THE LATE DOROTHY MACARDLE

In an appreciation of Dorothy Macardle by "R.M." which appeared in yesterday's issue, the second sentence of the penultimate paragraph should have read: "She consecrated immense industry to her detailed study of post-war conditions, 'Children in Europe,' and any effort on behalf of suffering children was certain of her vigorous support."

WOMAN AND THE PLAY

DUBLIN LITERARY SOCIETY LECTURE

Mr. Andrew E. Malone last night addressed the Dublin Literary Society on "Women Playwrights." He said that the first woman playwright was Roswitha, the Benedictine Nun, of Germany, who wrote a series of plays about the middle of the tenth century. They lay undiscovered for nearly five hundred years, but to-day had been translated into German, French, and English, and had been described by one of the greatest of critics as "the productions of genius." These plays have been said to have influenced Shakespeare, Marlowe, Goethe, and to have been the basis for the favourite "The Lady of The Camellias." Some had been acted in Paris, London, and New York during the present century, nearly a thousand years after they had been written in the Convent of Gandersheim.

Mr. Malone spoke of the distinguished women playwrights of England, the United States, Germany, and Mexico. He said that in a sense women dominated the modern theatre; they provided the greater part of the audiences in the English-speaking world, and generations of great actresses had created a tradition which women shared equally with men.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND

He spoke of the women who had been among the most prominent and successful playwrights "in the great days of the English repertory theatre movement," including Elizabeth Baker, Githa Sowerby, and Clemence Dane, and referred to the long modern list, which includes Tennison Jesse, Cecily Hamilton, E. M. Delafield, Kate O'Brien, Joan Temple, Naomi Royde-Smith, Dorothy Brandon, Aimee Stuart, Dorothy Massingham, Gwen John, and Mrs. Cecil Chesterton.

The most successful plays of the recent London theatrical season were the work of C. L. Anthony, Gordon Daviot and Gertrude Jennings, whose 'Family Affairs' is probably the most successful play now running in London," said Mr. Malone.

Turning to Ireland, he said there were records of plays by sixteen women, of whom the greatest was, undoubtedly, Lady Gregory. The Abbey Theatre had staged the plays of some fourteen women.

"At present the leading position among Irish women playwrights belongs to Miss Dorothy MacArdle," he commented; "but fine work may be expected in the future from Miss Teresa Deevy, Miss Margaret O'Leary, Miss Mary Manning, and the Countess of Longford."

THE GATE THEATRE.

"DARK WATERS" IN ITS SECOND WEEK.

"Dark Waters," Miss Dorothy Macardle's new play, began its second week at the Gate Theatre last night, and it was gratifying to see such a well-filled house. The company was unchanged, and the audience followed with rapt interest its portrayal of the rather eerie story which the authoress has woven.

Mr. Hilton Edwards was convincing in the character of the nerve-shattered invalid riding his obsession to the death. Mr. MacLiammoir was delightful as the French professor, the Gallic inflection of voice and mannerisms down to the last shrug being naturally done. Miss Betty Chancellor has a part that suits her admirably in the daughter, Una Carmichael, with the sleep-walking propensities. Meriel Moore and Robert Hennessy also fit in well, and the newcomer, Mr. Seán O Cathasaigh continues to play Martin in an easy, unaffected way that suggests future possibilities for him.

The lighting and staging effects are as perfect as the combined genius of Mr. Edwards and Mr. MacLiammoir can make these things, and they count immensely in the creation of the atmosphere so necessary for such a mystery play.

The musical programme by the Gate Theatre quartette is first-rate, the songs by Miss Mairin Ni Seagdha, with harp accompaniment, being particularly well-rendered.

WRITER'S LECTURE ON W. B. YEATS

Miss Dorothy Macardle, the
riter, gave a lecture in the
echnical School, Bray, on "W. B.
eats and the Ireland of his time,"
a series sponsored by the Bray
ocational Education Committee.

Miss Macardle, who referred to
er long association and friendship
ith the famous Irish poet, said
er own youth had been spent in
ne various activities, patriotic and
terary, that had helped to make
is background. She saw his life
nd artistic struggle as part of a
ragedy, for, in spite of the great
iterary achievements which were
o crown his career, he never com-
letely realised his desire of recon-
iling poetic nobility with practical
olitics. His life in one sense was
sacrifice, as he hurled himself
nto activities to which his tempera-
nent was unsuited. He never got
ull recognition from the people
ne desired to serve, and he was
often hurt by their misunder-
standing.

"All his life elements of discord
and frustration were to harass his
soul, yet it is to this very conflict
that we owe all that is compelling
and powerful in his poetry," she
stated.

The Rev. W. Breen, C.C., pro
posing the vote of thanks to the
lecturer, stated that Yeats was an
enigma in a lot of ways, and it was
very heartening to have a person
like Miss Macardle, who knew
and appreciated him so well, inter
pret the poet to the people.

Mr. E. J. Little seconded the
vote of thanks.

50,000 LOST CHILDREN IN EUROPE

Two former pupils of Alexandra College, Dublin, read papers at the annual conference of the College Guild, held in the college last Saturday, Miss Dorothy Macardle and Miss Thekla Beere.

Mrs. Dorothy Barton, who presided, said that she hoped that, with the influx of young people into the guild in consequence of the unifying of the college and the school, there never would be a lack of young workers and vigorous helpers.

In an address on "The Lost Children of Europe," Miss Dorothy Macardle spoke of the children who had been separated from their people and who did not know whether or not any of them were alive. In every country that the Nazis had occupied, and in Germany also, she said, such little derelicts had been discovered at the time of liberation, surviving nobody quite knew how.

MANY PERISHED

They were littered all over war-ravished Europe, those lost children, and the authorities did not know what to do with them. The majority were given some sort of shelter and enough food to keep them alive. Of the rest, many had perished in the hard winter of 1945 and thousands lived as vagrants still. U.N.R.R.A.'s list of children for whom enquires had been registered contained, she believed, about 65,000 names. About 10,000 were closed cases. It would seem that about 55,000 of the lost children had not yet been found, or had not yet been identified.

The Child-tracing Organisation, which has its centre in Arolsen, near Frankfort, began work in 1946. The Red Cross was taking over from U.N.R.R.A. now; there were collaborating bureaux in Vienna, Geneva, Lubeck and elsewhere, and there were repatriation committees in every country concerned. The card-index system of tracing was colossal, and by means of it remarkable things were being achieved. But the system rarely found the young child who was able to tell anything more than his given name when he had been found. Personal searchers were needed there, and they did the most astonishing things by a sort of inspired guessing. A whole army of them was needed. With all war-ravaged Europe to cover, and more than 50,000 children still being sought, U.N.R.R.A.'s 90 searchers were not enough.

Miss Thekla Beere, in the course of an address on "Youth Hostels at Home and Abroad," said that here we did not like gigantic hostels, but hostels which accommodated 30 or 40 people who could get to know one another. In every hostel they must have a good aspect.

They had here, said Miss Beere, youth hostels in seven counties. There were about 3,000 members in the 26 counties, about two-thirds of whom were cyclists, and one-third walkers. About half the overnight visitors were from across the border, from England and Wales and from European countries. Last year they had had a number of foreign visitors, and this year they expected an influx of visitors from Europe and two parties from America.

Speaking of the international aspect of the youth hostel movement, Miss Beere said that there were hostels in about 25 different countries.

A fresh portrait of Irish history

Conor Cruise O'Brien's 'Shaping of Modern Ireland' profiled 20 key figures – all men. This lively new take rightly includes Maud Gonne, the Gore-Booth sisters and other influential women

Gearóid Ó Tuathaigh

The Shaping of Modern Ireland: A Centenary Assessment

Edited by Eugenio Biagini and Daniel Mulhall

Irish Academic Press, 248pp, €22.50

The original *Shaping of Modern Ireland*, a collection of biographical portraits of 20 men credited with having contributed significantly to the shaping of modern Ireland in the period 1891-1916, was published in 1960. Edited by Conor Cruise O'Brien, the contributors were distinguished writers and historians, several of whom had known the subjects of their essays personally.

While the original basis for the 1960 selection of subjects was the accommodatingly imprecise requirement that "their influence was felt in Ireland in the interval between the fall of Parnell in 1891 and the Rising of 1916", the underlying purpose of the volume, as the editor announced, was to prompt "an interrogation by a cross-section of contemporary Ireland of a significant cross-section of its own past".

Cruise O'Brien's introductory essay was unmistakably revisionist in intention and tone. The current version, no less interrogatory in intention, was conceived and is edited by the Cambridge historian Eugenio Biagini and the Irish diplomat (currently Ambassador in London) Daniel Mulhall. They discovered a shared interest in the topic and period and judged that a volume of re-evaluations along the same lines as the Cruise O'Brien volume would be timely in the current cycle of centenary commemorations.

The result, while more a traditional portrait gallery than, for example, Roy Foster's acclaimed *Vivid Faces: The Revolutionary Generation in Ireland* (Allen Lane, 2014), is a lively and engaging collection of essays.

This latest volume has a gallery of some 30 subjects, distributed through 16 chapters, with a penetrating introductory essay by Paul Bew. Apart from the journalist WP Ryan, none of the original cast has been dropped from the current volume, but there have been notable additions.

The most significant is the inclusion of a cohort of influential women, reflecting the spectacular and welcome flowering of a more inclusive social history, specifically women's history, in recent decades. It includes the Gore-Booth sisters, Maud Gonne and Hanna Sheehy-Skeffington, Kathleen Lynn and Dorothy Macardle (an essayist in the Cruise O'Brien volume).

Clearly, the shaping of modern Ireland is no longer an exclusively male project.

Dispassionate

Among the further additions that greatly enhance this volume is Martin Mansergh's dispassionate and insightful comparison of Michael Collins and Éamon de Valera (both of whom, it may be argued, only began to exert decisive influence after 1916).

Joe Lee, in an essay entitled *The Guinnesses and Beyond*, reflects on notable Irish business families and makes a characteristically challenging case for a more sophisticated treatment of business history within the wide arc of social history rather than simply as a sub-branch of economic history.

John Dillon has now been added to Redmond and Tim Healy (each the subject of individual essays in the 1960 volume) in the trio of home-rule parliamentarians considered by Frank Callanan.

Constance and Eva Gore-Booth: part of a cohort of influential Irish women.
PHOTOGRAPH: SLIGO COUNTY LIBRARY

Of course, in the decades since 1960 the historiography of modern Ireland, not least that of the revolutionary era, has been transformed, the outcome of an explosion of newly accessible primary sources, a huge increase in the number of professional historians writing on Irish history, and the changing perspectives that come with changing circumstances and the march of time.

> **"Apart from the total absence of women, the 1960 volume neglected the land question**

The essays in this new volume, whether on the original cast or the new additions, reflect this transformation; most of the contributors comment explicitly on it. Although the general thrust of these re-evaluations, perhaps inevitably, is to supersede the original profiles, the more ambitious contributions are those that critique the 1960 essays in addition to reappraising their biographical subjects.

This extra historiographical dimension is present, for example, in Michael Laffan's judicious profile of Arthur Griffith, in Patrick Maume's reflective piece on Douglas Hyde and in Vincent Comerford's reappraisal of the Fenian trio of James Stephens, John Devoy and Thomas Clarke. It is particularly evident in Diarmaid Ferriter's essay on Patrick Pearse and James Connolly, which sparkles with sharp historiographical commentary, not only on its two main subjects but also on Dorothy Macardle's original essay of 1960.

Apart from the total absence of women, the principal omissions from the 1960 volume, as Bew properly points out in his introductory essay, were its neglect of the central importance of the land question and the virtual neglect of the increasing prominence and intractability of the Ulster question in the decades before 1914.

Given the importance of the land settlement (the creation of a rural society of farmer owners) to the kind of society that characterised the Irish Free State after 1922, the omission of Michael Davitt (or William O'Brien) from the original collection of shapers was puzzling. Their continued absence from the current volume is even harder to understand.

One might also ask whether, if influence on their own society constitutes the basis of selection, James Larkin might not have a strong case for inclusion, given his impact on the spirit and structure of Irish trade-union activism in the early decades of the last century. On the other hand, as far as the earlier neglect of "Ulster" is concerned, Biagini's sympathetic reassessment of Edward Carson goes a long way towards exploring the Ulster dimension of Carson's impact in an insightful manner.

There is a further dividend in the new grouping of subjects in several chapters. For example, the decision to consider the industrialist James Pirrie and the agriculturalist Sir Horace Plunkett in the same essay allows Mary Daly to pursue a comparative approach that reaches beyond the biographical aspects of career and character, to draw attention to structural and regional aspects of the Irish economy.

In reviewing the outcome (post-1921) of the momentous events of the period 1891-91, in the original 1960 volume, Cruise O'Brien reflected on the failure of most of the thinkers and leading men of affairs profiled in his volume to see their cherished hopes and visions of a "new" or better Ireland realised. Death or disillusion was the fate of some of the most able. But Cruise O'Brien was in no doubt that "those who were destroyed" by the upheaval "were above all the moderates and the peacemakers".

Although no single ideological position informs or dominates this latest collection, the prevailing intellectual temper is clearly in sympathy with "the moderates and peacemakers" of the decades of upheaval. In this it probably reflects the prevailing attitudes among historians and intellectuals in contemporary Ireland, as they interrogate this pivotal period of the Irish past.

Gearóid Ó Tuathaigh is emeritus professor of history at NUI Galway

A seductive tale of causality with a twist

ARMINTA WALLACE

THE UNFORESEEN
DOROTHY MACARDLE
Tramp Press, 288pp, €15

A woman buys a rundown cottage in Wicklow, remodels it, adds a studio and settles down to work on her new book, a collection of bird photographs. Now that her daughter has gone to London to study painting, she has plenty of time on her hands.

First published in 1945, Dorothy Macardle's novel *The Unforeseen* is the fourth in Tramp Press's series of forgotten and neglected texts by Irish writers, Recovered Voices. It also forms a sort of companion to Macardle's *The Uninvited*, the second in that series, republished by Tramp Press two years ago.

The Unforeseen opens with Virgilia Wilde travelling from her eyrie in Glencree to visit her GP in Dublin city centre. The doctor is puzzled: her patient is in perfect health. What, she asks, is really the trouble? "Virgilia hesitated, finding it difficult to frame her answer. She said, at last, 'My imagination is playing me tricks'."

Virgilia, it turns out, has been seeing things. Snow on the mountains in April. A bird's nest where there was none. A man in the doorway of her cottage, his shadow falling across the floor. Her childhood nanny tells her she has been blessed with the gift of second sight; Virgilia, who considers such beliefs to be superstitious nonsense, fears she may be going mad.

She consults a psychiatrist, who declares that her experiences fall outside his area of expertise – but suggests an informal chat with his son, Perry, a medical student who has just returned from the US armed with some groundbreaking new theories in psychology. Virgilia's daughter, Nan, has also arrived to spend some time in Wicklow, and a friendship develops between the two young people which swiftly deepens into romance.

Wonderfully seductive

The Unforeseen is a wonderfully seductive read. Born in Dundalk in 1889, Dorothy Macardle was a member of the wealthy brewing family who is remembered now – if at all – for her support of Éamon de Valera and her mammoth account of the War of Independence, *The Irish Republic*.

She produced just a handful of novels, but you'd never guess it from *The Unforeseen*, with its finely drawn characters, its deft plotting and its serene sense of place: the landscape of Wicklow has surely never been so lovingly painted in prose.

There are flashes of mordant humour, such as the dinner-party scene in which a playwright predicts the likely critical responses to his new political play – "In the *Independent* you'll shine resplendent. . . The *Irish Press* will like you less" – and a subplot involving a Traveller boy which serves to illustrate Macardle's keen interest in children's rights.

Born in Dundalk in 1889, Dorothy Macardle produced just a handful of novels

Brook of uncertainty

At the heart of this page-turning tale is the topic of causality. As Virgilia's "visions" become more troubling, the reader is borne along on Macardle's merrily bubbling brook of uncertainty. Can the future be altered or is it inevitable? Do our actions have consequences? Is the world a rational place? And is this mother actually trying to destroy her daughter because she seems to be doing a pretty good job of it? That is until the arrival of a twist so expertly, and matter-of-factly, administered it made this reader cheer out loud.

Rumour has it that, at the film premiere of Macardle's *The Uninvited* in 1944, de Valera greeted a comparable plot twist with the affectionate exclamation: "Typical Dorothy". It would be wonderful if 21st-century readers were to get to know Macardle's novels well enough to do the same.

A SPARK IN THE WIND

By Dorothy Macardle

STANDING on a hillside in Italy where wistaria and the Judas tree were in bloom and the Mediterranean shimmered below us under the morning sun, I said to my English companion, "Even this isn't lovelier than the view from my windows in Howth."

I told her to come and see it in May, when the acres of gorse surrounding the house would be flaring yellow and perfuming every room. I spoke of the splendid foreground that it spread in sunshine against the changing colours of Dublin Bay and the beauty of it under a full moon. My garden had poor soil and was somewhat neglected, I confessed. One had such a feast of natural beauty without garden flowers, *without labour* or cost.

When the hour struck to turn northward I left Alassio without too much distress, for it was the end of April and I was returning home. Not even the exuberant beauty of the Italian and French coasts seen from the train all the way to Marseilles—the peach in flower, the vines flaunting emerald top-knots already, the red rocks and pines and green swards and coloured towns—made me sigh; nor did the scenes by the Rhône in Roman Provence; for nothing that I saw out-rivalled in glory the fields of the *Hill of Howth on a fine May day.*

* * *

It was on a radiant afternoon that, having slept in Dublin, I took the Howth train at Amiens street. Kathleen Moloney was in it, on her way to visit her daughter, whose home was near mine. I told her I would look in after seeing my tenants, who were leaving in a few days.

"I'm sorry about the fire," she said.

"What fire, in the name of *goodness?*"

"The fire behind your house."

"Oh, that was in March; I saw it. It was just on the ridge of the hill. Fortunately, it did not spread far."

She looked a little puzzled but said no more. I went on the top of the tram from Harbour road to the Summit and walked up the winding lane which, happily, the summer invaders seem to miss. The tree at my gate, I thought, would be covered with umbelliferous white flowers, like clots of snow.

It was not. It was a skeleton, stark and black. The laurels wore sere rags instead of leaves. The tall hedge of shrubs and saplings was dead. My tenant had seen me and he came out.

"We didn't write and tell you. It seemed useless to spoil your holiday; and the house just escaped; the wind," he explained, "that was blowing the fire straight up to it, changed in time."

We went down to the end of the garden. The lower hedge, too, was destroyed. Of my long gorse-field and my neighbour's not a bush had survived. The scene might have been a setting for the blasted heath where the witches greeted Macbeth. It was a waste of contorted, sooty, hideous sticks.

* * *

There is a turn of the road to which we who live near it used to walk on fine evenings for love of *the golden* scene in the level light. From that place not one living bush of gorse is to be seen. Where the rich yellow glowed, scenting the air, all is withered and dead.

You can see the tram-line travelling down the hill. Just before it turns out of sight you can see the black streak again. It snakes up, opens to a fan and, above that, the black desert spreads.

Perhaps somebody travelling on top of the tram, to enjoy the view and the breeze, lit a cigarette. Perhaps he threw it away not quite extinguished, or dropped a still-burning match. A moment's thoughtlessness, and beauty which the suns of many springs had ripened was reduced to ugliness in an hour.

Bracken grows very kindly from scorched earth. The black waste will soon be green; but years must pass before we can boast again of all that flaunting splendour of yellow gold.

ABBEY THEATRE.

Miss Dorothy Macardle's play, "Ann Kavanagh," which met with so favourable a reception on the occasion of its first production at the Abbey Theatre recently, was again presented last evening. The powerful little sketch of the '98 rebellion days was closely followed by an appreciative and discerning audience. The mixed marriage problem added to the interest of the piece. Miss May Craig, as Ann Kavanagh, the Protestant wife of Miles Kavanagh, the Wexford rebel, filled the emotional rôle in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, while the Miles of P. J. Carolan was equally convincing. Tony Quinn again took the part of Stephen, Miles Kavanagh's brother, but on this occasion Michael J. Dolan took that of the Fugitive. Both gave a good interpretation of their parts, and were capably supported by M. Connolly, Gabriel J. Fallon, Walter Dillon, and Maurice Esmonde.

"The Lord Mayor," Edward McNulty's satire of the past, followed, and once again was cordially received.

AN IRISHMAN'S DIARY

Dancing Daughters

I was speaking recently to Miss Alice Delgarno, the talented leader of the Royalettes, whose consistently charming performances do more than a little to fill the Theatre Royal.

I complimented her on the success of her troupe, which has succeeded in gaining "star" positon in these shows. With a sigh she told me a little about the hard work it all entails.

Just imagine two hours of rehearsal on most days of each week, with four days to get ready for the next week's show. Yet the twelve girls make it all look so easy and so enjoyable (even for themselves) that one would think it came naturally to them.

Her greatest problem is to keep up a weekly flow of original ideas, and she gives the credit to at least one other member of the troupe, not forgetting to praise the teamwork of the girls as a unit.

"Thursday's Child"

I understand that cinema audiences in Dublin may soon have the opportunity of seeing the film version of "Thursday's Child," by Donald Macardle. The book, which was a first novel, concerns the adventures of a girl who becomes a screen actress, and the reactions of this event upon her family. It has now been made into a picture in England.

Donald Macardle came to Dublin occasionally in the pre-war days, staying out in Dundrum at the house of his sister, Miss Dorothy Macardle. Her own book, "Uneasy Freehold"—a ghost story—has been chosen by a book society in America, and is now being considered for film production.

In Ireland Miss Macardle is chiefly known for her historical work. But she and her brother possess creative and imaginative gifts.

Stamps

The new Gaelic League anniversary stamp, with the head of the President, must have been seen by now by many of the people in the twenty-six counties, I am not surprised to hear a good deal of conversation in consequence about the appearance of our standard stamp issues.

Consider them. The map of Ireland—the Sword of Light—the arms of the provinces framed in shamrocks—the Celtic cross design—those are all, I think. There is not a distinguished design in the lot. Considering that they carry the name of Eire to the ends of the earth, I feel that we might manage something better.

The contrast with the distinctive and pleasing design of our coins—for home circulation only!—is striking. Pictorial stamps, such as the glorious ones that used to be issued in the U.S.A., may be too magnificent for us; but Irish artists ought to be able to turn out some simple designs with a little more appeal.

In a Name . . . .

What is the commonest name in Dublin? A colleague, basing his statement on the roll of his L.D.F. company, says Byrne; and I think that he is probably right. The telephone directory gives a whole page of Byrnes, with about another half-column of Beirnes, O'Beirnes, and O'Byrnes.

Murphy, indeed, gets two whole pages—so that the traditional Irishman's name has been well chosen. Ryan gets rather over a page, O'Brien makes a page and O'Neill rather less. McCarthy is well under a page.

None of these names, however, is concentrated around Dublin and district as Byrne is. The Byrnes were a Wicklow tribe, of course, but they and their descendants seem to have clung to this part of the country remarkably. Even the handful of Byrnes on the 'phone outside the Dublin area all seem to be within the province of Leinster.

QUIDNUNC.

IRISHMAN'S DIARY

Miss Dorothy Macardle : The "Potting" of National Anthems
Colonel MacKelvie : The Stage Society : Going to School

Going to School

May I congratulate the D.U.T.C. on its new service of 'buses to carry the children of the Kimmage area to and from school?

Apart from everything else, it will relieve their mothers of a great deal of anxiety and trouble. For this business of going to and coming from school is one of the most worrying features of domestic life to-day.

In my young days the unfortunate child who was brought to and from school, either by a parent or by "the girl," generally had a bad time with the other urchins. But nowadays there is no help for it. Small children simply cannot be trusted to cross roads by themselves, and, if the home is not well enough off to afford a maid—or if the maid cannot be released at those particular hours—the unhappy mama has no choice but to go herself. She can, of course, send the children unaccompanied, but she generally pays for it in agonies of apprehension.

Often enough I have watched harassed mothers taking the younger children to school in the morning, and simultaneously pushing a perambulator with a cross baby that does not relish the air of 9 a.m. And they never complain.

The Endless "International"

The broadcasting ceilidh bands are not the worst after all. I was a trifle severe the other day on the inordinate length and lack of variety of their "items," but now I know where they got the habit.

They got it from Russia.

No doubt, their experience has been the same as mine. Every time when, by accident or design, I tune in to Moscow there is a brass band playing the "International," varied on occasions by a choir singing it. And apparently Russia's reverence for the "International" does not permit it to be sung for less than ten minutes at a time. On and on and on it goes, verse after verse, for what seems an eternity to the weary listener.

Often I wonder if anybody ever waits to hear what comes after it. Generally my brain is dulled after the first few minutes and I turn to some other station—which means one prospective convert the fewer for the Soviet broadcasting authorities.

"Capitalist" Irreverence—

This Soviet reluctance to desecrate the "International" by reducing it even to bearable limits is in marked contrast with the practice of the "non-Red" nations. Here in Ireland, of course, we have been accustomed for years to cut down the "Soldier's Song" to the first and last few bars of the chorus; and it is only on super-full-dress occasions that the verse is played as well as the chorus.

In Great Britain, too, they generally content themselves with the first couple of phrases of "God Save the King."

But democratic nations are inclined to be slapdash about such matters. The surprising thing to me is that a similar laxity is creeping into the ranks of the National-Socialists. Germany, of course, is saddled with two national anthems—or, rather, one party anthem and one national anthem—the "Horst Wessel Lied" and "Deutschland Ueber Alles." As a rule, they play a whole stanza of the first—complete with repetitions—followed by a whole stanza of the second—likewise with repetitions.

—And Fascist Profanity

Nowadays, however, several German broadcasting stations, when signing off for the night, present a severely potted version of these venerable ditties. They play, first, the last couple of lines of the "Horst Wessel Lied," and then, by a simple and not brilliantly musical transition, carry on into the last two lines of "Deutschland Ueber Alles." In effect, they save twelve lines out of sixteen.

The Italians, on the other hand, have made no effort to produce a potted version of "Giovinezza." They hardly could expect to, since the chorus of "Giovinezza" is already just about as short as it could be.

But they, like ourselves, seldom bother to play the preceding verse; and that is curious, because it is a great deal more inspiring than the tin-pot chorus.

"The Irish Republic"

I learn that Miss Dorothy Macardle's book, "The Irish Republic," will be published within the next month. It is a monumental work of over 1,000 pages.

The book is likely to provoke more controversy in Ireland than any book published in recent years. Miss Macardle's account of the Treaty divisions is uncompromisingly Republican, and she is now a devoted supporter of Mr. de Valera. I have already heard any amount of fiery "advance criticism."

In his introduction to the book the President says:

"As a historian, Miss Macardle has the supreme merit of being devoted to the truth. She presents the events in order and lets them tell their own story. She writes as a Republican, but constantly refers the reader to sources of information on the opposite side. Her intimate knowledge of the period enabled her to see where close detail was essential for a proper understanding of what occurred, and this detail is given.

"Her interpretations and conclusions are her own. They do not represent the doctrines of any party. In many cases they are not in accord with my views, but her book is an exhaustive chronicle of fact, and provides the basis for an independent study of the period and a considered judgment upon it.

"Only a military history is now required to complete the narrative of the Republican struggle during the seven years."

Colonel MacKelvie

Another hunting visitor to Ireland is Colonel MacKelvie, who has been Lady Athlumney's guest at Somerville for the last two weeks.

Colonel MacKelvie is one of the few people who, in Ireland these times, uses a second horse in his day's hunting. That fact alone, my hunting friends tell me, proclaims him the seasoned sportsman. The general tendency to-day is to make the one unhappy beast carry you from eleven to three. The reason, of course, is not far to seek: it is financial stringency.

Colonel MacKelvie enjoyed some excellent sport with the Meaths and Wards during his visit. He would agree, I fancy, with the Earl of Harewood, who is reputed to have said that hunting in Ireland is a real sport, free from the snobbery of the English field.

A New Theatre

I am interested to learn that still another theatrical group has been formed in Dublin.

This is called the Stage Society, and its purpose, I am told, is to present plays of a controversial nature which have not been seen hitherto in Ireland. The directors are Messrs. Alec. Digges, John Lodwick, and Desmond O'Connor, and they propose to open their first season at the Peacock Theatre in April.

The first production will be Mr. Lodwick's "The Basket of Fruit." After that will come James Joyce's only play, "Exiles," and then C. S. Forester's "U 97." These will be followed by Shelley's "The Cenci," which, I believe, has been staged in England, but certainly never in this country.

"The Cenci" is my mark, inasmuch as I nourish a passion for verse plays, but the venture generally promises to be of the utmost interest.

QUIDNUNC.

AN IRISHMAN'S DIARY

IT MUST BE 30 years ago since I had my first vicarious encounter with Dorothy Macardle — an encounter which also involved my first shroud. The occasion was an amateur drama group's production of a medieval Irish play called "Witches' Brew"; Dorothy Macardle was the author; and I was cast as an ancient and saintly Irish hermit. Something monkish was needed for my costume; the drama group was poor but a kindly undertaker lent us a shroud, which filled the bill admirably.

It all came back to mind on Friday night, when Corgi Books gave a reception in the Russell to announce the publication of Miss Macardle's monumental book, "The Irish Republic," as a paperback — and first-class value at 12s. 6d. It's a remarkable book, by a remarkable woman who came from the same background as Maud Gonne and Constance Markiewicz. Dorothy Macardle was essentially of the Anglo-Irish, but from very soon after the 1916 Insurrection she committed herself and her talents completely to the Republican cause, with "The Irish Republic" as her major contribution.

A Book of Years

She gave 10 years of her life to its compilation and, though she sided strongly with the anti-Treaty elements in the Civil War and after, her book achieves a most commendable degree of objectivity. If it hasn't the total detachment of hindsight history, it has something perhaps more valuable — the vividness of her reportage of events between 1916 and 1922 as she heard them from people who had actually participated. The book was first published by Victor Gollancz, and most of my generation bought it in Gollanz's cheap Left Book Club edition, which came out about 1938. My own copy went as a hostage to a man whose "Remembrance of Things Past" had been stolen while on loan to me, and the plates of the original printing were destroyed by fire-bombs during the war. In 1952, I think, the Irish Press Ltd., reprinted the book in hard covers, but Corgi Books have done a service to everybody interested in Irish history by reproducing it in paperbacks. With Pakenham's "Peace By Ordeal" and Ernie O'Malley's "On Another Man's Wound," it is essential reading for anybody who seriously wants to know how modern Ireland was born.

Tomas MacAnna

By Stages

Dublin theatre usually offers either a feast or a famine, and this week it seems to be a feast. Mary Manning's adaptation of "The Saint and Mary Kate," Frank O'Connor's first novel, is pulling them into the Abbey, and any customers that I've been talking to have been very enthusiastic about the performance of Eamonn Kelly, Eddie Golden, Brid Lynch, Chris Curran, Kathleen Barrington, Des Perry, and Des Cave. Thomas Murphy's Famine play, which is getting the Brecht treatment from Tomas MacAnna in the Peacock, is also getting unqualified raves from everybody who has seen it, and "The Promise" at the Gate, with Paddy Bedford, Donal McCann and Susan Hallinan is said to be another connoisseur's piece.

It's devoutly to be hoped that this embarrassment of riches in the professional theatre will not keep the public away from the Gate next week, when the fourth annual Dublin Amateur Drama Festival is presented there.

The Corn is Cut

The Festival is sponsored by Butlin's; it runs at the Gate from Monday, April 1st, to the following Wednesday week, and it offers nine of Ireland's best amateur drama companies in nine full-length plays. A significant thing about the programme is that times have changed in the amateur dramatic field in Ireland. This one has no corn. The dramatists include O'Casey (twice, as is only proper for the city he immortalised), Bolt, Giraudoux, Ibsen, Lorca, Donagh MacDonagh, and John Van Druten. The inclusion of Ibsen's "Ghosts" reminds me of a time when his "Doll's House" was performed at a Universities' Drama Festival in Galway. The reviewer, inexperienced in the telephone techniques of journalism, phoned his notice in, and the next day the play was credited to "Henry Gibson."

Alderman John McCann, himself an Abbey playwright, and also the father of Donal McCann, will open the Festival at 7.30 on Monday next, and the adjudicator will be Mr. Raymond Edwards from Cardiff.

The Complete Schoolmaster

The schoolmaster who can write, and teach from, his own textbook, is to be envied. Duncan White, who is Peter Ross's deputy headmaster at Brook House in Monkstown, Dublin, is in that enviable position. I've just been looking at the first two parts of his "Caesar to Churchill," recently published by Hale Educational. Book One, in fact, starts well before Caesar, with another eminent and much more attractive soldier, Alexander the Great, and carries on, in English history, up to the first of the dynastically persistent Plantagenets. Book Two, which has "The Years of Promise" as its subtitle, introduces the Tudors, and reminds the reader that poor Lambert Simnel, thanks to the Earl of Kildare, was crowned King of England and Ireland in the City of Dublin — a fact of history which was also revived in the *Son et Lumière* at Christ Church Cathedral last year.

White's text has a strong, straight narrative line; there are drawings by P. E. Cleator; and the production and printing are a credit to the publisher. History, at the best of times, is a difficult subject to teach, since other people's prejudices keep getting in the way. So White, the teacher, is lucky — he won't have the bother of arguing with White, the author.

QUIDNUNC

AN IRISHWOMAN'S DIARY

nternational Refugees

WHEN the war ended, the repatriation of displaced ersons was carried on at high peed and with attendant publicity. he world became conscious, for he first time, of such a phrase as displaced persons," and, for a while, they were the subject of nuch sympathy and concern. Now, ve years later, the sharp edge has vorn away from the concern, and is only those who are actively oncerned with them who realise nat they still live under conditions s bad as before.

U.N.N.R.A. carried on the bulk f the work at first, and when that ody was dissolved, the Inter-ational Refugee Organisation took ver, and started work on their placement campaign" — the ettling of these unfortunate people n friendly countries.

Hard Core

Another phrase has become ommon within recent years. It is he "hard core"—glib words for couple of million people who are difficult to place in jobs in foreign ountries. They are difficult to ssimilate because many of them re of the higher grades of intel-ectual workers, and apparently, re not needed anywhere.

The International Federation of University Women is one of the organisations helping, to the best of its ability, in placing the "hard core." There is an urgency now because the International Refugee Organisation is due to wind up next year. People who have not been placed, will be thrown on the charity of the countries in which they are.

As most people probably know, an I.R.O. representative is in Dublin at the moment. He is Mr. John Dillon, whose job, for the next few months, is to see what arrangements could be made to bring refugees to Ireland.

He is being assisted by Miss Patricia Lester, whose day is a varied one. She meets prospective employers and interviews trade union officials. Since the I.R.O. office opened here last July, arrangements have already been made for the reception of 60 refugees and their dependants.

Pioneer Worker

The office is located at 3 Fitzwilliam square, in a room given for the purpose by Miss Maud S. Slattery, who is one of the pioneer workers for the refugees. Her connection goes back to the days before the war, when she was head of the Irish Co-ordinating Committee which helped to bring anti-Nazi refugees to Ireland.

It is interesting to note that some of those arrivals are now so well established that they are in a position to lend a helping hand to others now. At least one of them has offered employment to a few whom the I.R.O. are to bring in.

The Sisters of Charity, one of the religious Orders who are helping in this work, have already promised to take six families. One of them consists of a mother, an aged grandmother and eight children, and the care and education of the whole family is being undertaken. In ten years time, the children will be self-supporting, and contributing to the economy of the country.

Individual interest in the problem is needed in this country, and among those who welcome Ireland's part in the work is Miss Dorothy Macardle, who has seen for herself what war can do to human lives.

Children of Europe

Her book on the subject, "Children of Europe," was published last year. She travelled in Europe during the summer of 1946 collecting data for this heart-breaking account.

With her first-hand knowledge of the problem of displaced children, Miss Macardle still considers the question of child welfare at home. She spoke at a recent meeting of the Irish Housewives' Association on the subject. At that meeting it was suggested that child guidance clinics were required, and that a special Minister for Children should be appointed to deal with all problems relating to children. Miss Macardle suggested that a children's society should be formed, consisting of all interested persons of both sexes to press for such a Minister, and for reform in child legislation.

The Irish Housewives' Association have been considering this question for some time, and recent correspondence in this newspaper shows that interest is not confined to organised bodies.

First Volume

It is surely something new for a collection of poems to have an autobiographical twist. Margery Lawrence, who has just published her first volume of poems, calls it a diary in verse. It covers the years indicated in the title; "14 to 48."

Sir Shane Leslie has written a foreword to the book, and pays tribute to the author, who is a widely read and widely travelled person. She is a gifted musician, and is deeply interested in psychic science, which plays a part in several of her short stories and at least one of her novels. She has about a dozen novels to her credit already.

A new novel has just been completed, entitled "The Rent in the Veil," which, as its name might suggest, deals with the theory of reincarnation. It is due to appear next year, but a collection of short stories, called "Cardboard Castle," will be published first.

Miss Lawrence is the widow of Mr. Arthur Towle, C.B.E. Since her husband's death in 1948, she lives in London in the same flat that she occupied during her married life.

By Candlelight

There is a great turning-out of old cupboards and chests and a ransacking of trunkfuls of ancient clothes among the lucky 500 people who have taken tickets for the Georgian Ball, the date of which draws near.

It was a happy inspiration on the part of Mr. Seymour Leslie, organiser of the Adelaide Hospital campaign, to inaugurate such a ball in Dublin, which may well become an annual event.

It was an even happier idea of his to invite the Marchioness of Kildare to head the committee of hostesses for the Ball, for, as he said himself, a Georgian Ball would hardly be authentic in this country without the family of Fitzgerald represented.

The clothes are sure to be lovely, for a good many people have the genuine outfits, handed down from previous generations, and others are taking advice as to the period before having them made. Although the wearing of period dress is optional, I have not yet heard of anybody who is not entering into the spirit of the thing. There is talk of one family arriving at the ballroom in their coach. Should this happen, it most certainly will add to the atmosphere of the evening, and to the parking problems of the city.

Miss Norah McGuinnes is responsible for the transformation of the Metropole ballroom into a Georgian drawing room, and there will be a cabaret by candlelight during the evening.

CANDIDA.

