never played before but out of six games played we won them all. We played two Cruisers, one Battleship, and Alexandria's Sporting Club's first and second teams. This is the largest and finest club in the Middle East. I was sorry to leave there as we had quite a record and created a sensation when we beat the R.A.F. Cup final team. We had a fine team but I believe it was enthusiasm and team work more than really good Hockey which carried us so far.

No. 2206493.A/c. E. H. DEANE-ROE, Block 29A, 308 M.U., S.E. Asia
Air Forces. 3/7/1945.

Thank you for the *College Magazine* which my brother forwarded on. I often think of the Old Boys, where they are, and what doing, and the *Magazine* helps me out a great deal.

I have written to quite a number of the lads. I heard from Bob Peet a few weeks ago.

I have travelled a considerable distance since I last visited the College, and have had some queer experiences. I can't say India is "a land flowing with milk and honey"—no it is far from that—I just would not like to say what I think of it, but I manage to enjoy myself.

During the winter most of my time is spent on the sports field. Last year I captained a football team and won a cup for doing all the shouting! Thirty-four teams entered for the competition and we struck lucky. I have played a few games of hockey but find the Indians far too fast for me. Their stick-work is marvellous—I have never seen anything like them.

The weather has been very warm these past few months—the temperature being about 120 degrees in the shade, but lately we are having plenty of heavy showers, now that the monsoons have started.

I had a very short stay in Bombay and also in Lahore and I hope to visit Ceylon in the near future. (See photo page 45).

S/Lt. (A) P. M. ELLIOTT, R.N.V.R., 837 Naval Air Squadron, c/o G.P.O.,
London. 17/8/44.

I received a copy of the *College Magazine* a short while ago from someone in the Ford Works. It brought back many pleasant memories of my time at Midleton (1930-33).

Before joining up I spent two years in the Cost Department in the Ford Works at Dagenham. I have not met any Old Boys but I hear that George Packham and Llewellyn are now there.

I am now an observer in the Fleet Air Arm and am having a fairly busy time. Most of our fighting is at night and is very exciting. I have had a very interesting time in the service, having been to Trinidad and New York.

24/1/1945.

Thank you very much for the *Magazines*. I found them very interesting and recognised several old friends.

Last year I was in a Motor Launch and was in one of the first waves in the Normandy Invasion. I got ashore three times and on one of them I visited the Cathedral at Bayeux. The people were very friendly.

I see that Joe Hosford is in the R.N.V.R. I hope I shall be able to meet him in the near future.

J. R. FORDE, M.D., Gordonville, Annalong, Co. Down. 6/1/1945.

Very many thanks for *Magazines*. I was at Midleton College for a short time about 1907, but most of my schooldays were spent at Cork Grammar School. However, I would like to join your O.B.A. and enclose a subscription to cover two years.

After qualifying as a Doctor I served for three years in the 1914-1918 War and have spent most of my active years since then up and down the West Coast of Africa in the Colonial Medical Service. I am now in private practice and do not like its hum-drum monotony.

You may remember some young cousins of mine who were at the College, named Good. One is now a prisoner of war. The eldest one is a Squadron-Leader in the R.A.F.

Lt. C. S. GIFFORD, R.A., 276/66 L.A.A. Reg. R.A. C.M.F. 28/1/1945.

Thanks for *College Magazine* which I have just received.

I have not seen any Old Boys since I met my brother and then K. B. Williams, but one never knows.

I am writing this from Greece and I am glad to say things have quietened down at last. I have certainly moved about since coming abroad. Athens is a beautiful city (now that the shooting has stopped) and much more up-to-date than we expected after our (too long) stay in Italy.

JOHN GIFFORD, Belfast Emergency Hospital, Saintfield Road, Belfast. 22/1/1945.

Many thanks for the *College Magazine*; it is better than ever and very interesting, so much in fact that I nearly had a row over it. The night Sister turned out the lights when I was reading it so I got up and turned them on again, which brought that good lady's wrath on my head.

Glad to hear the Old Boy's Luncheon was such a success. It will be a great day when all those in the Forces will be able to be there too. I saw Peet and Daly at Trinity when I was home for fourteen days leave. W. Colthurst dropped in too, so we had quite a party. They were all in great form, though great learning does not seem to have had much effect on Peet's spirits.

Pte. T. A. GIFFORD, 96 P.T.C., Bodmin, Cornwall.

9/9/1945.

We have had a fairly easy time here though of course it was rather a change from civilian life. Mr. Fraser's training came in very handy as regards P.T., and drill of which we get quite a bit. I entered for the boxing for our platoon but though I was originally picked as one of the three to represent it, I did not fight in the inter-company tournament as there was a deficiency of lads of my weight in the opposing company.

Charlie got married the week before last; he had been engaged for quite some time, but did not want to get married till the war finished. John got home on leave at the same time, which was lucky, and acted as "best-man."

Sgt. G. F. GOOD, Ward G2, R.A.F. Hospital, Kirkham, Nr. Preston, Lancs.

28/8/1945.

Enclosed you will find the photos I promised to send. I was rather surprised that they turned out so well. I must be a better photographer than I thought. I have got about forty taken in Germany and when I see you again I shall show you them, you should find them very interesting, I think. That photo I promised to send you of myself in Air Force uniform I am sorry to say did not turn out very well, the chap that took it must have had a very shaky hand. The uniform I am in, in the enclosed photos, is an army uniform, and my badges and rank are not on it. All the photos were of course taken after we were liberated and in Stalag IIIA. The barbed wire you see is the fence that separated the different compounds and not (I am sorry to say) the fence that separated us from freedom. It was a very complicated affair and it would be impossible to scale it. The motor cycle* of course is loot. I hadn't it very long when someone else stole it from me.