ARTISTS IN THE GLEN

Novel Exhibition at Glendalough

By Dorothy Macardle

It is for the graces of nature—for Ireland's numberless tints of green, and the wild yellow of flowering gorse; for the soft-flowing fragrant air and those elating contours of little hills which hoist themselves like mountains against the sky—that one comes in early summer to Glendalough. During mid-week in a rainy May the peace of this deep-folded valley can be fabulous still. From the fields of the Seven Churches one sees few habitations; hears hardly a sound except the bleating of sheep and the babbling of water and jubilation of birds. Walking along field-paths and wood-paths, by quarries and ruins, you may meet a shepherd, his dog and his little flock and for an hour or more, nobody else. Only in such seclusion can the imagination begin to visualize this glen as it was 1,200 years ago. Around the slender tower, symbol of aspiration, stand all those churches, complete, and the sound of chanting arises from some of them. Monks are digging and weeding in gardens; Monks are working with mallets and chisels on stone. Others, in the light from their open doors, are copying or illuminating books. Hundreds of small huts of stone and timber crown the hillsides, and groups of young men are gathered around their teachers under the trees. They are mastering the arts and acquiring the learning which it is this city's mission to cherish and spread.

Link With the Past

That was long ago, but their influence is not dead. It was a happy thought of people who live here to forge a link with the past of the glen by summoning artists to it in May. Their immediate project was not ambitious, and the welcome it has been given, without benefit of publicity or fine weather, has come almost as a surprise. With the President and Mr. Bodkin to express keen appreciation and high hopes for its future, the scheme has taken on a national, not merely a regional character.

The centre of interest was the large hall attached to the Lake House. Here an exhibition of paintings and drawings and the works of craftsmen was arranged, to remain for nine days. The setting was delightful. One long side of the hall, all window, looked out through a spangle of young beech-leaves over the road to the gleam of the Lower Lake. From the ceiling hung lamps in light-coloured hand-made shades. Strips of tweed, their richly-dyed wools hand-woven in Avoca, hung here and there on the walls where paintings left space. At one end of the hall hung a magnificent altar-frontal and, at the other, a ghostly painting by Jack Yeats. Most of the pictures were arranged in excellent light on screens set at right angles to the window. Tables held small collections of ceramics, exceptional in texture, colour and shape, and some very beautiful pieces of wood-carving. There were a fantasy of the Inferno by Yvonne Jammell, and plaques by Ian and Imogen Stuart.

Modest Prices

Two paintings by Jack Yeats had been lent, and two by George Collie. The rest, more than seventy, together with the drawings and tweeds, a snowy hand-made rug, the pottery and carvings and statuettes, were for sale. Exhibitors included John Keating Paul Henry, Letitia Hamilton and other noted Irish painters. The high standard and modest price of a great number of the landscapes—many by artists living in Co. Wicklow and full of the colour and light and shade of these hills—made this a collection of singular interest to the picture-hungry people whose resources do not often match their taste.

The nine-day programme included a lecture on art by Sean Keating and one by Liam Price on the antiquities of Glendalough. In future summers, it is hoped, plays and recitals of music, with radiant weather, boating and walking, fishing and climbing, may add to the pleasures of such another event.

The ultimate aim of the organisers of the Glendalough Arts Society is a dual one. They hope that local students of art and craft-work may be helped and encouraged by the opportunity to see work of a high standard and eventually exhibit work of their own. They believe, too, that artists who live in less peaceful environments, coming to the glen, may discover here that alternative of seclusion and companionship, stimulus and peace, with exciting subject-matter and free and airy spaces in which to revolve it, which comprise the eternal need of creative workers, but is not easy, in these times, to find.

The Shaping of Modern Ireland

CONNOLLY AND PEARSE

By Dorothy Macardle

FOR my purpose I look back forty years, at the Ireland of 1916, and then at the homeland we have to-day. I see an incalculable—almost incredible—difference; and I ask this question: how much of that change, and what aspects of it, in particular, are to be attributed to two men—James Connolly and Patrick Pearse?

They were among the prime movers of our revolution. They preached that crusade. The Easter insurgents were responsible for our war of independence. By causing the Rising of 1916 they caused the verdict of the electors in 1918, and the creation of Dail Éireann, and two and a half years of fighting against the British forces in its defence.

This lecture by Miss Dorothy Macardle is the last in a selection from Radio Eireann's spring series of Thomas Davis lectures on "The Shaping of Modern Ireland." It is published here (slightly abridged) by permission of the Director of Broadcasting and the author.

A complete list of the lectures published in the "Irish Times" will be given to-morrow.

These consequences of the Rising were in full accord with their hope and purpose. As to the Truce and the events that followed it, the same cannot be said. Other factors—unpredictable factors—had entered. The road had forked again and again. What remained of their willed and deliberate evocation was a resurgent people with its army; the I.R.A.

Wise or Unwise?

Those intervening factors notwithstanding, each person who contemplates the insurgent leaders is influenced in his judgment of their Rising by his feeling about the Ireland he sees to-day. If he finds it good and feels good hope for the future, he applauds those pioneers for their foresight and wisdom as well as honouring their sacrifice. But, if he deplores the shape of modern Ireland, he tends to hold that those men, for all their courage, sincerity, idealism and devotion, were precipitate and unwise.

There are many patriotic men and women in Ireland to whom the partition of the country appears so disastrous that every link in the chain of causation which led to it seems to them a tragic error. To their minds the division of Ireland into two States, one Catholic and the other predominantly Protestant, has depleted every part of the body politic: is a crippling illness, increasing with the years, for which no lasting remedy can be found. To their minds a united Ireland within the Empire would be preferable to a broken Ireland, one part a free Republic outside it. Many of these maintain that Partition became inevitable when the arbitrament of arms was decided upon in 1916.

Another Criticism

This seems to me a thoughtful and honest argument, but I do not agree with it. I do not believe that Partition became inevitable until the abandonment of the Boundary Commission in December, 1925. Therefore, I do not feel that responsibility for that calamity rests upon the men who died in 1916.

I have heard another criticism of those leaders. It comes, sometimes, from young people who are free from the scepticism which is induced by much reading of history. These maintain that all we have achieved in four-fifths of Ireland *since 1916 would have come to us*, without any Rising, without any violent effort, already, in the natural course of events.

I think that few Irish people of my generation, who remember the desperate bitterness of subjection, and remember the obtuseness, at that time, of the British governing class concerning Ireland—the insolence of many of the most powerful, the facetiousness of a multitude, the ruthlessness of a few — will agree with that happy optimists' view; nor will those of us who have studied the long struggle of India and of other countries held down by great Powers believe easily in that "natural course."

But now we are in the misty regions of the "might-have-been" and "ifs" of history, where little can be proved and debate is vain.

Not in Vain

For myself, I am with the majority of my compatriots in holding that our freedom is a thing beyond price, and in thinking of Pearse and Connolly and their comrades, whose sacrifice opened the road to the Republic, with measureless gratitude.

The teachings of these two men—both tireless thinkers, writers and propagandists—may not, in particular aspects, ever prevail. Connolly's kindly Socialist State and the proudly bilingual Ireland Pearse dreamed of may never exist, in a world that has altered, in four decades, unimaginably; but their larger purpose has been achieved. Their ultimate aim, in their lives as in their deaths, was to rouse a nation half moribund from long failure; revitalise its withering pride and confidence; create a generation of insurgents, selfless and stalwart; and this was done.

The Rising

I am among those who believe that it could not have been done without that last extraordinary decision which stands like a challenge to human reason in the histories of cause and effect: the decision taken on the morning of Easter Sunday to bring the Dublin Battalions out: to attack, in spite of the certainty of defeat and the probability, for the leaders, of death. It is on record that Pearse and Connolly, with Tom Clarke and Seán MacDermott, made a small group so absolutely at one, fired with so complete a conviction, that they convinced the other members of the Military Committee, and the decision was unanimous.

What impelled responsible, able men to such a decision? There are some who would answer—"the valour of ignorance." But Tom Clarke, the veteran Fenian of 67, knew too well what attempt and defeat might mean; Connolly, a man of 46, was no fanatical militarist; Pearse, at 37, was a deep-thinking, gifted man — the founder and head of a pioneer school. Had they, from mere lack of foresight, created one of those tragic situations in which it would be fatal to go forward and equally fatal, in another sense, to withdraw? A situation of that kind did exist, but they had been a long time preparing, a long time discussing the numberless chances of frustration, and the possibility of some such dilemma as the one confronting them cannot have been unforeseen.

Expendable

Surely the truth is that they had long looked beyond the question of military success or defeat, and had concluded that immediate failure and its consequences might serve their ultimate purpose well? As for their own lives—they were expendable.

Perhaps it needed a poet to interpret the hearts and minds, at that moment of decision, of those men. Yeats imagined them speaking to one another through the ancient familiar symbol, lamenting the withering of the rose, at one in their thought:

> "O plain as plain can be
> There's nothing but our own red blood
> Can make a right rose tree."

It was the perfect accord of two men whose backgrounds were different, and whose temperaments were so different that little mutual understanding might have been expected from them.

The cause of labour is the cause of Ireland; the cause of Ireland is the cause of labour. They cannot be dissevered—in this phrase James Connolly epitomised his belief.

"Ireland not free only but Gaelic as well; not Gaelic only but free as well"—this was the scholar and poet's dream.

To the end they never ceased to strike these separate key-notes, but each man responded to the note of the other and finally harmonised it with his own.

Connolly

I want, now, to glance back over their lives and mark, very briefly, the stages by which they approached, each from his separate starting point, the paths that led them together to the Post Office and Kilmainham Jail—because it was at Kilmainham that their immortal contribution to the shaping of new Ireland was made.

. . . James Connolly, as the child of a Catholic Ulsterman, learned early to hate bigotry and resist it. All his life he saw sectarianism as the weapon of the enemy.

In Scotland, a sweated labourer at the age of 11, he shared the wretchedness of the exploited workers. All his life he remembered that oppression was not confined to Ireland, and he never thought in exclusively nationalistic terms . . .

Organising and editing, writing and speaking, in America, in Dublin and in Belfast, Connolly was impelled by the same motive, and hurled himself against the one *enemy—capitalistic imperialism. He* saw that as a two-headed monster devouring human happiness and dignity everywhere: saw it rampant in his own country, and realised that he could most effectively fight it there. His teaching had the strength of simplicity: no ambivalence, no disharmony, no inner conflict ever inhibited him. He held up before the despairing people visions of an Irish State founded on social justice, for which separation from the Empire and the establishment of an Irish Republic would clear the way.

Pearse

. . . Life had trained Pearse with a gentler discipline than that which Connolly had endured, and the gifts which ripen in leisure were his contribution to the nation's life.

. . . While a very young man, Patrick Pearse was already known as a poet in Irish and English; he was a successful graduate of the National University, a barrister—free, however, from the need to practise—and editor of the journal of the Gaelic League. Overcharged with nervous energy, brimming with talent, with radiant dreams and burning convictions, he had a thousand things to teach and say. All that delighted him he found in the traditions of Gaelic Ireland. One of his dreams was realised when he founded and directed St. Enda's, a bilingual school.

. . . But his ideals were everywhere menaced, and the Gaelic civilisation he loved was perishing under the crushing weight of an alien system of education and alien antagonistic rule. Hatred swelled in him against English domination in Ireland. He soon realized the inadequacy and insincerity of the offer of Home Rule, and his mind turned to thoughts of war.

(To be concluded)

Death of Dorothy Macardle

MISS DOROTHY MACARDLE, the well-known authoress and historian, died yesterday in a Drogheda hospital. She was best known for her book "The Irish Republic," which deals with events in Ireland during the historic years from 1916 to 1923.

Miss Macardle was a member of the well-known Dundalk brewing family. She started life as a teacher and later turned to writing. In this field, she was historian, novelist, dramatist and critic. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Macardle, K.B.E., D.L., and of Lady Minnie Lucy Macardle.

After she had graduated from U.C.D., Miss Macardle took up a teaching appointment in Alexandra College, Dublin. She took an interest in republican affairs, and she was, while a teacher at Alexandra College, taken into custody for her activities. Her position in the college was kept open for her until she was able to resume work.

During the independence movement, she worked as a propagandist and publicist, and she continued this work for the Republican side during the Civil War.

BROADCASTER AND CRITIC

Miss Macardle was also well known as a broadcaster. She was a vice-president of the Irish Association of Civil Liberties, and for some years she was president. For a number of years she was the drama critic of the *Irish Press*.

Keenly interested in youth movements, she was present two years ago at the opening of the hostel at Glenmalure for An Oige in the house that was once owned by her friend, the late Dr. Kathleen Lynn, who founded St. Ultan's Hospital, Dublin.

She was the author of "The Tragedies of Kerry," and she also wrote "The Children of Europe." One of her most popular books was "The Uninvited," which was also made into a film and enjoyed a wide success. Other novels which she wrote were: "Fantastic Summer," "Uneasy Freehold," and "The Seed Was Kind." She also wrote the play, "Dark Waters."

TEN-YEAR WORK

It took her ten years to complete her major work, "The Irish Republic." In this she set out to put down authoritatively the events of those important years in Irish history, and the book has become a standard work.

Miss Macardle was a fluent

Miss Dorothy Macardle.

French speaker. One of her brothers, Captain Richard Ross Macardle, M.C., fought in France during the 1914-18 war, and another brother, Mr. John Ross Macardle, is a director of Macardle, Moore and Co., Ltd., Dundalk.

TAOISEACH'S TRIBUTE

The Taoiseach, Mr. de Valera, on learning of the death of Miss Macardle yesterday, said: "Dorothy Macardle was one of the noble, valiant women of our time, an active champion of every cause that seemed to her to be good.

"Some 40 years ago, espousing the cause of the Republic, she broke with very many of her friends, but she remained constant and loyal to the end, and throughout the years served the cause of Irish independence devotedly and unselfishly.

In obtaining the facts and writing 'The Irish Republic' she spent some ten of the best years of her life, her purpose being to do her utmost to see that truth would triumph.

"I have never met anyone more intellectually honest. She had a horror of hypocrisy or pretence in any form. She worked incessantly. Of her, indeed, could be truly said she was 'a lover of labour and truth.' Suaimhneas síoraí dá hanam dílis."

DOROTHY MACARDLE

An Appreciation

Dorothy Macardle was laid to rest on Christmas Eve on the sunny slope of the hill she loved so well. Among those who gathered in the graveyard were some in silk hats and some in shabby tweed. Some came to mourn the patriot whose coffin was draped with the National Flag, some the writer and poet, others the teacher and lecturer, and all a generous, inspiring friend.

In the last few months it had become clear that her health was failing, yet her mental energy, her clarity of vision and her passionate interest in life never weakened. She still reacted with a vigorous "stuff and nonsense!" to any hypocrisy or false values. For her, freedom was the highest goal. She refused to join the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom because "you can't put peace before freedom," she said, "You've got to have freedom first." In the cause of freedom she sacrificed prospects of a life of material comfort and intellectual success without the hardships and dangers, the bitterness and frustration, and the loneliness that were the inevitable lot of those who entered the political field. She faced all that might come with a gallant heart.

> "Freedom is such a wondrous thing to make a people brave,
> Fashions a wise man from a churl, a hero from a slave.
> I can abide, for love of it, in prison or the grave.

As she grew older she devoted herself more and more to work for the welfare of children. She concentrated immense industry to her detailed study of post-war conditions, "Children in Uniform," and any effort on behalf of suffering children was certain of her vigorous support. She was never known to give half-hearted support to any cause. She loved to have children and young people about her. "It's the young people who matter," she would say emphatically, "they're the important people." With young people she was all eagerness and generous encouragement, enlivening every study with gaiety and with unfailing interest in a fresh point of view.

When the prayers by the grave-side were over, a life-long friend of hers read aloud "St. Patrick's Breastplate," in fulfilment of her expressed desire. The "Breastplate's" strong, clear note of courage and unshakable faith in the future echoed the keynote of Dorothy Macardle's life.

R.M.

DOROTHY MACARDLE

Sir, — I am researching the work for theatre of Dorothy Macardle (1889-1958), best known as author of *The Irish Republic*. I wish to trace a play of hers called *Dark Waters* which was produced at the Gate Theatre in 1932, starring Betty Chancellor. If any of your readers knows about the play, or saw it, or was acquainted with Dorothy Macardle, I would be very glad indeed to hear from them. — Yours, etc.,

CATHY LEENEY,
Drama Studies Centre,
UCD,
Blackrock,
Co Dublin.

DRAMA AT DUNDALK

"Witch's Brew," a one-act drama, by Dorothy Macardle, herself a native of Dundalk, was presented effectively by the Dundalk Literary and Dramatic Society in St. Mary's Hall, Dundalk, last night. The well-known comedy, "Crabbed Youth and Age," by Lennox Robinson, was also played. The members of the Society were cup-winners at the last County Louth Drama Festival with Mr. Austin Clarke's poetic drama, "Sister Eucharia," of which they gave the first performance, and which they broadcast afterwards from Radio Eireann.

FABIAN SOCIETY

LABOUR AND THE NEW REPUBLIC

Mrs. Maud Gonne MacBride, Mr. Cathal O'Shannon, Miss Dorothy Macardle, and Mr. A. Heron, a Labour T.D. for Dublin City, were among the speakers who addressed the Fabian Society in Trinity College, Dublin, on Armistice Night.

Professor T. B. Rudmose Brown, who presided, referred in his opening remarks to a poster he had seen in connection with the meeting and which made reference to Russia. He said that he wanted to make it clear that the society was not committed to any particular or specific form of Socialism.

A paper, entitled "Labour, Nationality and the New Republic," was read by the secretary, Mr. F. C. Campbell.

"To-day is Armistice Day," said Mr. Campbell, "a day at which Republicanism is seen at its most ignorant peak—just as on Easter Sunday it is seen at its most glorious peak. Granted that Haig's Poppy has become the political symbol of a hated minority in this country, and granted that an enormous red button-hole mocks our ideal of national unity, it is my belief that patriotism consists in loving one's country—not in hating another."

Miss Dorothy Macardle said that she thought it was too much to ask of any person who knew and loved Ireland not to hate her persecutors; but they must differentiate between nationalism and the detestable deification of the State. She confessed her complete agnosticism on economic questions. One thing, however, she was certain of, and that was the potentiality of plenty. She was sure that much of the misery which they found was due to human selfishness and exploitation, but even if personnels were changed there would be no solution.

Mr. A. Heron, T.D., expressed the hope that the formation of this Society would result in a closer union between Trinity College, Dublin, and the Labour movement. It mattered very little to the many thousands of workers who received only 24s. a week how many factories there were established to produce things which they could not purchase. So long as the Government continued to act as a policeman to prevent those who had no share of the world's wealth from taking some from those who had, and made no effort to restrict private ownership, there could be no solution of economic evils.

Mrs. Maud Gonne MacBride said that as regards the lecturer's remarks about reform and revolution, she would point out that it was only by force that the power of feudalism had been broken in this country. She believed that if the Labour Party and the Republican Party came together they could evolve a sound social policy.

Mr. Cathal O'Shannon, who spoke at first in Irish, said that it appeared that Madame MacBride was a worshipper of physical force. He thought that advocacy of physical force was a damnable thing. Miss Macardle and Madame MacBride were advocates of a narrow nationalism which was not content with tariff walls, but would cut off Ireland from the wells of art and culture in Europe and the rest of the world.

Facets of Treaty 'split' disclosed

By Owen Dudley Edwards

THE IRISH State papers for the period 1919-1922 were opened for the first time to scholars yesterday. This is the official position. But in fact it now seems probable that at least one writer, the late Miss Dorothy Macardle, was given access to the Cabinet minutes of the first and second Dala for preparation of her work "The Irish Republic," published in 1937.

As was to be expected, the material now available in the State Paper Office at Dublin Castle contains few surprises, and certainly none to justify the long delay in making it open for inspection. Public interest is likely to centre around the material relating to the 1921 Treaty and the resultant split. The Cabinet minutes, or more correctly records of the Ministry meetings, go far to confirm the growing belief of historians that there were not two schools of thought on the Treaty, but four.

In the Cabinet discussion on December 3rd, 1921, before the plenipotentiaries returned to London for the final, fatal meetings that resulted in the signing of the Treaty, the lines of future division were already becoming clear. But on a significant minor point, the question of whether or not the delegation would meet Sir James Craig, Mr. de Valera voted with Michael Collins, Arthur Griffith, Robert Barton and W. T. Cosgrave in favour of empowering the plenipotentiaries to meet the Northern Ireland Premier if they deemed it necessary.

Austin Stack and Cathal Brugha, afterwards to be even more implacable opponents of the Treaty than Mr. de Valera, voted against this proposition.

FOR THE DAIL

An interesting feature of the record is that Arthur Griffith was told to tell Lloyd George "that the [proposed] document could not be signed, to state that it is now a matter for the Dail, and to try and put the blame on Ulster". The question of Mr. de Valera's joining the delegation was raised once again during this meeting, but it was decided that he would not do so "at this stage of negotiations".

The first Cabinet meeting held after the Treaty had been signed showing a correspondingly significant division on the pro-Treaty side. Arthur Griffith was reported in favour of recommending the Treaty to the Dail on the basis "of its merits", while Collins, Barton, Cosgrave and Kevin O'Higgins (who had no vote) favoured recommendation on the basis of signature.

The difference in views is predictable enough. Griffith was returning to his old idea of a dual monarchy. Collins and the others, much more clearly enthusiastic about some form of republicanism, saw the Treaty as a pragmatic step. Griffith had certainly said on December 3rd that the proposal put forward then "would practically recognise the Republic and the first allegiance would be to Ireland," but a clear division is evident between his ultimate aims and those of his colleagues. Again, in the discussion on December 3rd, Cathal Brugha had expressed his disagreement with Mr. de Valera on the recognition of George V as Head of the Associated States.

In "The Irish Republic," Dorothy Macardle gave an account of both of these meetings which drew on the recollections of anti-Treaty survivors. But her version of the discussion on December 3rd has the reference:

No written record of these dis-

(Continued in page 11)

The cortage arriving at Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, during the funeral of Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly on Saturday.

FORMER PRESIDENT'S HAND IN AN HISTORIC DOCUMENT

Democratic Programme of 1919

By Michael McInerney

ONE of the most historic acts of the late Sean T. O'Kelly was his final drafting of the famous Democratic Programme of Dail Eireann, which was passed unanimously on January 21st, 1919, when the first Dail met. It was the most radical social document ever agreed by the Sinn Fein Republicans, and has not been surpassed since.

But behind the scenes Mr. O'Kelly, Michael Collins and members of the I.R.B. had been in warm controversy both about the terms of the Programme, and, indeed, whether it should be published at all.

When Michael Collins saw the original draft prepared by Thomas Johnson and other Labour leaders, he threatened to suppress the document, and did so; but others (according to P. S. O'Hegarty) the following morning refused to go on without the Programme. Mr. O'Kelly had to prepare a draft on the morning of January 21st, before the Dail met that afternoon. That draft had to preserve the unity of the Dail, but, at the same time, it had to state the dominant social principles of the time throughout the Republican movement.

O'Hegarty's comment was that it contained "all debatable things," and led to the common principle that responsibility for the well-being of a citizen no longer rested on himself, but on the State. It was a principle, he states, that "the Dail would not have accepted," unless it "was wrapped up in jargon and presented as the legacy of Patrick Pearse." Yet, he says, some of the worst doctrinaire jargon of the Johnson original draft had been taken out, "but the main thesis was unaltered by Mr. O'Kelly."

THOUGHTS FOR 1966

The Democratic Programme still remains one of the aims of the Fianna Fail Party, and also of the Labour Party. Some time ago Mr. Sean Lemass, when Taoiseach, considered an idea that the Golden Jubilee Year should see the Democratic Programme restated in 1966 terms, and issued as the Social Charter or testament of the nation —or of Dail Eireann.

It is interesting that the Programme was read in Irish and English, and probably French. It was proposed by Richard Mulcahy and seconded by Con Collins. Piarais Beaslai wrote later that it was drafted in haste, but that it was better so, as it would have caused serious harm if an attempt had been made to omit it. He described the document as "radical" and "Communist," and said that it would have stood little chance of having been passed if there had been any means of implementation. The Programme has been the subject of controversy down the years, and, in addition to O'Hegarty, others who have written on it include Beaslai, Dorothy Macardle, Cathal O'Shannon and Patrick Lynch. One writer said it was written to "keep Labour in good humour," but that it was passed with ceremony and given equal importance with the Declaration of Independence, which according to Dorothy Macardle, also was read out in Irish and English. In the public gallery on that fateful day, Thomas Johnson, the Englishman who had become an Irish Labour leader, quietly wept with joy as he hear some of the familiar words of his draft read out on that historic occasion.

TWO APPROACHES

Almost complete texts of the two Programmes show the basic social divergences between the I.R.B. and some Labour and Republican leaders. The original document is almost Socialistic; the second document of Mr. O'Kelly is Republican, democratic and political.

The following are extracts from the Democratic Programme of Dail Eireann. As drafted by Sean T. O'Kelly. (Founded on the Easter, 1916, Proclamation):

"We declare in the words of the Irish Republican Proclamation the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies to be indefeasible, and in the language of our first President, Padraic Pearse, we declare that the nation's sovereignty extends not only to all men and women of the nation, but to all its material possessions; the nation's soil and all its resources, all the wealth and all the wealth-producing processes within the nation; and with him we reaffirm that all rights to private property must be subordinated to the public right and welfare.

"We declare that we desire our country to be ruled in accordance with the principles of Liberty, Equality and Justice for all, which alone can secure permanence of government for the willing adhesion of the people.

"We affirm the duty of every man and woman to give allegiance and service to the (Irish) Commonwealth and declare it is the duty of the nation to assure that every citizen shall have opportunity to spend his or her strength and faculties in the service of the people. In return for willing service, we, in the name of the Republic, declare the right of every citizen to an adequate share of the produce of the nation's labour.

"It shall be the first duty of the Government of the Republic to make provision for the physical, the children, to secure that no child shall suffer hunger or cold from lack of food or clothing or shelter, but that all shall be provided with the means and facilities requisite for their proper education and training as citizens of a free and Gaelic Ireland.

"The Irish Republic fully realises the necessity of abolishing the present odious, degrading and foreign poor-law system, substituting therefor a sympathetic native scheme for the care of the nation's aged and infirm, who shall no longer be regarded as a burden, but rather entitled to the nation's gratitude and consideration. Likewise it shall be the duty of the Republic to take measures that will safeguard the health of the people and mental and spiritual well-being of ensure the physical as well as the moral well-being of the nation.

"It shall be our duty to promote the development of the nation's resources, to increase the productivity of the soil, to exploit its mineral deposits, peat bogs and fisheries, its waterways and harbours, in the interest and for the benefit of the Irish people.

"It shall be the duty of the Republic to adopt all measures necessary for the re-creation and invigoration of our industries, and to ensure their being developed on the most beneficial and progressive co-operative industrial lines . . .

"It shall devolve upon the National Government to seek the co-operation of the Governments of other countries in determining a standard of social and industrial legislation with a view to general and lasting improvements in the conditions under which the working classes live and labour."

The Johnson (Labour) draft, which caused the opposition of Collins, read:

"Repeating in the words of the Proclamation of the Provisional Government of the Irish Republic, we declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies to be indefeasible.

"And further in the opinion of its President, Padraic H. Pearse, we declare that the nation's sovereignty extends not only to all the men and women of the nation but to all the material possessions of the nation, the nation's soil and all its resources, all wealth and wealth-producing processes within the nation: In other words, no private right to property is good against the public right of the nation.

"We declare further that, as the nation in the exercise of its sovereignty may entrust its soil and its resources, its wealth and wealth-producing processes to the care and charge of any of its citizens, to use and exploit for the nation's enrichment, on such terms and on such conditions as may be determined by the whole people, so the nation must ever retain the right and the power to resume possession of such soil or such wealth whenever the trust is abused or the trustees fail to give faithful service.

"In the same manner as we affirm that the duty of every man and woman is to give allegiance and service to the Commonwealth, so we declare it as the duty of the nation to ensure that every citizen shall have the opportunities for spending his or her strength and faculties in the labour of wealth-producing or the service of the people. In return for willing service in the name of the Republic, we declare the right of the nation's citizens to an adequate share of the produce of the nation's labour.

"The Irish Republic shall always count its wealth and prosperity by the wealth and happiness of its citizens. It shall, therefore, be the first duty of the Government of the Republic to make provision for the physical, mental and spiritual well-being of the children, to ensure that no child shall endure hunger or cold from lack of food, clothing or shelter; that all shall be provided with ample means and facilities requisite for the education and training of free citizens of a free (Gaelic) nation. A condition precedent to such education is to encourage by every reasonable means the most capable, sympathetic men and women to devote their talents to the education of the young.

"To promote the development of its resources, to increase the productivity of its soil, to exploit its mineral deposits, peat bogs, fisheries, waterways and harbours in the interest of and for the benefit of the Irish people, the nation exercising its right of sovereignty shall deem it to be a duty to organise and direct into fruitful contact the labour of men with the land and raw materials and machinery and industry. Wherever the land, the mineral deposits and other forms of the production of wealth are wrongly used or withheld from use to the detriment of the Republic, then the nation shall resume possession without compensation.

". . . It shall be the purpose of the Government to encourage the organisation of people into trade unions and co-operative societies with a view to the control and administration of the industries by the workers engaged in the industries. It shall also devolve upon the national Government to seek the co-operation of the Governments of other nations in determining a standard of social and industrial legislation with a view to general improvements in the conditions in which the working classes live and labour.

"Finally, the Republic will aim at the elimination of the class in society which lives upon the wealth produced by the workers of the nation, but gives no useful service in return, and in the process of accomplishment will bring freedom to all who have hitherto been caught in the toils of economic servitude."

Civil defence

A one-day course for Civil Defence wardens was held at Kiltegan, Co. Wicklow, yesterday. Thirty members of the service attended the course, and the lecturers included Mr. L. O'Rourke, Bray; Mr. W. H. Elliott, Bray, and Mr. L. Murphy, Shillelagh.

FROM FREE STATE TO REPUBLIC

Changes reviewed

THE historical development of Ireland, from the outbreak of the Civil War to the establishment of the Republican constitution on the remnants of the Free State, was dealt with in a broadcast over Radio Eireann last night by Mr. Vincent Grogan in a Thomas Davis lecture on "The Years of the Great Test."

The lecturer quoted the historian, Dorothy MacArdle, as saying that "Ireland was partitioned and impoverished, her people embittered by disappointment, divided and distraught by a half-measure of freedom and exhausted by war." Many might object to the term "half-measure," he said, "but few could cavil at the general picture following the Treaty."

The only categorical statement that could be made about the legal basis of the State, he said, was that its fundamental law was the Treaty itself.

He gave a brief outline of the opposing views on the settlement of 1921, pointing out that the Provisional Parliament was summoned under the authority of the British statute and not under the decree of the Dail. The use of the title, Dail Eireann, was, no doubt, intended to give the appearance of Republican legality and continuity, but it was clearly not the Third Dail, said Mr. Grogan.

Any provision of the so-called Constitution of the Free State, or any amendment to it, was declared void so far as it was repugnant to the Treaty.

WAR RESPONSIBILITY

Referring to the disabilities under which the State worked, Mr. Grogan said that a serious disability lay in the conduct of foreign affairs. The British Government could submit the whole empire to international obligations, even to war, although by 1926 a convention had been established that such powers would not be exercised, except after consultation with, and perhaps, but not certainly, with the consent of the Dominions.

The stand of the Republicans, who held a secret meeting of the republican members of the Second Dail and reappointed Mr. de Valera President of the Republic (on October 25th, 1922) was "a stand on principle that could, however, be little more than a gesture."

Mr. Grogan went on to the founding of Fianna Fail and the decision to enter the Dail. He emphasised that no Oath of Allegiance was taken, and quoted Mr. de Valera's statement to the Clerk of the Dail: "I wish to inform you that I am not going to take an oath or give any promise of allegiance to the King of England or to any Power apart from the Irish people. I am putting my name here to obtain permission to enter among the deputies elected by the Irish people. Understand that there is no other meaning to what I am doing."

ABDICATION TIME

Mr. Grogan recalled Archbishop Mannix's statement about the oath at the time: "There is no oath because there is no intention to invoke God as a witness, and there is no deception because Mr. de Valera declared from the housetops that he had no intention of invoking God to declare allegiance to a foreign king."

The Constitution revolution proceeded from that on, said Mr. Grogan. A constitutional change was precipitated by the British abdication crisis of 1936 when King Edward VIII decided to relinquish the throne. Mr. de Valera took advantage of the occasion to convert the relationship of the country to the Commonwealth to that proposed by him in 1921—external relationship.

Thus, the Irish Free State ceased to be a dominion; it had become an associated state, republican in form, ithout a titular head.

Mr. de Valera had brought forth a child, said Mr. Grogan, that was accepted by the other members of the Commonwealth. It was true that nobody loved it, not Mr. Costello certainly, who abandoned it finally with the repeal of the External Relations Act by the Republic of Ireland Act in 1949.

FUNERALS

MISS DOROTHY MACARDLE

The President and the Taoiseach and Mr. Erskine Childers, Minister for Lands, were among those at the funeral of Miss Dorothy Macardle, the well-known historian and author, which took place to St. Fintan's Cemetery, Sutton, Co. Dublin, on Wednesday. The Rev. Canon T. J. Johnston, rector, Raheny, officiated at the graveside, and prayers in Irish were recited by the Rev. A. T. McNutt, St. Jude's Rectory, Kilmainham.

The chief mourners were Major John Ross Macardle, M.C., Mr. Donald F. Macardle (brothers); Miss Mona Macardle (sister); Mrs. D. F. Macardle (sister-in-law); Miss M. Everard, Major and Mrs. T. Bevan (cousins), and Mr. A. L. Moore (relative).

MR. J. D. MEIJER

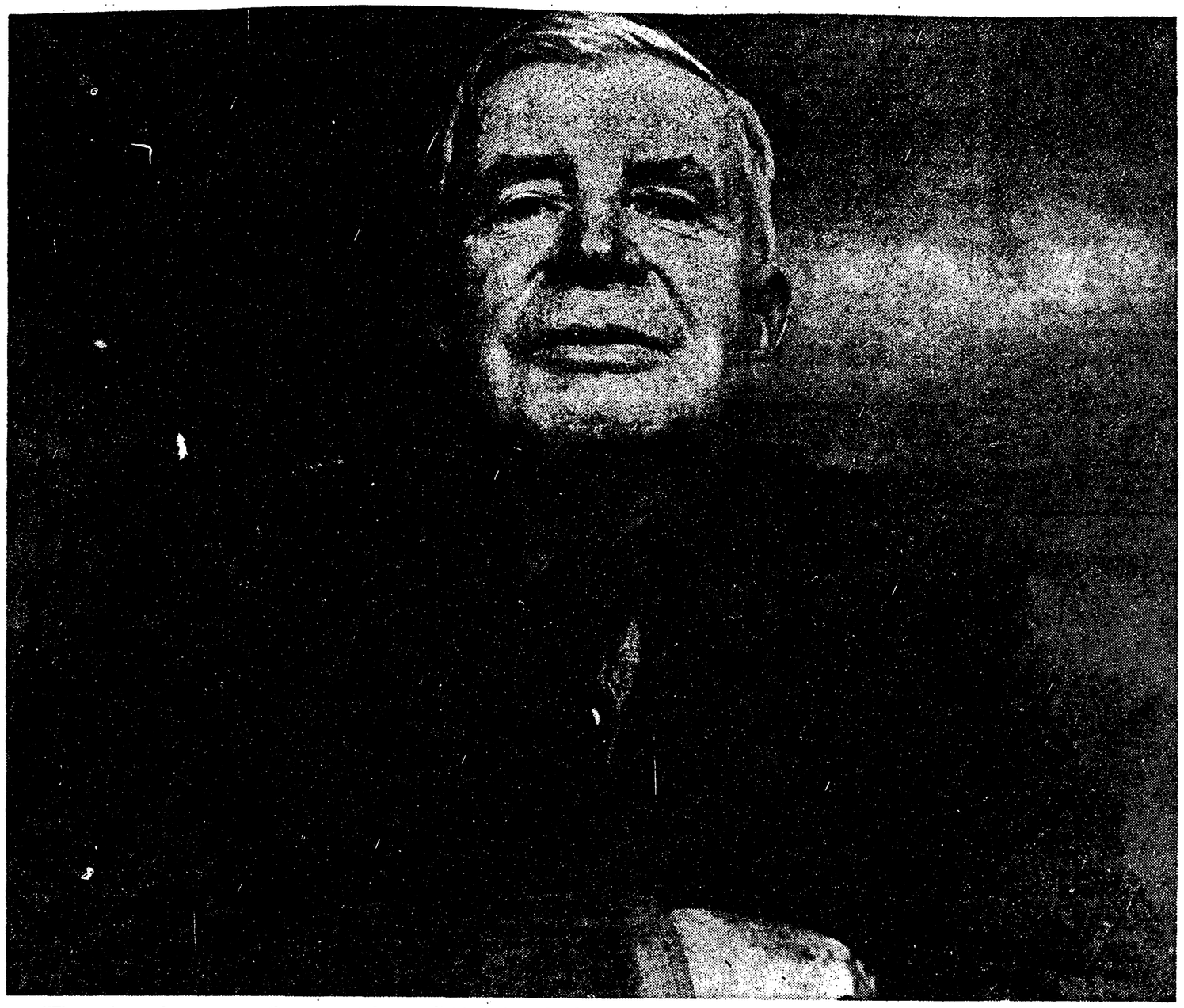
The funeral of Mr. J. D. Meijer, who has died at his residence, Knocknashane, Brennanstown road, Carrickmines, Co. Dublin, has taken place in Holland. Mr. Meijer, a Dutchman, was managing director of Philips Electrical (Ireland), Ltd.

A Memorial Service was conducted by the Rev. T. N. Salmon, at Tullow Parish Church, Carrickmines. Chief mourners were: Mrs. Loes Meijer (widow), and Frederick Meijer (son).

THE SATURDAY INTERVIEW

MICHAEL FINLAN TALKS TO

General Michael Joseph Costello



A NIMBUS of nostalgia hangs over General Michael Joe Costello. For anyone old enough to remember the thirties and forties, he is, outside of Dev, the man most closely identified with that unreal period of suspended animation known as The Emergency.

He is still called The General, and it is the soldier —starting as a teenage rebel in the IRA and rising to the supreme rank in the regular army — who most vividly lives in the national mind. Yet his military career ended when he was only 41, more than 30 years ago.

It was in the period following that he made his most valuable and lasting contribution to the young nation when he was let loose on the moribund Sugar Company which he kicked, pummelled and cudgelled into life.

Michael Joseph Costello was born in Cloughjordan, Co. Tipperary in 1904. His father was Denis Costello, a schoolteacher from Kilmihil, Co. Clare, "one of a long tribe of schoolmasters going back to the hedge-schools." His mother also was a teacher, the former Teresa Moynihan, born in Offaly of Kerry stock. He was the eldest in the family and had three sisters and five brothers.

"My very earliest recollection," he says, "is of three brothers dying from an epidemic of whooping cough and measles. I was about four then.

"I can remember Tom McDonagh, who was shot in 1916. My father succeeded him as teacher in the national school in Cloughjordan — and my mother succeeded his mother. He used to come back and visit us. He was very pally with my father and wrote a poem about him called 'The Man Upright.'

"Both of them had a common interest in the Irish language. My father was a great fan of the Irish and it was spoken in our home to some extent, but I never became good at it.

"I went to the Christian Brothers in Nenagh for a couple of years. They taught me with the aid of a leather strap. Early in 1920 my father was arrested by the Black and Tans and interned in Ballykinler. My family was in a bad way financially when he was locked up and, out of compassion, I was given a job writing up the rate books for the County Council in Nenagh.

"At this time I had a halfnotion that I wanted to be a journalist. So I presented myself to the bold Pike who was the Editor of the *Midland Tribune*, a famous character. He made me the Cloughjordan correspondent of the *Tribune*, not on merit but purely on compassionate grounds.

"My journalism career came to a very inglorious end. I discovered I could do a good report on the meetings of the Borrisokane Board of Guardians without ever going to the meetings. I would get the agenda and it looked easy to predict what any one of the members would say on any subject that came up.

"One day I sent in a very circumstantial report, and a very good report, about a meeting of the Board without bothering to attend. The only trouble was that the *Tribune's* Borrisokane correspondent had sent in a report of what had really happened—the Black and Tans had arrived on the scene and there was no meeting held at all. That was the end of my career as a journalist.

"I used to read a lot and was particularly fond of Dickens. I saw Dickens as a crusader who attacked the money-lenders and defended the poor. I was very impressed by his novels and I thought it would be a great mission in life to follow this line. I suppose it wasn't a journalist I wanted to be so much as a writer."

* * *

ON HIS FATHER'S internment too, Michael Joe, then 16, had immediately joined the IRA which quickly became a fulltime pursuit, He was soon made an intelligence officer in the North Tipperary Battalion.

"There were some very remarkable men in that Brigade," he recalls. "I have met a lot of famous soldiers in different armies since then, but I have never met a staff that I would consider better than those men, and I don't think it's nostalgia.

"None of these men had been in the regular army but by study and application they became, I would think, brilliant leaders. They were very highly principled and very courageous. They made a profound impression on me.

"I myself, I suppose, am a soldier by accident. What immediately sparked off my military career was the arrest of my father—that's when I joined the IRA.

"After the Truce I was put in charge of a small party of men and we took over a house in Cloughjordan to police the town. Then I was appointed an accounts and records officer, a very menial job. I went to Birr when they took over the Barracks there.

"The split over the Treaty came in February, 1922. Andy Cooney came down from GHQ to Birr and canvassed a lot of us on whether we were going to let down the Republic. The Dail had voted for the Treaty, but he said the Dail had no authority to subvert the Republic.

"My argument against this was to ask him where was his authority. After all, we had sworn to uphold the Dail. We had fought for the liberty of the Irish people to decide their own future. On the grounds of conscience I wouldn't go along with him."

After a few days at home he was recalled to the regular army and despatched to Portlaoise. He was a private but promotion came rapidly and he was made a Lieutenant.

"I was put in charge of training cadets and I also acted as quartermaster," he says. "The Civil War broke out—the actual fighting that is. A lot of things had been happening before that. Farms were being burned and banks raided. We had a good deal of protection duty to do.

"The Civil War was traumatic. If it had occurred as the history books describe it, it would have been an unbearable strain. But the attack on the Four Courts was not really the start; it built up in a crescendo of bitterness and argument. A lot of people were shot long before the attack on the Four Courts.

"The attack came more or less as a relief; it had been a very tense situation before that. The Civil War was the final showdown as to whether the will of the people could prevail as we saw it.

"Dorothy Macardle and a lot of the historians take a totally wrong view of the Civil War. They don't seem to appreciate that you can't have shots fired at you and not feel some resentment. Griffith and Collins had been fired at and all this had been going on for a long time. The attack on the Four Courts was the end of this phoney war.

"There was a near condition of anarchy in the country at the time. But the anarchy wasn't solely due to the IRA. A lot of the criminal elements in the community took advantage of the situation and there was a good deal of what could be called ordinary crime because there was no police force. There was a lot of cattle-rustling, for instance, and ther earliest use of moto transport that I know of was for cattle-rustling. Some of these criminals had arms but they had no connection with the IRA."

* * *

COSTELLO was one of five soldiers who were ambushed by the IRA at Tunduff, outside Portlaoise. Two of his comrades were killed and a third wounded. He and the fifth man went after the ambushers and forced all 23 of them to surrender.

"After that," he recalls, "I was promoted to Colonel Commandant by Michael Collins. It was a serious mistake on Collins's part; I was surprised he did it.

"Collins drove down to Portlaoise on that occasion. The dominant impression he created was of a man of enormous energy. When he walked into the room you felt his whole presence, it was like an electric charge. He marched up and down the room restlessly.

"Another thing that struck me about him was his immense capacity for comprehending a situation. He was very much to the point in what he said to you and he asked the most direct and searching questions, and he had it all in 10 or 15 minutes when the same discussion would have gone on for hours with someone else."

After the Civil War, Costello was promoted to Colonel and sent to Portobello in Dublin. Six months later he was made Director of Intelligence. It was then that he got down to serious study, calling into play his natural ability to read fast (a book or two a day). He read every book on military history and the arts of war that he could lay his hands on and found relaxation in the whodunnits of Dorothy L. Sayers and Agatha Christie and the frontier adventure stories of Fenimore Cooper.

In 1926, the Government sent him and other Irish officers to the United States to take formal military courses in US army staff colleges. On returning home he organised the Military College and was made Director of Training. In 1927 he married Molly Kennedy from outside Boyle, Co. Roscommon. Just before the Second World War broke out in 1939, he was made Assistant Chief of Staff. He was 35 years old.

* * *

"WHEN THE WAR broke out there was a general air of panic for a couple of months," he recalls. "The main panic was over the ports—the possibility of these being reoccupied by the British. There was also a great deal of anxiety because of de Valera's undertaking to Chamberlain that the ports would be defended and not allowed to fall into any hands hostile to England.

"The regular army was at a derisory strength and not till the fall of France was any attempt made to organise the defence of Ireland, and then there was a general panic. All the political parties joined to urge people to join the army, the LSF (Local Security Force) and the LDF (Local Defence Force).

"There was a spectular response to the call for volunteers. In the Southern Command, which I was put in command of at the start of the war, we had 7,000 people joining up in the first fortnight. We had almost as many recruits from the Munster counties offering to join the army as volunteered to join the American Army after Pearl Harbour.

"The total strength of the regular army was brought up to 55,000 and there were 75,000 in the auxiliaries. As far as the Southern area was concerned, we had a highly organised defence system. Even today the Official Secrets Act prevents me from giving details of it.

"The strength Germany or Britain would have had to deploy if they invaded went up rapidly from month to month. By 1941 our response to them would have been formidable. But in 1939, troops could have landed anywhere in the South of Ireland and there was nothing to stop them. If they had landed in 1941 they would have had to have an expeditionary force much larger than Germany used to conquer Norway.

"After the fall of France, Montgomery was ordered to prepare his Division to seize Cork Harbour. He thought the task was too formidable. They would have wanted two divisions instead of one and they didn't have any more than this one Division of Montgomery's. If they had evacuated the entire expeditionary force from France, it's more than likely they would have made an attempt to seize Cork Harbour and Berehaven.

"Of course, for the Germans, the Shannon area and Foynes, with its air facilities, would have been more attractive targets than the ports on the south coast. They were being harassed off the south coast by the British and they might have been interested in Shannon. That's why we set up guns in concrete emplacements at the mouth of the Shannon in Tarbert. They were six-inch jobs, big enough to deal with any naval vessel that might come in there.

"We had a good record in catching spies. No German spy survived in Munster for more than 12 hours without being caught. The only fellow who survived at all was Goertx — it was arranged through the I.R.A. for him to join a submarine in Tralee Bay. We had a wonderful intelligence; we had all the people with us.

"There was a story out that Rommel was with me in America. Well, that story is untrue. I met him only once at a military conference in Switzerland before the war. When I was in the Military College, Rommel had published a book called "Infantry Attacks" and we used it as a textbook. He was very impressed by the fact that we were using it. We liked to use books that were unorthodox and one of those was Rommel's — and we also used a number of books by Liddell Hart, the Military Correspondent of *The Times*, and neither of them were very highly regarded in their own countries at that time."

* * *

THERE'S A WHIMSICAL TINGE of almost regret in Costello's voice when he tells you that he never got to meet Montgomery simply because Montgomery didn't get around to invading Ireland. His memory of Montgomery goes back to The Troubles, when Monty served as a young officer in Cork.

"Years later, in 1928," says Costello, "when I and some other Irish officers went to visit Camberley, the British Army staff college, Montgomery tried to organise a boycott. He didn't want to shake hands with bloodstained Sinn Feiners. But there was another Irishman at Camberley — Dorman-Smith, who in the war was to become Chief in Staff in Egypt to Auchinleck, a much under-rated figure in the British Army. Despite Montgomery's boycott, Dorman-Smith made sure there was a handful of officers there to give us a very warm reception.

"Dorman-Smith was sacked at the same time Auchinleck was removed from command of the 8th Army in the Middle East. Afterwards he changed his name to O'Gowan and came back to live in Cavan. He took a law action against Churchill and had Ulick O'Connor acting as his counsel in the case. They won the case, and the publishers and Churchill apologised and removed the offending words from the book. So the only literary defeat that Churchill ever experienced was at the hands of Ulick O'Connor and Dorman-Smith. It was an incident that for some reason passed unnoticed in the press."

Throughout the war there was a constant flow of traffic through Foynes and just about all the political or military VIPs on the allied side stopped off there at one time or another. Two notable exceptions were Roosevelt and Churchill.

Says Costello: "Churchill's friend Brendan Bracken, an Irishman, had a pathological hatred of the land of his birth. Bracken swore a mighty oath that Churchill would never set foot here, and he never did.

"To some extent Ireland's neutrality was compromised by these flights in and out of Foynes, but it was not known at the time. De Valera had an extraordinary capacity for closing his mind to things like this. No Americans who crash-landed here during the war were ever interned. They were all escorted across the Border and in some cases even the plane was allowed out."

* * *

LONG BEFORE the war in Europe had ended in 1945, Costello had risen to the top rank of major-general. With the cessation of hostilities the Irish Army was taken off a war footing, and General Costello began looking to the future.

"For some time," he says, "I had been thinking of leaving the army. I had reached the top rank and I regarded myself as an obstacle to the promotion of fellows who had the same length of service as I had.

"At that time I was approached and asked to take the job of general manager of the Sugar Company, which had been vacant for some time. That surprised me. I had been thinking more or less of devoting myself to writing and farming. It was Tim O'Mahony who approached me and the main reason he wanted me to come into the Sugar Company was because he thought one of the things it badly needed was better man management and leadership. Since 1933 there had been an average of three strikes a year at the company."

He took the job and stepped out of uniform. On his retirement, after 25 years' service, he was given the ultimate accolade by honorary promotion to lieutenant-general.

General Costello's achievements as boss of the Sugar Company were detailed in a recent interview in this newspaper. For slightly more than 20 years, he *was* the Sugar Company in a very real sense and indeed was the personification of State enterprise at its best.

"I went straight from the army into the Sugar Company," he recalls." I found it was still largely under the influence of foreigners—Germans, Czechs and Belgians. Also, to a very large extent it was dominated by Civil Service procedures emanating from the Departments of Finance and of Industry and Commerce. The managers in the factories had no real authority to decide anything."

Long before he left, they had authority and much more. When he came in, the company had an off-season staff of 720 people. When he resigned in 1966 the figure was 5,000.

He was responsible for setting up safety committees before legislation ever required them and he also introduced worker participation. Always a great believer in the promotion of NCOs in the army to the commissioned ranks, he provided means of promotion for workers in the Sugar Company from the ground floor up to key positions. And all the time he fought a running battle with governmental bureaucracy, for which he has a healthy contempt.

Costello brought in demobilised army officers to set up the company's own transport system. The company grew rapidly through diversification. They went into the fertiliser business, delivering lime direct to the beet growers and dramatically increasing their yield. They began making farm machinery, notably beet harvesters. And they demonstrated that food could be grown on the bogs.

* * *

SAYS COSTELLO: "We import carrots from Texas, celery from Israel and cabbage from Poland, even though we have a far better climate and soils for producing those crops than the countries from which they come. We don't look at our natural resources, which are very important. Our peat soils have enormous potential. The most expensive soil you can buy in England is reclaimed peat; the most expensive soil in Holland is reclaimed bog.

"This is very important for the West of Ireland, where you have the biggest amount of peat bog. There is heavy rainfall there too but you can cultivate a peat soil—provided it has been drained — after heavy rain, which you cannot do with mineral soil.

"In the early fifties we bought 5,000 acres of bog in East Galway at from ten shillings to one pound an acre and we demonstrated that you could grow all those crops on that bog. We also grew blackcurrants, rhubarb, potatoes and wheat. We introduced — and, in time, manufactured — small mobile turf-cutting machines.

"We cut the drains to a pattern. The turf was cut, spread and saved as fuel, so that the cost of making a drill was nil. If that process had been proceeded constantly with you would now have 5,000 acres of good land there, capable of maintaining vegetable processing plants in Tuam.

"There is nothing new in this because 230 years ago, Young in his 'Tour of Ireland' reported on the successful cultivation of bogs in Galway where the people traditionally grew their potatoes on the bogs".

After that came food processing — and Erin Foods. Costello's original concept for Erin Foods was on a grand scale — a vast research development and marketing agency selling all of Ireland's food products, meat and vegetables, to the world. Lemass, then Taoiseach, backed him fully. But despite repeated promises, the Government never came up with the necessary capital to realise the larger vision. Frustrated, Costello first resigned in 1962, withdrew and then finally resigned in 1966.

Since then, with two of his sons, Denis and Donal, he has been engaged in farming near Boyle, where his wife comes from. His wife is now invalided and they maintain a house in Dublin so that she can be close to the specialised medical treatment she requires.

Reflecting on some of the major problems of today, he sees no connection whatsoever between the Provisional IRA and the IRA of which he was a member. "The Provos are contemptible'", he says. "I think it's an awful thing for them to be using the names of others who were animated by quite different standards."

He sees no quick solution to the troubles in the North. "You can't force a man at the point of a gun to love his neighbour", he says. "The solution is not to be found through violence; on the other hand, it is not to be found through appeasement. The Unionist has more respect for the Southern man who stands up for his own sentiments, his own religion, than for the man of no principle."

Mr. John Dillon, special representative, International Refugee Organisation; Dorothy MacArdle, the well-known authoress; Miss P. Lester, I.R.O., and Miss M. Slattery, Irish Co-ordination Committee, photographed at the Press conference held at 46 Merrion square, Dublin, yesterday.

GOVERNMENT BACKS U.N. REFUGEE PLAN

MR. JOHN DILLON, special representative, International Refugee Organisation in Ireland, disclosed at a Press conference, in Dublin yesterday, that within the past ten days the Government had decided to co-operate with the Organisation in connection with the resettling of European refugees in this country.

He said that the Government had agreed that refugees requiring institutional treatment would be admitted to Ireland, provided that institutions would assume responsibility. This did not include those categories, such as tuberculosis patients, the accommodation for whom was already taxed to the full.

The Government, he said, would also consider each employment application on its merits, the policy being that a refugee entering Ireland would not displace an Irish worker, had a definite job to come to with an adequate rate of pay, and was approved by the trade union concerned.

The State could not undertake to provide housing for refugees, and the Irish Red Cross was being asked to assist in this matter, as well as in providing welfare services for workers after they had actually arrived in Ireland.

WORK FOR REFUGEES

Mr. Dillon declared that the Organisation had, to date, found jobs in Ireland for individual refugees as follows: woodworkers, 17; painters, two; building workers, 14; tailors, eight; printing workers, two; domestic workers, 19; as well as one farm master, one foundryman, one watchmaker and one gunsmith—total 66.

The organisation was discussing institutional placement with religious and charitable groups. The Sisters of Charity, Mount St. Anne's, Milltown, had undertaken the care of three refugee widows, one with five children, one with three, and one with a child and an aged mother.

It was hoped to organise a continuing committee in this country to assist with the work of resettlement, and to help refugees who were admitted to Ireland with their day to day difficulties in their new homes.

TO PAY EXPENSES

Mr. Dillon added: "Our Dublin office has several hundred dossiers on hand, covering most of the fields in which vacancies exist. Should we receive a request for a type of worker for whom we have no dossier, our Geneva headquarters airmails us particulars of suitable candidates. The I.R.O. pays the visa costs, as well as the transportation of the refugee from Europe to Ireland.

"The employer and institutions sponsoring the refugee is put to no expense whatever. At the end of five years, the refugee may apply for Irish citizenship, and so at last find himself again a national of a country to which he is bound by ties of gratitude and appreciation."

Earlier, Mr. Dillon had said that the Organisation, a United Nations agency, had resettled over 750,000 refugees in new homes all over the world since its establishment in July, 1947. Well over 1,000,000 victims of war and oppression had been cared for, but some 250,000 refugees still remained in the camps of Europe.

MATTER OF URGENCY

The Organisation was scheduled to bring its operation to an end by March 31st, 1951. "It has become a matter of urgency that new homes for the remaining refugees be found before that time, and to accomplish this we must depend on the charity and goodwill of all the countries of the world," he added.

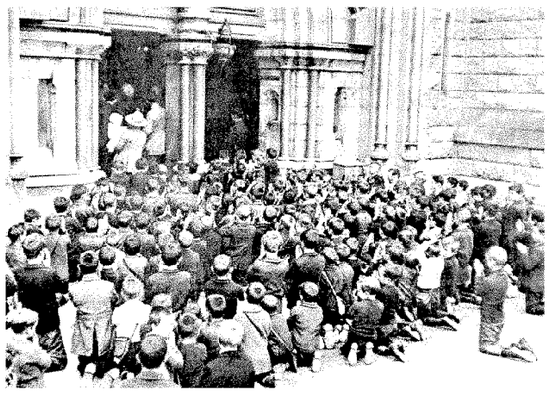
When the I.R.O. closed, and international assistance was withdrawn from refugees, their position would be almost hopeless. The difficulty in Ireland was to find employers, or other individuals and organisations who would sponsor the entry into this country of refugees.

Mr. Dillon said that almost every country but Ireland had sent selection missions to Europe, and he would like to see this country doing so. I.R.O. funds would pay the expenses of such a mission.

He added that the majority of the refugees lived in the U.S. and British zones in Germany and were afraid to go back to their old homes, in what are now Russian dominated countries.

Asked about the possibility of Communists coming into this country with the refugees, Mr. Dillon declared that that was impossible as each refugee was "screened" in their camps by British Intelligence, or U.S., officers.

■ **Top row, from left: Minister for Defence Richard Mulcahy inspects troops in Dublin in 1922; a Civil War sniper; and a protest against Britain's hanging of IRA volunteers.**
PHOTOGRAPHS: WALSHE/TOPICAL/GETTY, WALTER DOUGHTY/GETTY



■ **Bottom row, from left: manning a barricade outside Trinity College Dublin; snipers on O'Connell Street; and children in Inchicore pray for Terence MacSwiney during his hunger strike.** PHOTOGRAPHS: WALTER DOUGHTY/GETTY, BROOKE/GETTY, UIG/GETTY

HEARTS OF STONE IN IRELAND'S CIVIL WAR

During the Civil War the National Army executed more Irishmen than the British had during the War of Independence. In an extract from his new book Diarmaid Ferriter documents this ruthless military strategy

Diarmaid Ferriter

In the aftermath of the sudden death of Arthur Griffith and the killing of Michael Collins, in August 1922, William T Cosgrave became chairman of the provisional government to which the British had transferred their powers after the Dáil's ratification of the Anglo-Irish Treaty. Cosgrave and his colleagues remained wedded to a ruthless military and political strategy that ensured, by May 1923, a decisive win over the republicans and the end of the Civil War.

In September 1922 the Public Safety Act empowered military courts to impose the death sentence. This development marked the end of any faltering hopes for compromise between the pro- and anti-Treaty sides.

In February 1923 Cosgrave's analysis was that "the executions have had a remarkable effect. It is a sad thing to say, but it is nevertheless the case"; he could also be chilling in his resolve: "I am not going to hesitate and if the country is to live and if we have to exterminate 10,000 republicans, the 3 millions of our people are bigger than the ten thousand."

Perhaps this realism was also beginning to affect the republican self-declared "men of faith". Dan Breen, who led an IRA column in Tipperary during the Civil War, told his fellow republicans: "in order to win this war you'll need to kill 3 out of every 5 people in the country and it isn't worth it."

Official executions

A measure of the ruthless resolve of the National Army council was evident in its order of February 1923: "In every case of outrage in any battalion area, three men will be executed . . . No clemency will be shown in any case."

The previous month 32 had been executed, and by the end of the Civil War the government had authorised the execution of 77; this was 53 more than the British had executed during the War of Independence; 11,480 republicans were jailed under the public-safety legislation.

One of the arguments used by Richard Mulcahy, as minister for defence and commander-in-chief of the National Army, was that permitting official executions would prevent National Army troops from carrying out unofficial killings. But unofficial killings occurred anyway, including those of three teenage Fianna Éireann members from Drumcondra who were arrested for putting up anti-Treaty posters and then killed.

There is, nonetheless, evidence that the National Army was instructed to treat republican prisoners being prepared for execution "with the utmost humanity", the words used in one National Army HQ communication.

While the provisional government could rely on the support of a number of vocal Catholic bishops who were conveniently mute on the issue of executions, republicans were not without their clerical supporters at home and abroad, which meant complete alienation was never a possibility. Throughout the revolution there were responses to political and military controversies that were complex and variegated.

One republican prisoner, Frank Gallagher, publicly criticised the bishops for their "partisan excess" and a pastoral that "presses into theological use the catch-cries and terms of abuse of the Free State party . . . I see here in prison the injury done to the souls of splendid men by the reckless attitude of the hierarchy."

Happy to suffer for Ireland

The Catholic archbishop of Dublin, Edward Byrne, also exerted pressure when it came to the issue of the hunger strikes of republican prisoners. The Cork republican Mary MacSwiney was notable in this regard after her arrest, and her plight in November 1922 attracted much attention and sympathy.

Women even protested in the grounds of Dr Byrne's residence. Many who wrote to Cosgrave invoked the ghost of her late brother, Terence, who had died on hunger strike in Brixton Prison during the War of Independence; in the words of one letter writer, "I pleaded with English people to use their influence to try and save the life of the late Lord Mayor of Cork when he was hunger striking in England. So I venture to plead with you to save the life of Miss Mary MacSwiney now hunger striking in Dublin among her own people."

Not allowing her sister to visit her was another controversial decision; MacSwiney twice managed to embarrass the government into releasing her, after a 24-day hunger strike in late 1922 and again in April 1923.

Archbishop Byrne had suggested that the request of her sister "does not seem to be unreasonable and to be on the side of humanity". Cosgrave demurred, but Byrne also had his own strictures; MacSwiney was refused Holy Communion, and when she complained Byrne informed her that she was breaking a divine law by hunger striking and that "all who participate in such crimes are guilty of the gravest sins and may not be absolved nor admitted to Holy Communion".

But one factor Cosgrave and his government had to consider was which was the lesser of two evils; one of his supporters wrote to Cosgrave: "If she dies she will live forever." MacSwiney embraced her martyrdom to an almost messianic degree, announcing to her supporters in the United States in November 1922, "whether I am released or whether like my brother my sacrifice is to be consummated, I am happy to suffer for Ireland."

Many other republicans went on hunger strike, surviving on Turkish cigarettes, lemon sweets and chewing gum; "surely such suffering cannot go unrewarded either here or hereafter" Phyllis Ryan wrote to her brother James as she enclosed the hunger-strike "provisions".

After the Civil War had ended, republican prisoners in Mountjoy Prison, via Sinn Féin, complained to the Catholic bishops that "a plague of flies from rotting rubbish heaps under the windows of the two wings has come as added torment to the bed-ridden men."

For Todd Andrews, as a young republican activist, the greatest challenge of internment was boredom. The writer Francis Stuart, however, interned for 18 months in various prison camps, later romanticised the incarceration; he had decided, he declared, to step outside of history: "one can open one's arms to life more widely in a cell than anywhere else perhaps . . . Those days were not unhappy."

Contrast that with the recollections of the Lismore IRA officer (and, later, GAA president) Michael O'Donoghue: "Weeks passed and no word of release. I became infested with vermin – lice and fleas, but especially lice. A large abscess formed inside my cheek, the result of infection from my diseased gums. A doctor came and advised me to submit to medical and dental treatment from the Free State army medicals. I refused, demanding release. The abscess burst."

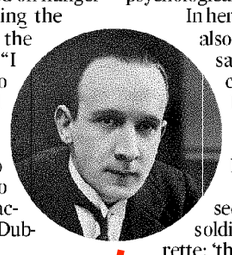
Eating flesh off the trees

At the end of the Civil War the writer and republican activist Dorothy Macardle, who was also imprisoned during the conflict, wrote of "dark, fearful and secret happenings", cold-blooded revenge killings and psychological torture.

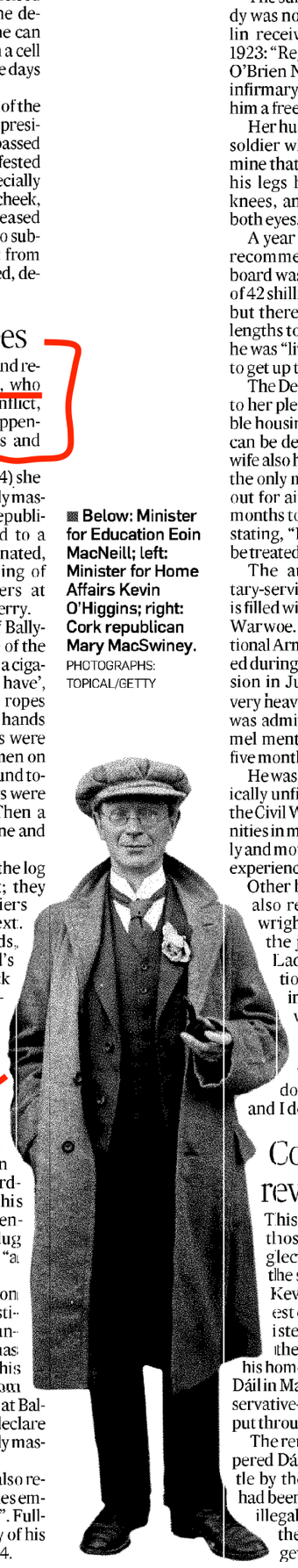
In her *Tragedies of Kerry* (1924) she also focused on the Ballyseedy massacre of 1923, when nine republican prisoners were tied to a landmine that was detonated, in revenge for the killing of five Free State soldiers at Knocknagoshel, in Co Kerry.

Macardle's account of Ballyseedy was powerful: "One of the soldiers handed each of them a cigarette: 'the last smoke you'll ever have', he said . . . The soldiers had strong ropes and electric cords. Each prisoner's hands were tied behind him, then his arms were tied above the elbow to those of the men on either side of him. Their feet were bound together above the ankles and their legs were bound together above the knees. Then a strong rope was passed round the nine and the soldiers moved away.

"The prisoners had their backs to the log and the mine which was beside it; they could see the movement of the soldiers and knew what would happen next. They gripped one another's hands, those who could and prayed for God's mercy upon their souls. The shock came, blinding, deafening, overwhelming . . . For days afterwards the birds were eating the flesh off the trees at Ballyseedy Cross."



■ **Below: Minister for Education Eoin MacNeill; left: Minister for Home Affairs Kevin O'Higgins; right: Cork republican Mary MacSwiney.**
PHOTOGRAPHS: TOPICAL/GETTY



Massacre survivors

Remarkably, there was a survivor, Stephen Fuller, who was blown into an adjoining field; he went on the run and was treated by a doctor who, according to documentation compiled for his application for a military-service pension in the 1930s, "found him in a dug out on a mountain"; he was, after it, "a complete and permanent invalid".

Fuller was awarded a wound pension of £150 a year; most of those who testified on his behalf were remarkably understated – "I understand his health has been greatly impaired as a result of his activities . . . is now suffering from shock received from a mine explosion at Ballyseedy" – though one was moved to declare that he was "blown up in the Ballyseedy massacre providentially escaping alive".

As well as tuberculosis, an X-ray "also reveals the presence of several fine bodies embedded in the musculature of his back". Fuller, however, went on to outlive many of his contemporaries, dying at the age of 84.

The survivor of the Knocknagoshel tragedy was not so lucky. Annie O'Brien in Dublin received a telegram on March 13th, 1923: "Regret to inform you that Vol Joseph O'Brien No 1596 lies badly wounded at the infirmary, Tralee. Should you desire to visit him a free voucher will be issued."

Her husband was the only National Army soldier who survived the triggering of the mine that killed five of his colleagues; both his legs had to be amputated below the knees, and he had severe loss of sight in both eyes.

A year after the end of the Civil War the recommendation of the army pensions board was that he receive a wound pension of 42 shillings weekly, "and artificial limbs", but thereafter his wife had to go to great lengths to find suitable accommodation, as he was "living in a top room" and "is unable to get up the stairs".

The Department of Defence curtly replied to her pleas for help: "the question of suitable housing accommodation is not one that can be dealt with by this department." His wife also had to plead for a wheelchair – "it is the only means I would have of getting him out for air each day" – which took six months to be provided, his brother stating, "It is a shame for him to be treated in such a way."

The archive of the military-service pensions process is filled with other tales of Civil War woe. Thomas Roche, a National Army soldier, was wounded during the Four Courts explosion in June 1922, and "after the very heavy strain of all the fighting" he was admitted, in December 1922, to Clonmel mental hospital, where he stayed for five months.

He was discharged from the army as medically unfit and was destitute by the end of the Civil War. "I certainly lost good opportunities in my young life" was how he succinctly and mournfully summed up his Civil War experience.

Other battles for material survival were also relevant to the period. The playwright Lennox Robinson, when editing the journals of his fellow playwright Lady Augusta Gregory for publication in the 1940s, observed that during the Civil War – Gregory's estate was Coole Park, in Co Galway – the journals "are filled with accounts of grabbing of land, driving of cattle and general confusion. These doings are merely of local interest and I do not record them."

Conservative revolutionaries

This was an insight into why many of those themes have been unjustly neglected; after all, they were precisely the sort of happenings that prompted Kevin O'Higgins, one of the staunchest defenders of the Treaty, now minister for home affairs, and whose father was killed in a republican raid on his home in February 1923, to assert in the Dáil in March 1923: "We were the most conservative-minded revolutionaries that ever put through a successful revolution".

The remark was made during an ill-tempered Dáil debate about the seizure of cattle by the National Army after the cattle had been stolen and were being grazed on illegally captured land. For O'Higgins the cause was "greed; the desire to get rich quick on the part of people who think they have a vested interest in disorder; to get rich quick regardless of law human or divine; to get something for nothing; to get the fruits of work without work".

As the socialist republican Peadar O'Donnell saw it however, this was about a new social polarity and a perpetuation of the theme of the "rabble" versus the comfortable, which had been relevant throughout the revolutionary period: "city minded" Sinn Féiners, suspicious of the "wild men on the land", with Civil War republicans, in O'Donnell's analysis, the champions of the dispossessed and the small farmers.

Such social unrest had also endured because the promise that things would change had begun to wear thin; the previous year a National Army soldier in the western division wrote to Patrick Hogan, the minister for agriculture: "the number of disputes about land in this divisional area are increasing daily. Very many volunteers and volunteers' friends are concerned in the disputes. They don't recognise that all that can possibly be done for them will be done in due course."

Undoubtedly there was a new emphasis in Civil War and post-Civil War Ireland on hierarchies and people knowing their place; this was also evident in the army, where, in July 1923, Richard Mulcahy issued an order to officers demanding that there be no more of a sense of fraternal and equal brothers in arms.

There was to be no repeat of "discourtesy or smartness" or correspondence using the term "a chara"; correspondence to the minister for defence and army council should now end with "I have the honour, sir, to be your obedient servant."

This was true in other walks of life also; the power vacuum was being rapidly filled, and the "rabble" would know and be required to acknowledge its place.

The washing of southern hands

Northern nationalists, who felt abandoned after partition, in 1920, also had reason to be suspicious of southern political intentions and promises to fight for the reunification of the island.

In October 1922 a nationalist deputation from Northern Ireland arrived in Dublin to the provisional government, including priests, solicitors and local councillors, looking for funds to counteract unionist propaganda. They got short shrift from Kevin O'Higgins: "We have no other policy for the North East than we have for any other part of Ireland and that is the Treaty policy".

He suggested that what northern nationalists needed was not just funds but also "a great deal of strenuous voluntary work – just the same sort of strenuous work that brought the national position to the stage it has reached."

The washing of southern hands could hardly have been more apparent. An interned teacher in Belfast in January 1923 wrote to the Free State minister for education Eoin MacNeill: "the bitter part is the reflection that when I do get out I shall probably be forgotten."

He was right.

This is an edited extract from *A Nation and Not a Rabble: The Irish Revolution 1913-23*, published by Profile Books

"We were the most conservative people that ever put through a successful revolution,' said Kevin O'Higgins

IMAGERY IN POETRY.

"ALMOST CARRIED TO A FAULT."

Poetic use of imagery was dealt with by Miss Dorothy MacArdle in a lecture last night at the Dublin Writers' Club.

Everyone who read poetry, said Miss MacArdle, recognised that poets loved to use the visual and concrete, and sometimes that tendency was almost carried to a fault. The first attempts of would-be poets were often simply catalogues of images. It seemed to her that this tendency to use imagery increased with the intensification of the lyrical impulse.

Dealing with imagery in epic, narrative, and dramatic poetry, Miss MacArdle drew comparisons between that of Homer and Matthew Arnold, Milton and Rossetti. She quoted from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" examples of imagery exquisitely used to express, not only the poet's mind, but also that of the haunted sailor: his superstition, his terror, his longing for the familiar things of earth.

The lecture closed with examples of Shakespeare's use of imagery in his sonnets and tragedies, in which Miss MacArdle said that the choice of the image was controlled by the speaker's character, temperament, and immediate state of mind.

Mr. W. M. Conway presided.

IN PURSUIT OF THE REPUBLIC

by F. S. L. Lyons

THE BOOM in Irish history continues, though latterly it is the contemporary variety which seems to be the preferred stock. In Ireland, however, even more than in most other countries, the present cannot be separated from the past and however preoccupied we may be with current problems, we are, if we are to understand them, inexorably driven back upon their antecedents. This may, therefore, be as good a time as any to draw attention to two books—one new, one familiar—which set out to throw light on our mid-century situation.

The new book, "The Irish Question," is something of a puzzle. Professor McCaffrey is a founder-member of a group of American historians who have contributed much in recent years to our knowledge of the nineteenth century. His own previous books have dealt with Isaac Butt and Daniel O'Connell but this, so far as I am aware, is his first essay into historical generalisation. In one sense it is an ambitious venture, for he has tried to compress into less than 200 pages an account of Ireland during the whole period of the Union.

He does not ignore economic matters—though, like nearly everyone else who has written on the period, he has shied away from the spadework needed before any really convincing economic analysis can be made—and he has also made a brave effort to integrate cultural with political nationalism, but politics remains nevertheless his chief interest. He is thoroughly familiar with the latest work in his field and he contrives to embody its results in a clear and workmanlike narrative. What baffles me about his book is its distinction. It would be unfair to expect too much originality in a work of this kind (though some is to be found in the chapters on O'Connell and Butt) but one had hoped for rather more sophistication. What may be news to an American sophomore might, after all, reasonably be expected to be old hat to an Irish reader. But perhaps it is the American sophomore that Professor McCaffrey really has in mind. Even so, he might, without trying his students too hard, have been a little more rigorous in his treatment and in the process might have elicited a more positive reaction in this country.

THE IRISH QUESTION, 1800--1922. By Lawrence J. McCaffrey. University of Kentucky Press. $6.95.

THE IRISH REPUBLIC. By Dorothy Macardle. Corgi Books. 12s. 6d.

A POSITIVE REACTION is what "The Irish Republic" has never in its long history failed to evoke. Published as far back as 1937 and several times reissued, it had latterly become hard to get. An expensive American edition appeared a short time ago, but now this massive paperback (nearly 1,000 pages for 12s. 6d.) has brought it within everyone's reach. And it is good that this should be so, for despite its considerable shortcomings as a work of history, "The Irish Republic" is one of the few books that no student of the subject can afford to neglect. Miss Macardle had exceptional opportunities of knowing and talking to many of the people of whom she wrote and in addition she was admirably thorough in her researches in to the main printed sources, especially newspapers.

The result is a narrative of events—essentially from 1912 to 1925—which, since she has been the only one to attempt such a task on such a scale, has ever since been extremely useful to those who have come after her. It is true that although she took pains to be clear and accurate her book lacks much other literary merit, and seems often to be compiled rather than written; but this is a small enough price to pay for having so much factual detail readily available within the covers of a single book.

Of course, Miss Macardle, like other contemporary or near contemporary historians, could not hope to stand outside the events she was describing. She had a point of view and it did not need a preface from Mr. de Valera, or his head on the cover, to tell us what that point of view was. This is a history of the pursuit of the Republic by one who believed in the ideal and who deeply lamented Ireland's failure to have achieved it up to the time that she wrote her book. Indeed, her last main section, "The Republic Defeated," is profoundly elegiac. The fact that this is a republican history does not, needless to say, in itself disqualify it, and Miss Macardle, in dealing for example with the Treaty debates, made an effort to allow political opponents to have their say. But obviously this is a committed book, particularly in the sections on the Civil War, and this is something a later generation has to take into account. No doubt her book had to be written by someone so near the events in time; but, ironically, the fact that it was weakens its status as a work of history.