I was walking along the road of one of the Bomber stations one day when I heard someone shout "Hi, Sarge!" I turned around and who should I see but George Bolster of Schull. I expect you remember George; you probably have reason to, like me. I think he made half the College air-minded with his model aircraft.

*See photo page 45.

Capt. J. W. HENNESSY, X. Branch, G.H.Q. Paiforce.

2/3/1945.

Thanks for the *Magazine*, which contains an exceptionally high content of news of fellows I knew; obviously it finds its way to queer corners of the world these days. What a mixture of feelings though—some chaps in the forces are getting quite a kick out of their experiences in this war—I, for one, on looking back (and all haven't been really pleasant either)—others are meeting some very rough going, and some lose their lives. We all miss them.

Our very pleasant (in spite of some mud—a very sticky type—at times) winter is drawing to an end all too soon and temperatures of up to 70 degrees are already being recorded. It was quite warm out this afternoon; I was

riding a fresh Arab horse in a paper-chase and I perspired freely in my efforts to keep him in hand. I was lucky to-day and finished quite near the front of the list. Our Riding Club "special days" are very well attended, the G.O.C. in C. rode with us to-day while H.R.H. the Regent of Iraq came up to watch, normally he rides with us too. At the end of the chase we all gather together—British and Iraqis—for some much-needed light refreshments and the very informal atmosphere is enjoyed by all. A fortnight ago I rode in a paper-chase with the Iraq Army and was given a very wild Arab pony as my mount. It was rather a terrifying experience for me, until I realised that the animal was quite sure-footed and the only thing left was to give him his head. I finished well, at a fast pace, over a terrible course.

From the foregoing you might imagine that all we do out here is ride horses. That, of course, is not correct; we have a lot to do, and the work is both interesting and very important. Riding is a very pleasant way of taking exercise, and exercise is essential for fitness in this trying climate. We are indeed fortunate, that is the few of us who are really keen on riding, in being able to get some here, but of course, as in most things these days, demand exceeds supply.

4/7/1945.

I haven't any time to brood these days, as, in addition to my normal work I am now Secretary to the H.Q. Riding Club, and combine the duties of Wines Member and Gardening Member in the Mess. These latter jobs entail quite an amount of work—gardening in particular I should say. Yesterday was the hottest day of the year so far (115 degrees in the shade) and I chose it to do some rather heavy digging. I must have lost pints of perspiration. However, my other Mess job can soon remedy that.

The Riding Club though, provides me with most of my recreation. During the summer we ride at 5.30 a.m. (means getting up at 4.45!) until 7.15. I manage to get a horse six mornings a week—on three I assist in the Riding School by leading the beginners, on the other mornings I usually take out a new and rather green horse to try and teach it to behave itself! I love it all.

Last April we ran a Gymkhana which was a great success. It was attended by our G.O.C. in C., the British Ambassador and several foreign diplomats, and H.R.H. the Regent of Irak, with members of his Cabinet, etc.—a large gathering. Many of our members—most in fact—are very new to riding, yet we are very satisfied with the showing we made in the main Jumping Contest. Teams were entered by the Iraq Army and Police, who are born horsemen, but for all that our team came second. I competed in the Handy Hunter event, and managed to win one of the nonsense events—the Musical Chairs.

The Iraqis have some wonderful horses and are very good riders, but we are horrified at times by their apparent callousness—for example, they never seem to mind what injury they might cause to the horse by reckless riding. This is most obvious at Paper Chases (we organise several each winter) when it is usual to find several of their horses coming in badly lamed. We are always hopelessly outclassed in these events. In the last

one, won as usual by an Iraq Officer, the next three home were from our club. Dickey and I were hot on the heels of the winner at the end and we were riding two of our notoriously lazy horses, we were convinced we could have beaten him on any of our better mounts. Sour grapes, maybe!

By the way, I think I have risen rather quickly in the Riding Club—I joined as a learner last November, was co-opted Assistant Secretary three months later and became Secretary a month ago.

My sister still sends me occasional news of Mr. Fraser (sen.). I hope he is well, please give him my best wishes. I expect that your Gym. Display and Sports will be held about now.

We were all very relieved to hear that Billy Batson arrived home safely and so well after a long silence. To-day's letter from home stated that he was going to lunch with you.

I am looking forward to receiving my Old Boys' tie which my sister is sending as a gift for my birthday (to-day). Although I haven't worn a tie since April, and—officially—can only wear the regulation khaki one, I am going to wear it in the Mess one evening when ties become the fashion out here again. That will not be before November.

31/10/1945.

Baghdad is still here and has weathered yet another blistering summer. The highest temperature recorded this year was 116 degrees in the shade, which didn't break any records, but the accompanying conditions over those four or five days were most unusual, and in fact the end of July produced what was decided locally as "the worst heat in living memory." The snag was the humidity. During the summer, anything above ten humidity is abnormal, but then it rose to forty-nine, and it became very uncomfortable indeed. There appeared to be no end to our perspiration; we had to drink between two and three gallons of liquid a day to replace bodily moisture lost that way—and even the nights didn't bring much relief. One night it dropped only nine degrees compared with the usual seventy-five degrees. Other refinements were a dust-storm, and clouds in the sky (usually absent for four months)—all caused by the humidity.