The time factor also affects the permanence of Miss Macardle's work in another way. There was a good deal she could not know which we are only now beginning to know, just as our successors will know a good deal that we do not know. It is remarkable, indeed, and evidence of the understandable wariness with which Irish historians approach their own recent past, that "The Irish Republic" has stood its ground for so long. But there are signs that this is changing. Not only are the younger historians beginning to take some of Miss Macardle's themes for their own, but they are also beginning to ask questions which it would scarcely have been possible for her to ask—questions, for instance, about the economic and social revolution that didn't happen, questions about the lamentable gap between the dream and the reality.

* * *

THAT EACH new age should rewrite its own past history is as right as it is inevitable. And that a generation much concerned with life in society should turn to some extent away from the old-style political history is logical enough. Yet even though for this reason it will hardly be possible to issue Miss Macardle's famous book in future without extensive revisions, one cannot close it without feeling that it has one compelling quality that will always win it new readers. It deals, after all, with one of the most dramatic and important periods of our history, a period when men and women were found ready to suffer and die for their beliefs. In describing the struggle for independence—so unequal, so dour, so deadly—Miss Macardle caught the authentic echo of an heroic time.

The changes which only fifty years have wrought in our circumstances are so great that already that time appears to be part of a remote and romantic past. Yet, although our fashionable pragmatism is suspicious of anything that smacks of a romantic interpretation of history, the dream has always been as important as the reality, has been itself a fact of history. And to a certain type of mind the politics of aspiration will always be more attractive than the politics of desperation. There will always, it is safe to say, be some to rally round the mournful cry: "Comme la République était belle—sous l'Empire."

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

IRISH SOCIETY DISCUSSES NEUTRALITY

Mr. Justice Meredith presided at the monthly meeting of the Irish Society for the Study of International Affairs, held at the Royal Irish Academy, when a paper was read on "Neutrality" by Mr. William Fay, barrister-at-law.

Mr. Fay showed that the right to neutrality is a prerogative of sovereignty. The sovereign State, therefore, is entitled to the absolute inviolability of its territory, which it may enforce with arms—the so-called armed neutrality of, say, Switzerland.

Going on to the question of the League Covenant, the speaker pointed out that it was generally admitted that the Covenant does not attempt to prohibit war, but that, under the League system, war is still permissible in at least three cases. In two of the three cases neutrals still retain their rights unaffected. In the other case—that of sanctions—the speaker declared himself in agreement with Dr. Lauterpacht, that while State members of the League must regard a member which makes war in disregard of its obligations under the Covenant to have committed an act of war against all the members, they, at the same time, may remain neutral. But every State member is bound to apply economic sanctions and to afford passage through its territory to the forces of members of the League co-operating to protect the Covenant of the League.

In conclusion, Mr. Fay suggested that there were only two ways open to any State which desires peace: either to choose wholly to rely on collective security offered by the Covenant of the League and the Pact of Paris, or to choose the way of modified neutrality as Belgium had done. He ruled out as impossible to-day the old idea of complete impartiality and isolation.

Mr. James Douglas, speaking to the paper, said he doubted if any small nation has the power to be neutral under present conditions. Its only chance of security was in the League of Nations.

Mr. T. J. O'Farrell, Miss Dorothy Macardle and Captain Lucy also spoke.

Mr. Justice Meredith, summing up the discussion, stated that the facts made it more and more difficult for nations to keep out of war. His own opinion on the international situation was inclined towards collective security.

Asking support for the Society, he said that international consciousness was the first fruits of developing nationality and prevents it from becoming provincialism.

IRISH AND ENGLISH CONTRASTS

WOMAN WRITER'S VIEWS

MISS DOROTHY MACARDLE, interviewed in her Dublin hotel yesterday, said that she had come back to Eire to study the situation here, as she was so frequently questioned about it in England. Her work there has brought her into contact with refugees from many nations. Many of these, and notably the Jewish refugees, are deeply interested in this country.

She has much enjoyed helping to run a school where Belgians, French, Dutch and Polish exiles studied English in preparation for taking posts.

"It was delightful to return to Ireland," she continued. Here she found a lively, if detached, interest in world affairs.

In contrast with England, where, in spite of their boundless optimism, people showed signs of physical strain, she found the atmosphere in Dublin full of freshness and vigour.

It was pleasant to see the city full of children—in London one scarcely sees any now except in the poorer parts. The Dublin children struck her, however, as looking undernourished.

IRISH PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Lady Dorothie Moore.

Lady Dorothie Moore, who has been unanimously elected President of the Tipperary Agricultural and Industrial Show Society, is the second daughter of the Earl of Denbigh and Desmond and the late Countess of Denbigh, daughter of the eighth Baron Clifford of Chudleigh. On the outbreak of the European War Lady Dorothie was among the early volunteers, and served with the Ambulance Corps in Flanders for several years, winning much distinction for her services. She was mentioned several times in French despatches, and was awarded the British Military Medal, the 1914 Star, the Order of Leopold of Belgium, and the *Croix de Guerre*.

LADY D. MOORE.

In 1917 she married Captain Charles Joseph O'Hara Moore, M.C., Irish Guards, second and only surviving son of the late Arthur Moore, of Mooresfort, County Tipperary, of which county he was D.L. and J.P. He represented Clonmel in Parliament from 1874 to 1885, and Derry from 1899 to 1900. He was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire in 1879, and was Chamberlain to the Pope for several years.

On his death in 1904 Captain Moore succeeded to the family estates, and since his marriage he and Lady Dorothie have resided chiefly at Mooresfort, and take a great interest in local affairs and in all kinds of sport, especially racing and hunting.

Irish Play Producer.

Mr. William Fay, who is producing three new Irish plays at the Arts Theatre Club in London, was one of the pioneers in the Irish dramatic movement, and he has a long list of successful creations of parts and productions of plays to his credit.

Mr. Fay is a native of Dublin, where he was born in 1872. His first appearance on the stage was at the Queen's Theatre at Dublin in 1891, when he played in "Eileen Oge." He played other Irish parts, and in 1902 started in Dublin the first entirely Irish company with the intention of presenting Irish and Gaelic plays.

In 1903, with Lady Gregory, W. B. Yeats and George Russell, he inaugurated the Irish National Theatre Company, and in the following year took up the management of the Abbey Theatre at Dublin in co-operation with Miss Horniman, and under their *régime* a long list of Irish plays was produced.

Rev. R. Lee Cole, M.A., B.D.

The Rev. R. Lee Cole, M.A., B.D., one of the outstanding ministers of the Methodist Church in Ireland, has, I notice, received an invitation from the Carlile Memorial Church, Belfast, to become their pastor in 1931. All then the Centenary Church, Stephen's Green, will retain his services. Mr. Lee Cole, who is of Cork extraction, is a son of the manse, and is a graduate of Dublin University. During the twenty-eight years of his ministry he has served in Cork, Dublin and Belfast, and everywhere has made his mark as preacher, lecturer and man of affairs.

THE REV. R. LEE COLE.

For some years now he has occupied the responsible position of Secretary to the Methodist Church in Ireland, and he has had a good deal to do with the preparation of the draft of the Methodist Church Act, which lately was passed by the Free State Parliament and the Parliament of Northern Ireland, an Act which enjoys the distinction of being the first and only Act adopted by the two Governments in identical terms. Broadly speaking, the Act confers on the Irish Methodist Church autonomy in respect of doctrine and discipline and the tenure of its properties, and was made necessary by the imminent union of the three leading Methodist Churches in England, the mother country of Methodism.

A Hundred Years at Grangegorman

On 1st November was celebrated the centenary of the dedication of the Church of All Saints, Phibsborough road, as well as the annual festival of the church and guild. A charming little souvenir booklet, entitled "A Hundred Years of Life at Grangegorman," has been written by the present popular vicar, the Rev. E. H. F. Campbell, recalling the great days of Maturin and Hogan, and quoting Sir Samuel Ferguson's poem, written on hearing Evensong at Westminster Abbey in 1858, in reminiscence of All Saints', his own place of worship in Ireland.

THE REV. E. H. F. CAMPBELL, M.A.

Besides telling the story of the church and its pastors, Mr. Campbell gives an account of the stained glass windows and memorials.

"Modern Drama."

The series of lectures on "Modern Drama," by Miss Dorothy Macardle, under the auspices of the Rathmines Public Library, which began last week, will be welcomed by all who are interested in the drama, as well as by all who have enjoyed Miss Macardle's plays at the Abbey Theatre. Some little time ago a Dublin critic was lamenting that so few women had contributed to Irish drama, but of course the fact is that a large proportion of the Irish plays have been written by women from Lady Gregory in the beginning to Miss Kathleen O'Brennan only the other day. Probably a larger proportion of women figure in the Irish theatre than in any similar theatre elsewhere, but the fact that some of them contribute under male names may have misled the writer.

MISS D. MACARDLE

One of these women who have contributed notable plays to the Abbey Theatre, and may be expected confidently to contribute notable plays in the future, is Miss Dorothy Macardle. Nearly ten years ago her first play, "Atonement," attracted attention to a new dramatist, and since then she has improved with each new play—"Ann Kavanagh" in 1922 and "The Old Man" in 1925.

A Labour Leader.

A friend gives me an interesting account of the way in which Mr. Thomas Johnson, ex-T.D., who is a Labour nominee for the Senate, came to identify himself with Irish affairs. Mr. Johnson is not Irish by birth, but he has been so long and so closely associated with this country that he may be regarded as an Irishman in nearly everything except origin.

Before he gave himself up altogether to politics Mr. Johnson was the Irish representative of a Liverpool firm. When he was still in his teens, my friend says, he was sent as a commercial traveller to Manchester. Manchester, of course, is notorious for its fogs, which are much worse than London's and are dirty to filthiness. When young Johnson set out on his rounds in Manchester the fog was on its worst behaviour, and it was absolutely impossible to move from one place to another or transact any business.

MR. T. JOHNSON

In disgust Mr. Johnson made his way back to Liverpool next morning and resigned his commission. But his employers were so impressed with his earnestness and ability that they refused to accept his resignation and transferred him to a vacancy in Ireland, where he has become part and parcel of our industrial and political life.

A Musical Professor.

Professor Thomas Henry Weaving has in recent years been a leading figure in Dublin musical circles.

He was born at Birmingham 47 years ago, and was educated at Leeds and at the Wesley College in Dublin. He took a scholarship and medals for organ, piano and composition at the Royal Irish Academy, and in 1896 was appointed a teacher on the staff of the institution.

PROFESSOR WEAVING

From 1897 to 1899 he was organist at Straffan Church, then for two years was at Rutland Square Church, and subsequently served at Kingstown before his appointment, in 1917, to the Chapel Royal at Dublin. Since 1920 he has been organist and choirmaster at Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin.

In many other ways Professor Weaving has contributed to Irish musical progress, especially as conductor of the Rathmines Musical Society. Several of his own musical compositions have been performed in public, and his works include sacred and secular songs and pieces for the organ and orchestra.

The Land of the McGoverns.

The mountainous district of Glengevlin, just above the village of Blacklion, in the County Cavan, is the home of the M'Governs. This district used to be within Enniskillen Union, but was separated from it by the Act of 1920. The M'Governs are so numerous that many of them who have the same Christian names and reside in the same townland are known by their mother's name. And so it was that two members of the old Enniskillen Board of Guardians from Glengelvin area were called officially John "Mary" M'Govern and John "Biddy" M'Govern, or, as the Clerk of the Union often called out for the latter, "John M'Govern B."

It was from this home of the M'Governs that Mr. Patrick M'Govern, the largest contractor in America (and, perhaps, in the world), came. This Mr. M'Govern built the tunnel from Long Island to Manhattan in eighteen months under the scheduled time; and now he has accepted a contract for £8,530,000 to carry out a new water scheme for New York. His brother, Bartle M'Govern, who had been a member of the Enniskillen Board of Guardians, resides at Loughan House, Blacklion, and his sister is Mrs. O'Brien, Kilasnett, Manorhamilton, Co. Leitrim. He emigrated to America in the year 1891, and a few years ago he was created a Knight of St. Gregory the Great by the Pope. On his new contract he will employ at least 3,000 men. He began life in America as a labourer. Another M'Govern from Glengevlin who has done well in the world was Senator Patrick M'Govern, of Hartford, Connecticut, and the secretary to the late President Wilson was a Glengevlin man, a Mr. Tumulty.

Mr. Barry Fitzgerald.

We in Dublin must, indeed, congratulate ourselves on having kept a hold on so brilliant an actor as Mr. Barry Fitzgerald, in spite of the lucrative offers that have been made him both from America and London.

MR. B. FITZGERALD.

It will be remembered that about the time "Juno and the Paycock" was attracting so much attention in London "The Plough and the Stars" was being produced here for the first time. Mr. Sean O'Casey, who had gone to London at the same period, made strenuous efforts, supported by theatrical managers, to secure the services of Mr. Fitzgerald for Irish plays in London, and he described Mr. Fitzgerald in a letter to the Press as the greatest living comedian on the English-speaking stage.

It is interesting to learn that Mr. Fitzgerald's grandfather was a Hungarian, who settled in Hamburg, and his mother was born there. Theorists who hold that mixed blood makes for talent have here yet another substantial piece of evidence.

A Genial Limerick Man.

Congratulations to Mr. Michael Joyce, of Limerick, on the celebration of the golden jubilee of his marriage. I notice that his friends in Limerick did not fail to mark the event, and among those further afield who wrote regretting their inability to be present on the occasion were Sir Thomas Myles, himself a Limerick man; Right Hon. James McMahon, and Mr. William Field, ex-M.P. Mr. Joyce will, of course, be remembered chiefly as the breezy, bluff seafaring man whom Limerick City sent to represent it in 1900, and who retained the seat till 1918, when *Sinn Féin* definitely displaced the old Irish Party.

A colleague who was present in the Press Gallery at Westminster when Mr. Joyce delivered his maiden speech tells me that it was a wonderful effort and quite captivated the House. A pilot in the Shannon all his life, Mr. Joyce commended himself to the tender mercies of the suave Speaker Gully of those days and asked him to guide him through "the shoals and quicksands of parliamentary procedure," a touch which was greatly relished and loudly applauded. Mr. Joyce was soon dubbed "the pilot of the House," and became immensely popular. In addition to his duty as an Irish representative, he soon became the acknowledged mouthpiece in the House of Commons for all matters concerning the interests of seafaring men, and especially pilots. He was made President of the United Kingdom Pilots' Association in 1910. Mr. Joyce, who is now in the seventies, served as Mayor of Limerick in 1905-6.

The Shaping of Modern Ireland

CONNOLLY AND PEARSE

By Dorothy Macardle

FOR my purpose I look back forty years, at the Ireland of 1916, and then at the homeland we have to-day. I see an incalculable—almost incredible—difference; and I ask this question: how much of that change, and what aspects of it, in particular, are to be attributed to two men—James Connolly and Patrick Pearse?

They were among the prime movers of our revolution. They preached that crusade. The Easter insurgents were responsible for our war of independence. By causing the Rising of 1916 they caused the verdict of the electors in 1918, and the creation of Dail Éireann, and two and a half years of fighting against the British forces in its defence.

This lecture by Miss Dorothy Macardle is the last in a selection from Radio Eireann's spring series of Thomas Davis lectures on "The Shaping of Modern Ireland." It is published here (slightly abridged) by permission of the Director of Broadcasting and the author.

A complete list of the lectures published in the "Irish Times" will be given to-morrow.

These consequences of the Rising were in full accord with their hope and purpose. As to the Truce and the events that followed it, the same cannot be said. Other factors—unpredictable factors—had entered. The road had forked again and again. What remained of their willed and deliberate evocation was a resurgent people with its army; the I.R.A.

Wise or Unwise?

Those intervening factors notwithstanding, each person who contemplates the insurgent leaders is influenced in his judgment of their Rising by his feeling about the Ireland he sees to-day. If he finds it good and feels good hope for the future, he applauds those pioneers for their foresight and wisdom as well as honouring their sacrifice. But, if he deplores the shape of modern Ireland, he tends to hold that those men, for all their courage, sincerity, idealism and devotion, were precipitate and unwise.

There are many patriotic men and women in Ireland to whom the partition of the country appears so disastrous that every link in the chain of causation which led to it seems to them a tragic error. To their minds the division of Ireland into two States, one Catholic and the other predominantly Protestant, has depleted every part of the body politic: is a crippling illness, increasing with the years, for which no lasting remedy can be found. To their minds a united Ireland within the Empire would be preferable to a broken Ireland, one part a free Republic outside it. Many of these maintain that Partition became inevitable when the arbitrament of arms was decided upon in 1916.

Another Criticism

This seems to me a thoughtful and honest argument, but I do not agree with it. I do not believe that Partition became inevitable until the abandonment of the Boundary Commission in December, 1925. Therefore, I do not feel that responsibility for that calamity rests upon the men who died in 1916.

I have heard another criticism of those leaders. It comes, sometimes, from young people who are free from the scepticism which is induced by much reading of history. These maintain that all we have achieved in four-fifths of Ireland *since 1916 would have come to us*, without any Rising, without any violent effort, already, in the natural course of events.

I think that few Irish people of my generation, who remember the desperate bitterness of subjection, and remember the obtuseness, at that time, of the British governing class concerning Ireland—the insolence of many of the most powerful, the facetiousness of a multitude, the ruthlessness of a few — will agree with that happy optimists' view; nor will those of us who have studied the long struggle of India and of other countries held down by great Powers believe easily in that "natural course."

But now we are in the misty regions of the "might-have-been" and "ifs" of history, where little can be proved and debate is vain.

Not in Vain

For myself, I am with the majority of my compatriots in holding that our freedom is a thing beyond price, and in thinking of Pearse and Connolly and their comrades, whose sacrifice opened the road to the Republic, with measureless gratitude.

The teachings of these two men —both tireless thinkers, writers and propagandists—may not, in particular aspects, ever prevail. Connolly's kindly Socialist State and the proudly bilingual Ireland Pearse dreamed of may never exist, in a world that has altered, in four decades, unimaginably; but their larger purpose has been achieved. Their ultimate aim, in their lives as in their deaths, was to rouse a nation half moribund from long failure; revitalise its withering pride and confidence; create a generation of insurgents, selfless and stalwart; and this was done.

The Rising

I am among those who believe that it could not have been done without that last extraordinary decision which stands like a challenge to human reason in the histories of cause and effect: the decision taken on the morning of Easter Sunday to bring the Dublin Battalions out: to attack, in spite of the certainty of defeat and the probability, for the leaders, of death. It is on record that Pearse and Connolly, with Tom Clarke and Seán MacDermott, made a small group so absolutely at one, fired with so complete a conviction, that they convinced the other members of the Military Committee, and the decision was unanimous.

What impelled responsible, able men to such a decision? There are some who would answer—"the valour of ignorance." But Tom Clarke, the veteran Fenian of 67, knew too well what attempt and defeat might mean; Connolly, a man of 46, was no fanatical militarist; Pearse, at 37, was a deep-thinking, gifted man — the founder and head of a pioneer school. Had they, from mere lack of foresight, created one of those tragic situations in which it would be fatal to go forward and equally fatal, in another sense, to withdraw? A situation of that kind did exist, but they had been a long time preparing, a long time discussing the numberless chances of frustration, and the possibility of some such dilemma as the one confronting them cannot have been unforeseen.

Expendable

Surely the truth is that they had long looked beyond the question of military success or defeat, and had concluded that immediate failure and its consequences might serve their ultimate purpose well? As for their own lives—they were expendable.

Perhaps it needed a poet to interpret the hearts and minds, at that moment of decision, of those men. Yeats imagined them speaking to one another through the ancient familiar symbol, lamenting the withering of the rose, at one in their thought:

"O plain as plain can be
There's nothing but our own red blood
Can make a right rose tree."

It was the perfect accord of two men whose backgrounds were different, and whose temperaments were so different that little mutual understanding might have been expected from them.

The cause of labour is the cause of Ireland; the cause of Ireland is the cause of labour. They cannot be dissevered—in this phrase James Connolly epitomised his belief.

"Ireland not free only but Gaelic as well; not Gaelic only but free as well"—this was the scholar and poet's dream.

To the end they never ceased to strike these separate key-notes, but each man responded to the note of the other and finally harmonised it with his own.

Connolly

I want, now, to glance back over their lives and mark, very briefly, the stages by which they approached, each from his separate starting point, the paths that led them together to the Post Office and Kilmainham Jail—because it was at Kilmainham that their immortal contribution to the shaping of new Ireland was made.

. . . James Connolly, as the child of a Catholic Ulsterman, learned early to hate bigotry and resist it. All his life he saw sectarianism as the weapon of the enemy.

In Scotland, a sweated labourer at the age of 11, he shared the wretchedness of the exploited workers. All his life he remembered that oppression was not confined to Ireland, and he never thought in exclusively nationalistic terms . . .

Organising and editing, writing and speaking, in America, in Dublin and in Belfast, Connolly was impelled by the same motive, and hurled himself against the one *enemy—capitalistic imperialism. He* saw that as a two-headed monster devouring human happiness and dignity everywhere: saw it rampant in his own country, and realised that he could most effectively fight it there. His teaching had the strength of simplicity: no ambivalence, no disharmony, no inner conflict ever inhibited him. He held up before the despairing people visions of an Irish State founded on social justice, for which separation from the Empire and the establishment of an Irish Republic would clear the way.

Pearse

. . . Life had trained Pearse with a gentler discipline than that which Connolly had endured, and the gifts which ripen in leisure were his contribution to the nation's life.

. . . While a very young man, Patrick Pearse was already known as a poet in Irish and English; he was a successful graduate of the National University, a barrister—free, however, from the need to practise—and editor of the journal of the Gaelic League. Overcharged with nervous energy, brimming with talent, with radiant dreams and burning convictions, he had a thousand things to teach and say. All that delighted him he found in the traditions of Gaelic Ireland. One of his dreams was realised when he founded and directed St. Enda's, a bilingual school.

. . . But his ideals were everywhere menaced, and the Gaelic civilisation he loved was perishing under the crushing weight of an alien system of education and alien antagonistic rule. Hatred swelled in him against English domination in Ireland. He soon realized the inadequacy and insincerity of the offer of Home Rule, and his mind turned to thoughts of war.

(To be concluded)

AN IRISHMAN'S DIARY

Regretted Departure

WHEN William Howard Taft III. United States Ambassador to Ireland, left this country yesterday, he left among those who knew him very genuine feelings of affection and regret. No demagogue, Bill Taft had not won Irish affection by any specious demagogic tricks. His first interest in this country was bred from his reading, especially from his literary studies for his Doctorate in Philosophy at Princeton in 1942, when, working on "English" literature, he found that Irish writers had made a substantial contribution, particularly in the past two centuries.

After his war service, when he went to Yale as an instructor in English, he took up the study of Old and Middle Irish language and literature, so that when he first came to Ireland as Special Assistant to the Chief of the E.C.A. Mission in September, 1948, he was able to speak and understand modern Irish at least as well as most people of his own age-group in Ireland.

Democrat

The diplomatic Cinderella story of how the young junior returned to Ireland as Ambassador is too well-known for retelling. What is not so widely known, perhaps, is that both the Ambassador and Mrs. Taft, whenever the demands of protocol allowed it, remained as thoroughly democratic in their new status as they had in their old.

Their friendships ranged far beyond the boundaries of the usual diplomatic socialities; they preferred walking round Dublin, especially among the book shops, to the chit-chat of cocktail parties, and their friends soon realised that behind Bill Taft's mask of shyness and his slow New England drawl there was a highly perceptive literary intelligence, a shrewd humour, and a truly constructive affection for this country.

Everybody who knew them here will wish the Tafts and their children, Máire, William Howard IV, Martha, and the native Irishman, Seán T., the best of everything in their translation back to Washington—and after.

Radio Family

In his television notes last Thursday, G. A. Olden published extracts from a very interesting letter which he had received from Mr. Ernest Byrne, executive producer of the Arkansas Television Company, on the merits of television newsreels and newscasts.

Mr. Byrne is a member of a Dublin family, all of whom have associations with the firm of Arthur Guinness, and nearly all of whom have been at one time or other associated with broadcasting and television as well.

Variety

Their father was one of seven sons of Co. Wicklow parents, who fought in the first World War, and afterwards worked in Guinness's until his death three years ago. Ernest (G. A. Olden's correspondent) was a cinematograph technician in Dublin; served for three years in the Royal Air force; came back to his old job on the Odeon circuit in London, then emigrated to Canada.

He also found his way into the United States Army, and served for two years in Korea, before going into television in Texas, from which he moved to his present directorship of the Arkansas station. Not a bad variety of experiences for a young man of 30.

Talents

Another brother, Edward, left Guinness's to serve first in the Irish Army and later in the R.A.F. during the second World War. He is the most versatile radio man of the family, having broadcast as a classical pianist from Radio Eireann and the B.B.C., as well as writing and broadcasting his own short stories from the B.B.C. He now handles three programmes on Canadian television.

The youngest brother, Gabriel, is in business in Dublin, but broadcasts regularly on Radio Eireann's commercial programmes. Albert, the second brother, is Guinness's representative in Cork and Kerry, having joined the firm from T.C.D. He is well known in hunting circles in the West of Ireland, has broadcast several times from Radio Eireann, and has won two individual acting awards at amateur drama festivals in the past year.

Irish Villiers

Captain Alan Villiers, the skipper of the rebuilt Mayflower, has been in the news a lot of late. It is not generally known that this fine seaman has 50 per cent Irish blood. He was born in Melbourne in 1903, of an Anglo-Australian father and an Irish-Australian mother, one of the Hayes family, whose father had sailed out to Melbourne in a small brig from Limerick in the days of the great Australian gold rush.

Alan Villiers' love of the sea and sailing ships is almost fanatical. At 15, he ran away from school to sail in a New Zealand timber-barque, and he has never been out of tall ships for long since. He has survived a fall from the top-yards to the deck of a square-rigger, has gone whaling in the Antarctic, has taken part in the grain race in the beautiful Herzogin Cecile (still, I hope, remembered in Ireland), has voyaged in Arab dhows, and has sailed his own ship, the Joseph Conrad, three times round the world. Few sailors write as well about the sea as he does, and few of those left from the square-riggers own such a fine collection of marine films and photographs.

The Mayflower has not been Alan Villiers' first unusual command: in the autumn of 1954 in the Irish sea he was skipper of the coastal schooner which had been rerigged as the Pequod, and was filmed there in the ocean sequences of "Moby Dick."

QUIDNUNC

COUTURE FINISH—BUDGET

By Caroline Mitchell

THE sales have started this week but I am not going to concentrate upon them until next week. There are too many other things to write about this time, the main one being an excellent collection of suits and coats by a manufacturer who is relatively new to the fashion scene.

They are Louise Black clothes. You may have come across the first of them in the shops this spring, for they come from a Dublin firm which opened last January, and which produced its first range a little later on.

I understand that the garments are being exported now to Great Britain, and by the time I saw the current autumn and winter range last week, it had returned from London, where the buyers had made an extensive and varied choice from it.

* * *

The point about the Louise Black clothes is that they are *couture*-finished for sale at budget prices, and in good stores throughout the Republic shortly, you will buy the suits from 13 to 15 guineas and the coats from 16 to 30 guineas.

Fabrics, 75% of which are Irish manufactured, are of excellent quality, and there are some attractive new weaves exclusively designed for Louise Black; for instance, there is a novelty wool and worsted material with a raised check design of maroon, navy-blue or kingfisher on black. The llama cloth, which is featured in coats, is pussy-soft and warm as toast, and there is a lovely hooded model, cut on straight, swagger lines, with moulded shoulders and a double-button fastening at the neck, which develops into the hood. Flapped, patch breast-pockets are set rather low on each side.

* * *

Suits in this collection mainly have brief, peeled jackets, moulded to the figure, and straight skirts. Sleeves are mostly set in at the natural shoulder-line with no padding at all, and only superb tailoring for perfect fit. There is a delightful style which should be popular with those who want a classic suit with up-to-date fashion points, which is yet "dateless." It is made of yellow and black checkerboard Gaeltarra Eireann tweed. The cropped jacket fastens in front to a short rever with two buttons—one at the base of the rever and the other at the waist. Flap-pockets are set low on the hips at each side, and there is one matching breast pocket set high on the left side. The set-in sleeves are slit at the wrist and caught with a link button.

A neat treatment of soft tweed is the fringing of it, which occurs on the flap-pockets on a suit cut on similar lines, whose jacket is single breasted and buttoned high to the throat with a turned-down collar. A tweed *rouleau*—also fringed—is an optional accessory; it can be slipped under the collar and tied in a casual knot at the throat, or it can be tied round the waist.

For those who have become used to the easy-fitting jackets, there are styles of this kind too, but still the length is brief and the straight cut is achieved with the minimum of fullness.

* * *

Among the coats, I liked the Italian-pink single-breasted swagger, showing effects of the cape influence in the deep unpressed, inward-turned pleat developing each side of the back from the dropped shoulder-line. The wide sleeves are drawn cosily to a fitting wrist double-cuff.

* * *

IT seems out of place during this sunny, warm spell, to be concentrating upon cold weather clothes, but that is how things go with fashion-writers, and I spent a good part of one of the hottest days last week studying double-knit sweaters which made me warm just to look at them. The day will come, however, when we all will be glad of such things. If you are interested in these sweaters you had better begin thinking about them now, for you must make them yourself, and if you are as slow a knitter as I am, it will take you all your time to be ready for the winter.

They are knitwear styles which have just been distributed in leaflet form, with full instructions, and are now on sale everywhere in this country. They have been especially designed by Mrs. Erika Harrison, a famous knitting expert, for Wolsey wools, which are made here.

There are 20 different patterns, in styles for women, men, school-children and babies, and they all have been created exclusively for "Renown" and "Fasnit" wools in the Wolsey range.

The "Renown" wool, which is either 3 or 4-ply, comes in 22 colours, including camel-beige, and the "Fasnit" is the 2-ply double-knitting wool which makes up so quickly into those chunky sweaters so beloved by everybody. Each month, from now on, an additional two styles will be published, so that we shall be kept right up-to-date in the latest Continental knitwear trends as time goes on.

* * *

I asked Mrs. Harrison what her views on knitting were; after all, she has been knitting all her life, and is now one of the accepted authorities on the subject. She has her own designing bureau in London, from which she has worked out the Anny Blatt styles in British wools for British home-knitters.

"Tension is the most important thing in knitting," she told me. "Knitting a garment from a pattern is like building a house: If you use 5" bricks when the specifications say you should use 6" ones, the result will be wrong, and it's the same in knitting."

She maintains that following the knitting instructions as regards tension is the most important aspect of the whole affair.

* * *

She liked to get the classic look in fashion in her knitwear, and it is essential for her to work out her designs individually for each type of wool, so that she gets the feel of her materials, and then she creates new stitches and styles.

She prefers plain stocking stitch, though, and says that, on the whole, this is the smartest for the coming season. On the vexed question of knitted skirts, she says that she never lines them. "After all, you won't find many knitters who are prepared to do a spot of home-dressmaking, as well, and sewing in skirt-linings adds up to this," she said. Getting a knitted skirt to hang properly and to hold its shape is, she says, all a matter of getting the tension right. Good patterns give you the correct stitch, and all the home-knitter has to do is to make sure of her tension. I never realised until now just how vital this tension could be, and now I'm all tensed up myself!

* * *

Summer sales have already started this week in Switzer's, Pim's, Roches Stores, Colette Modes, Todd Burns and Lavelle's.

SWITZER'S, Grafton street: Small Parchment lampshades in neutral colours and whipped with matching silk cord are selling off at 2s. 6d. each. Flat bread baskets are 3s. 9d. each, and there are several styles in short-sleeved blouses going for £1 each.

PIM'S, South Great George's street: Came across a neat little radio-set here, which weighs only 5½lb and is the perfect travelling companion for summer holidays. It is the new Phillips 'Musetta' portable radio, designed on the lines of a hand-bag with an adjustable shoulder strap. It consumes only 850 milliwatts of battery power, has four valves and two waveband, and is finished in an attractive Trimtex washable plastic. Including batteries, the price is 14½ guineas.

M. E. BOLAND (Chemist), Donnybrook: This shop has received a consignment of the best French virgin olive oil, which should be of interest to cooks who aim at dishes in the *cuisine* class. The price is 5s. 9d. a pint, or £2 3s. a gallon (containers extra).

"Picture Post's" banned Irish issue

By Dorothy Macardle

AMONG old magazines I have found my single, treasured copy of the issue of *Picture Post* dated July 27th, 1940. Who else in Ireland possesses one? Nobody, I suppose, although "The Story of Ireland" is the cover-title for that week, and "The Faith of Eire" is the caption under the charming cover-photograph.

I was in London, at work among war-refugees, when I received a telephone call that surprised me, because I knew no one connected with this paper that I read and liked. It was from Tom Hopkinson, assistant editor from the journal's foundation. He told me that they were putting out an issue almost entirely concerned with Ireland, and asked me to come along and stand by as well as writing an article.

In those days, the worst of the war for England, Irish neutrality was not always calmly and reasonably regarded there. I asked questions and then, reassured as to editorial sympathies, I agreed. My article, as uncompromising a piece as ever I wrote, was accepted, unaltered and uncut.

For a few days, in Shoe lane and in Watford, I was the guest, more or less of the staff—a team of enthusiasts, vigorous, friendly, quick-witted, with whom it was a tonic to work.

* * *

A splendid array of photographs was laid out and the selection was carefully made—landscapes and sea; turf-cutters; factory-workers; dwellers in cottages; Members of Parliament, Ministers and nuns. There were 30 portraits of "leading figures in Ireland's turbulent history," and a fine series of photographs of events between 1912 and 1923, illustrating my article. An article by Tania Long, an American girl who had recently visited Eire, brought the tale up to date. I was responsible for ensuring that captions were correct and that no historical errors appeared.

We were all pretty pleased with ourselves when the type was set up. I hoped very much that this gesture of good will at a critical time would elicit in Ireland the appreciation I thought it deserved. I was proud to have been given a share in brave and generous enterprises.

* * *

Anxiously, I awaited news of returns. At last came a telephone call from Shoe lane; Tom Hopkinson's voice, but altered; cool and controlled.

"I suppose you have heard what has happened?" he said. "The entire issue is banned in Eire: all imported copies have been seized. We have no explanation."

* * *

I sent an urgent telegram to Dublin and received a reply. Tania Long had mentioned the capture by the guards on the coast of a fishing-smack bringing two Germans and an Indian. Publication of the news in Ireland had been forbidden, so no journal carrying that story might come in.

An "alarm and despondency" measure, no doubt. Two Germans, no less, and one whole Indian!

I had not been asked to check the American article; nevertheless, it was a long time before I called upon Tom Hopkinson again.

DREAD PTYPHIS

IN THIS COUNTRY education costs so much annually that I cannot spare the space to recite the bill of millions. Nothing will persuade me that the apparatus is not in charge of the Men in the Moon (lunatics).

I went into a central Dublin pub the other day for a snack and a bottle of stout. (I should here interject that there is a wine named Hock Oppenheimer and a champagne named Heidsieck — these being the names on the labels affixed by the makers). While enjoying my banquet of beef and stout, I picked up a card which told me that the management suggested a glass of "Hock Oppenheimer." The genial manager, with whom I raised the point, adopted an attitude which may be summarised in the phrase: "Aw, what does it matter what the card says as long as the stuff in the bottle is all right?"

Another day I visited a different branch of this firm and though the programme—a different print—conceded that I might have Oppenheimer, at the same time it offered me a miraculous draught named Heidseick. Another day in a third and unrelated pub I passed up the opportunity to drink Heidseck.

Aw, does this sort of thing really matter? Aw, yes, I think it does. The three documents of proof I have lodged with the Editor. I think they are 30 degrees U.P.

A READER has sent me an actual letter he has has received in response to a newspaper advertisement inviting applications for the post of junior shorthand-typist. The applicant's address is fashionable Terenure in Dublin but any dash in the text indicating a deletion is mine only.

"Dear Sir or Madam,

—In reply to your advertisement in to-day's —— I wish to apply for the position as Junior Shorthand, Typhist.

"I am sixteen year of age, I completed seventh standard, at —— School, —— I have been at a Commical College for the past 15 month. I have 80 word minute in Shorthand, and intermediate Stage in Typing, I am keep on Shorthand, until the course is finished.

"Should you consider my application suitable, I should be very grateful."

* * *

MY CORRESPONDENT says this is just one of many equally illiterate replies received and comments that "it reads like something written by a person from abroad, who was just beginning to speak English."

The school mentioned is a national school. I do not doubt that it is one of many similar replies. My correspondent did not reveal his own identity and the thought naturally occurred to me that somebody was trying to pull my leg and that the whole thing was a fake. I am certain for technical reasons that the letter is genuine. I am also reasonably sure that the young lady is not mentally deficient or "retarded"; she is suffering severely merely from Irish education, and I don't put the blame on any of her teachers.

But aw, maybe it doesn't matter much. In due time Strontium 90 will cure many of our troubles.

CRUISKEEN LAWN
by
Myles na Gopaleen

BROADCASTING PROGRAMMES

RADIO EIREANN

530 metres. 240 metres.

8.0 a.m. — News. 8.15 — Sponsored. 8.30—Sponsored. 8.45—Morning Music. 9.0—News. 9.15—*Signpost*. 1.0—Hospitals' Requests. 1.30—News, Topical Talk and Cattle Market Report. 1.45—Hospitals' Requests. 4.0—Racing; Irish Derby. Reamchaint le Micheal O Reachtabhra, followed by a commentary from The Curragh by Micheal O hEithir. 4.25—Vienna Promenade Concert (records). 5.0—Drawing and Painting with Marion King. 5.15—"Crumpet's Curls": a story by Michael P. O'Connor. 5.30—"Who Killed Cock Robin?" (Part 5). 5.57—Interlude.

At 8.15 Desmond Fennell is to discuss his first impressions of the colour problem in South Africa (R.E.).