However, it passed, and I was glad to get away, early in August, on leave. I was offered a flight to Cairo, and accepted, intending to "hitch-hike" back, how I didn't know, as even by air the distance is 800 miles! I had a wonderful time in Cairo. I met many old Paiforce friends and visited all the usual places, including, of course, the Pyramids and the Sphinx—the latter were disappointing I thought. At first I had difficulty in getting away but I struck lucky all of a sudden and flew to Lydda for Jerusalem after a week in Egypt.

Jerusalem is a city of contrasts, more so than any place I have yet met. I liked the old city and its market but was bitterly disappointed at the highly commercialised showing of the so-called Holy Places. True, they are beautiful, but in a manner which we in the West do not altogether appreciate. But Jerusalem is a city of contrasts, and all of a sudden I was told of "The Garden Tomb," discovered quite recently by General

Gordon.* I was greatly impressed by all I saw there and, for what my opinion is worth (shared by many eminent churchmen including several of our Irish Bishops) I do not doubt its authenticity.

My stay in Jerusalem was necessarily and unfortunately only for two days, and I set out for Beirut in Syria once again, but for the last time, by air. Henceforth my transport would *not* be so comfortable and fast.

I stayed at a leave camp in Beirut for a few days which were spent mainly in bathing in the Mediterranean or just lazing in the sun. I also rode in the mornings, but it had to be very early as by 8 a.m. the sun was too hot to take the horses out. Then one morning we set out for Damascus—an interesting old city, and a bit battered by the recent disturbances there, but not a lot. We had twenty-four hours there before continuing our “desert dash.” We certainly travelled fast (the convoy is called “The Golden Arrow,” but the vehicles are 4–6 tonners and the roads very bumpy) throughout the night as a rule. Between mid-day one day and 6 a.m. next morning we covered 400 miles with two major halts of two hours each for a meal and to fuel. This is good going considering the vehicles, the roads and that it was mostly by night.

Altogether I was away nineteen days, visited four other countries and travelled well over 2,000 miles—a very memorable leave.

I got my third pip recently, and with it a staff appointment which suits me very well.

P.S.—I was delighted to receive an “Old School Tie” from my sister. I insisted on wearing it at a private party the other night, hardly the official thing to do, but it was much admired for all that.

*See photo page 45.

S/Lt. J. HOSFORD. R.N.V.R., H.M. L.C.H.167, c/o G.P.O., London.
22/11/1945.

It is with great pleasure that I write to tell that there has been an “Old Boys” re-union in nine degrees fifty-four mins. north, seventy-six degrees east, when C.P.O. (Writer) Joseph Daunt, R.N. (Waterock) and I met in his base in Southern India.

The occasion of our meeting was rather dramatic. It happened like this: I was in the Paymaster’s Office one day when a C.P.O. walked into the office to speak to the “Pay Bob.” I immediately recognised the Chief as being of the Daunt Family, so I asked his pardon and inquired if he was a Daunt. To my surprise, he said he was. I told him I thought he was, but could not call to memory his name. So then he said his name was Joseph Daunt of Waterock, Midleton, Co. Cork. He also said that I was familiar to him but he could not recall my name. Having told him my name, business was sadly neglected for the next hour as we had lots to tell each other. Finally the “Pay Bob” had to separate us in order to get on with his work. Seeing we were Irish, he said he thought it the best thing to do. I suppose he thought because we were Irish we would eventually cause a rough house between us. The Englishman always suspects that where there is more than one Irishman there is bound to be a free for all. There usually is!

2090417 L/Sgt. E. HOWE, R.E., No. 87 C.R.E. (Works), M.E.F.

17/5/1945.

Thanks for *Magazine* received. They have been a never-failing source of pleasure and each one has been read and re-read many times, as its dog-eared condition testifies.

I am at the moment in the Sudan, which may not be the hottest place in the world, but we average 117 degrees in the shade over twelve months, which is hot enough for me. In three and a half years away from England I've seen enough to make me want to settle down hard in the British Isles and stick there for good.

Life has its compensations however. By amazing good fortune I have met the charming sister of an Old Boy in this neck of the woods—Miss N. E. Hawke, sister of A. J. L. Hawke. Hawke was after my time and I have never made his acquaintance, but his sister and I have many friends in common, and you can probably guess what a joy it is to talk to someone about Ireland. We pass the time by conversing in atrocious Cork accents. I had rather doubted my ability to do so but it seems I still retain some of my youthful skill.

It has been a constant surprise to me to see the number of Old Boys serving in the Forces. I was in touch with Horace Kenworthy up to the outbreak of war, but since my posting abroad our correspondence has become somewhat spasmodic. My congratulations to Joe Hosford and Douglas White on their receiving Navy commissions. I'm sure the job suits Joe, especially, down to the ground. Seán Bán still seems to be gathering laurels for himself. My last letter from him was, I believe, received about 1936 and I'd be glad to hear from him if I could be put in touch.

Captain H. E. KENWORTHY, School of Signals Mess, Catterick Camp,
Yorkshire.

19/3/1945.

Thank you for the *College Magazine*. I was very glad indeed to have news of dear old Midleton again and to see that it is still progressing wonderfully. Looking at the lists of awards makes me wonder if I was a very poor student or if the opportunities offered now-a-days are greater. My conscience points to the former.

I see that the *Magazine* is still perpetuating an error in regard to my name which started, I should think, in the first edition. I may be wronging the editorial staff but I think they have, over a period of some thirteen years awarded my father sundry prizes, pressed him into the British Army and also married him off! My father is, of course, H. R. Kenworthy, I am H. E.

From a life that is rather a hectic mixture of hard work and hard play there is little interesting news to be extracted. School-mastering does not really suit me though I manage to lead quite an active life with it. My work takes me away a good deal; I have just returned from a tour of the Allied Forces in France and Belgium.

I still manage to get some games and have captained the School of Signals hockey team for the last two seasons.

Unfortunately I cannot hope to visit Ireland again before I doff this uniform once and for all, but I shall look forward very much to visiting all the old scenes again in the near future.

Sgm. LOVE, J. S. 2601340, British Military Mission China, c/o A.B.P.O.,
India Command, India. 27/11/1944.

A few days ago I received the *School Magazine*; it came as a great surprise. You may claim that this copy I received is probably the first one to come to China, and I hope I will receive more; this copy was particularly interesting to me because it contained a great deal of interesting news of chaps who were at Midleton with me.

I have been here some time now, and I must say that I like it; I have many friends among the Chinese, who are very hospitable and courteous, and make the best of hosts.

A few years ago I had a long time in Natal, and then came on to India. Of all the countries I have passed through, India was about the worst from every point of view; the people in South Africa gave us a really good time, and went out of their way to give us a home from home.

The weather up here goes to extremes, in summer, humidity is very high and the temperature goes over 110 degrees in the shade, a combination of high humidity and temperature is anything but comfortable; then in winter we have plenty of rain and sometimes a bit of snow, there is always a heavy mist, which cuts down visibility.

We often have Chinese food as a change to our western diet. Chinese chow consists of many varied and novel dishes, rice is usually put last on the list and at a proper meal it is an insult to your Chinese host to eat any of it, for it is considered the lowest of the low; all the dishes—new ones are continually being put on the table—are placed in the middle and everyone dives into them with his chopsticks and eats more or less straight from the dish. As I say, there are many dishes, i.e., meat balls, pork, liver, etc., in many different forms, then there are many kinds of vegetables from bamboo shoot to spinach; "Baa Baa Fan" is a dish made of rice and eight different kinds of seeds ("Baa" is Chinese for 8); Shark's fin is another; chicken is served in a big bowl in its own soup; and so on. There are so many dishes that I could go on describing, till eventually I would run out of paper.

Telephones are a nightmare; to make a call requires patience which might have to last the best part of the day, although you only want to speak to somebody a mile or two away.

Chinese theatres, to one who does not speak the language, "are boring but interesting"! some of the well known old plays go on for five or more hours, which is rather exhausting to the players; normally no scenery is used except the bare essentials, the gowns are elaborate and the make-up very strange and foreign to what we see at home. At odd moments when

a player has finished his speech, one of the stage hands brings him some tea and a wet towel, so he just turns his back on the audience while he refreshes himself.

Yes, indeed, it is an interesting country, I could be in better and I could definitely be in worse, and I'm very glad to have a chance to spend some of my service here.

Please do write sometime.

T. C. MOORE, B.A., M.D., Pataka Road, Taupo, New Zealand. 6/10/1945

My late brother, Dr. Moore, used to send me your *Magazine*. I have sent a subscription to Colonel Moore of Purley and hope to receive your next number. I think, with the exception of him, I must be the oldest Old Boy. I saw the beginning of my father's headmastership. I had been at School at Wexford for one-and-a-half years. My father met me at Waterford in the late spring of 1864 and we spent a long day driving from there to Youghal. We called at a bank manager's house at Dungarvan and my father made arrangements for John and Willie Ray to come as boarders—there was one boarder already—Jonas Jones. He could draw very well—I remember one of his productions—almost worthy of Punch. Pious Grocer to his man John :—“Have you sanded the sugar ?” “Yes, sir !” “Have you chalked the flour ?” “Yes, sir !” Have you watered the gin ?” “Yes, sir !”—“Then come to prayers.”

At Wexford, I often went to a house where there was an old lady well over 90, who was a young girl in 1798 and remembered the rebellion. She used to thrill me by telling me how the rebels took the Protestants out on the bridge over the Slaney, piked them and threw their bodies into the river. She took snuff from an elaborate snuff-box and often gave me a pinch. I was too young to go to school and was sent (I was 8 years old) to my grandfather, Henry Kingsmill, at Bray and went to Mr. Courtney's School. Archbishop Bernard was afterwards a pupil of his. I was there over a year and learnt enough Latin to make it unnecessary to prepare any for over a year when I came to Midleton in 1866. I remember the Fenian rising in 1867 and went out next day and saw the blood of the policeman who was shot by them on the footpath near the bridge over the river, the bullets were in Mr. Green's gate—you may see them yet if the same gate is still there. In later years, when I was about sixteen, there was a French Master, a Belgian, quite a character. He built a wooden shed in the Ball Alley and lived there. He drove a jennet and trap, and kept pigeons : he used to smoke wasps' nests and use the grubs as bait for roach at Ballybutler Lake. He made two canoes, one with sails, which I kept in Mr. Green's place in the River and I used to paddle down when the tide was in and sail to Ballyannan in the second canoe. I once went lying down in it to the distillery garden, through the cave.

He also made the first tennis rackets for my sisters, one of whom became a champion. He bound any of my father's books that needed it. I was supposed to be learning German with him but we were usually planning new enterprises. I could go on writing reminiscences but this must suffice for the present.