The Dublin-born violinist, Hugh Maguire, will lead the L.S.O. under Stokowski in their concert at 8 p.m. and 9.15. "Sportsview" returns to BBC Television at 9 a.m.

6.0—The Angelus. 6.1—Nuacht agus Caint na Ceadaoine. 6.20 — Racing Results; Cattle Market Report; Announcements; Stock Exchange Prices; Signpost. 6.30—News. 6.45—"Aida": The opera by Verdi (Act 3): Radio Eireann-Dublin Grand Opera Society presentation. 7.30 — Seadna' (Cuid 2). 7.55—Interlude. 8.0—"The Seven Gifts": short story by Nora Watson. 8.15—The Colour Problem in South Africa a first impression by Desmond Fennell. 8.30—Under Italian Skies: Radio Eireann Light Orchestra; Veronica Dunne (soprano). 9.0 — Sgothaint as Corca Dhuibhne (Uibh 3). 9.30—Farmers' Forum, preceded by Cattle Market Report. 10.0—Nuacht. 10.15 — News. 10.30 — Plays of Stage and Radio reviewed by Pearse Hutchinson. 10.45—To-day in the Dail. 11.0 — Sponsored. 11.30 — Late Sports Results and close down.

B.B.C. HOME SERVICE

330 metres.

VHF.: 94.5; 94.3; 93.7 mc/s.

6.25—Market Report for Farmers. 6.30 News Summary. 6.33—Bright and Early. 6.55—Weather. 7.0—News. 7.10—Programme Parade. 7.15—Bernard Monshin and his Rio Tango Band. 7.50—Lift Up Your Hearts 7.55—Weather. 8.0—News. 8.10—*Programme Parade*. 8.15—Shopping List. 8.20—Morning Music. 9.0—The Obligations of Courtesy, by Evelyn Cheesman, O.B.E. 9.15—Recital: Patricia Bishop (piano), Nora Gruhn (soprano), and Josephine Lee (piano). 9.55—For Schools. 10.15—Service. 10.30—Music While You Work. 11.0—For Schools. 12.0—The Music Makers. 4—The Art of Jack Brymer. 12.30—Farm Fare. 12.55—Weather. 1.0—News. 1.10—The Eye-Witness. 1.30—In the Best of Circles (records). 1.55—Cricket Scoreboard. 2.0—For Schools. 3.0—Wimbledon: The Lawn Tennis Championships. 4.0—Choral Evensong. 4.45—Indian Summer. 5.0—Children's Hour. 5.55 — Weather. 6.15—Town and Country. 6.40—Sport. 6.50 — Kent County Constabulary: 100th Anniversary Parade (recorded extracts. 7.0 — On Your Mark: (Variety). 7.30—In Prison: An impression of life in Strangeways Jail, Manchester. 8.0—*Symphony* Concert. The London Symphony Orchestra. 9.0—News. 9.15—Symphony Concert (Part 2). 10.5—"Gleam, Agony and Rage" Programme in memory of Sir Ronald Ross. 10.45—To-day in Parliament. 11.0—News Summary and Weather. 11.8 app.—Market Trends.

B.B.C. (NORTHERN IRELAND) SERVICE

261 metres

6.15 p.m.—Northern Ireland News.

B.B.C. LIGHT

1,500 metres 247 metres

VHF: 90.1; 89.9; 89.3 Mc/s.

9.0—News. 9.10—Housewives' Choice. 9.55—Five to Ten. 10.0—John Madin (organ). 10.30—Music While You Work. 11.0—News Summary, followed by Morning Story. 11.15—Mrs. Dale's Diary. 11.30—The B.B.C. Northern Ireland Light Orchestra. 12.15—Yesterday in Parliament. 12.30—Music for Dancing. 1.0—The Wiener Tonkunstlerverein Orchestra. 1.40—(1,500 m.)—Shipping Forecast. (247 m.)—Record Interlude. 1.45—Listen With Mother. 2.0—Woman's Hour. 3.0—News Summary, followed by The Fairey Aviation Works Band and Edith Lewin (*mezzo-soprano*). 3.45—*Music While You Work*. 4.15—Mrs. Dale's Diary. 4.30—Teatime Story. 4.45—Music of the Masters: the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra. 5.45—Felix King and his Orchestra. 6.15—Wimbledon: Latest results and further commentary. 6.45—"The Archers." 7.0—News and Radio Newsreel. 7.25—Sport. 7.30—The Stargazers' Music Shop. 8.0—Twenty Questions. 8.30—"The Vultures": Serial by H Seton Merriman; 1: "Honest Explosives." 9.0—Blackpool Night. 10.0—News. 10.15—*Topic for To-night*. 10.20 Sid Phillips and his Band. 10.50—Boxing: An eye-witness report on to-night's title contests at Glasgow. 11.0—*Bedtime Story*. 11.15—Melody for Late Evening. 11.55—News Summary.

B.B.C. THIRD

464 m. 194 m.

VHF: 92.3; 92.1; 91.5 Mc/s

6.0 p.m.—Chamber Music: The New Music String Quartet, New York. 6.25—Living Heritage: The Balance of Nature; 12—Conservation as a World Problem by W. H. Pearsall, F.R.S. 6.45—Orchestral Concert: Manoug Parikian (violin) and the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra. 8.0—Thinking about Politics; 7—Political Decision, by the Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, C.H., M.P. 8.20—Handel: Four Sacred German Songs (record). 8.45—"Elga": Play by Gerhart Hauptmann. 10.10 — Chopin, played by Iso Elinson (piano). 10.50—The Soviet View.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

208 m.

7.0 p.m.—Star Turn. 7.30—Requests. 8.30—Musical Alphabet. 9.0—Summer Showboat. 10.0—Pete Murray's Record Show. 10.30—The Three D's. 11.0—Back to the Bible. 11.30—The Hour of Decision.

B.B.C. TELEVISION

1.40—*Wimbledon*: The Lawn Tennis Championships. 5.0—Children's Television. 5.57—Weather. 6.0—News and Sports 6.5—Wimbledon: Further visit. 7.15—News and cricket scores. 7.20 pp.—Behind the Headlines. 7.30—Now: A Breath of the Briny at Great Yarmouth. 8.5—The Burns and Allen Show. 8.30—"Precious Bane," by Mary Webb. (Part 5.) 9.0—Sportsview. 9.30—Rooftop Variety. 10.30—To-day on the Centre Court: Wimbledon Highlights. 10.45—News, followed by Weather.

The Brandenburg Gate

THERE is one project on which West Berlins anti-Communist city Government and the Communist regime in East Berlin see eye to eye—the restoration of the city's famed landmark, the Brandenburg Gate.

The war-torn historic gate, on the border between East Berlin's Unter den Linden Boulevard and West Berlin's Tiergarten Park, forms the most conspicuous crossing-point between the divided halves of the city. It stands just a few feet inside East Berlin's territory.

Since the Communists announced their intention to have the damaged archway repaired stone masons in Eastern Berlin have set to work to restore the structure. At the same time expert workers in West Berlin have started to make a copper replica of the classic 18th-century "Quadriga" statue which used to crown the gate. It was destroyed in the war.

By the end of the year both sides hope that work will have progressed far enough to return the Quadriga to its traditional position to replace the giant red flag hoisted by the Russians on top of the gate as a symbol of victory over Adolf Hitler's Wehrmacht.—(U.P.-I.N.A.).

A story of good people doing good things in bad times

Cork woman Mary Elmes avoided the limelight but managed to save many young Jewish children from the concentration camps

ANNE HAVERTY

A TIME TO SPEAK
CLODAGH FINN
Gill Books, 243pp, €16.99

Irishwoman Mary Elmes is often spoken of in the same breath as Oskar Schindler, the Czech industrialist who saved well over 1,000 Jews from the Nazi concentration camps. They bear comparison – Mary Elmes too saved Jews, most of them children, when they were about to be deported from France to those same camps. The difference is one of scale – she personally saved perhaps 50 children – and the level of risk she faced. Schindler was in Poland, working alone at the centre of the Nazi machine. Elmes was in southern France dealing with French police who tended to be more sympathetic and, working for the formidable Quaker Refugee Relief organisation, was surrounded and supported by many others engaged in the same enterprise. She was also a citizen of a neutral country. None of this takes from her achievements, of course. The worst could easily have come to the worst.

Who was Mary Elmes? What motivated her? With this biography Clodagh Finn has taken pains to find out but really she remains something of an unknown. Being neither a writer nor interested in talking about herself, Elmes left behind little for a biographer to interpret. There's an occasional tantalising comment to be gleaned from her letters or diaries, or an event that suggests something of interest, but Finn tends to leave them as stones unturned. Her biography is a bit on the hagiographical side.

Working keenly, however, with the little she has, Finn lays out the bones of the story. Mary was born in Ballintemple, Co Cork, in 1908, to a prosperous Church of Ireland couple. Her father Edward was a pharmacist in his wife's family's business, a pharmacy and glass suppliers in Winthrop Street. Elizabeth Waters, her mother, was involved in the suffrage movement. Edward Elmes's brother was a surgeon in the Boer War and a sister had served as a nurse, while a family friend was a Quaker volunteer in France during the first World War. When she volunteered with Save The Children in the Spanish Civil War, Mary could be said to have been following a tradition.

This was in Geneva where she was studying international affairs, after studies at the LSE and Spanish and French at Trinity – she may have been taught by Samuel Beckett. Though an "excellent" student, she found her metier in aiding people caught up in the catastrophes of war.

Working with the Hispanophiles and humanitarians, Sir George and Lady Young, who had put out the call for volunteers, Mary found herself in Almeria, running food stations for the hordes fleeing the bombardment of Malaga by the Nationalists. When Almeria in turn was bombed, the refugees, 100,000 of them, were moved to Murcia and she was sent there. She described what she was like then in

Cork woman Mary Elmes, who helped Jewish children evade the concentration camps

one of her few statements. "I got things done. I had a fixed point of view and I went on with it. I was not emotional but rather clinical, like a doctor or a soldier, I suppose…"

Elmes had no medical training but her steadiness and capableness were useful in administration and organisation. She ran the American Quakers' new hospital in Alicante and set up food canteens in the province. In 1939, after Franco expelled the Quakers, the Friends appointed her to Perpignan to establish a cultural programme for the thousands of Spanish who had fled there.

She had an agreeable respite in Paris with a colleague, Dorothy Morris, buying 4,000 books – they were given a generous budget – for refugee camps. In a rather stiffly expressed letter from Perpignan to Dorothy, who was worried about the plight of intellectuals under Franco, she wrote that she felt the struggle in Spain was about "raising the level of culture" generally and that the plight of "intellectuals" should not be their first concern.

The war in Europe proceeded on its darkening course. A new camp was opened at Rivesaltes by the Vichy regime and used to intern Jews. Conditions were terrible, worse than in the others along the coast. Mary drove from camp to camp, providing food, necessities and comforts. As plans for the deportations were put in train in the summer of 1942, the camp authorities met the relief agencies and told them that, contrary to their hopes, the children would be deported along with their parents. Aware already of the fate that lay ahead for deportees – a Quaker representative had spoken to Vichy of his fears of "annihilation" – they took action. Mary left the camp that evening with several children in her car and returned for more the next day.

She was by no means alone in this. And such escapes were abetted by the commandant at Rivesaltes who, Mary's boss said, "simply 'gave' children to our delegates with the urgent admonition 'Make them vanish'." It was Mary who "spirited away" nine children when the first convoy left Rivesaltes for Auschwitz on August 11th. In all, more than 400 children were rescued, brought to the Quaker childrens' home at Canet Plage, to a hotel, the Angleterre, at remote Vernet Les Bains, or taken in by sympathetic families.

Meanwhile, Mary was managing to live a kind of normal life. She went climbing in the mountains, entertained visitors on her flower-filled apartment balcony and was seeing Robert Danjou, a forester and farmer, whom she would marry after the war. This was interrupted in 1943 when she was imprisoned for five months by the Gestapo on suspicion of espionage, first in Toulouse and then at Fresnes near Paris.

With the reliance in this account of good people – the Quakers – doing good things in bad times, Mary Elmes is a vehicle for their story as much as her own – fitting perhaps for someone who never sought the limelight. She died in 2002 aged 93 after an apparently contented married life in Perpignan where she reared two children and rented holiday gites.

Anne Haverty's *A Break in the Journey*, a collection of poems, will be published in 2018

A seductive tale of causality with a twist

ARMINTA WALLACE

THE UNFORESEEN
DOROTHY MACARDLE
Tramp Press, 288pp, €15

A woman buys a rundown cottage in Wicklow, remodels it, adds a studio and settles down to work on her new book, a collection of bird photographs. Now that her daughter has gone to London to study painting, she has plenty of time on her hands.

First published in 1945, Dorothy Macardle's novel *The Unforeseen* is the fourth in Tramp Press's series of forgotten and neglected texts by Irish writers, Recovered Voices. It also forms a sort of companion to Macardle's *The Uninvited*, the second in that series, republished by Tramp Press two years ago.

The Unforeseen opens with Virgilia Wilde travelling from her eyrie in Glencree to visit her GP in Dublin city centre. The doctor is puzzled: her patient is in perfect health. What, she asks, is really the trouble? "Virgilia hesitated, finding it difficult to frame her answer. She said, at last, 'My imagination is playing me tricks'."

Virgilia, it turns out, has been seeing things. Snow on the mountains in April. A bird's nest where there was none. A man in the doorway of her cottage, his shadow falling across the floor. Her childhood nanny tells her she has been blessed with the gift of second sight; Virgilia, who considers such beliefs to be superstitious nonsense, fears she may be going mad.

She consults a psychiatrist, who declares that her experiences fall outside his area of expertise – but suggests an informal chat with his son, Perry, a medical student who has just returned from the US armed with some groundbreaking new theories in psychology. Virgilia's daughter, Nan, has also arrived to spend some time in Wicklow, and a friendship develops between the two young people which swiftly deepens into romance.

Wonderfully seductive

The Unforeseen is a wonderfully seductive read. Born in Dundalk in 1889, Dorothy Macardle was a member of the wealthy brewing family who is remembered now – if at all – for her support of Éamon de Valera and her mammoth account of the War of Independence, *The Irish Republic*.

She produced just a handful of novels, but you'd never guess it from *The Unforeseen*, with its finely drawn characters, its deft plotting and its serene sense of place: the landscape of Wicklow has surely never been so lovingly painted in prose.

There are flashes of mordant humour, such as the dinner-party scene in which a playwright predicts the likely critical responses to his new political play – "In the *Independent* you'll shine resplendent… The *Irish Press* will like you less" – and a subplot involving a Traveller boy which serves to illustrate Macardle's keen interest in children's rights.

Born in Dundalk in 1889, Dorothy Macardle produced just a handful of novels

Brook of uncertainty

At the heart of this page-turning tale is the topic of causality. As Virgilia's "visions" become more troubling, the reader is borne along on Macardle's merrily bubbling brook of uncertainty. Can the future be altered or is it inevitable? Do our actions have consequences? Is the world a rational place? And is this mother actually trying to destroy her daughter because she seems to be doing a pretty good job of it? That is until the arrival of a twist so expertly, and matter-of-factly, administered it made this reader cheer out loud.

Rumour has it that, at the film premiere of Macardle's *The Uninvited* in 1944, de Valera greeted a comparable plot twist with the affectionate exclamation: "Typical Dorothy". It would be wonderful if 21st-century readers were to get to know Macardle's novels well enough to do the same.

Primroses Supply Colour

By G. O. Sherrard

OUR gardens owe much of their colour to the genus Primula at this time of year. The old-fashioned Polyanthus primrose is still one of the finest spring plants that we have, and the equally old double primroses, though not so showy, are much appreciated by plant connoisseurs.

Then there are the newer Juliæ hybrids, which are so free flowering that they produce pools of wine colour in the garden; the Auricula section, which tolerate drier conditions than the others; the tall bog primroses, with their candelabra heads of flowers, belonging to the species japonica and pulverulenta; and many others.

All the garden primroses derived from our native species, including the polyanthus, the doubles, and such curious old varieties as Jack-in-the-Green, must be divided every year, after flowering, and planted in a cool, moist position for the summer. The Juliæ hybrids also appreciate this treatment. Lack of it may easily lead to the loss of the doubles.

There are several good seed strains of the polyanthus which, if sown under glass in March and pricked out in the open for the summer, will make fine flowering plants for the following spring. Alternatively, they may be sown in the open in May for flowering in the second spring after sowing. A giant Californian strain is particularly noteworthy, both on account of the size of the flowers and their unusual shades of pink, purple and blue colouring.

Polyanthus primroses can be killed by a severe attack of greenfly, such as occasionally occurs in town gardens. Dipping the plants in nicotine solution before planting will protect them.

FREE FLOWERING

The doubles include the colours white, primrose, light and dark mauve, and the famous red Madame Pompadour. They are very free-flowering, but the stems are not strong enough to hold the flowers quite erect. In spite of this, they are much sought after, and have become scarce in English gardens, the owners of which often send over to Ireland for plants. These doubles cannot tolerate drought, and will die if not frequently divided.

The auricula group, including such kinds as P. marginata, Clusiana and Palinuri, as well as the border or Alpin auricula, will thrive in hotter, drier conditions than the primroses. Border auriculas need division every second year owing to their peculiar habit of elongating their main stems. This should take place after flowering, and the plants should be put in with their lower leaves flush with the soil; they appreciate some decayed manure.

P. denticulata will thrive in the border, and its dence mauve or white heads are useful for cutting. The splendid P. florindae, like a giant cowslip, prefers a deep, cool loam. The bog primroses need moist peaty pockets, or will thrive on the banks of a stream or in moist woods.

Specially made pockets on the north side of a rockery filled with a moisture-retaining compost will accommodate such dainty species as P. chionantha, Cockburniana, littoniana, rosea, and other species, some of which will test the grower's skill.

Dublin Detectives Join Hunt For Escaped Prisoner

Dublin detectives are co-operating with the British police in searching for a man who escaped from a prison in Tortworth, Gloucestershire, six weeks ago.

The man, Richard Timmins, alias Michael Farrell, alias Richard Cohen, aged 29, and stated to be of powerful build, was sentenced in 1939, at Carmarthen, to 14 years' penal servitude for illegal possession of explosives during the bombing campaign by the I.R.A. in Britain.

A friend, Barbara Jones, alias Rita MacSweeney (22), a native of Waterford, was sentenced to four years as an accomplice of Timmins. On completion of her sentence she returned to Eire.

They both refused to plead at their trial, and when they were found guilty it took four policemen and four warders to remove Timmins from the dock.

Detectives believe that Timmins is still in England.

Death of Fianna Fail Deputy

Mr. Michael Morrissey, T.D., whose death took place on Saturday, was elected to the Dail as a Fianna Fail deputy in 1937. Youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. Morrissey, Garrynageragh, Dungarvan, in which town he carried on a drapery business, he was a former member of the West Waterford Brigade Flying Column and took part in most of the brigade's engagements against the Black and Tans. In the Dail, he replaced Mr. Sean Goulding, who became chairman of the Seanad. He took a keen interest in local affairs, was chairman of the Urban Council, a member of the Co. Waterford Libraries Committee and Old Age Pensions Committee. He leaves a widow and four young children.

His death creates a vacancy in the representation of Waterford in the Dail. This is the third vacancy now waiting to be filled. The other vacancies are in Dublin County, created by the death of Mr. P. J. Fogarty (F.F.), and, in Tipperary, due to the death of Mr. W. O'Donnell (C. na T.).

Irish Representatives At London Talks

The Minister for Social Welfare has appointed four officials of his department to attend a conference in London, which will examine the principles on which reciprocity in national insurance can be based.

The four officials are: Mr. P. J. Keady, assistant secretary; Mr. J. Dunne, principal officer; Mr. W. J. Kavanagh, superintendent of pensions, and Mr. P. J. Byrne, appeals officer.

The conference will begin on Thursday and, in addition to Ireland and Britain, Australia, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand and Rhodesia will be represented.

Limited reciprocal arrangements between Ireland and Britain already exist.

Triplets Dead—The girl triplets born on Friday last at a Tipperary nursing home to Mrs. M. Kennedy, Fethard, Co. Tipperary, have died, one within 24 hours of birth and the other two 24 hours later.

LEGLESS PILOT VISITS U.S.A.

Group-Captain Douglas Bader, of the R.A.F., who lost both legs in action in the war, but has become so proficient in using his artificial limbs that he is now touring U.S. hospitals to encourage service men who also lost limbs.—(P.N.)

FILM NOTES

OUT OF THE LOWER DEPTHS

By Our Cinema Correspondent

THERE is a paucity of new dishes on the menu this week, and most of the cinemas are content to serve second helpings. If the bill of fare consists largely of *hors d'œuvres* and hard-tack one must presume that the public's stomach is constituted to digest the mixture. I am unable to decide to which course **The Killers** (Theatre Royal) ought to be assigned. For the first half-hour I thought the film showed all the omens of a nourishing and subtly garnished dish which would prove to be a meal in itself; but the cook failed to sustain his effort and to follow the recipe that guided his hand in the beginning.

I have not read Ernest Hemingway's story from which the film was taken, and thus I am denied the facile pleasure of pointing smugly to mutilations of the *textus receptus*. For all I know, this may be a case where the film improves on the book. In any event, the screen tells a story of violence in the lower depths of metropoiitan gangsterdom. A robbery is planned, executed and followed up by a most ingenious double-cross within a double-cross. The principal character —"the Swede"—is one of Mr. Hemingway's dumb oxen, an ex-pugilist who suffers and knows not why. Revenge and betrayal, passion, poison and putrefaction are the common coin in which the wages of the underworld are paid; and they are all here in profusion. In its early sequences the piece has its artistry. The arrival of two simian and flannel-footed gunmen at a lonely restaurant in a small town, when they wait for the Swede whom they have been hired to kill, is done with precision, force and economy. Their terse brutality and professional competence are made explicit by lines which, I imagine, do not depart very far from Mr. Hemingway's original dialogue. After the murder—which we see only in the reflection of the gunflashes on the immobile faces of the assassins—the film's construction lossens; things fall apart, the centre cannot hold. An insurance investigator starts to unravel the circumstances leading up to the bloodshed, and an over-indulgence in flash-backs plays old Ernest with the continuity of development. The abuse of this technical device gives a cat's cradle effect, as the skeins of the story criss-cross and transverse like thread on a loom.

Between the warp and the weft, however, I detected some signs of the initial grandeur—the old convict in his cell at night, telling the stars like rosary beads; the elderly chambermaid with her gentle, undulating voice and air of perpetual surprise which hides an inability to be astonished by anything any more; and the low cunning of a thieves' kitchen. These are little flares of illumination in an uneven film, and points at which the poetry and the pity converge. The terrain has been exploited profitably, and better, by Hollywood before now. The amoral world of professional crime and punishment with its seedy entourage of smart-alecks and contemptuously sensual women is a distinctively American contribution to the cinema, although the French—*vide* "Pépé le Moko"—also have staked a considerable claim in this territory.

Summing-up, I was disappointed in "The Killers." There is much that is good, but there is more that is conventional. The piece is imperfectly synthetised, and the director hesitates between the poetry of atmosphere and the prose of action. The playing of small parts is uniformly excellent, but the principal characters are all a little too well-finished and glazed with commercial polish. Burt Lancaster, as the Swede, portrays an inarticulate suffering hulk of a man, with the ease which is all that such a part demands as long as you have the relevant physique; Ava Gardner slinks with graceful sexuality in the character of a vicious little trull; and Edmond O'Brien, as the insurance investigator, takes and delivers punishment with the fitting nonchalance of a Hemingway hero. By all means go to see "The Killers"; for, although it is a failure, it is an interesting one, and a good object lesson in the art of film-making.

Love Laughs at Andy Hardy (Adelphi). And how about you? Well, there is no escaping the fact that Mickey Rooney is a capable droll, and his performance of a comic and perpetually shame-faced American adolescent can be very funny. This film is the latest of a long-lived series which has no pretensions to be anything more than light-hearted family entertainment. It achieves the modestly diverting standard set by its 34 predecessors, and the agreeable presence of Lewis Stone and Fay Holden as Judge and Mrs. Hardy is pleasantly soothing. The thing becomes a little too intense towards the end for a film of such discreet dimensions; but between the girls, the prat-falls and Mickey Rooney you will come to no harm. A mood of uncritical relaxation will not be disturbed or disappointed—thanks to the admirably timed mummery of the explosive Mr. Rooney.

The two-course meal at the *Corinthian presents* **One Way to Love**, with Chester Morris, Marguerite Chapman and that endearing human hoopoe, Hugh Herbert, in a comedy of love and radio contracts, with the writers chasing the sponsors and so forth. **Out of the Depths** is not a Hollywood version of Oscar Wilde's celebrated work, but a story of an American submarine versus the Japanese Navy. Jim Bannon and Ross Hunter take their turn as grim and gallant champions of democracy.

ELSEWHERE

Grafton: Storm in a Teacup (revived and retained). **Savoy:** The Jolson Story (retained). **Capitol:** California (retained). **Carlton:** Bataan (retained). **Regal Rooms:** Dragon Seed (retained). **Metropole:** Great Expectations (retained). **De Luxe:** From This Day Forward, with Joan Fontaine. **Green:** Bring On the Girls, with Veronica Lake. **Pavilion (Dún Laoghaire):** Devotion, with the Brontë family. **Regent (Blackrock):** San Antonio. **Astoria (Dún Laoghaire):** Abbot and Costello In Hollywood.

RADIO PROGRAMMES

IRISH PROGRAMME

NEWS at 1.30, 6.30, 10 (NUACHT), and 10.10 p.m.

1.0 p.m. — "Three Reginalds" (cinema organ). 1.15-1.30—Sponsored Programme. 1.40-2.30 — "Mozart Opera Airs." 6.0 — Junior Radio Magazine, compiled by Brid Mahon. 6.50—Official Announcements and Programme Details. 6.55—Interlude. 7.0—"To-day's Record Choice": Heddle Nash (tenor) and Ignace Paderewski (piano). 7.30—"Conall Ciallmhar": Géarr Scéal le Caoimhghin O Nuallain, dhá léamh ag Proinsias O Brogáin. 7.40 — Song Recital: Violet Lynch (soprano). 8.0—"Between the Book-Ends." 8.20—Radio Eireann Orchestra. 9.5—"Military Bands" (records). 9.20—"Rome News Letter." 9.30—Jack Cheatle's Salon Orchestra. 10.30—Eye-witness's Account of Opening Night European Amateur Boxing Championships. 10.50—Interlude. 11.0—Sponsored Programme.

HOME SERVICE

449.1 metres. 285.7 metres

NEWS at 6 and 7 a.m.; 12 noon; 5, 8 and 10 p.m.

5.30 a.m.—"Bright and Early." 5.55—Weather Forecast. 6.10—Programme Parade. 6.15—Morning Music. 6.50—"Lift Up Your Hearts." 6.55—Weather Forecast. 7.10—Programme Parade. 7.15 — Portland Light Orchestra. 8.0—Eddie Carroll and his Sextet. 8.30—This Week's Composers: Délibes, Chabrier, and Thomas. 9.0 app.—The Royal Tour: The Royal party comes ashore from H.M.S. Vanguard. 9.15—The Daily Service. 9.30—Music While You Work. 10.0—For the Schools. 11.25—"Twenty Questions."

READERS in Britain and Northern Ireland should add an hour to the times given in the programmes.

11.55 app.—The Royal Tour ends. 12.10—"Those Were the Days!" 12.40—The Tom Jones Trio. 12.55—Cricket. 1.5—For the Schools. 2.0—Raeburn Orchestra. 2.30—St. Hilda's Band. Conductor, Leonard Davies. 3.0—First Hearing: "London Magazine." 3.30—Songs and Piano Music. 4.0—Children's Hour. 4.55—Weather Forecast. 5.10—News from the North. 5.20—Topical Talk and Sport. 5.30—"On Wings of Song." 6.0—"The Yarn Spinners." 6.15—"R.S.V.P." 7.0—Coronation Anniversary of Their Majesties the King and Queen. 8.15—Vivienne Bennett, in "A Doll's House," by Henrik Ibsen. 9.45—Today in Parliament.

LIGHT PROGRAMME

1,500 metres. 261.1 metres

NEWS at 8 a.m.; 6 and 9 p.m.

8.10—Housewives' Choice. 9.0—Forces Educational Broadcast "Under Big Ben." 9.15—"Music in the Home." 10.0—The Mid-Morning Story. 10.15—"On the Sweeter Side." 10.45—"Time for Music." 11.15—"At the Console": Ena Baga at the theatre organ. 11.45—"Concert Hour": B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra. Conductor, Clifton Helliwell; Wilfrid Parry (piano). 12.30—"Bandstand." 1.0—Woman's Hour. 2.0—"Café on the Corner." 2.30—Music While You Work. 3.0—"The Robinsons." 3.15—"Quiet Wedding." 4.40—"Music Tapestry": B.B.C. Midland Light Orchestra. Conductor, Gilbert Vinter. 5.15—"The World and his Wife." 5.45—"Dick Barton, Special Agent." 6.10—Sports Results. 6.15—"Serenade," featuring Peggy Brooks. 6.30—"Band Parade": Contrasts in Dance Music—12, Maurice Winnick and his Orchestra and Duncan Whyte and his Band. 7.15—"Ashenden." 3, "Giulia Lazzari." 7.45—"A Magistrate Looks at Life." 7.55—"Family Favourites." 8.30 — "Ignorance Is Bliss." 9.15—B.B.C. Dancing Club.

THIRD PROGRAMME

514.6m. 203.5m.

5.0—China's Greatest Writer: Talk on Han Yu, by Arthur Waley. 5.20—Early Choral and Organ Music. 5.50—The Anthropologist on Contemporary Problems. 6.10 — Chamber Music: Aimée Van de Wiele (harpsichord). 7.5 — Verbal Rationalisation: 1—"Emotive and Informative Language." 7.20—Chamber Music (Part 2). 8.10—Edward Chapman and Ralph Truman in "Dreams." 9.10 — Contemporary Italian Music: Emelie Hooke (soprano), Liza Fuchsova (piano).

REGIONAL PROGRAMMES

London (342.1 m.)—5.10—Topical talk, sport. 5.20—Orchestra. 5.45—"The Adventures of a Film Stunt Man," by Steve Donohue. 6.40—Bernard Hollowood on "The Standard of Living."

Midland (296.2 m.)—5.10—News, topical talk, sport. 5.30—"Social Adventure": story of Highbury Little Theatre, Sutton Coldfield. 5.50—Talk: "Is this your hobby, too?"

Northern Ireland (285.7 m.)—5.20—Regional News. 5.30—As North. 6.15—"Guatemala Journey": Talk by Duncan Guthrie. 6.30 — "Ulster Mirror": Recordings from town and country.

Scotland (391.1 m.)—5.10—Scottish news, topical talk, sport. 5.30—"Lauri Blandford's Record Autographs." 5.50—Gaelic Songs: Evelyn Campbell (soprano). 6.5—Gaelic Talk.

Wales (373.1 m.) — 5.20 — "The Week's Films" (recording). 5.30—News in Welsh and Regional News. 5.45—County Cricket: Glamorgan v. Yorkshire. 6.0—Music of Fauré. 6.30—Welsh discussion.

West (307.1 m.)—5.10—News. 5.30—Reginald Williams and his Orchestra; Marilyn Williams. 6.0—West-Country Studio Orchestra; Norman Jones, Beryl Tichbon (two pianos).

Cruiskeen Lawn

By Myles na gCopaleen

KNOW what I've been doing lately? *Listening to Radio Belfast*! That will give you some idea of the pass we have come to, as the Greek foot-soldier remarked to a fellow-*stratiotes* when, breasting a hill, he indicated Thermopylæ with a wave of his hand.

Belfast Radio is very funny. The lads up there have their own brand of fun and they wisely stick to it instead of trying to compete with the Dublin station, which is, of course, unique. (When the Dublin station is good, it is very good indeed, at no time better than when the inimitable announcers are heaping upon the head of the surprised listener their incomparable store of prayers and blessings and earnest promises of being "back again"). That the Belfast station is good for laughs at any time is due to the fact that it is manned by two dissimilar and incompatible breeds, viz., limeys and paddies, and that the paddies are expected to pass themselves off as limeys. The situation is further complicated by the fact that the limeys do not appear to be very high-class limeys, and the B.B.C. announcer-language does not come as readily to them as it might. You thus have limeys pretending to be English gentlemen and a lot of flustered paddies pretending to be limeys. The two classes loathe each other, of course, but both are united in their hatred of the genuine Belfast paddies who must be admitted to some of the programmes and who speak as God intended, showing no shame of their natural endowments in the presence of either the limeys or the apostate-paddies. The limeys and the apostate-paddies know right well that the real paddy is not deceived. But it is not so easy at this distance. I was listening the other evening to what I could have sworn was a limey; suddenly, after ten minutes of chat some sound, some chance assortment of vowels gave him away and the game was up. Thereafter he was naked and exposed, a decent wholesome Irish Belfast paddy, the salt of the earth.

I would like to hear, even anonymously, from one of the limeys on this fascinating subject.

Good Morrow

Talking of radio reminds me that, judging from an item on the Radio *Eireann recently, the man from* God knows where, i.e., Mr. Larry Morrow, is back in Dublin, though he has not yet called on me or sent the customary parcel. As if to underline the latter strange omission (—can it be that he thinks I have gone to Myra Ward, sorry, my reward?) what will do him only make . . *whiskey* the subject of his broadcast! Well, I listened to it and was much taken with the piece, particularly because of its utterly ridiculous and impossible plot. (Funny that people never get me to vet these things in advance. Pride, I suppose.) The story was about a bonded warehouse in a town with a bad waterworks. The water supply is cut off from six in the evening till the next morning and the idea is that a dishonest ruffian employed in the warehouse can get himself several free bottles of whiskey by connecting a cask in the warehouse to the empty water pipe, then going home *and drawing the stuff off at the tap*! Know how this is done? By gravity, no less! By way of making bad very much worse. Mr. Morrow explains that the warehouse and the man's home are in the same street. It will be clear to everybody except Mr. Morrow that before the whiskey can rise to three *and a half feet, the customary* elevation of taps, all the pipes on levels between zero and three and half feet (miles of pipe, possibly) must first be filled, to say nothing of other pipes located below the level of the warehouse. How this feat could be performed with the contents of one cask was not explained by Mr. Morrow and is not likely to be. Perhaps I mis*heard him and that he said not* 'cask' but 'flask.' But sure that only makes things worse.

A Memoir of Keats

Once Keats and Chapman, wandering in the wilds of Scotland, were compelled by bad weather to take refuge in a derelict cottage in the middle of a moor. There they lived for three weeks in terrible poverty. Chapman was in despair but Keats remained cheerful, assuring his friend that if they could only get their hands on a tourist, they could make a fortune by overcharging him for food and accommodation, however miserable the standard. Chapman could not see how any tourist could possibly penetrate to the God-forsaken spot they were in.

One evening Keats was sitting at the 'window' gazing over the grim moorland. The sky darkened and it began to rain. Suddenly the drone of an aeroplane was heard, soon followed by the splutters and explosions which indicated engine trouble, and finally by a distant crash. Keats was about to remark that some unfortunate aviator had been killed when he noticed a great white parachute descending in the sky. Soon a distressed airman was knocking at the cottage door. He had sprained his ankle slightly and turned out to be a millionaire-flyer on his way round the world.

The two friends instantly put into operation their plan of extortionate charges and subjected the visitor to an appalling fleecing. He bore this treatment in morose silence, but when he was well enough to hobble off the next day, which came with bright sunshine, he loudly denounced the two friends as robbers and racketeers and stalked out of the cottage. Thinking he had erred on the side of forbearance, he returned again, dragged Chapman out of the cottage and gave him a savage hiding; this was witnessed by Keats, who sat with composure at the window.

When Chapman crawled in again, covered with blood, he bitterly reproached Keats for his plan, alleging that he had pushed it too far contrary to his—Chapman's—advice, and had treated the visitor as if he were a complete fool.

"What in heaven's name," he demanded "made you think he was as green as all that?"

"I distinctly noticed that he came down in the last shower," Keats said.

50,000 LOST CHILDREN IN EUROPE

Two former pupils of Alexandra College, Dublin, read papers at the annual conference of the College Guild, held in the college last Saturday, Miss Dorothy Macardle and Miss Thekla Beere.

Mrs. Dorothy Barton, who presided, said that she hoped that, with the influx of young people into the guild in consequence of the unifying of the college and the school, there never would be a lack of young workers and vigorous helpers.

In an address on "The Lost Children of Europe," Miss Dorothy Macardle spoke of the children who had been separated from their people and who did not know whether or not any of them were alive. In every country that the Nazis had occupied, and in Germany also, she said, such little derelicts had been discovered at the time of liberation, surviving nobody quite knew how.

MANY PERISHED

They were littered all over war-ravished Europe, those lost children, and the authorities did not know what to do with them. The majority were given some sort of shelter and enough food to keep them alive. Of the rest, many had perished in the hard winter of 1945 and thousands lived as vagrants still. U.N.R.R.A.'s list of children for whom enquires had been registered contained, she believed, about 65,000 names. About 10,000 were closed cases. It would seem that about 55,000 of the lost children had not yet been found, or had not yet been identified.

The Child-tracing Organisation, which has its centre in Arolsen, near Frankfort, began work in 1946. The Red Cross was taking over from U.N.R.R.A. now; there were collaborating bureaux in Vienna, Geneva, Lubeck and elsewhere, and there were repatriation committees in every country concerned. The card-index system of tracing was colossal, and by means of it remarkable things were being achieved. But the system rarely found the young child who was able to tell anything more than his given name when he had been found. Personal searchers were needed there, and they did the most astonishing things by a sort of inspired guessing. A whole army of *them was needed.* With all war-ravaged Europe to cover, and more than 50,000 children still being sought, U.N.R.R.A.'s 90 searchers were not enough.

Miss Thekla Beere, in the course of an address on "Youth Hostels at Home and Abroad," said that here we did not like gigantic hostels, but hostels which accommodated *30 or 40 people who could get to* know one another. In every hostel they must have a good aspect.

They had here, said Miss Beere, youth hostels in seven counties. There were about 3,000 members in the 26 counties, about two-thirds of whom were cyclists, and one-third walkers. About half the overnight visitors were from across the border, from England and Wales and from *European countries. Last year they* had had a number of foreign visitors, and this year they expected an influx of visitors from Europe and two parties from America.