A. B. O'NEILL, Fx. 682852—A.M.L., c o G.P.O., London. 30/3/1945.

Thanks for the *Magazine*. Its arrival was a very pleasant and unexpected surprise, and I have devoured its contents fully. My own photograph viewed anew did cause me a little displeasure. I no longer like the appearance of my lanyard and hat. It is too "rookish," but still I find it amusing.

What I enjoyed reading most was "Letters from Old Boys," and news from Trinity, edited by W.W.D. and Colthurst.

Writing in a tropical thunderstorm with palm leaves thatched together as a roof, and the arm of a chair as a table, deters me from saying anything really worth while.

13/7/1945.

I am still finding a delight in searching for the mysteries of the East. I'm afraid that they are absent while I'm around, for the only mysteries I see are practically permanent sun, though it is wet, very wet at present, and high prices, for we have even that sign of war out here.

I have been on two operations of a warlike nature on Sumatra. On the first occasion bombs were dropped near us, but the second "Op." was a very quiet affair indeed. On both occasions we created quite a lot of damage, bombing and straffing, etc., and shot up quite a few Jap aircraft.

I will not bore you with details of life on board a carrier; I have, however, crossed the line as often as seven times in twenty-four hours and was, of course, initiated the first time by having a hose turned on me while on the flight deck.

The sunsets at sea are frequently magnificent. The blending and variety of colours is almost unbelievable. After sunset I always gaze at the Southern Cross; for back in the Old Land it was a Constellation I always wished to see.

I am a mechanic First Class now, and have been with a Squadron for the past four months.

Returning from the last trip we called into Madras for a few hours and I was one of the lucky ones to get ashore. It is a large city but very spread, however, it is interesting and has many attractions. What we liked about the place was the comparative cheapness of goods compared to the prices of the same goods in Ceylon.

After our first "Op," we were lucky, as we became due for a spot of leave, and were granted ten days, which we spent in the interior, up five thousand feet in the hills, where it is warm (but not clammily so) during the day, and cool enough to permit us to sleep beneath a blanket at night.

Here we were able to partake in practically any exercise or sport mentionable. There were amusements at night in the form of shows, pictures or dances. Fruit abounded as usual and I indulged my fancies to the full in this, eating bananas and oranges, pineapples and pomegranates enough to keep the boys in Midleton College chewing for a week. I wish I could have another ten days there, for I miss the early morning cup of tea brought to the bedside by a Singalese, with a cheery smile. It was real tea, strong, sweet, hot, and just lightly coloured with fresh milk. Yes, I liked Deyatakawa, which was the name of the rest camp.

I frequently permit my thoughts to wander towards Ireland, home, and what I imagine to be going on there, and hence become a little nostalgic wishing myself back again for a few hours, but there is plenty of time yet, so I do not worry.

S. G. PATTERSON, 1 Kennet House, Harrow-on-the-Hill, **Middlesex.**
2/12/1944.

I enclose a small contribution for the *College Magazine* for this year. I always look with great pleasure to receiving my copy with all its news of Old Boys.

I have almost completed my first term's work at Harrow and have enjoyed it very much indeed. I teach Mathematics and am in charge of the School Farm.

F. W. RODGERS, 11 Trinity College, **Dublin.** 26/2/1945.

I should like to congratulate you on the excellent way the *Magazine* is got up, the first one I have seen since the O.B.U. has been formed. It is the best Magazine that I have ever seen.

His Grace was satisfied with the interview I had with him, and has accepted me for the June ordination, so that I shall be going to Cookstown as curate.

It was very interesting reading about those chaps who were at Midleton when I was there. Sorry to hear of the death of some on active service. There seems to be a great number serving in the war.

Sir FREDERICK SAYERS, 52 Rivermead Court, **Hurlingham, S.W.6.**
4/1/1945.

Thank you so much for your letter and for sending me the *College Magazines*. I need hardly say that the latter were of more than passing interest to me. I was not very long at Midleton and was pretty young, but I have very strong recollections of it and of various personalities at the School and also in the town. I saw the tennis ground being made at the side of the building and remember well how it jutted out towards the cricket pitch, making a scandalously short boundary to square leg or the near end.

It was at Midleton I really started rugger-playing, when we had as a Junior Master the famous school-boy international full-back, McAllen. Afterwards, we drifted quickly to hockey and had a really good team, and it was playing against Cork (County, I think) that I got my nose broken and lost my left eye. Some reason to remember it, therefore. I have distinct recollections of Cahermone Castle from which the then Bishop of Cork, as a boy, had tried parachuting with the help of two umbrellas, resulting in his lameness when I knew him as an old man, visiting the school. I also remember well old Dr. Moore—familiarly known to the boys as "Old Boss."

I was interested to see that the ex-headmaster of the School had gone to Foyle which I regard as my real old school, as I was there longer than anywhere else and at a time when I was more grown-up. I should like, however, to subscribe a small amount to the Old Boys' Association, and I enclose a cheque for £1, which will carry me on for some time, and I hope before that is exhausted, to come and renew acquaintance with the school and make yours if I may.

I see the Humphreys families are still going strong. Noel and "Wag"—enormous fellows—were in my time. George Webster was in the Navy in Cape Town when I was there after leaving India and I met him frequently as I was then doing a job in the Navy there.

Bertie Webster I met in India and again here when I came home. I hear he has now gone to the Dock Police at Port Elizabeth.

Rev. F. T. SHANNON, Mothel Rectory, Coolcullen, Bagenalstown,
Co. Carlow. 3/1/1945.

Thank you very much for the *College Magazine*. It is grand to get it every year, and to find that it has defied all wartime regulations and become bigger and better than ever. There was a slight delay in delivery owing to the fact that I moved from Rathdowney, Leix and became Rector of this parish three years ago. We are situated ten miles from Kilkenny city.

Very sorry you were not at the College when my wife and I called last summer. The "gym." was certainly greatly improved. I was particularly impressed by the Stage, which is a much more imposing structure than the one that used to be at the "Street" end in my time. I was glad to find John Deady in the garden. His staff seemed to be larger than usual—another hopeful sign which indicates more vegetables and more mouths to consume them.

It was an excellent idea having the combined dance with the Old Rochellites. It would be rather interesting to note how many "Old Boys" have married past pupils of Rochelle. I at least am one and I know two or three others.

Wishing you and the College the very best of luck.

14454522 Tpr. W. D. STONE, 102 Troop, B. Squadron, 58th Training Regt.,
R.A.C., Elles Barracks, Pinehurst, Farnborough, Hants, 25/2/1945.

Thank you for the *Magazine* which I received last month. Needless to say, I was delighted to get it and to read all about your last year's sports. In your list of Old Boys serving with the Forces you made the slight mistake of putting me in the "Royal Artillery," while I am in the "Royal Armoured Corps"; I hope when I have completed my training to get into the "North Irish Horse." Our complete training varies from a period of six to twelve months. The first two months were just plain infantry training—during it we had gym. every day and it was then that Mr. Fraser's work helped me out time and again.

On the whole, I'm enjoying the life pretty well ; we do well in the line of games and usually get at least one Rugger match every week. It's much the same standard rugby as played at Midleton as all the chaps here are under nineteen.

25/4/1945.

We were up in Northumberland for a while completing our gunnery course and what we did up there was something I would not have missed for anything, it was the practical side of our course in full. We are on driving and maintenance at present. We are also going through our gym. tests and, by gum, its pretty tough getting through them.

Congratulations on winning the Senior and Junior Hockey Cups.

1525355 L.A.C. SMYTH, F., 4243 S.E., R.A.F., Camden, N.S.W., Australia.

6/5/1945.

I have just finished a few hours of leisure reading the *Midleton College Magazine*. I need not tell you how welcome it was, and I might add that it improves every year.

I was very sorry to learn of Ulick's death. Actually I had heard before I left England, but had no idea of where and how it happened until I read Basil Baker's account of the action in Italy. Poor Ulick ! I thought he would come through anything. Even yet I find it hard to believe that he is gone. I shall never forget him, he was a grand chap.

I have been in Australia for a couple of months now, and have had a great time ever since I set foot here. I have been accused of being mean for telling friends of all the delicacies we can obtain here, but you can imagine our surprise after coming from war-time England, to see fruit shops, stocked full of every type of fruit, and to see a real appetising menu in a café. I cannot say too much for the people ; sufficeth to say that the people of Sydney have raised over £100,000 to build a club for British servicemen in their city. The Aussies are very proud of Sydney, and "well they might be too," because it is a really beautiful city. The harbour, spanned by the famous Sydney bridge, is beyond description.

The Australians are great sportsmen. Nearly every person, male or female, is interested in some sport or other, ranging from horse-racing to ping-pong. Their summer games are cricket and swimming or surf-riding. I have tried my hand at this, but my instructor informed me that three attempts at suicide in one hour was enough for any man, and bade me to try another day. The beaches look very tempting but actually there is very great danger of sharks and currents. However, beach administration is brought to a fine art, and if one does what one is told there is no risk. There is a constant shark patrol, and a life-saving crew present all day. The main winter game is Rugby League, but there is some Union played. I have had one or two games, with an R.A.F. side. The ground is very hard and what they would call an ideal rugby day, we would think too hot for cricket. However, we are gradually becoming acclimatised.

I was glad to see that Midleton College was well to the fore in all spheres of sport last year, but may I express my disgust to see that my brother was wielding a hockey stick instead of using his boot!! I hope he wields it more skilfully than I did when I played my first and last practice game. On that day I nearly beheaded Miss Acheson!!

Sub.-Lieut D. L. WHITE, R.N.V.R., H.M.S. *Foliot III*, Roborough, Plymouth.

16/1/1945.

Thank you for the *Magazine*.

I find the letters from Old Boys of particular interest. It is amazing what a service record our Old Boys have put up, and this a neutral country, too. The photographs are always interesting, and I could not fail to notice the horrible one of myself sticking out like a sore thumb. The record of the Daunt family was very intriguing. I bumped into Bill—his Reverence if you like—returning from leave at the same time as myself.

My experience of real active service has been small. I left the English coast at 5 a.m. on D. day plus 1 and plugged steadily across the Channel at my maximum speed of 4 knots in the direction of France.

We became detached from the convoy during the night as the others were faster and forged ahead. Navigation is not my hottest point, especially in the strong tides in the Channel, but we wallowed our way on and finally arrived at a spot about five miles west of our destination. Then all we had to do was work our way down the coast. I had deliberately steered slightly to the west of the course I should have followed, as we were to land on the eastern flank, and if we got to the eastward we had had it—we would be in Jerry's hands.

Twenty-four hours it had taken us to do about 100 miles. However, we arrived at the right place almost at the right time on D plus 2, 8th June.

I received orders to anchor, and later, to move inside the Gooseberry. This was an artificial breakwater made of ships sunk in position end to end, and very effective it proved.

Then on D plus 4, 10th June, I finally beached a couple of miles to the west of the River Orne. Jerry had by then been driven five or six miles inland, and was still established on the eastern bank of the Orne. Enemy aircraft came over periodically, but things were remarkably quiet considering everything.