Speaking of the international aspect of the youth hostel movement, Miss Beere said that there were hostels in about 25 different countries.

GOLDSMITH IN PLAY

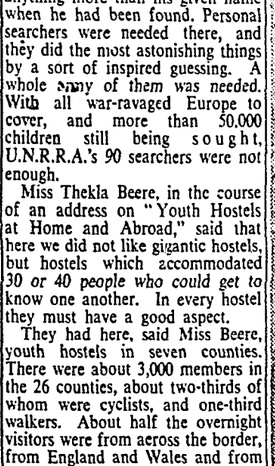
The most striking feature of the presentation by Taibhdhearc na Gaillimhe of Goldsmith's "She Stoops To Conquer" was the fine performance of Miss Ita Mahoney as Kathleen Hardcastle. She shared acting honours with Mr. Walter Macken, producer, who gave a grand performance as Charles Marlow, Junior.

CHESS PROBLEM

(No. 354)

By W. B. RICE

Black, 10 pieces.



White, 9 pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Solution to Problem No. 353: 1, B—R5, any; 2, Q, B or Kt mates.

Death of Dorothy Macardle

MISS DOROTHY MACARDLE, the well-known authoress and historian, died yesterday in a Drogheda hospital. She was best known for her book "The Irish Republic," which deals with events in Ireland during the historic years from 1916 to 1923.

Miss Macardle was a member of the well-known Dundalk brewing family. She started life as a teacher and later turned to writing. In this field, she was historian, novelist, dramatist and critic. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Macardle, K.B.E., D.L., and of Lady Minnie Lucy Macardle.

After she had graduated from U.C.D., Miss Macardle took up a teaching appointment in Alexandra College, Dublin. She took an interest in republican affairs, and she was, while a teacher at Alexandra College, taken into custody for her activities. Her position in the college was kept open for her until she was able to resume work.

During the independence movement, she worked as a propagandist and publicist, and she continued this work for the Republican side during the Civil War.

BROADCASTER AND CRITIC

Miss Macardle was also well known as a broadcaster. She was a vice-president of the Irish Association of Civil Liberties, and for some years she was president. For a number of years she was the drama critic of the *Irish Press.*

Keenly interested in youth movements, she was present two years ago at the opening of the hostel at Glenmalure for An Oige in the house that was once owned by her friend, the late Dr. Kathleen Lynn, who founded St. Ultan's Hospital, Dublin.

She was the author of "The Tragedies of Kerry," and she also wrote "The Children of Europe." One of her most popular books was "The Uninvited," which was also made into a film and enjoyed a wide success. Other novels which she wrote were: "Fantastic Summer," "Uneasy Freehold," and "The Seed Was Kind." She also wrote the play, "Dark Waters."

TEN-YEAR WORK

It took her ten years to complete her major work, "The Irish Republic." In this she set out to put down authoritatively the events of those important years in Irish history, and the book has become a standard work.

Miss Macardle was a fluent

Miss Dorothy Macardle.

French speaker. One of her brothers, Captain Richard Ross Macardle, M.C., fought in France during the 1914-18 war, and another brother, Mr. John Ross Macardle, is a director of Macardle, Moore and Co., Ltd., Dundalk.

TAOISEACH'S TRIBUTE

The Taoiseach, Mr. de Valera, on learning of the death of Miss Macardle yesterday, said: "Dorothy Macardle was one of the noble, valiant women of our time, an active champion of every cause that seemed to her to be good.

"Some 40 years ago, espousing the cause of the Republic, she broke with very many of her friends, but she remained constant and loyal to the end, and throughout the years served the cause of Irish independence devotedly and unselfishly.

In obtaining the facts and writing 'The Irish Republic' she spent some ten of the best years of her life, her purpose being to do her utmost to see that truth would triumph.

"I have never met anyone more intellectually honest. She had a horror of hypocrisy or pretence in any form. She worked incessantly. Of her, indeed, could be truly said she was 'a lover of labour and truth.' Suaimhneas síoraí dá hanam dílis."

THE IRISH TIMES

MONDAY, DEC. 29, 1958

LIBERATING THE FRANC

When the first rumours that General de Gaulle was about to devalue the franc and that Great Britain contemplated the partial convertibility of sterling filled the post-Christmas air, curiosity ran rife. Which was cause, and which was effect? On Saturday, the French newspapers had no doubt. Britain was the sinner, and her intention was to force the franc off its — admittedly shaky—pedestal, as a reprisal for France's intransigent attitude towards the Free Trade Area. The course of events, and in particular General de Gaulle's broadcast last night, must have inspired second thoughts. In the first place, not only is sterling to be externally convertible, but also the currencies of the Scandinavian countries, and, more significantly, those of France's partners in the Common Market, as well as her own. They have, at all events, could hardly have consented to be embroiled in a subtle conspiracy against the franc. In the second place, General de Gaulle has made it clear that devaluation is only one step in a series of stringent measures for the salvation of his country's economy. Behind the flamboyance of his phrasing one detects a condition of grave uneasiness, as well as a strong determination to make full and severe use of the almost unprecedented powers which have been reposed in him.

The social services are to be maintained, even increased, but so is an impressive array of taxes, and it is eminently clear that the French people are being required to tighten their belts. The devaluation of the franc will not lighten their burden. Many Frenchmen, indeed, will have cause to ask themselves if the establishment of the Common Market, in which they have reposed such high hopes of immediate prosperity, is—for the time being, anyhow—an unmixed blessing. Devaluation now shows itself an obvious concomitant of the Common Market: France could not hope to compete with the cheaper costs of production in her partner-nation, Federal Germany, and to export with any hope of success. Less obvious is France's decision to free virtually the whole of her import trade from restrictions as to quantity. It would have been helpful if she had made the same concessions a fortnight ago; and the suspicion is inevitable that General de Gaulle had not at that time made up his mind to devalue the franc —the decision which alone renders such liberalisation of trade more than a dangerous gamble. Have the events of this week-end done something to revive the hope of a Free Trade Area, or a colourable approximation thereto? It does not seem unlikely.

The Deputy's Hire

There are few more delicate questions with which Parliament can be asked to deal than that of the remuneration of its own members. To the modern legislature often falls the politically unpopular task of sanctioning the executive's attempts to counter inflation by restraining wage demands. Moreover, the very principle of paying an allowance to members of Parliament is not yet so old that the public accepts it as a prescriptive right of those whom it elects. It is always, therefore, with some embarrassment that our deputies raise the matter of improving their professional lot. No one, their argument seems to run, is in a better position to seek an increased emolument than the man who can vote it to himself out of the funds at the disposal of the State. For fear, therefore, that some such charge will be made against him, the T.D. is the last to propose an increase in his allowance, however well merited his claim may be.

If it is conceded—and it is by no means certain that the principle has universal support—that an elected member of Parliament enjoyed the right to an allowance of £52 a month in 1947 (before which year it had been £40), as well as generous travelling expenses where they could be justified, then there can be no doubt that some increase is warranted eleven years later, when salaries and wages have risen so considerably. It is not so much in determining the amount of the increase that would be warranted as in settling once and for all the standard of payment of a legislator that the principal interest in this question lies.

Should T.D.s be paid just enough to counterbalance whatever sacrifice is involved in their accepting a seat in Dáil Eireann? If so, should not some differentiation be attempted as between one T.D. who may be unemployed and another who may be director of several companies? Or should a fixed salary of tempting proportions be set forth to attract the best type of person into the political life? As with so many questions arising from the exercise of practical democracy, the answer lies somewhere in between, and must needs be one which will impose some hardship on some deputies and prove more than fair to others. (A good case can be made, however, for making whatever stipend is decided on subject to income tax; for personal experience of the income-tax code ought to be part of every T.D.'s equipment.) Some deputies are reported to be considering an application for increased allowances: they should do so without embarrassment, but with a conscientious attitude to a principle which is fundamental to good government.

Case Unproven

Over the years, parents have evolved their own ways of dealing with the doubts that are bound to arise among their children as to the existence of Santa Claus and the methods by which he solves such apparently insoluble problems as crossing the ocean by reindeer sleigh. His traditional mode of entry, via the chimney, has been badly hit in recent years by the development of various systems of space-heating which do not necessitate any form of chimney; and, indeed, even those modern homes which are still heated by coal fires now feature fireplaces which are hardly large enough to admit a full-grown man. In these circumstances, most enlightened parents fall back on magic as the explanation, or admit that in certain cases Santa Claus will stoop to the use of an ordinary doorway. Even those fathers — and they are growing fewer with every year that passes —who believe in dressing up as Santa Claus and filling their own children's stockings, have accepted the fact that it is necessary to enter the bedroom via the door, though verisimilitude may be given to the chimney tradition by "planting" a couple of sooty footprints on the hearth.

This is not enough, however, for Mr. Virgil Roper, of Pittsburgh. A stickler for realism, Mr. Roper felt that his children's growing doubts about Santa must be set at rest. Santa Claus must deliver the presents in person, he decided, and he must come down the chimney to do so.

Accordingly, Mr Roper donned a Santa Claus costume, climbed up on to the roof of his house on Christmas Eve, and proceeded to lower himself down the chimney, complete with a sack of toys. About half-way down he stuck, and dawn on Christmas Day found him still firmly embedded in the stack. The local fire-brigade was called out, but could do nothing, and eventually had to enlist the services of a bricklayer. Not until the bricklayer had dismantled the chimney-breast could Mr. Roper be released, and by then it was well into Christmas afternoon. His spirits had been kept up in the meantime by members of the family, who passed slices of cold turkey and Christmas cake up the chimney to him. So sad a tale must have a moral. Perhaps, in this case, it is that it is easier for children to believe that Santa Claus exists than for parents to prove it.

OBITUARY

COLONEL SAMPSON, D.S.O.

The death has taken place of Colonel Francis Cornelius Sampson, D.S.O., Moynoe House, Scariff, Co. Clare, who was 79 years old.

The second son of the late Dr. Francis Cornelius Sampson, he took his M.B. degree in the Royal University of Ireland and entered the Army Medical Service. He served in the First World War and was mentioned twice in despatches. In 1915 he was awarded the Distinguished Service Order, with bar. In Mesopotamia from 1919 to 1921 he was Lt.-Col., 91st Field Ambulance. 32nd Division. He retired with the rank of Colonel in 1936.

In 1919 he married Miss Mary D. Woodhouse, Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service, of Goodwood Egerton Park, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

MR. C. H. DONAGHY

Mr. Charles H. Donaghy, Glenearn, Omagh, a pioneer of bus services in the north-west of Ireland, and also a prominent figure in the cinema business in Co. Tyrone, died on Christmas morning after a long illness.

Mr. Donaghy inaugurated the public bus services between Omagh and Derry in 1926, and later opened up other bus routes in Co. Tyrone. Five years afterwards he sold the services and buses to the Great Northern Railway Co.

He is survived by one son and one daughter.

MR. DENIS SLATTERY

The death has taken place at his home, Cloghers House, Tralee, of Mr Denis Slattery.

Mr. Slattery, who was aged 79, was chairman of Messrs. J. M. Slattery and Sons, bacon curers, Tralee, before it was purchased by Messrs. Dennys. He was chairman of the Pig and Bacon Commission for many years. He was a life-long member and a former chairman of the Co. Kerry Coursing Club, and a permanent nominator in the Kingdom and Irish Cups.

He is survived by three daughters, Mrs. J. K. Bryce, Tralee; Mrs. P. J. Liston and Mrs. Frank Keane, Portsmouth.

DINNER SERVED TO 60 SEAMEN

The Catholic Seamen's Institute held the usual Christmas Day festivities for seamen. After a film show, which began at 4.30 p.m., Christmas dinner was served to about 60 people including Polish, Dutch, Scotch, Italian, Swedish, and Irish seamen. A variety concert organised by the Masque Theatre Players was given after the dinner, and many seafarers contributed items in their own tongues.

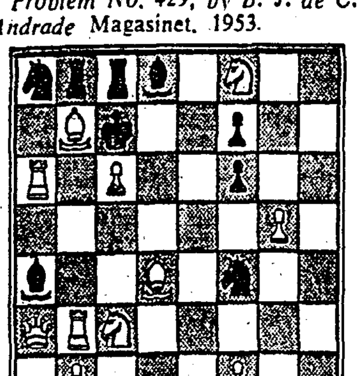
INFECTIOUS DISEASES

A total of 226 cases of infectious diseases was notified to the Public Health Department of Dublin Corporation during the week ended December 20th. Of these, 136 were of measles, 29 of whooping cough, 11 of scarlet fever, six of tuberculosis and one of erysipelas.

CHESS

By LEONARD BARDEN

Problem No. 429, by B. J. de C. Andrade Magasinet, 1953.



White to play and mate in two.

Solution to Problem No. 428: 1, BxP ch., RxB; 2, Q-B6 ch., Kt.xQ; 3, PxKt.ch., K-R2; 3, K-Kt.1; 4, R-Q8 ch.; 4, Kt-Kt.3 ch., K-Kt.1; 5, R-Q8 ch., followed by mate.

LONDON LETTER

59 FLEET STREET,
Sunday Night.

TO-MORROW the 46 people who demonstrated at the rocket-base site near Swaffham, in Norfolk, will appear in court there. Twenty-two of them spent Christmas in prison. The 19 men who passed the time in Norwich jail, including the Rev. Michael Scott, a seasoned campaigner—on a quite different issue in Africa, are reported to have had "a rollicking time," though it is, perhaps, not the kind of report that they would particularly welcome. The three women who went to Holloway are said to have been less happy and to have complained of the cold.

Unlike the women, the men were presented with a hamper by the local Labour Party, a telegram from the Bishop of Bristol, about 2,000 Christmas cards, and so many cigarettes, food parcels and fruit that they sent large quantities to one of the local hospitals.

This evening I heard them described at Orators' Corner, Hyde Park, as dangerous lunatics; and a woman put forward the view that a bomb should be dropped on them all. The orator in question was of a different opinion. It was curious to wander at the end of the past week's festivities, on a mild, pleasant evening, straight back into bedlam. The orators are not men for the peaceful pleasures, whatever they may say. I heard a young, apparently British, speaker inform about 50 people with relish that "you British are detested all over the earth."

The Solemn Entry

The outstanding event for most of the Irish community in London this week will be the Solemn Entry of Cardinal Godfrey, the new cardinal, into Westminster Cathedral. This traditional welcome to the new cardinal, returning from Rome after his appointment, is a rich and splendid ceremony. The cardinal walks in procession down the nave, preceded by a bearer with his red hat—which, in fact, is not a hat but a flat piece of red cloth that is not seen in public again during the cardinal's life.

The cathedral holds about 3,000 people, and has been fully reserved for the occasion. Much of the congregation will be Irish, the Irish Ambassador being included among the very large diplomatic representation.

Each of Cardinal Godfrey's four immediate predecessors made the same Solemn Entry after they had gone to the Vatican as Archbishop of Westminster and returned to London as cardinal. The appointment, of course, entitled each to wear a red skull-cap, or red biretta. It is only the red hat, which takes such an important role in the ceremony, that is not worn.

Dropping the Amber Light

The experiment starts to-morrow, in Leicester, of abandoning the amber light in the traffic lights for motorists who are preparing to go forward. It will continue for a year, and will be followed by the same experiment in Wolverhampton, Brighton, Hove and Northampton. The sequence of lights for cars which are already moving will be left as it is. That is to say, the green will turn to amber, and red.

That traffic lights should have become suspect after so many years of impunity would appear to be the result of the rapid growth of traffic in Britain. It is becoming "increasingly common" for motorists not to wait for the green light but to start off when it is amber, thus colliding with cars which are still crossing.

The amber light, of course, has been abandoned for halted traffic in Ireland for some years.

Boats for All

Having consideration to the time of year, perhaps the most surprising event that now annually follows Christmas in London is the National Boat Show. The fifth of these shows opens at Olympia on Wednesday. They have been growing rapidly in size, in prestige and in the volume of attendances since they were started, in spite of the odd appearance of boats at the centre of London in the middle of winter.

More than 250 exhibitors have booked space for stands this year. There will be 300 boats on show, ranging from dinghies costing £10 to a motor-cruiser with 10 berths, 56 feet long, costing £25,000. It is claimed to be the most varied exhibition of its kind in the world. The attendance last year was 185,000; at least 200,000 people are expected this year.

The buying of boats for Londoners is not as foolish an enterprise as it might seem. A whole section of the exhibition is devoted to the increasingly popular tubular boat-trailers, and special car-top racks for the smallest boats. In fact, one quite often sees boats in domestic garages in the London suburbs. Some are home-built. The show will have a department for "build-it-yourself" enthusiasts, displaying boat kits, with a stand on which experts will be seen building boats on the spot.

"Cinderella"

During the week the Royal Ballet gave four performances of Frederick Ashton's ballet "Cinderella," with Margot Fonteyn and Beriosova each dancing twice, and Michael Somes as the Prince. The production is being retained in the repertory until January 17th. For the following three weeks, they will dance, alternating with the opera, full-length ballets on all except one evening. "The Sleeping Beauty," one of their most lavish presentations, will be danced several times, as will the new ballet "Ondine," and there will be two performances of "Coppelia."

I visited them last to see a triple bill that included the 100th performance at the Royal Opera House of Massine's ballet "Mam'zelle Angot" with music by Lecocq and settings by Derain — the name appears over a distant tavern door. I had forgotten what an enjoyable ballet it is when danced as spiritedly as on this occasion by Merle Park, Alexander Grant and Gary Burne. There followed the second performance there of "La Fête Etrange" by André Howard with music by Fauré. Danced against lovely décor by Sophie Fedorovitch, it is a poetic study relating how a poor country boy happened to enter a chateau during wedding celebrations and won the affection of the young bride before returning to his solitude. Pernn Trecu and Beriosova matched perfectly the haunting mystery of Fauré's music in their dancing. Stravinsky's "Firebird" completed the programme.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ICELANDIC FISHERIES—AND IRISH?

SIR,—Since 1921 a large portion of my work has concerned the primary productivity of the oceans. Just as cattle and sheep depend on green pastures, all animal life in the sea depends on plants. But in this case the food is in the form of very minute cells floating in the water. These contain chlorophyll, just as do land plants, and when exposed to daylight in the upper waters an almost incredibly great amount of food is produced. Like land plants, those floating in the sea need mineral salts, of which phosphates and compounds of nitrogen may be entirely used up when there is sufficient light. The supply in the upper 20 metres of the sea is usually almost or quite exhausted. But currents striking a shallow coastal zone may flood across it, thus renewing the nutrient salts. A very general renewal occurs in the autumn, when the upper 20 metres or so—warmed in spring and summer—cools again and sinks, being then denser.

We see therefore that a great production of plant life occurs in positions favouring the upwelling of deep water, as on the Banks of Newfoundland and on the coasts of Iceland. Such regions are therefore rich in the small herbivorous animals which in turn are devoured by young fish.

The vast multitudes of fish in certain regions may be observed by anyone watching on deck at night while steaming through a shoal. The silver phosphorescent streaks flash out from near the bow of the ship in uncountable thousands, and may continue to do so for hours. Yet for all their multitudes there comes a limit. They can be overfished so as to leave insufficient stock to survive the losses due to natural predators. The fishery then dies. It is no longer an economic proposition.

Sixty years ago, when I was a boy, the herring fishing brought dozens of Manx boats to Kinsale, Valentia and the intervening coasts of Munster. This activity died out many years ago. But when I came to Plymouth in 1921, the Lowestoft and Brixham vessels went out in the afternoon and lay off the coast like a lighted town, returning well filled in the morning. This has ceased. The relatively few boats now fish largely for skates, rays, dogfish—not much eaten when better fish was obtainable.

Judging by newspaper reports, the herring fishery in the North Sea is now poor, and the boats of several nations vie with each other in wiping out what remains. The weapons of fishery have increased enormously in potency since the Manx smacks used to sail down.

In 1906 Scotland had 90 steam drifters and drifter lines, rising 908 in 1914 and falling to 402 by 1938. I do not think any steam-driven vessels are now in use—a few may be. But, starting in 1907, motor-boats came into use, and rose to 2,020 by 1922, and to 2,471 by 1938. Since then diesel engines have multiplied.

The home fishing grounds becoming exhausted, our ships have gone north. Thus whereas, in 1929, 4,000,000 cwt. of fresh demersal fish was landed in Britain from foreign waters, in 1937 our ships landed over 8,000,000 cwt. The proportion has greatly increased in recent years.

We see, therefore, that Iceland is faced with the ruinous exploitation of her fishery resources by many nations. Ere long her ports may be as dead as Kinsale and her fish-eating population hungry. This twelve-mile limit is not a political move, but an act to which the Icelanders are driven by self-preservation. That the British Government has resisted the application of the limit is, I believe, the blackest mark upon its national honour that I can remember.—Yours, etc.,

W. R. G. ATKINS.
Old Vicarage, Antony,
Torpoint, Cornwall.
December 19th, 1958

"P.R."

SIR,—Allow me to congratulate Mrs. Ahern on her suggestion (December 23rd) that Fine Gael should "initiate such an organisation as recommended by Mr. Seán MacBride at Longford," in which all Opposition groups would unite to fight against the straight vote.

Such an organisation would not, I believe, be successful in persuading the people to keep the disintegrating system of P.R., now that they have a chance to getting rid of it. But the fact of these parties uniting on a declared policy to fight the referendum would help to form an integrated single party to fight the next general election on whatever policy they can agree to put to the electors.

Mrs. Ahern should remember that Mr. MacBride's public offer to unite with the Labour Party has already been twice rejected, and that she will have a better chance of attaining her object by proceeding quietly. With a little patience and confidential negotiation there is no reason why the parties which bridged the gap between an immediate Republic and the Empire for Ever in order to form a Government should not unite to form a single organisation to fight for a policy upon which recently they have all publicly agreed.—Yours, etc.,

(MRS.) CELIA LYNCH, T.D.
Dáil Eireann, Dublin.
December 23rd, 1958.

THE SHANNON ESTUARY

SIR,—Once again, and with as much reluctance as ever, I find myself in conflict with a suggestion regarding the development of the Shannon estuary. I feel, however, that some effort must be made to prevent the pursuit of ideas which, because they have no commercial foundation, can only serve to confuse and discredit more sound suggestions concerning our maritime development.

Major H. de W. Waller contends (December 20th) that the estuary should be used as a trans-Atlantic passenger terminal. This is the third separate scheme regarding the Shannon since your newspaper published special articles by Major Waller (December 10th, 11th, 1956), which put forward the thesis that only the Shannon estuary could cater for the monster ships being built to-day. In support of this doctrine, Mr. G. C. Lyman contributed several further articles which called for the development of a Free Port in the estuary. Again the accent of the arguments advanced suggested the inability of European ports to cater for large ships. It will be seen that I dealt with these several views in turn and pointed out:

(a) there is no demand for a European Free Port, at least not of the traditional type.

(b) European ports would adjust their depths and facilities to cater for giant ships. Events since that time have fully vindicated my views.

(Continued on page 9)

NEW STAMP

The special stamp to mark the twenty-first anniversary of the coming into operation of the Constitution of Ireland will be issued to-day. The stamp is in two denominations, 3d. and 5d.

Envelopes bearing the new stamp which are handed in at the General Post Office or St. Andrew street branch office in Dublin, or at the Head Post Offices at Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Galway, Dun Laoghaire or Wexford, with a request for special cancellation, will be impressed with a first day of issue mark in Irish and English.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MR. AND MRS. S. F. CARVER of Lawrenceville, Virginia, have arrived in Dublin and are staying in the Shelbourne Hotel.

Mr. J. D. Milburn, of Donegal, is on a visit to Dublin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Pryde, who have been staying in the Royal Hibernian Hotel, have returned to Galway.

Mr. Anthony Goodridge, who has been paying a visit to Dublin, has returned to London.

Lord Dunleath, is on a visit to Dublin and is staying in the Hotel Russell.

Mr. C. Boettger has arrived in Dublin from Munich.

MR. G. MARSHALL—MISS R. BORNEMANN.

The engagement is announced between Gilbert, youngest son of the late Reverend and Mrs. R. T. Marshall, Kirkcaldy, Scotland, and Rita, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Bornemann, 157 Kimmage road west, Terenure, Dublin.

MR. P. H. RAINSFORD—MISS A. TROUP.

The engagement is announced between Patrick Hume, only son of Mr. H. F. Rainsford of Epsom, England, and Mrs. F. E. Burbrook of Nairobi, Kenya, and Anne, third daughter of Mrs. E. S. Troup and the late Rev. D. Troup of Greenock, Scotland.

MR. N. R. E. TRAVERS—MISS D. A. B. MAY.

The engagement is announced between Neil Rennie Eaton, only son of Lt. Colonel and Mrs. Eaton Travers, Timoleague House, Timoleague, Co. Cork, and Dawn Ann Rosaleen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roland May, Riversdale, Bandon, Co. Cork.

MR. R. W. POPE—MISS M. S. ROWLAND.

The engagement is announced between Ronald William, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Pope, 13 Rockfield avenue, Terenure, and Margaret Scott (Mairéad), elder daughter of Mrs. Leila Rowland and the late Charles J. Rowland, 7 Cremore drive, Glasnevin.

Mr. D. L. GORDON, B.Sc.—MISS H. M. J. WOODS, S.R.N., S.C.M.

The engagement is announced between Donald, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Gordon, 43 Ladas drive, Castlereagh, Belfast, and Helen, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Woods, Glencora, Tramore Lawn, Douglas, Cork.

MR. G. T. EXSHAW—MISS V. F. M. FRY

The engagement is announced between Gordon Thomas, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. George Exshaw, Westbury, Bishopstown Park, Cork, and Valda Florence Moore, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Fry, Hawarden, The Marina, Cork.

MR. C. H. KELLAND—MISS M. MEKKING.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Mekking, Regeling, 79 Terenure road, west, Dublin, have much pleasure in announcing the engagement of their third daughter, Micke, to Cliff, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Kelland, of New Delhi, India.

DOROTHY MACARDLE

AN APPRECIATION

Dorothy Macardle was laid to rest on Christmas Eve on the sunny slope of the hill she loved so well. Among those who gathered in the graveyard were some in silk hats and some in shabby tweed. Some came to mourn the patriot whose coffin was draped with the National Flag, some the writer and poet, others the teacher and lecturer, and all a generous, inspiring friend.

In the last few months it had become clear that her health was failing, yet her mental energy, her clarity of vision and her passionate interest in life never weakened. She still reacted with a vigorous "stuff and nonsense!" to any hypocrisy or false values. For her, freedom was the highest goal. She refused to join the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom because "you can't put peace before freedom," she said. "You've got to have freedom first." In the cause of freedom she sacrificed prospects of a life of material comfort and intellectual success without the hardships and dangers, the bitterness and frustration, and the loneliness that were the inevitable lot of those who entered the political field. She faced all that might come with a gallant heart.

"Freedom is such a wondrous thing to make a people brave,
Fashions a wise man from a churl, a hero from a slave.
I can abide, for love of it, in prison or the grave."

As she grew older she devoted herself more and more to work for the welfare of children. She concentrated immense industry to her detailed study of post-war conditions, "Children in Uniform," and any effort on behalf of suffering children was certain of her vigorous support. She was never known to give half-hearted support to any cause. She loved to have children and young people about her. "It's the young people who matter," she would say emphatically, "they're the important people." With young people she was all eagerness and generous encouragement, enlivening every study with gaiety and with unfailing interest in a fresh point of view.

When the prayers by the graveside were over, a life-long friend of hers read aloud "St. Patrick's Breastplate," in fulfilment of her expressed desire. The "Breastplate's" strong, clear note of courage and unshakable faith in the future echoed the keynote of Dorothy Macardle's life.

R.M.

PRAYERS FOR RAIN IN ISRAEL

The Chief Rabbinate have called for prayers for rain in all synagogues in Israel, as the drought, which is spoiling crops and drying up wells, continues. The invasion of locusts also continues unmitigated, and has reached as far north as Nazareth, and down to the most southerly settlements.

In central and northern districts planes are having some success with spraying operations, but only after considerable damage has been done by the locusts.—(Reuter.)

HARCOURT STREET LINE

New Use For An Old Railway

By Hugh Munro

THE Law of Interchangeability of Buildings and Public Works ("Some purpose can always be found for any fresh building of any size or type") has long been established here. A bus station can become an office block, a power station can become a motor assembly works (at Ringsend), a fort and hotel can become a power station (at Pigeon House), an exhibition building can become an Aula Maxima.

This lack of concern about the suitability of buildings for their function is all the more to be expected seeing that The Plans Got Mixed in the case of so many Irish public buildings, so that we have police barracks dotted around the country that were designed for India, and a building that was intended for Washington ended up in the Phoenix Park.

There is, in fact, a feeling that any building that has achieved the difficult feat of getting itself erected in the first place thereby acquires a prescriptive right to stay erected indefinitely. When it was known that the Harcourt Street line was to be closed, it was only to be expected that there would be suggestions that the station and line could be used for some other purpose.

Throughway

Whatever may be said about turning the station itself into a concert hall, there is a lot more to the suggestion to turn the path of the line into a road than a mere feeling that some use should be made of an existing asset.

The abandonment of the railway will make available, between Harcourt street and Shankill, a graded way for a road 25 feet wide, with easy gradients and curves and broken only by one crossroads (at Leopardstown) and a few accommodation crossings. A roadway of this width would have a capacity of 400 vehicles an hour, which is a density of traffic exceeded in Ireland only on the Dublin-Naas, Dublin-Swords and Dublin-Leixlip roads, and on the Bray road itself. It could have the advantages, normally only found in a motorway or autobahn, of restriction of access to a few points, and exclusion of cyclists and pedestrians.

The fact that the proposed road to Shankill—let us call it the throughway—would, while having some of the characteristics of a motorway, be too narrow for a double carriageway, is no objection of little force. There can be no question of building a full-scale limited-access motorway to Bray in the foreseeable future, even if the traffic demanded it: it would cost too much.

Limited Access

The throughway should be regarded not as a motorway, but as a roadway with limited access.

It should be judged as a method of improving traffic facilities to Bray in comparison with the only alternative to it, which is the improvement of the existing Bray road while maintaining the six main cross-roads and 44 branch roads which lie on it between Leeson street and Shankill.

Something will soon have to be done about the Bray road. A scheme to cost some hundreds of thousands of pounds foundered some years ago in the face of an outcry at the expense and objections to the amount of site acquisition necessary.

This scheme provided for a double carriageway, which would make the road safer, but not materially faster, since there would still be 56 access roads.

The Cost

The throughway, in its simplest development, which would be to surface it as a road and provide an access lane through the station yards at Shankill, Dundrum and Harcourt street (there would be access also at Leopardstown crossing) would cost about £100,000.

Would this expenditure on a new Bray road justify itself, in terms of traffic drawn off the existing Bray road and Dundrum road, in reduced cost of accidents, in reduced travelling time, and in reduced wear and tear of vehicles? The answer to this question depends on traffic studies now being undertaken by the authorities to indicate how much traffic originates in and beyond Bray, in Foxrock and Mount Merrion, and in Dundrum and beyond for destinations which are convenient to Harcourt street (and vice versa).

Whatever the result of these studies, it is worth pointing out that £100,000 is only about one-sixtieth of the amount spent annually on Irish roads since the war, and that £10-20,000 has been spent on straightening a bend on the Cork road. It is almost certain that the throughway would give more value for money than most recent expenditure on Irish roads.

One-way Road

What if traffic on the throughway proved to be greater than its rated capacity of 400 vehicles per hour? In this case it might be advisable to operate it as a reversible one-way road—inwards towards Dublin in the morning and outwards in the evening in accordance with the prevailing flow of traffic. The direction could be controlled by traffic lights, and the changeover would occur at a time of slack flow when the density of traffic would be well within the throughway's capacity as a two-way road.

The results of current investigations into the use of the Harcourt street line as a road must therefore be looked forward to with interest.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Teachers emigrate.—Three teachers of Cookstown Intermediate School have resigned and are emigrating to South Africa to take up teaching appointments there. They are: Messrs. R. G. Beaxie, W. A. E. McCann and R. Hamilton.

Lukaemia scientist dies. — Dr. Francisco Mas Magro, known for his research into the causes of diseases of the blood, died at Alicante, Spain, after a short illness. He was 79.—(U.P.I.)

The big puff.—Americans smoked a record of 424,000,000,000 cigarettes in 1958, an increase of 3.6% over the previous record last year, Business Week magazine reports.—(U.P.I.)

Seaman granted asylum.—Josef Kilar, a Polish seaman who landed at Cobh in November seeking political asylum, has been granted permission to stay in Britain.

Homes nationalised.—The Yugo-Slav Parliament has ordered the nationalisation of all privately-owned houses above a strictly limited size. A Yugo-Slav will be permitted to own only two flats of any size.—(Reuter.)

Died in fire.—Miss Agnes Telfer (76), who lived alone, died in a fire in her cottage at Elsdon, near Otterburn, Northumberland.

Factory explosion.—Eight people were killed and six seriously injured in an explosion at a gunpowder factory at Katni, near Jubbulpore, North India.

Four-day visit. — The Italian Prime Minister, Signor Fanfani, will arrive in Cairo for a four-day visit on January 6th, and will have talks with President Nasser.—(Reuter.)

Oil restriction extended.—President Eisenhower has ordered a two-month extension, until February 28th, of the United States voluntary programme restricting crude oil imports. The president had acted on the recommendation of a special investigation committee.—(Reuter).

Sir John Barbirolli, chief conductor of the Hallé Orchestra, now on a three-month tour of North America, has rejected two offers of permanent conductorship in America.

Adenauer adviser released. — A Cologne court has ordered the immediate release from investigative custody of Hans Kilb, former personal adviser to the Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer. Kilb was arrested three months ago on charges of having accepted the loan of two motor-cars from a motor manufacturer doing business with the Federal German Government.—(U.P.I.)

Drove while drunk.—District Justice Hurley at Lisdoonvarna fined Denis Jordan (68), Rathbaun, Lisdoonvarna, £40 and disqualified him from driving for 12 months for driving while drunk on November 20th.

36 years' record.—The first Civic Guard sergeant to arrive in Ennis in 1922, Denis Hickey retired last week after his 36 years of service, which had been spent in the same town. He is replaced at Ennis by Sergeant J. J. Murphy, Newmarket-on-Fergus.

To elect commissioner. — The Foreign Ministers of the six countries of the Common Market are expected to meet in Brussels on January 20th to elect a successor to the Euratom High Commissioner, M. Louis Armand, of France, who has been ill for several months.—(U.P.I.)

U.S. living costs up.—The U.S. cost of living rose in November to equal a record set in July, the Government reported—meaning a big increase for more than 1,000,000 people. Increased costs of new cars sent the consumer-price index up two-tenths of 1% to 123.9% of the average 1947-49 prices.—(U.P.I.)

Danger over.—A 15-foot crack, which split the ice-floe carrying Russia's North Pole research station has closed up again and no longer endangers the staff of the station, Tass reported.—(Reuter.)

U.C.C. ELECTION

At the U.C.C. governing body election, the outgoing candidates were re-elected by the graduates to fill the four vacancies on the governing body for the three years starting next February 1st:—Declan Thomas McSweeney, M.Sc.; Patrick Kiely, M.D., M.Ch.; Cornelius Francis Burns, M.A.; Michael Vincent Conlon, M.A., Barrister at Law. There were seven candidates.

RESULTS OF U.C.G. EXAMINATIONS

The following were the provisional results of the winter examinations at U.C.G.: M.B., Bch., B.A.O.: (pass), P. E. Byrne, I.R.P.P., Chung Tung, T. A. Conroy, P. J. E. Greene, J. J. Hurley, T. J. Hyper, A. M. McGrenra, P. C. Skehy, A. Wilson.

Exempted from further examination in opthalmology, oto-rhino-laryngology and psychiatry: Margaret W. Bodkin, M. D. Burke, Mary N. G. T. Counahan, A. Dougherty, T. S. Dunstan, P. Eustace, Mary B. C. Giblin, P. J. Haran, Nuala M. A. Healy, W. D. Henry, Patricia E. Kennedy, M. Lydon, J. McGrath, D. R. Moloney, P. F. O'Malley, T. C. O'Toole, Catherine D. Sexton, R. E. Toner, N. Walsh, P. J. C. Ward, C. G. Whelan.

Exempted from further examination in the subjects after their names: P. Fitzpatrick (surgery, obstetrics); T. McGinley (medicine, oto-rhino-laryngology); L. Maciag (medicine); Maria C. Shea (surgery).

M. D. degree: C. Lucey, M.B., B.Ch., B.A.O.

WEDDINGS.

MR. ALWYN WILLIAMS AND MISS ELIZABETH DALZELL

The wedding took place on Sunday at Adelaide road church of Mr. Alwyn Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Williams, Rivie View, Cloughjordan, Co. Tipperary, and Miss Elizabeth Dalzell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Dalzell, Braemor park, Rathgar. The service was conducted by the Rev. S. Gordon Young. The bride wore a chalk white gown of French Chantilly lace over satin, and was given away by her father. She wore a veil of white nylon tulle arranged over a wreath of orange blossom and pearls and carried a bouquet of white carnations, freesias and hyacinth tips. The bridesmaids were Miss Ann Caruth and Miss Rosalind Armstrong (cousins of the bride), who wore gowns of red nylon organza over red taffeta and carried white carnations, freesias, button chrysanthemums and holly berries. Mr. Derek Cole was best man and the groomsmen were Mr. R. Fennell, Mr. A. Williams and Mr. R. A. Dalzell. After a reception at the Royal Hibernian Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Williams left for Scotland.

MR. OLIVER MEADE AND MISS MARIE DILLON

The wedding took place on Saturday at the Church of the Visitation, Fairview, of Mr. Oliver Meade, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Meade, Ardee, Footstown, House, Ardee, Co. Louth, and Miss Marie Dillon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Dillon, 41 Addison road, Fairview. The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Dr. E. C. Arthurs, Bishop of Tanganyika, assisted by Canon Walter McDonald, the Rev. John Dunne, the Rev. N. Foley and the Rev. S. Cullen. Miss Vivienne Dillon, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and the best man was Mr. Christopher Dillon. Groomsmen were Mr. Seán Boyle, Mr. John Kelly, Dr. P. Leonard and Mr. Brendan Dillon. A reception was held in the Royal Marine Hotel, Dun Laoghaire.