Snipers were still taking pot shots from some of the houses along the beach, but they were cleared out in a few days. Some were civilians, and the "gentle sex" were represented too. De-mining parties were busy clearing the beach, and mass burial services were being held. Here and there was a wrecked landing craft, and knocked-out tanks and jeeps were in evidence too.

My craft was a repair barge and, once beached, we stayed put. We had anchors laid out to keep us in position and lines to the beach to prevent us from sliding off. One line was made fast to an anti-tank obstruction and the other to a knocked-out tank. The beach was very flat and we floated only at high water, drying out completely as the tide ebbed.

In addition to the crew necessary for working the craft, I carried a number of technical men, shipwrights, joiners, motor mechanics, engine-room mechanics, electrical mechanics, etc., and I had a shipwright officer and engineer officer with me. The latter two shared my cabin with me. It is only meant for two so the third had to sleep on a mattress laid on the deck.

Our job was to service a squadron, i.e., three flotillas of minor landing craft, and the number of defects they developed was astounding. The welding plant was going from dawn till nightfall, and we only stopped then because the sparks and light thrown off might prove too attractive to the enemy. In fact, we scrounged a portable welding set as well and kept that going too. The craft used to come alongside at high water, when repairs to engines and upperworks would be made. Then, when the tide left us high and dry, under-water repairs could be made.

All this, of course, was really the technical officers' side, my job being to help them to the best of my ability and see that they and their staff were properly fed and looked after. Water was my main problem, and as our job prevented our leaving the beach, once our tanks ran dry I had to send parties ashore with cans every day to give us enough to drink and wash in. It is amazing what a quantity of water thirty odd men can use in a day, even though they are being careful.

Life was not really too bad. At night things got to the stage when we knew what time to expect enemy aircraft over. If Jerry had not arrived at a few minutes after 11.30 we used to say "He's late to-night, isn't he?" That raid used to last for about twenty minutes, and then we'd turn in. The next was usually between one and two in the morning, with possibly another about four. After the first three or four days daytime activity was negligible.

There was a certain amount of shelling of the craft lying off the beach itself, and later of the road which ran parallel to the beach fifty yards or so inland. It was obvious that somebody was spotting for the guns, but nobody could ever find out who it was. Civilians were suspected, but the finger could be laid on nobody, until one day, quite by accident, a German artillery officer was found in one of the houses right on the beach. He had a stock of food, and had been doing this job for about four or five weeks.

The civilian population did not appear to welcome us with open arms at first, and no wonder! They had been "liberated" four years before by the Germans, who had just walked in and taken charge of everything. Now, here we were, liberating them again and smashing up their homes too. To the simple country folk it didn't make sense, and, while very few showed an active dislike, there was a certain sullenness for a while.

On June 19th a storm sprang up early in the day, and great rollers pounded up the flat beaches. As the tide rose around my craft and she floated, so the violence of the storm turned her about, and in a very short time she was broadside on to the beach and filled up. One anchor cable had just snapped and the other anchor could not hold her up to the weather. It had dragged, and there was nothing we could do about keeping the craft off. There was not sufficient water under it to enable us to start the engines, and, as it all happened in the space of a couple of minutes, we didn't have much of a chance.

As the tide receded we got the water out of her by opening the watertight bulkhead, and finishing the job off with a borrowed trailer pump. Then I sent the majority of the crew into a camp ashore, and, with half-a-dozen hands and myself we made preparations to try and get her off on the next high water. We laid out anchors and dug them in, with the idea of trying to straighten the craft up and bring her head to tide as she floated.

Finally we decided the time was ripe for more action, and heaved in on the winches. For a few moments it seemed as if we were going to succeed, but the weather was too much, and the anchors simply dragged again. Finally, we were forced to abandon ship, and at midnight we made our way into the naval camp ashore.

The storm lasted three or four days, and at the end of it the beach was a shambles. Landing craft of all descriptions were littered all along the high water mark, and, in spots, three deep. We were by no means the only ones who had caught a packet.

Some wonderful work in clearing the beach and salvaging craft was put in, and everybody co-operated to the best of their ability. Meanwhile, we lived in the camp, and, in fact, the remainder of my time in Normandy was spent in naval camps.

It was my first experience of living under canvas, and I quite enjoyed it. The Norman mosquitoes seem to be particularly vicious creatures, and they always invaded our tent just as we were settling down to sleep. Next to them, the only other uncomfortable thing was the fact that canvas does not stop shrapnel and other things which fly through the air. But one gets used to everything. In air-raids, we continued to lie in bed, putting our tin hats over our faces—much the same idea as an ostrich has when it buries its head in the sand.

About six weeks in all I was away from England, and it was an experience worth having, though I don't know that I would care to repeat the dose. I could write reams of the discomfort, the wonderful good humour of the forces, and the magnificent work done, but writers who know their job have already done that. All I can say is that I was proud to be amongst the men who played their part so magnificently in this chapter of history.

325077 Capt. T. J. C. WARRINER, R.A.M.C., O.C., 112 African Section.
General Hospital, E.A.A.M.C., S.E.A.C. 6/7/1945,

Many thanks for the *College Magazine*. I want you to know how much we, Old Boys, appreciate the way you keep in touch with us as the years pass.

I am in charge of an East African Hospital Section somewhere in S.E.A.C.; I cannot name the place, but it has been in the news. The East Africans are a jolly good crowd and it is a very happy unit. The only snag is that after getting the elements of Urdu I now have to turn round and attempt to learn the elements of Swahili. It seems a long time ago since Mr. Power was attempting to drive the elements of Irish into my head.

It is very interesting to learn what the Old Boys of my time have done with themselves.

My best wishes to the O.B.A.

30/8/1945.

Well, the war is all over, but the shouting will continue for some time. The most amazing thing we in Burma found was that we could not register the fact even after bringing the bottle out of our pack.

I have been in Burma most of my time since I volunteered for the Army, coming out here from the North Sea, where I was M.O. on a boat carrying troops around the islands in that part of the world. I did not mind the heat at first until we came into the very low-lying parts, and then the monsoon—well you just “drip” most of the day. However, I am keeping very fit.

In Burma one usually goes stripped to the waist at every opportunity, as it is more comfortable and also great preventive against “Prickly-Heat,” an affliction of the skin to which people in hot climates are prone. The head-gear of the army out here is most amusing in that there is such a variety, bush-hats which are the commonest and the most comfortable, the old service-dress cap (peaked) and every variety of berrets. Topees are never worn, though they still persist at home in sending us out equipped with one.

I need hardly say that we all want to get out of here and home and then our “bowler-hat.”

Paymaster Commander V. WEBSTER, Four Winds, Ballygally,
Co. Antrim. 20/5/1945.

I was interested in your news of the meeting of the two Old Boys of Midleton College in the persons of my brother Percy and one of Marshall Humphrey's boys in Ceylon. Truly the sun never sets on Midletonians! My brother got 28 days leave in January and has only just got back to his station. He naturally would gravitate to where he heard there was an Irishman and it was rather remarkable finding one from his own town.

I am full of admiration for the steady progress of the College and the flourishing condition it is in and very glad to see all the various activities pursued. May it never look back.

Pilot Officer W. J. YOUNG (184613), H. Squadron R.A.F., A.P.O. 3480.
28/8/1945.

I saw one of the *College Magazines* before I left England and was very interested to see such a large number of “Old Midletonians” are now serving in the Allied Forces. I met Max Humphreys in London a year or eighteen months ago. He was then in the Irish Guards and was an officer cadet.

I have had a very interesting time since I left England. I came out via the Panama Canal, spent some time at Hawaii, Honolulu, visited Pearl Harbour and spent some very pleasant hours bathing and surf-riding at the beach at Waikiki. I also spent some time at the Marshall Islands. At present I am on a ship, it is very hot and the only things to be seen are the sun, sea and sky.

Had a great piece of luck before leaving England—went to London on my last leave and by pure coincidence I ran into Joe Daunt (Blarney). He had just arrived from Eindhoven and was on his way home on B.L.A. leave. He is in the R.A.F. and his brother, Ben, in the R.A.F. Air Rescue Sea Service.

Best wishes for the continued success of the “Alma Mater.”

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Date of leaving

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Date.....

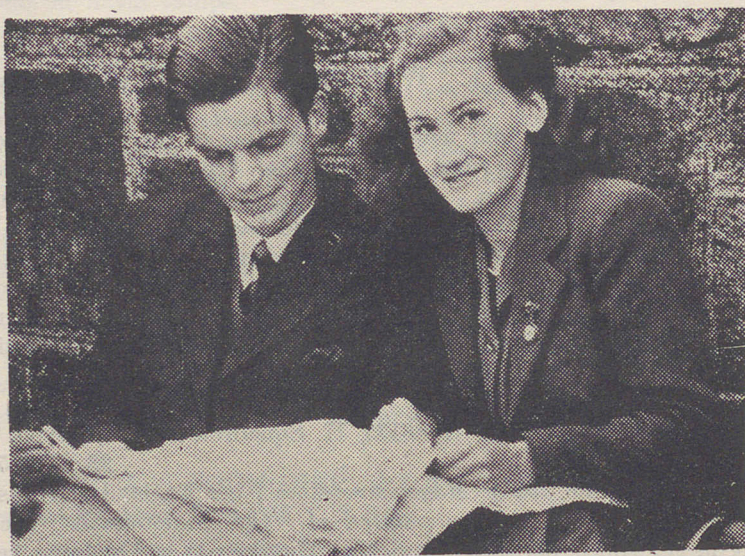
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Stranded at Dunlaoghaire when the Mailboat *Hibernia* sprang a leak. This photo was taken at 5 p.m. on Sunday, when its subjects started to queue for Monday's boat. Do you recognise the O.B. ? He was at the College from 1935 to 1942. *For Answer see page 41*

We send Cordial and Seasonable Greetings
to all our Old Boys. May 1946 bring them
Good Luck and many happy reunions.

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McConnell, D. H., 12 Lake Road, Cobh, Co. Cork.
Moore, Dr. T. C., Pataka Road, Taupo, New Zealand.
Salter, G. A., Castle Farm, Castletownshend, Co. Cork.
Sayers, Sir Frederick, 52 Rivermead Court, Hurlingham, S.W.5.
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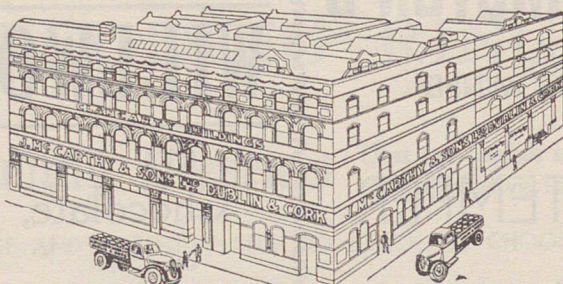
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