CHURCH SERVICES

St. Bartholomew's.—7, Matins, 7.30, Holy Eucharist, 7.15, Evensong. All Saints', Grangegorman.—9, Matins, 7.30, Evensong.

SUN AND TIDES

THE SUN

	To-day	To-morrow
Rises	8.42	8.42
Sets	4.19	4.20
Lighting-up Time	4.43	4.44

TIDES

	Morning	Evening
Dublin	1.12	1.28
Cobh	7.17	7.54
Belfast	12.30	12.53

AT OTHER PORTS

(To get the times, add or subtract the bracketed times to, or from, the Dublin times.)

Dundalk (as Dublin).
Drogheda (add 5 minutes).
Bray (subtract 6 minutes).
Wexford (subtract 6 hours 39 minutes).
Waterford (subtract 5 hours 37 minutes).
Limerick (subtract 5 hours 21 minutes).

Dixon Hempenstall, 111 Grafton street, Dublin—Barometer

DEATH

LEAHY—December 28, 1958 (suddenly), at a Dublin hospital, David, dearly loved husband of Josephine Leahy, 12 Burlington road, Dublin. R.I.P. Funeral arrangements later. House private.

IRISHMAN'S DIARY

Miss Dorothy Macardle : The "Potting" of National Anthems
Colonel MacKelvie : The Stage Society : Going to School

Going to School

May I congratulate the D.U.T.C. on its new service of 'buses to carry the children of the Kinnage area to and from school?

Apart from everything else, it will relieve their mothers of a great deal of anxiety and trouble. For this business of going to and coming from school is one of the most worrying features of domestic life to-day.

In my young days the unfortunate child who was brought to and from school, either by a parent or by "the girl," generally had a bad time with the other urchins. But nowadays there is no help for it. Small children simply cannot be trusted to cross roads by themselves, and, if the home is not well enough off to afford a maid—or if the maid cannot be released at those particular hours—the unhappy mama has no choice but to go herself. She can, of course, send the children unaccompanied, but she generally pays for it in agonies of apprehension.

Often enough I have watched harassed mothers taking the younger children to school in the morning, and simultaneously pushing a perambulator with a cross baby that does not relish the air of 9 a.m. And they never complain.

The Endless "International"

The broadcasting ceilidh bands are not the worst after all. I was a trifle severe the other day on the inordinate length and lack of variety of their "items," but now I know where they got the habit.

They got it from Russia.

No doubt, their experience has been the same as mine. Every time when, by accident or design, I tune in to Moscow there is a brass band playing the "International," varied on occasions by a choir singing it. And apparently Russia's reverence for the "International" does not permit it to be sung for less than ten minutes at a time. On and on and on it goes, verse after verse, for what seems an eternity to the weary listener.

Often I wonder if anybody ever waits to hear what comes after it. Generally my brain is dulled after the first few minutes and I turn to some other station—which means one prospective convert the fewer for the Soviet broadcasting authorities.

"Capitalist" Irreverence—

This Soviet reluctance to desecrate the "International" by reducing it even to bearable limits is in marked contrast with the practice of the "non-Red" nations. Here in Ireland, of course, we have been accustomed for years to cut down the "Soldier's Song" to the first and last few bars of the chorus; and it is only on super-full-dress occasions that the verse is played as well as the chorus.

In Great Britain, too, they generally content themselves with the first couple of phrases of "God Save the King."

But democratic nations are inclined to be slapdash about such matters. The surprising thing to me is that a similar laxity is creeping into the ranks of the National-Socialists. Germany, of course, is saddled with two national anthems—or, rather, one party anthem and one national anthem—the "Horst Wessel Lied" and "Deutschland Ueber Alles." As a rule, they play a whole stanza of the first—complete with repetitions—followed by a whole stanza of the second—likewise with repetitions.

—And Fascist Profanity

Nowadays, however, several German broadcasting stations, when signing off for the night, present a severely potted version of these venerable ditties. They play, first, the last couple of lines of the "Horst Wessel Lied," and then, by a simple and not brilliantly musical transition, carry on into the last two lines of "Deutschland Ueber Alles." In effect, they save twelve lines out of sixteen.

The Italians, on the other hand, have made no effort to produce a potted version of "Giovinezza." They hardly could expect to, since the chorus of "Giovinezza" is already just about as short as it could be.

But they, like ourselves, seldom bother to play the preceding verse; and that is curious, because it is a great deal more inspiring than the tin-pot chorus.

"The Irish Republic"

I learn that Miss Dorothy Macardle's book, "The Irish Republic," will be published within the next month. It is a monumental work of over 1,000 pages.

The book is likely to provoke more controversy in Ireland than any book published in recent years. Miss Macardle's account of the Treaty divisions is uncompromisingly Republican, and she is now a devoted supporter of Mr. de Valera. I have already heard any amount of fiery "advance criticism."

In his introduction to the book the President says:

"As a historian, Miss Macardle has the supreme merit of being devoted to the truth. She presents the events in order and lets them tell their own story. She writes as a Republican, but constantly refers the reader to sources of information on the opposite side. Her intimate knowledge of the period enabled her to see where close detail was essential for a proper understanding of what occurred, and this detail is given.

"Her interpretations and conclusions are her own. They do not represent the doctrines of any party. In many cases they are not in accord with my views, but her book is an exhaustive chronicle of fact, and provides the basis for an independent study of the period and a considered judgment upon it.

"Only a military history is now required to complete the narrative of the Republican struggle during the seven years."

Colonel MacKelvie

Another hunting visitor to Ireland is Colonel MacKelvie, who has been Lady Athlumney's guest at Somerville for the last two weeks.

Colonel MacKelvie is one of the few people who, in Ireland these times, uses a second horse in his day's hunting. That fact alone, my hunting friends tell me, proclaims him the seasoned sportsman. The general tendency to-day is to make the one unhappy beast carry you from eleven to three. The reason, of course, is not far to seek: it is financial stringency.

Colonel MacKelvie enjoyed some excellent sport with the Meaths and Wards during his visit. He would agree, I fancy, with the Earl of Harewood, who is reputed to have said that hunting in Ireland is a real sport, free from the snobbery of the English field.

A New Theatre

I am interested to learn that still another theatrical group has been formed in Dublin.

This is called the Stage Society, and its purpose, I am told, is to present plays of a controversial nature which have not been seen hitherto in Ireland. The directors are Messrs. Alec. Digges, John Lodwick, and Desmond O'Connor, and they propose to open their first season at the Peacock Theatre in April.

The first production will be Mr. Lodwick's "The Basket of Fruit." After that will come James Joyce's only play, "Exiles," and then C. S. Forester's "U 97." These will be followed by Shelley's "The Cenci," which, I believe, has been staged in England, but certainly never in this country.

"The Cenci" is my mark, inasmuch as I nourish a passion for verse plays, but the venture generally promises to be of the utmost interest.

QUIDNUNC.

IRISHWOMEN FOR GENEVA

THE CONDITIONS OF EMPLOYMENT

FROM OUR INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT.

A delegation of women from Ireland will visit Geneva to assist in the international campaign to secure support from the League of Nations Assembly for the Equal Rights Treaty, which has been submitted to the League by certain South American countries.

The delegates were appointed by interested women's organisations. They are the Misses Dorothy Macardle, Helen Chenevix and Lily Lennon. Miss Lennon is vice-president of the Irish Women Workers' Union and a member of the National Executive of the Irish Trades Union Congress. She was appointed by her union, to which Miss Chenevix also belongs, as their particular representative.

The Irish delegates will work in conjunction with the Consultative Committee of Women authorised by the League of Nations to report on the subject of the status of women.

A conference of women, held at 48 Fleet street, Dublin, expressed satisfaction at the sympathetic hearing given to the deputation by President de Valera, but regrets were expressed that he had not given any definite assurances regarding the request for reconsideration of Clause 12 of the Conditions of Employment Bill.

The conference recommended the delegates to Geneva to give special attention to the conditions of employment of women, and to ensure that this matter should be brought prominently to the notice of delegates to the Assembly.

The conference also advised the delegates to give every possible support to the question of anti-militarism and world peace. The speakers held that this was a matter of vital importance to women, and was very closely linked with their position and powers as citizens.

APPEAL OF EMPRESS OF ABYSSINIA

A letter has been forwarded to the Empress of Abyssinia by a number of representative Dublin women in response to her appeal to the women of the world to join her in prayer for peace. The letter states that the senders wish the Empress to know that her appeal has their full sympathy, and that they, and many other Irish women, are joining her in prayer.

JEWISH ORPHANS

SIR,—As a Jewish mother I found Miss Dorothy Macardle's article (November 5th) of great interest. May I, however, point out the real issue, which is that Jewish children are being brought up in an alien faith? And this in itself constitutes a crime.

Jews all over the world are deeply conscious of the debt they owe to those wonderful men and women who, at the risk of their own lives, sheltered orphaned Jewish children during the war. At the same time, we ourselves abhor religious conversion, and our feeling is that no Jewish child should be forcibly kidnapped with the sole object of conversion. This is what actually happened in the case quoted by Miss Macardle.

I can assure her that the other children whom she mentions have settled down very happily amongst their own people. Children quickly adapt themselves to a new environment

Can anyone blame us, having lost six million adults and one million children to the Nazis, for wishing to rescue any remnants remaining in the care of professed Christians?

I myself have yet to encounter a Christian who lives according to the teachings of Christ. My husband and I know what it is to suffer insult and humiliation because we are Jews. Nevertheless, because we are the inheritors of a way of life and thought superior to any other, I proudly sign myself.—Yours, etc.,

JEWISH MOTHER.

Dublin, November 6th, 1955.

"WAITING FOR GODOT"

SIR,—The London production of "Waiting for Godot," which I saw recently, would be hard to surpass, either in production or acting.

The producer, obviously a man of great intelligence and imagination, did not think it necessary to include the cruder words or phrases. —Yours, etc.,

SHEILA O'GRADY.

11 Ailesbury Gardens,
Sidney Parade, Dublin.
November 8th, 1955.

JEWISH ORPHANS

A Sequel to War

By Dorothy Macardle

JUST a year after the end of the war I had, in Holland, an experience that threatened at first to be grim, but very quickly became exhilarating. I was shown and told all that could be learnt in a two-weeks' visit about the child victims of occupation and war. While the tale of suffering stunned one's imagination, all that was being done to relieve and comfort the young survivors was astonishing, too. It was clear that the Ministries and the populace, in the midst of their chaotic problems, were attaching immense importance to the well-being of the children, and not only to their physical recovery but to their happiness and peace of mind.

In that brutally denuded country I saw new clinics, homes and colonies dedicated to every grade and phase of the children's varied needs. Experts were bringing to the task a combination of scientific knowledge, sensitive insight and loving solicitude. Psychiatrists and psychologists were over-working in a devoted effort to win back to normality young minds distorted by terror and grief. I learned, too, how thousands of the Jewish children condemned to extermination or forced labour had been rescued; and I thought that Christendom has never more surely justified its claims and title than in that compassionate work.

Fugitive

Very dark against this shining memory looks a sequel reported from Holland last week—police searching for one of those rescued children, to separate her from her foster-mother and hand her over to a foundation for Jewish orphans; a woman aged 57, a sister of the foster-mother, sent to jail for eight months; a Dominican priest imprisoned for two months and a nun sentenced to prison *in absentia*, all for helping the hunted girl to escape. For the second time, Anneke Beek lives through the nightmare of those who evade pursuers; for a second time, if she is caught, she will be forcibly taken away from everyone whom she trusts and loves. Innocent, she endures the fears of a criminal fugitive at 14. Yet who is to blame? People of heart and conscience are contending for Anneke for the sake of affection and of principle.

To gain insight into the factors which have made such a tragedy possible in a child-loving country, it is necessary to recall the circumstances under which those emergency adoptions took place.

Nazi Purge of Jews

Adults were taken first, in Holland, when the mass deportation of Jews began in May, 1942. Children whose parents had been seized rushed, frantic with fear, to friends or schools or clinics, imploring to be hidden. They were not refused. Very soon came the decree for the seizure of the children. All the children in three Jewish orphanages and some sent for inoculation to a dispensary, as well as others, disappeared. It was realised that no Jewish child would be spared. To pass little Jews off as Dutch children, who are nearly all blue-eyed and blonde, was scarcely possible. Most of the fugitives had to live in concealment and crouch in cellars, laundry-baskets and cupboards, or in the orchards, clinging to the boughs of trees, while suspected houses were searched. The Gestapo discovered ten in the house of a young man, a teacher. They deported the children and beat him to death.

Students organised rescues. They formed four groups of *Onderduikers* (in the watery Netherlands they "dive under" instead of going underground). They sought out people willing to receive the children and then went to Jewish parents who knew themselves to be doomed. The children were smuggled to safety in daring and ingenious ways, often passed over garden walls in sacks.

It is not hard to understand how a relationship of extraordinary closeness grew up between a foster-parent and such a threatened, dependent child. Self-sacrifice, dedication, the act of protecting, are in themselves productive of love, while for the child the whole world outside his home was a jungle full of merciless men who had done something terrible to his parents and who would destroy him if they could. Only in that house, in the very presence of his guardians, was he secure. For three years of war, the roots and tendrils of that clinging dependence grew. The children absorbed the atmosphere and, inevitably, the Christian influence of their homes. But they were Jews.

The Resistance took measures during the last months of the war to provide for the children. The Queen, while still in exile, signed new decrees. The war Foster-Children's Organisation prepared to undertake the reuniting of families and providing of homes for children without friends. The day the war ended, its office was besieged. Fifteen thousand children were on the Committee's lists—Jewish children who had been living concealed.

Jewish Claims

Most of the surviving parents whose children were safe showed remarkable patience, making themselves familiar and dear again to their children before they removed them from their foster-homes. But of the Jews deported from the Netherlands more than 80,000 adults as well as 20,000 children were dead. A great many of the rescued children were soon known to be orphans, and these the Jewish community claimed. Israel had lost two million of its children: the Jewish community was resolved to gather to itself those without parents who had survived. Moreover, the Rabbis insisted this was a duty to the individual child, who would never find peace of spirit outside his ancestral fold and faith. A relative, however, unknown to the child and distant in kinship, would feel it a duty to take the orphan, in spite of the child's anguish and despair. One little girl, after heart-rending contentions, was put on a plane for Palestine. In contested cases the War-Foster-Children's Committee would negotiate, but it was for the courts to decide. The police were given tasks that they abhorred, and the members of the Committee had to face distressing scenes. He would go into exile, into hiding or to prison, rather than give up his little foster-daughter, one man declared. That child's condition at the thought of separation came so near to hysteria that she was reprieved. In all difficult cases child psychologists were consulted by the Courts, and there were others of this sort, in which they concluded that the shock of a second uprooting might cause the child to suffer a grave trauma, and separation was not enforced.

The overruling consideration, nevertheless, is that the known or presumed wishes of the dead parents must prevail; and it is to be supposed that Jewish parents had desired their children to be educated as Jews. An obligation was therefore felt to remove the rescued children as early as possible from their Christian foster-homes.

Anneke Beek is one of many foster-children whose lives remained darkened for years by the long shadows of war. Similar conflicts have arisen in France and Belgium and elsewhere. The dilemma is an honourable one, having its origin in a high respect for the rights of people who differ in race and religion from the majority. It is not possible to withhold sympathy entirely from either side. Yet, one asks, what effect will the conscientious scruples and religious principles of the contestant have on the spirit and mind of the child? I have heard of one girl, separated from a loved family, who was left without much faith in her country or in humanity, or in God. Surely somebody must be at fault, as long as Anneke Beek is a fugitive and the people who pitied and helped her are in jail?

JEWISH ORPHANS

A Sequel to War

By Dorothy Macardle

JUST a year after the end of the war I had, in Holland, an experience that threatened at first to be grim, but very quickly became exhilarating. I was shown and told all that could be learnt in a two-weeks' visit about the child victims of occupation and war. While the tale of suffering stunned one's imagination, all that was being done to relieve and comfort the young survivors was astonishing, too. It was clear that the Ministries and the populace, in the midst of their chaotic problems, were attaching immense importance to the well-being of the children, and not only to their physical recovery but to their happiness and peace of mind.

In that brutally denuded country I saw new clinics, homes and colonies dedicated to every grade and phase of the children's varied needs. Experts were bringing to the task a combination of scientific knowledge, sensitive insight and loving solicitude. Psychiatrists and psychologists were over-working in a devoted effort to win back to normality young minds distorted by terror and grief. I learned, too, how thousands of the Jewish children condemned to extermination or forced labour had been rescued; and I thought that Christendom has never more surely justified its claims and title than in that compassionate work.

Fugitive

Very dark against this shining memory looks a sequel reported from Holland last week—police searching for one of those rescued children, to separate her from her foster-mother and hand her over to a foundation for Jewish orphans; a woman aged 57, a sister of the foster-mother, sent to jail for eight months; a Dominican priest imprisoned for two months and a nun sentenced to prison *in absentia*, all for helping the hunted girl to escape. For the second time, Anneke Beek lives through the nightmare of those who evade pursuers; for a second time, if she is caught, she will be forcibly taken away from everyone whom she trusts and loves. Innocent, she endures the fears of a criminal fugitive at 14. Yet who is to blame? People of heart and conscience are contending for Anneke for the sake of affection and of principle.

To gain insight into the factors which have made such a tragedy possible in a child-loving country, it is necessary to recall the circumstances under which those emergency adoptions took place.

Nazi Purge of Jews

Adults were taken first, in Holland, when the mass deportation of Jews began in May, 1942. Children whose parents had been seized rushed, frantic with fear, to friends or schools or clinics, imploring to be hidden. They were not refused. Very soon came the decree for the seizure of the children. All the children in three Jewish orphanages and some sent for inoculation to a dispensary, as well as others, disappeared. It was realised that no Jewish child would be spared. To pass little Jews off as Dutch children, who are nearly all blue-eyed and blonde, was scarcely possible. Most of the fugitives had to live in concealment and crouch in cellars, laundry-baskets and cupboards, or in the orchards, clinging to the boughs of trees, while suspected houses were searched. The Gestapo discovered ten in the house of a young man, a teacher. They deported the children and beat him to death.

Students organised rescues. They formed four groups of *Onderduikers* (in the watery Netherlands they "dive under" instead of going underground). They sought out people willing to receive the children and then went to Jewish parents who knew themselves to be doomed. The children were smuggled to safety in daring and ingenious ways, often passed over garden walls in sacks.

It is not hard to understand how a relationship of extraordinary closeness grew up between a foster-parent and such a threatened, dependent child. Self-sacrifice, dedication, the act of protecting, are in themselves productive of love, while for the child the whole world outside his home was a jungle full of merciless men who had done something terrible to his parents and who would destroy him if they could. Only in that house, in the very presence of his guardians, was he secure. For three years of war, the roots and tendrils of that clinging dependence grew. The children absorbed the atmosphere and, inevitably, the Christian influence of their homes. But they were Jews.

The Resistance took measures during the last months of the war to provide for the children. The Queen, while still in exile, signed new decrees. The war Foster-Children's Organisation prepared to undertake the reuniting of families and providing of homes for children without friends. The day the war ended, its office was besieged. Fifteen thousand children were on the Committee's lists—Jewish children who had been living concealed.

Jewish Claims

Most of the surviving parents whose children were safe showed remarkable patience, making themselves familiar and dear again to their children before they removed them from their foster-homes. But of the Jews deported from the Netherlands more than 80,000 adults as well as 20,000 children were dead. A great many of the rescued children were soon known to be orphans, and these the Jewish community claimed. Israel had lost two million of its children: the Jewish community was resolved to gather to itself those without parents who had survived. Moreover, the Rabbis insisted this was a duty to the individual child, who would never find peace of spirit outside his ancestral fold and faith. A relative, however, unknown to the child and distant in kinship, would feel it a duty to take the orphan, in spite of the child's anguish and despair. One little girl, after heart-rending contentions, was put on a plane for Palestine. In contested cases the War-Foster-Children's Committee would negotiate, but it was for the courts to decide. The police were given tasks that they abhorred, and the members of the Committee had to face distressing scenes. He would go into exile, into hiding or to prison, rather than give up his little foster-daughter, one man declared. That child's condition at the thought of separation came so near to hysteria that she was reprieved. In all difficult cases child psychologists were consulted by the Courts, and there were others of this sort, in which they concluded that the shock of a second uprooting might cause the child to suffer a grave trauma, and separation was not enforced.

The overruling consideration, nevertheless, is that the known or presumed wishes of the dead parents must prevail; and it is to be supposed that Jewish parents had desired their children to be educated as Jews. An obligation was therefore felt to remove the rescued children as early as possible from their Christian foster-homes.

Anneke Beek is one of many foster-children whose lives remained darkened for years by the long shadows of war. Similar conflicts have arisen in France and Belgium and elsewhere. The dilemma is an honourable one, having its origin in a high respect for the rights of people who differ in race and religion from the majority. It is not possible to withhold sympathy entirely from either side. Yet, one asks, what effect will the conscientious scruples and religious principles of the contestant have on the spirit and mind of the child? I have heard of one girl, separated from a loved family, who was left without much faith in her country or in humanity, or in God. Surely somebody must be at fault, as long as Anneke Beek is a fugitive and the people who pitied and helped her are in jail?

LETTERS to the EDITOR

STATE PAPERS

Sir,—Mr. Owen Dudley Edwards suggests (April 16th) that Dorothy Macardle "had access to records from which all other scholars were barred." The charge relates to the use in her book, "The Irish Republic," published in 1937, of the Acting Secretary's notes of an Irish Cabinet meeting of 3rd December 1921. The implication is two-fold: (a) no other scholar used these notes, and (b) Miss Macardle was shown original State records thirty-four years before these were made available to other historians. Let's look at them separately.

A hasty check along my bookshelves shows that Piaras Beaslai in his biography of Michael Collins (1926), Frank Pakenham in "Peace by Ordeal" (1934), Sean O Luing in his life of Arthur Griffith (1953), Mary Bromage in her biography of President de Valera (1956), Rex Taylor in his work on Michael Collins (1958), Padraic Colum in his book on Arthur Griffith (1959) and Frank Gallagher in his "Anglo Irish Treaty" (1965) all quote from the notes of the Acting Secretary at the Cabinet meeting. In fact, the text of the notes (with the omission of one important decision) has been available to historians since 1953 when they were printed as an appendix to his book "Art O Griofa", by Sean O Luing. Rex Taylor also published the text with a similar omission in 1958.

Thus it is clear that historians have used these notes as a source for many years. This does not, however, prove that they ever saw the original records. Mr. Edwards makes the unwarranted assumption that copies were never made of the notes. In fact, a large number of copies were made during the Treaty controversy and, in the course of time, came into private hands. It is most likely that all the authors that I have listed worked from these copies and not from the originals.

The occasion of the opening of a new batch of State records to historians is no time for recrimination. It would be a pity if the querulous innuendos of scholars on such occasions were to retard the laudable growth of a more liberal Government attitude to State archives.—Yours, etc.,

THOMAS P. O'NEILL.
Department of History,
University College, Galway.

THE NORTH

Sir, — Once again you have put your finger on the cancer in our Northern society — the Orange Order, (April 19th).

Mr. Howard Smith is the new United Kingdom Representative to the Government of Northern Ireland and one must wish him well, but if the Westminster Government is really to know what goes on here, is it not necessary to have another special Representative sit in at the deliberations of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland?

"It is historically unarguable that the Ulster Unionist Party came out of the Orange Institution." "Orangeism"—page 188.

"It is equally true that the Party has never been without the leadership of men who were Orangemen before they became politicians." "Orangeism"—page 188.

("Orangeism" is published by the G.O.L. of Ireland)

"No political party can afford the luxury of breaking with any substantial group of its supporters and I could not therefore contemplate a deliberate break between the Orange Order and the Unionist Party." Major Chichester-Clark — (*Irish Times*, 17/2/1970).

In Renagh Holohan's excellent report on the establishment of N.I. Public Prosecutors she quotes the working party's view that any of its observations were "in no way to be taken as any reflection of the manner in which the office of Attorney-General has been discharged over the years."

The Attorney-General, Mr. Basil Kelly, is still a member of the Orange Order even though his colleague, Dr. R. Simpson, when he was appointed Minister of Community Relations, resigned from the Orange Order and in the course of a personal statement said: "I may say that in taking this step I am making no judgement on the membership in such Orders of other people in public life who are not in my special position in which I must act in a conciliatory and almost semi-judicial capacity." — (*Irish Times*, 26/9/69).

Your leader writer has summed up the situation in a sentence: "Home Rule in the North is Orange Rule." — Yours, etc.,

GERARD T. GLENNON.
Belfast 6.

THE CENSUS

Sir,—So the census is regarded by some of your readers as an "invasion of privacy."

What about those hospitals which hand out names and details of accident victims to the press? Surely this is an invasion of privacy, to say nothing of a breach of medical etiquette.—Yours, etc.,

SHEILA O GRADY.
11 Ailesbury gardens,
Sidney Parade,
Dublin 4.

* * *

Sir, — Perhaps some of your correspondents can answer a question for me. What is going to happen in twenty years time when it comes to the public eye that there has been a sharp increase in the rate of social sickness and a sharper decrease in good community relations?

Could we have another Census so that some indication can be given us as to what our people are going to be like then? Perhaps if we can establish the pattern now we can prevent the disease. Is it not true that our ambition and our private hates are killing any semblance of the human being in us?

But perhaps it would be better not to invade the privacy of the people who in twenty years time, like the good citizens that they are, will say: "Why didn't someone spot the pattern of expansion, the increase in that, the decrease in the other, etc?"—Yours, etc.,

ANTHONY C. TALBOT.
Dublin street,
Kildare.

TOWARDS A SECULAR LAW

Sir, — Does your correspondent, R. S. O'Mahony ("Towards a Secular Law," April 14th edition), genuinely believe what he says? Admittedly, Uncle Sam is currently a popular bogey man, but is he really whispering in the cloisters of Maynooth?—Yours, etc.,

MALCOLM REID
12 Mackworth,
Regents park,
London N.W.1.

* * *

Sir,—Now that we've heard all the possible arguments both for and against contraception, and having come to a decision whether to support or object to the present legislation on the matter, is it not time that the whole debate, which recently has began to drag itself like a dead dog across your paper, ended?

Is it not obvious to those of us who put forward rational, intelligent arguments to repeal the present laws that one cannot convince those whose thinking is based on emotion and swayed by religious dogma? Is it not equally obvious that our legislators, in this matter at least, belong to the latter group?

Perhaps, if Senators Robinson and Horgan try again in 10 years time they will meet with success. —Yours, etc.,

JOHN FINN,
3 Bellevue villas,
Cork Hill,
Youghal,
Co. Cork.

BACKBENCHER

Sir,—I think "Backbencher" is getting more and more tiresome every week. His page reminds me of the awful American journalese used by boxing reporters. It possesses no literary value and only suited for lounge-bar conversation before closing-time. He does not appear to have been at a nice school.

For quite a time now he has taken to lampooning Church dignitaries and debunking them into the bargain. This is a bandwagon that a lot of unpleasant people are jumping on to. The clergy have their imperfections — who hasn't?—but during the dark penal and famine days one could well and truly echo the Churchillian phrase—"Never was so much owed to so many by so few." Anyone who consistently denigrates Mother Church surely merits the name—Quisling.—Yours, etc.,

MURROUGH O'NEILL CALLAGHAN.
Loughnaminna,
Kilmaley,
Co. Clare.

THE E.E.C.

Sir,—Mr. Crotty's latest effusion under your heading, "Mansholt in Reverse Proposals" (April 17th), must surely contain the most impractical set of proposals ever to be produced for Irish agriculture. By dividing the number of males engaged in agriculture, who are between the ages of 26 and 65 into the number of arable acres available, he arrives at a figure of 70 acres. He then takes this as the ideal farm size, and proceeds to propose that such a division should take place. The means he proposes towards this end are totally inadequate if kept within Constitutional bounds, as large farms are already subject to an open-ended land tax in the form of rates, a tax which small farmers don't pay; and the idea of pensioning off superannuated farmers (cribbed, no doubt, from Dr. Mansholt) has already been introduced here with a notable absence of success.

He totally ignores the difference between a young enterprising farmer of 26, and an ancient discouraged peasant of 65, giving them both the same amount of land. Since most of the men at present in agriculture are over 50, this would give us a farm structure unparalleled for inequity and inefficiency in the whole world. Asking anyone over 50 to start a new farming career and make a success of it, is like entering a donkey for the Grand National and expecting it to win.

However, let us suppose that a collective madness was to take possession of the nation (and on recent performance, who can say it may not) and it was decided to implement Mr. Crotty's notions without delay. Let us consider the cost, and the effects. Let us suppose that there are about 100,000 men in his category. I have no exact figures by me, but this must be a conservative figure. This would involve 7 million acres of land. Since the average farm size at present is about, at the most, 35 acres, about half of the farms in Ireland would have to disappear. A certain number of large farms (perhaps 2,000 would be a fair guess?) would be mutilated or destroyed. Migrations and upheavals that would put Cromwell to shame would be necessary to equalise and rationalise the new and old farms. In the process of breaking up and amalgamation, at least 10,000 completely new farmyards and dwellings would be necessary, together with the extension of most of the others to cope with the extra land and stock.

Since a living on 70 acres can only be obtained by dairying unless one has enough capital available to live independent of farming altogether, the acreage being too small for extensive tillage or ranching, the cost at £100 per cow for 50 cows (the minimum economic number for one man on 70 acres), for buildings on the 10,000 new farmyards, plus £50 per cow for extending and improving, say, another 8,000 existing yards, together with the cost of 10,000 new houses, amounts to £280 million. Add perhaps £100 million for water supplies, fences, roads, electricity, phones, etc., and since, in default of a revolution, we are still in some degree a democratic, capitalistic society, with the rights of private property enshrined in our Constitution, about £700 million in compensation for the land taken over (3½ million acres or thereabouts at £200 per acre, a conservative estimate although, admittedly, this would be recovered by the State over the years from the new, eager, enterprising farmers aged, at the outset, between 26 and 65), not forgetting the cost, at about £100 apiece, of the 2½ million cows above what are already available (wherever we could get them), which would be another £250 million, we arrive at a grand total of £1,330 million, or about £450 per head of the population.

And what would we get for this colossal hypothetical expenditure? The principle effect would surely be, when everyone had settled down after ten years or so, the trebling of our milk production—which is already responsible for the bulk of our expenditure on subsidising agriculture. The agricultural subsidy would then be in the region of £150 million at least, to which must be added the cost of servicing and repaying the £1,330 million (if we could find anyone foolish enough to lend it to us), which could not possibly be less than £200 million per year. All this would mean doubling our taxation, the rate of which is already recognised as being uncomfortably high, and approaching the point where the law of diminishing returns begins to apply.

Furthermore, where are we going to sell the additional dairy produce, and at what price? Indeed, here Mr. Crotty's contention that we should increase our agricultural production while remaining outside the E.E.C. is so obviously lunatic that it is only redeemed by the means he suggests of increasing it. These would, of course, as I have shown, lead to the total collapse of our economy, especially our agricultural economy, and solve our marketing problems by the ingenious methods of ensuring that we had nothing to sell.

In classical times augurs were employed to advise statesmen as to their future courses of action; which weighty function they performed by examining, among other things, the flight of birds and the entrails of animals. The Middle Ages had astrologers. We have economists. Perhaps Mr. Crotty has been deceived by the antics of seven crows flying over Connemara while he was engaged in gutting a fish.—Yours, etc.,

ALFRED ALLEN.
Clashenure House,
Ovens,
Co. Cork.

THE GAELTACHT

A Charaid, — My society read with horror of the brutal attack by the police on the Gaeltacht civil rights marchers in Dublin on the afternoon of Thursday, April 15th, 1971 (*Irish Times* — Friday 16th April, 1971).

Do not the Dublin authorities realize the harm they are doing to the already much battered image of the *only* self-governing Celtic country by such actions?

The Dublin Government should by rights be leading the struggle for the restoration of Celtic civilization. It is obvious now, however, that they have no intention of providing this leadership. By their studied neglect of the Gaeltacht over the years, and now by allowing their "law-men" to physically attack those who wish to defend and build up that area, they have quite obviously sided with those whose aim is to destroy the Celtic ethos.

It is not only Irishmen but their many friends in the other Celtic countries who are wondering if the men who fought and died for Irish independence from 1916 onwards did not after all die in vain. — Is mise le tréibhdhireas mór,

SEUMAS MAC A' GHOBHAINN.
Rùnaire airson Shasuinn,
Comunn na Canain Albannaich.
(Secretary for England, The Scottish Language Society).

"WE'RE ALL IRISH TODAY".

Sir,—You published a letter yesterday (19th April) from a Mr. David Boddie of Washington about my article "We're All Irish Today". I would like to reply to some of the points he raised.

First of all, I do not dispute for a minute the fact that the American bands that paraded in Galway on March 14th played splendid music and were enthusiastically received. I stood on Shop street for the duration of the parade and saw that the Galwegians loved every minute of it. I said as much in the article.

Later that afternoon I watched one of the Negroes walking about Eyre square saluting people and trying to engage them in conversation. With the children and young girls he succeeded; the men he spoke with were hostile. In my judgment (which is really the question at issue here) this was a more truthful and real indication of what I would reckon to be the usual attitude of most Irish people towards Negroes than the hurrahs we heard earlier that day from an enthusiastic crowd.

If, as Mr. Boddie says, I made up both the story and the Negro, it was imprudent of me to substantiate it with so precise a detail as that the man in question raised pigeons.

Everyone they played for, including me, would say that Mr. Boddie's group's 3,000-mile journey was well worthwhile. They entertained us excellently and I hope will do so again. I insist, however, on not kidding myself about the real import of the occasion.—Yours, etc.,

BRIAN O'CONNOR.
Tuam road,
Galway.

THE BURREN

Sir,—On a previous occasion in these columns I referred to the danger of interfering with the balance of Nature. I was, therefore, very interested to read George Burrow's summing-up of the damage artificial fertilisers can cause when used indiscriminately.

Cigarette advertising may have ceased but we are constantly bombarded on television and otherwise by makers of chemical fertilisers to use their products so that, as Mr. Burrows suggested, farmers are brainwashed into the idea that without them they are unprogressive, irrespective of their environment.

The chemical composition of the soil must be constantly being interfered with, and there must be some toxic constituents or they would not pollute river water. Many country people also consider that when these fertilisers are spread in dry weather and do not have the chance to break down, they are poisonous to dogs and other animals.

These observations apply far more cogently to the pesticides which the various Government Departments loosely recommend without due regard for the long-term results.—Yours, etc.,

J. WYNNE JONES,
Knockaney Rectory,
Hospital,
Co. Limerick.

RULE OF THUMB

Sir,—A rule of thumb to help keep Dublin the lovely city it is: every time you preserve an old building tear down a new one. Molesworth street doesn't have the homogeneity of, say, Fitzwilliam square, but it is a pleasant and satisfying street to come upon and surely it has historical associations that alone should save it from the wrecker.

It should be preserved, and if the above-mentioned rule of thumb obtains, think of all the architectural abortions that can be got rid of!—Yours, etc.,

WILLIAM ROSSA COLE
12 Tower court,
St. John's road,
Sandymount, Dublin.

POP HYMNS

Sir, — With reference to Mr. Joseph Greevy's letter on pop hymns in today's issue (April 20th), I should like to quote Psalm 150 from Monsignor Knox's translation of the Holy Bible:

"Praise him with the bray of the trumpet, praise him with the harp and zither. Praise him with the tambour and the dance, praise him with the music of string and reed. Praise him with the clang of the cymbals, the cymbals that ring merrily. All creatures that breath have, praise the Lord."

—Yours, etc.,

FRANK HUGHES, F.T.C.L.
70 Walkinstown road,
Dublin 12.

BOYS' BRIGADE DISPLAY

The 29th Dublin Company of the Boys' Brigade will hold its annual inspection and display, commencing at 7.45 p.m., at Jacobs Recreation Hall, Bride street, Dublin, next Saturday. The inspecting officer will be Mr. J. I. McInerney, captain of the 1st Moneymore Company, Belfast, who is also a member of the Brigade executive.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE NARROWER VIEW

SIR,—The Abbey Theatre Company can never, in its brilliant history, have had an audience so many-nationed in character as the members of P.E.N., from some 27 different countries, which thronged the auditorium on Tuesday night. It was an audience well-informed concerning our national theatre, eager to discover how well the younger generation of players is upholding its great tradition, and ready to blaze abroad, in their several countries, the talent of our actors and actresses.

Their enthusiasm was not to be doubted; but will these writers, when they return to their homes, communicate to their readers and the listeners to their lectures and broadcasts, the names of the players whose work they enjoyed and admired, so enhancing the reputation of Irish art? It seems unlikely. It seems that the management of the theatre has taken every precaution to ensure that this will not occur. The members of the International Congress who were present all understood English. It can hardly be supposed, by even the vainest of us, that many of them had studied Irish; yet it was only in the Irish spelling, unpronounceable to our visitors, that the names of the younger players appeared in the programmes.

What cause is served by this precaution? Surely not that of Ireland's reputation abroad? It can but hold this country up as an example of one whose language restricts recognition, not only of its literature, but of its dramatic art.

This is a bilingual country. Possibly, in future, a solution of the problem will be found.—Yours, etc.,

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

Andorra, 94 Merrion road,
Dublin. June 11th, 1953.

LONDON AT WAR

By Dorothy Macardle

The Blitz By Constantine FitzGibbon. Wingate. 25s.

DURING the air raids on London, from the first to the last, no clear picture of what was happening was ever presented to the population in general. Kensington heard scarcely a rumour of what was happening in West Ham and Ealing was probably long in ignorance of the slaughter in the Café de Paris. One could live in constant touch with Civil Defence workers, who knew the worst, and never hear a catastrophe described or a horrifying story told. The English habit of reticence stood that test and the fact that Hitler failed to break London may be partly attributed to that self-discipline.

Mr. FitzGibbon has compiled from his own memories, from the recollections of people in many quarters of London, from newspapers and official documents, an orderly narrative of the bombing attacks and the defence of the city. This technique, much favoured by the B.B.C. and journalists, is here used with judgment and skill. While the personal stories keep the book readable, dates, facts and figures make it a valuable record: a contribution to the history of the War.

Not least in value should be those accounts of abject failure, in this or that local authority, to make the preparations ordered and give the leadership which the emergency required. The resulting disasters were sometimes terrible. But the impression left by the tale as a whole is a sense of the huge complexity and pressure of London; the measureless differences of patterns of life and ways of thinking contained in it, intermixed, and the feat of government which, under that tremendous, prolonged assault, kept it sufficiently provisioned, well-ordered, free from panic and epidemics, without a dictatorship.

Curiously, the writing fails to conjure up from the depths of memory the emotional stresses of that time. The style is, perhaps, too artless to do that. One aspect of those nights is, however, recaptured poignantly in the illustrations —drawings, not before published, by Henry Moore. In those long rows of close-pressed people asleep in the underground are memorialised all the squalor, the weariness and the patient acceptance of the Londoners' years of war.

MAD ABOUT MONEY

THERE is a strangely bitter quality underlying the work of our best-known Ulster dramatists. We think of Joseph Tomelty, for instance, as a humorist, but there is acid in him, too, as those who renewed acquaintance with "All Souls' Night" (Radio Eireann, Sunday) can testify.

This is a difficult play to present on the stage, Philip Rooney's radio version takes its supernatural element in its stride, and one is conscious of no change of key when the spirit of her drowned son returns to torment the wretched Mrs. Quinn.

Money, however, is the real theme of the play. Indeed, "All Souls' Night" ranks with Bennett's "Riceyman Steps" in the ruthless power with which it shows us a woman in the grip of the miser instinct. Mrs. Quinn's childhood had been insecure; consequently after her marriage to an illiterate fisherman, her post office book became her Missal, and her sons might drown before she could be persuaded to give them the price of a seaworthy boat.

She receives the news of Michael's death with something of the stoicism of Synge's Maurya — not because she is a Greek heroine but because "the whinge of poverty had drowned her soul" and she can feel nothing. Lest we should feel that she is a special case, Mr. Tomelty grimly points his moral by adding "there are Mrs. Quinns in every town in Ireland."

It is a black play, and the only interlude pervaded by Mr. Tomelty's normal geniality and charm is the scene in which Michael's girl, young Molly from the post office, teaches old John Quinn to sign his name and to distinguish between one numeral and another. Even this incident is turned to grim account in the *dénouement*, but there is a wholesome innocence about it at the time.

The best acting in Sunday's production came from Joseph O'Dea and Ginnette Waddell, and honourable mention must be made of George Greene's noble attempt at a northern accent.

* * *

RADIO REVIEW

by G. A. Olden

Radio, as I have said before in these reviews, is a wonderful medium for the old-fashioned ghost story. To mark Hallowe'en Miss Dorothy Macardle told us of a number of agreeably creepy incidents, and my only regret was that none of them was dramatised. One, in particular, simply cried out for radio treatment.

It concerned a young nurse sent to a remote country house to tend a wealthy invalid. During the long night watches she was repeatedly disturbed by an abrupt tapping sound—almost as if a game of billiards were being played, she explained at the breakfast table. The patient's mother then told her that generations earlier there had been a fatal family quarrel over a game of billiards, and that the tapping sound had ever since preceded a death. (After that, one need hardly add that the patient died).

If Miss Macardle were of a more parsimonious disposition, she could have constructed about three plays and as many more short stories out of the material she so prodigally piled into one 15-minute talk.

"They Say It Happened" had an even greater variety of incident than the first of Mr. Cahir Healy's reminiscent discourses, and that is no mean tribute.

* * *

As I entirely agree with those who have declared that the R.E. Symphony Orchestra sounds better from the stalls of the Olympia than from the circle of the Gaiety, I was surprised to find that there was no corresponding improvement in the quality of the post-dated recordings of the "Proms."

In the theatre, the Fidelio Overture, for instance, came over brilliantly, with fine, crisp attack and excellent balance between the various sections. Yet when this same performance was broadcast the other night the strings sounded muddy and the brass too brazen. No doubt the engineers have done their best, but can hardly be blamed if the acoustics of an old music hall do not show off a full symphony orchestra to best advantage.

The recording dealt more charitably with the mellow solo tone of Mr. Pini's 'cello in the Saint-Saëns concerto. This was a charming performance of a quaintly old-fashioned work, full of harmonic effects that were striking in their day, but have since lost their power to surprise.

By the way, tune in at 8 o'clock this evening if you wish to hear Cor de Groot play Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto.

tacit acceptance of Article 44.1.2.

Yours, etc.,

RON LINDSAY.

Main Street,
Ballyconnell,
Co. Cavan.

MARCHING AHEAD

SIR, — I feel compelled to comment on your first editorial (March 24th). "If there are Protestants in the North who genuinely fear their Catholic neighbours they should look unprejudicedly to the records of Irish Governments since 1922 and pay no attention to bogies which Paisley and others of his ilk keep alive" . . . so wrote your scribe. But if, indeed, Protestants do look at the 26 Counties, what do they find?

Your correspondent John Glynn answered the question (25.3.60): "In matters relating to (1) adoption (2) contraception (3) divorce and (4) the special position given by our Constitution to the Roman Catholic Church . . . a member of the religious minority said that the provisions accorded ill with the writing of Wolfe Tone and with the philosophy of Republicanism generally." Mr. Glynn pointed out that his friend is thinking of leaving the state unless the law in relation to the four matters referred to previously was altered. Mr. Glynn's friend finds himself in much the same position as the late Dorothy Macardle did when her friend, Mr. de Valera, introduced his 1937 Constitution. Miss Macardle went into voluntary exile because she claimed that, in the words of Article 44-1-2, "the State recognises the special position of the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church as the guardian of the Faith professed by the great majority of the citizens": she and her co-religionists were granted second-class citizenship.

The portion of your editorial that I have earlier quoted can only be described as "whitewashing": whitewashing of reality in the interest of the 26-County status quo. That "slight slur" in Article 44.1.2, as George Gilmore has aptly termed it, prohibits Protestants from playing their full part in national affairs.

If Protestants really lived up to their name in 1969, they would demand, not special treatment as an honoured minority, but equality of treatment as ordinary citizens.

The inter-party committee on the Constitution unanimously recommended the repeal of Article 44.1.2, thus giving Protestants any further prompting they needed to demand repeal of the article; such is their orthodoxy, however, that no demand has been made.

If we are to judge by the tone of your editorial, the voice of Protestantism in 1969 is today the voice of Fianna Fail, for it objectively fulfils that function in its

OUR CHILDREN

SIR,—As a result of condensation some remarks I made on Saturday at the Children's Sunshine Home read in a way that would seem unjust to other convalescent homes for children, as well as to many schools which are doing work that everyone would admire.

I hope you will allow me to reiterate my contention that these exceptional efforts show us to be, by temperament, a child-loving people (as does the average family life), and that the retrograde character of many State schemes for children is a result of public apathy and of the fact that children have no votes.

Happily, light and warmth are spreading outward from those fine enterprises. The apathy is thawing. Parents have votes, and so have thousands of Irish men and women to whom the well-being of the nation's children is becoming a matter of vital concern. — Yours, etc.,

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

Benedin, Windgate road,
Howth. June 4th, 1956.

DEATHS

ASHMORE—June 5, 1956, at her residence, Rosemount, Ballycarney, Ferns, Co. Wexford, Elizabeth, beloved wife of Joseph Ashmore. Funeral to Ballycarney Church to-morrow (Thursday) at 3 o'clock. House private.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

WARD—June 5, 1956 (suddenly), at Newtownards Hospital, Albert Henry Ward; dearly loved husband of Isobel, 25 Millisle road, Donaghadee.

WEBB—June 5, 1956, at a Dublin nursing home, Gertrude, widow of the Venerable W. P. Webb, B.D., Rathdrum. Funeral arrangements later.

DOROTHY MACARDLE

AN APPRECIATION

Dorothy Macardle was laid to rest on Christmas Eve on the sunny slope of the hill she loved so well. Among those who gathered in the graveyard were some in silk hats and some in shabby tweed. Some came to mourn the patriot whose coffin was draped with the National Flag, some the writer and poet, others the teacher and lecturer, and all a generous, inspiring friend.

In the last few months it had become clear that her health was failing, yet her mental energy, her clarity of vision and her passionate interest in life never weakened. She still reacted with a vigorous "stuff and nonsense!" to any hypocrisy or false values. For her, freedom was the highest goal. She refused to join the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom because "you can't put peace before freedom," she said, "You've got to have freedom first." In the cause of freedom she sacrificed prospects of a life of material comfort and intellectual success without the hardships and dangers, the bitterness and frustration, and the loneliness that were the inevitable lot of those who entered the political field. She faced all that might come with a gallant heart.

> "Freedom is such a wondrous thing to make a people brave,
> Fashions a wise man from a churl, a hero from a slave.
> I can abide, for love of it, in prison or the grave.

As she grew older she devoted herself more and more to work for the welfare of children. She concentrated immense industry to her detailed study of post-war conditions, "Children in Uniform," and any effort on behalf of suffering children was certain of her vigorous support. She was never known to give half-hearted support to any cause. She loved to have children and young people about her. "It's the young people who matter," she would say emphatically, "they're the important people." With young people she was all eagerness and generous encouragement, enlivening every study with gaiety and with unfailing interest in a fresh point of view.

When the prayers by the grave-side were over, a life-long friend of hers read aloud "St. Patrick's Breastplate," in fulfilment of her expressed desire. The "Breastplate's" strong, clear note of courage and unshakable faith in the future echoed the keynote of Dorothy Macardle's life.

R.M.

P.R.—AN IRISH TRADITION

By M. J. DOVE

THE current belief that the system of proportional representation was foisted upon us by the departing British is yet another example of how history is distorted by wishful thinking. Perhaps the basis of the belief is a thesis propounded by certain Sinn Fein chroniclers who were seeking to add a touch of drama to Ireland's superb mastery of P.R. on the occasion of its first introduction in the municipal elections of January, 1920.

Thus, according to Miss Dorothy Macardle, a leading member of the school, the British move was prompted by a conviction that the bulk of Sinn Fein's support came from the less instructed mass of the people who were certain to be confued by the intricacies of the new system. That the party spontaneously accepted the change occasioned surprise: a surprise which turned to amazement when it was found that the number of spoilt votes cast for Sinn Fein candidates was less than 2½% and that the British were therby hoist on their own petard.

The great flaw in Miss Macardle's account is that the significance of P.R., as part of Sinn Fein policy from about 1910 onwards, is completely ignored until this particular point in the narrative. To a later generation of readers, therefore, the party's attitude on that occasion must seem strange.

EARLY SUPPORT

To informed opinion, however, the fact that Sinn Fein welcomed the introduction of P.R. would have appeared consistent and logical. The proof is readily to be found in the files of the official organ, *Sinn Fein*—the paper edited by Griffith himself. Year in and year out the P.R. system is advocated as the ideal mode of political expression; Redmond is pressed to have it included in the Home Rule Bill. The Proportional Representation Society's proposal to organise an illustrative election in Dublin is welcomed and commended for support.

Perhaps the most definitive statement of policy on the subject is to be found in as early an issue as that of February 2nd, 1911. The leading article deals with a contribution by Lord Courtney in *Representation*, the organ of the Proportional Representation Society of Ireland, part of which argues that the division in Ireland between Unionists and Home Rulers is apt to appear as a provincial division —Ulster or North East Ulster, against the rest of Ireland. This apparent division is untrue: there are Unionists in Dublin and Cork and there are Home Rulers in Ulster. P.R., he claims, will make it clear that the line of cleavage of political opinion is not a provincial line, and so will produce a greater sense of unity between the different geographical districts. After praising the line taken by Lord Courtney, the Editor concludes: "P.R. secures that the majority of the electors shall rule and that minorities shall be represented in proportion to their strength. It is the one just system of election under democratic government."

The concurrence of view between the scion of the old landowning class and the advanced nationalist is significant: it was the essential element in the P.R. tradition.

CAUSE OF SPLIT

Undoubtedly, the system of the simple majority election in the single-seat constituency — what is nowadays termed the "British System" — was a potent influence in the falling apart of north-east Ulster from the rest of Ireland. It led to the creation of two distinct political territories — a larger one with a uniformly nationalist representation and a smaller one with a uniformly Tory representation. In the genesis of partition, however, it had also a deeper influence in so far as it helped to eliminate politically the one section capable of bridging the gap between these two extremes — the Whig wing of the Irish Party. On the Third Reading of the Franchise Bill of 1884 — the measure which extended the provisions of the Reform Act of 1867 to rural areas, thus creating for the first time a universal household suffrage — a Parnellite member rose to his feet and thanked the Government for a measure which he said would extinguish forever the Whig Party in Ireland. He was right: that was precisely what happened.

FIRST DEMAND

These Whigs—originally the followers of Butt and later of Shaw —were supported by the patriotic element of the landowning class who were the inheritors of a Protestant humanitarian tradition that was traceable back to Molyneux and Swift. They were Home Rulers only in a certain sense—a sense that was consistent with close ties with the British crown. They would never hold with anything savouring of separatism; but they abhorred sectarianism and were imbued with a deep respect for justice and fair play.

Conscious of the predicament in which the extension of the franchise had placed them, the Whigs as a group turned to consider ways of preventing their total political eclipse; and from those probings arose the first vocal demand for the introduction of proportional representation. "Ireland and Proportional Representation," a pamphlet expressing views almost identical with those expressed by Lord Courtney at a later date, appeared from the pen of Aubrey de Vere in 1885. Significantly, his cousin, Lord Monteagle, was the last chairman of the Proportional Representation Society of Ireland. This body was allowed to lapse in 1921 (when final victory seemed secure) and is now in process of revival. P.R. had an attraction for Sinn Fein both on ideological and ethical grounds; it was conducive to national unity, and it was just. Griffith became president of the Proportional Representation Society around 1910 and leading members of his party were also connected with it.

P.R. was, therefore, not the result of a British afterthought, as some would have us believe. Rather was it fashioned by patriotic motives in a tradition dating back to the middle eighties. It was a tradition that claimed the allegiance of many advanced thinkers, both of the nationalist majority and of the Protestant minority, and that was to remain perhaps the one point of idealogical contact between them.

In retrospect, it can be seen that the publication of de Vere's pamphlet coincided with the beginning of an era—an era that was to witness the evolution of partition. In 1886, when Gladstone introduced the First Home Rule Bill, there was as yet no Ulster Question. This, in contrast to subsequent Home Rule Bills—as Parnell would later admit in the Rhodes Correspondence—was a genuine separatist measure.

It is perhaps idle to speculate upon the ifs of history, but they will always intrigue. De Vere had advocated a form of guarantee which was calculated to satisfy any minority. If the Government of the day had listened to his call, would there have been an Ulster question?

Peace After War

Children of Europe. By Dorothy Macardle. Gollancz. 21s. net.

SECTIONS of Dublin cinema audiences sometimes are heard to clap when Hitler is brought to the screen on old newsreels. Even in England the comment is increasingly often made that maybe the Nazis were right, after all. For anybody who feels that way inclined, Miss Macardle's book will come as a shock. The story of what the Nazis tried to do to the children of Europe is more horrifying than the most prejudiced of us could have feared.

The Nazis graded European children, no matter from what country they came, into three categories. The "Nordic" type were to be Germanised; the Jews were to be exterminated, and the remainder were to provide slave labour, if they were strong enough; if not, they would share the fate of the Jews. Discoveries of pyschology were adapted and distorted to aid in the most important task, the creation of the master race. The Nordic child was conditioned to be a good Nazi with a thoroughness worthy of Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World." He was taught to owe loyalty only to Reich and Führer; to despise, and if necessary betray, his parents, if they were unsympathetic; and to express his feelings about Christianity in the terms of blasphemous songs.

The Programme

Jew-baiting and the revived *Mensur* gave the required outlet for sadistic impulses. Sex education given in schools taught that the primary need of the Reich was more children; no good Germans should allow the lack of a marriage license to stand in the way of their patriotism. The Nazis wished to extend this system to the countries they occupied. The Dutch, the Danes and the Norwegians were "Nordic," and, consequently, suitable for Germanisation. Jews and Poles were to be exterminated, and Slavs enslaved. It was an ambitious programme, and defeat at the hands of the allies came before it was well under way—except the extermination, which was proceeding according to plan. That the rest had remained unfulfilled owed nothing to the allied victory. Miss Macardle makes it clear that the plan had been defeated by the people of the occupied countries—and, not least, by the children themselves.

If "Children of Europe" is horrifying, it is also heartening. To have glossed over the agony of the Nazi years would only have diminished the impression made by the story of the resistance during, and the revival after, the war. It is no longer the details of the more notorious atrocities which impress us. Accounts of the shooting of hostages, of reprisals, of the sack of Lidice can be paralleled, albeit on a smaller scale, in many a conflict. What was new and frightening about this war was the systematic perversion of the children attempted by the Nazis.

How did the children survive that process? The question has a sad urgency, now that children in the satellite countries are being subjected to a more subtle and, possibly, more effective, mass-perversion. ("Children of Europe," owing to the time lag between composition and publication, sometimes gives the impression of flogging dead horses; but it is obvious that the author would condemn present perversion as vigorously.) It is enough to say that the children triumphantly survived their ordeal—so much so, that the distinction between child and adult became hopelessly blurred. In the school of the resistance movement, children of all ages became citizens. Even the very young, Miss Macardle notes, usually came through the worst air raids cheerfully, provided that the adults who were with them remained calm.

The Task

Nevertheless, the war left vast problems. The children were left suffering from every variety of physical and emotional ailment. The extent of the problem of the homeless, alone, was unprecedented. "Official definitions are scrupulously colourless," Miss Macardle warns in her foreword, "and one may well fail to guess the misery masked by such terms as 'displaced person,' or 'unidentified,' or 'war-handicapped,' or—supreme understatement to cover total bereavement and desolation—'unaccompanied' child." Anyone who has seen "The Search" will realise what she means. The magnitude of the problem, however, had the effect of stimulating an astonishing outburst of energy to cope with the army of children left stranded by the receding tide of war. The public attitude to homeless children underwent a radical change. The mentality which had permitted them to be shut up into institutions was swept away; henceforth, they were to be treated, not as nuisances to be regimented, but as personalities to be given every opportunity to develop. Methods varied in different countries, but everywhere the problem was tackled with the same enthusiasm. Education became the first—not the last—charge on the community; delinquents were treated as in need of care, rather than of retribution; whole villages, sometimes, were given over as colonies for children.

"Children of Europe" is not all pleasant reading. Some of it deals with material so ugly that the mind rebels from continuing further. It is, nevertheless, an outstanding contribution to our knowledge of the most pressing problem left by the war. Miss Macardle's uncompromising honesty of purpose has taken her all over Europe, examining evidence and extracting information. The material is presented with a deliberate under-emphasis that is the measure of its integrity. And in the account of resistance and resurgence, the book leads on to renewed hope. If the children of Europe survived those years of terror, then they can survive anything.

B. I.

PILGRIMAGE TOWARDS DEATH

By Dorothy Macardle

Death of a Man. By Lael Tucker Wertenbaker. Heinemann, 16s.

CHARLES WERTENBAKER was so innately and entirely a writer that when, at the age of 53, he became aware that he was dying of cancer, he began to write a book about the 60 days following the diagnosis. It was not completed. His widow quotes the opening in her austere and fearlessly detailed record, "Death of a Man."

They had married in 1942 when he was Foreign Editor of *Time* and Lael Tucker was a member of his European staff. For each, this was a third marriage: they believed that they could make it a perfect one. Her book is the story of how it was tested by a fierce ordeal more than three months long.

Should a man foredoomed as he was be told the truth? Is it right for him to demand, and his wife and friends, by persistent effort, to supply, means by which he might end his life?

Crises of Pain

Possessed of these drugs, and convinced of the rightness of using them, can it have been worth while to endure crises of scarcely bearable pain for the sake of the intervals?

Such questions disturb the reader of this book, but they were never asked between these two. Tacitly, both answered all in the affirmative; unwaveringly, the course they decided upon was followed to the final frustration and beyond it.

A book that would have been intolerable had one touch of sentimentality, self-deception or dramatisation tainted the telling is justified by the fidelity to truth which inspired the course chosen and has controlled, with undeviating firmness, the writer's style. There are incidents of Wertenbaker's worst days which a reader might wish had been omitted: suggested, instead of mercilessly described. Perhaps the author felt that without measuring the depth of his suffering we would not realise the stature of the man.

But the book as a whole is over shadowed in memory by these parts, because they produce a momentary shock—an effect which a writer is wise, as a rule, to forgo.

In describing the "good times" between the assaults of pain, Mrs. Wertenbaker excels. Her selection of brief exchanges of conversation and of phrases characteristic of the speaker reveals the novelist's skill and keeps normal living, with love and zest in it, as the vivid background throughout the clear-sighted, tranquil pilgrimage towards death.

The story is not one from which to generalise, and medical men and women will probably fear its having a wide-spread influence; for only two people of quite exceptional mental courage, united in a perfect marriage, would be well-advised, in such a tragic predicament, to take the decision the Wertenbakers took. All their talent and achieved happiness, all their profound mutual trust and love, were needed to make this record what it is — a testimony to the sweetness of living for two people who refused to allow fear or regret to overshadow the peaceful hours.

PILGRIMAGE TOWARDS DEATH

By Dorothy Macardle

Death of a Man. By Lael Tucker Wertenbaker. Heinemann, 16s.

CHARLES WERTENBAKER was so innately and entirely a writer that when, at the age of 53, he became aware that he was dying of cancer, he began to write a book about the 60 days following the diagnosis. It was not completed. His widow quotes the opening in her austere and fearlessly detailed record, "Death of a Man."

They had married in 1942 when he was Foreign Editor of *Time* and Lael Tucker was a member of his European staff. For each, this was a third marriage: they believed that they could make it a perfect one. Her book is the story of how it was tested by a fierce ordeal more than three months long.

Should a man foredoomed as he was be told the truth? Is it right for him to demand, and his wife and friends, by persistent effort, to supply, means by which he might end his life?

Crises of Pain

Possessed of these drugs, and convinced of the rightness of using them, can it have been worth while to endure crises of scarcely bearable pain for the sake of the intervals?

Such questions disturb the reader of this book, but they were never asked between these two. Tacitly, both answered all in the affirmative; unwaveringly, the course they decided upon was followed to the final frustration and beyond it.

A book that would have been intolerable had one touch of sentimentality, self-deception or dramatisation tainted the telling is justified by the fidelity to truth which inspired the course chosen and has controlled, with undeviating firmness, the writer's style. There are incidents of Wertenbaker's worst days which a reader might wish had been omitted: suggested, instead of mercilessly described. Perhaps the author felt that without measuring the depth of his suffering we would not realise the stature of the man.

But the book as a whole is over shadowed in memory by these parts, because they produce a momentary shock—an effect which a writer is wise, as a rule, to forgo.

In describing the "good times" between the assaults of pain, Mrs. Wertenbaker excels. Her selection of brief exchanges of conversation and of phrases characteristic of the speaker reveals the novelist's skill and keeps normal living, with love and zest in it, as the vivid background throughout the clear-sighted, tranquil pilgrimage towards death.

The story is not one from which to generalise, and medical men and women will probably fear its having a wide-spread influence; for only two people of quite exceptional mental courage, united in a perfect marriage, would be well-advised, in such a tragic predicament, to take the decision the Wertenbakers took. All their talent and achieved happiness, all their profound mutual trust and love, were needed to make this record what it is — a testimony to the sweetness of living for two people who refused to allow fear or regret to overshadow the peaceful hours.

POETRY TO-DAY

YEATS MEMORIAL LECTURE

MR. CECIL DAY LEWIS, this year's Yeat's memorial lecturer, talked on "Poetry To-Day," at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, last night.

It was fitting that Mr. Day Lewis should deliver the lecture, for W. B. Yeats thought a lot of him. Yeats could approve people whose imagery was reactionary, going back to plain things like cogwheels and turbines, making "a depth-charge of grief." With the admiration that is above envy, Yeats admired the intellectual passion of the "Pylon school"—Auden, Spender, and Day Lewis.

And, last night, Day Lewis lectured in honour of Yeats. So what of poetry to-day, as one of the most distinguished of the younger poetic revolutionaries sees it.

Mr. Day Lewis began by recalling the writing of his earliest poems at the age of six in a rectory garden in County Wexford. Both his parents and himself were born in Ireland, and he is a descendant of Oliver Goldsmith—"sufficiently Irish," he said, "to be proud of the title of poet."

PROPHETS

Dealing with the period of the early 1930's, he said that there had been a lot of to-do about propaganda poetry. A number of poets who emerged about that time, and became associated with left-wing politics, were hailed from both sides as prophets and white hopes—or red hopes—of civilisation, or as revolutionary doggerel mongers and traitors to the cause of poetry.

Anything, he said, which awakens a poet's passionate attention may be a subject for poetry. The poets of the 1930's lacked a literary tradition and a scheme of moral values. The work of the Georgians seemed like self-abuse in punts up shady backwaters, and there was a stuffy, ingrowing, too-personal atmosphere about their literature. It was almost inevitable that poets should have turned to Socialism.

The poets of the 1930's possessed a confidence born of faith; they believed that the values of modern civilisation were ugly, but they saw in its material manifestations a kind of beauty. They saw beauty in towns, factories, aeroplanes . . . . because their faith enabled them to see these things in the light of what they *could* mean in happiness.

Also, they set out to handle in poetry a number of the phenomena of the modern age which had previously been left untouched, phenomena which had become familiar to the ordinary man and had taken their places in the pattern of his sense-data.

The poets of the period under consideration broke new ground, not only in the province of things, but in the realm of ideas—not necessarily political ideas. Freud, and psycho-analysis in general, had inevitably influenced the poets. They provided material for a new mythology, and fresh illumination of the sources of poetry.

THE SURREALISTS

The work of the surrealists had carried introversism as far as it would go. Surrealism was not a matter of exploring your own chaos, but of sitting tight and letting your chaos come to you. Modified forms of it represented the reactions of younger writers to the 1930's school. The last few years had produced a change in the poetic idiom. It was more inspirational, less social conscious, didactic and satiric. Its influence could be traced directly to Blake.

Since poetry was only used for recording events, teaching lessons, or entertaining crowds—because it was the best way of memorising things—the invention of the printing-press had killed poetry.

When a poet was writing a poem, Mr. Day Lewis said, and quite often after he had written it, he didn't care a damn if anyone read it or not. There was nothing purer, nothing more solitary, than the joy of creation. But the motive for the creative act was something other than that joy.

A poet looking for an audience to-day might be forgiven for thinking he had no choice beyond a left-wing audience, on the one hand, who judged his work as a class-war weapon, and some tiny clique of the intelligentsia, on the other, who would inflate his work up to the size of the self-importance. The cliques, nevertheless, had kept poetry alive.

The reason that poetry to-day had so small a public was because people were neither simple nor civilised enough to respond to it.

A DISCUSSION

During the discussion that followed, Mr. Riobard O Farachain, after proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, said that Irish poetry did not need to concern itself with political problems. The problem confronting the Irish poet was one of technique.

Miss Dorothy MacArdle said that Irish poetry was suffering an impoverishment through the language revival. Anglo-Irish literature was not only neglected, but was also despised.

Mr. Geoffrey Taylor said that he read on an average seventy poems a month by Irish poets, and he had been impressed by the fact that substantially they were indistinguishable from the poetry of the English poets. Nationalism and political economics were all very well, but poetry was the soul of a country. There was a tradition in Irish poetry, but for twenty years the Irish language had been fostered with the utmost care, and we were still cut off from that tradition.

Dr. Robert Collis said that poetry had to come from the soul of the people before it was great literature. Mr. Ewart Milne expressed the opinion that all good writers were both national and international. In conclusion, Mr. Day Lewis said that the war poetry in England started with the Spanish War.

GROUND RENT SALE

Messrs. Thos. Dockrell, Sons and Co., Ltd., auctioneers and valuers, M.I.A.A., who held a sale of fee-simple ground rents arising out of the Oulton Estate, Clontarf, on the 31st July last, announce that the number of lots withdrawn at the auction have now been cleared at satisfactory prices, the purchaser in trust being Mr. E. G. Stapleton, of Messrs E. and G. Stapleton and Sons, 29 Molesworth street, Dublin.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, First Sea Lord, congratulated a destroyer crew, at Liverpool on Saturday, on sinking two submarines in one night. The battle of the Atlantic was not yet won, he said, although the drop in shipping losses during the past two months was very satisfactory.

PROFILE OF TOMMY MULLINS

By Michael McInerney

POLITICS IS WAR BY OTHER MEANS

IF THERE IS one ruling bitterness in Mr. Tom Mullins, who became a Vice-President of Fianna Fail at the weekend Ard Fheis, it is directed towards the utter stupidity and recklessness of the "New I.R.A." leadership. He compares today's horrors with those of the 1939 bombings on English cities. He looked upon that 1939 campaign as "sabotage". It was the time when de Valera had dismantled the entire Treaty of 1921, secured the return of the famous Treaty Ports and concluded an amicable and valuable Trade Agreement with Britain.

He also had secured the goodwill of the British Government to seek ways to unite the Irish people. A campaign of publicity and public meetings on unity had been a great success, and there was goodwill for Ireland everywhere in England, just as there had been in early 1970 before today's Provisionals' campaign. It was then—34 years ago—that the New I.R.A. struck, after all the Old I.R.A. leadership had been eased out. "One day, at that time, I saw a young sailor being blown to pieces in Victoria Station, London by an I.R.A. bomb. I felt ashamed of Ireland for the first time in my life," he says.

The I.R.A. had forgotten that it was successful only—in 1919-21—when it was backed by a great Republican Movement, with Sinn Fein, the Dail, a Government with diplomatic, publicity departments, and the Army, the Army of the Irish Republic, and backed by the whole people. Since 1926 the I.R.A. was utterly adrift from its base. The alternative was a powerful political Party backed by the power of the State.

THE SOLUTION

That was, indeed, the solution thought out by both Mr. Mullins and Mr. de Valera, and Fianna Fail was seen as the instrument. It was de Valera who drafted the rules for the new Party. He explained often that they were identical almost with the rules of the Irish Volunteers when they were re-organised in 1917. And they were identical with the rules of Sinn Fein. "The Volunteers, after all", he said, were really a "Citizen Army", and Fianna Fail was a political army, for almost all of the Old I.R.A. joined it, either in 1926 or later, a case of reversing Clausewitz.

And the name, Fianna Fail, embodied all the Easter Week links, traditions and ideals. "Fianna Fail was the original name chosen for the Irish Volunteers by an t-Athair O Laoghaire. Such links might have been lost in the name "Republican Party" only," Mr. de Valera said.

"The structure", Mr. de Valera explained, "was pyramidical, yet democratic, with the branch, the cumann linked with the highest unit and, entitled to attend the Ard Fheis, as the company was represented at the Volunteer Convention."

Mr. Tommy Mullins, of course, in his position as Secretary has improved those original rules in the light of practice. Today, indeed, the Fianna Fail cumann is linked with the National Executive, the Dail Party, or even the Cabinet when Fianna Fail is in power. And every polling station, every village, town, city, constituency is served by a distant "platoon", the nerve-centre being the National Executive, with the King-pin, the national secretary, up to recently, Mr. Tom Mullins.

PARTY STRUCTURE

The National Executive certainly is pyramidical. The very top man—the President—must also always be the Leader of the Dail Party, or Taoiseach, if the Party is in power. By that simple rule the Dail, the Senate, local authority elected representatives are all linked, for every candidate for Fianna Fail becomes a member of the Party and subject to its discipline. The other members of the National Executive are five vice-Presidents, representing all the experience of the Party—its Establishment.

The Party Leader, or Taoiseach, appoints three Front Benchers, the Dail Party elects five members, and all are linked with the "unknown heroes of the hustings" through the "Committee of Fifteen" which is elected by the 5,000 Ard Fheis delegates. To make sure the "pyramid" is complete there are added, as "delegates," 45 representing every constituency area in the State. Meetings are held fortnightly, but full meetings, including delegates, about every three months and yearly convention. The National Executive remains in being between meetings through national secretaries, like Mr. Mullins, and other officers. Through them, the entire Party is in touch with all units at least in theory, if not always in practice. It produced almost an invincible electoral machine.

The most powerful unit of all in Fianna Fail, and indeed the most powerful within either Fine Gael or Labour, is hardly mentioned at all in "Rules and Party Constitutions." This is the Oireachtas Party, consisting of all the Deputies and Senators. It does not have any formal or written rules of its own.

The Dail Party may initiate legislation by proposal, elect or depose a Leader, elect even a Government. Dail Parties govern the State, and yet they never hold a meeting in public, nor publish minutes, nor are these made available, like some Cabinet papers, after a period of years. The chairman always must be a Backbencher and to his, or her, ruling even the Taoiseach, Leader or Ministers must bow. The Dail Party is politics.

POLITICAL HISTORY

Since 1932 Fianna Fail has been the strongest of the three Dail parties and the walls of its various Party Rooms at Leinster House perhaps echo the founding of the first Dail Party in 1927, the taking of the Oath, the day of victory in 1932 when some Deputies carried guns in fear of the counter-revolution; the wars against the Blueshirts and the I.R.A., and terrible decisions on executions and death on hunger strikes of old comrades or the sons of revolutionaries: or other crises like the Second World War, and the fury of the 1948 defeat by the Inter-Party, not to speak of the greatest crisis of all, that of May, 1970.

Mr. Mullins has worked with three leaders. The first, de Valera, the "kindly martinet," imposed a tough discipline that even the 23-year-old socially-radical Tommy Mullins, then the youngest Deputy, fresh from civil war fields and jail, had to accept. He did not always do so.

Sean Lemass was a complete contrast to Dev. He had no time to waste and was always anxious to get back to work after a quick meeting. If one promised him the impossible then he would "expect it that same day," Tommy says.

Yet one detects in Mr. Mullins an even warmer regard for Mr. Jack Lynch. Perhaps it is because "he is the man who leads this day." Or it may come from those long nights of crisis in May, 1970, when the fate of a Taoiseach, a Party, and even a country, were all at stake.

But, Tommy Mullins might say, and he would be so correct, it was not the Fianna Fail National Executive or the Organisation which showed the cracks that could have proved fatal, but that powerful, but sometimes exclusive Dail Party, where, unlike the Organisation, the loyalties are not all to the Party. One gathers that it was "touch and go" at times. But it was in this crisis, according to Mullins, Lynch showed his real worth. Perhaps it could be said that "a man who was a failure as a Minister, was a triumph as a Leader in real crisis."

Mr. Mullins's job was easy in a way. He is dedicated to the policy of peace, and "non-intervention" in any physical-force sense, in the North, and to a policy of reconciliation and consent. And so, night and day, in those days of fear, with his own mind clear, he bound the units together for Lynch. During those really terrible days the whole national organisation was completely sound, he says. It seems the only threat came from mainly rural Deputies whose influence against Jack Lynch could have affected the loyalties, the local cumainn or Comhairle Ceantair, the constituencies. "But," Mr. Mullins says proudly, "there was hardly a dribble of members away from the National Organisation at any level." One feels he will never forgive the Dail Party and might regret that Dev did not also lay down rules for it.

CHANGED FORTUNES

This weekend, in spite of that crisis, and though still reeling a bit, Tommy Mullins' men were able to report an increase to 2,440 Cumainn, to 345 ceantair, a near record national collection of £65,000, a total of 50,000 members, and, though they have experienced the first general election defeat in 16 years, they can report a total first-preference vote of 624,000. It was an increase of more than 22,000 over the 1969 poll of 602,000; the Fine Gael increase was almost 24,000; there was a fall of 38,000 in the Labour poll.

Mr. Mullins's summing up: "Bloody stupidity in the transfers, lost us the election, nothing else". His advice to his 50,000 members, and particularly to his 68 Dail Deputies: "Jack Lynch has had a hard ride, a tough time. For God's sake when we have a leader in the great line of leaders, don't let him down." He would add: "In any case there's no one to touch him."

NEW POSITION

Tommy Mullins is not giving up politics. In his new eminent position as a Vice-President, a member of the Establishment at last, he has more to give. But he will look back this morning, to his nursery in New Rochelle where Jews and Huguenots moulded him, to his link with Dev; remember that he, too, was a New Yorker, his days in St. Enda's after 1916, the ex-Guardsman who saved his life once, his left-wing days when he persuaded Gollancz to print Dorothy MacArdle's "Irish Republic" as a Left-Book-Club, orange-backed edition for 7/6d., to organising food parcels for the Irish in fighting for the Spanish Republic, or helping Peadar O'Donnell to bash the Blueshirts, and standing up to the Irish Christian Front fanatics on Spain.

Again and again his mind will turn to Dev, remembering that he also rejected the I.R.B., "the sinister force on the Treaty issue". He will know from many sources close to Dev. that it was only his West Cork radical independence, exuberance and radicalism, that kept him out of the first Fianna Fail Cabinet while still in his 20s. One can only imagine Tommy Mullins's pride on the day Dev. himself nominated him as Leader of the Senate, in 1957, where he stayed for 16 years — perhaps not quite so radical as at 23 or 24, in 1928-29. And now — a Vice-President of Fianna Fail: it is enough.

CHANGED TIMES

But Fianna Fail is changing, not alone in the scarcity of the "greats", but in the spirit behind the work. It is perfectly true that de Valera, Lemass, Boland, Mullins, MacEntee, Derrig and others, worked for buttons at a time when they were abstaining from the Dail, and receiving no allowance. "Now there is more ambition and career-seeking, and there is the consumer-society luxury-living competing with the Cumann. There are still as the basis of Fianna Fail, the road-workers, small farmers, the shop-assistants, and great numbers of ITGWU badge members, but also publicans, professional men and women and businessmen. One detects something like disgust in a mention of T.A.C.A.

While Tommy Mullins remains in Fianna Fail it will have radicals. And he cannot be otherwise than radical while Brid, his wife, is working away "at the cause" with him, a woman of humanity, intelligence and culture, sharing with her husband a delight in reading the great Irish, English, Russian and French writers, particularly writers on Marx or Socialism. They have read every line of Connolly.

Thomas Lincoln Mullins in 1961 when he was leader of the Senate and general secretary of Fianna Fail.

In the Mullins household there is a belief in the cause, but a recognition, also, that the Fianna Fail they both knew, like freedom, has to be "captured for ourselves every day, like love . . . the field is never quiet."

The agonising Northern events haunt future politics, creating a watershed even more powerful than 1926 when the nation's line of advance was the issue of the Oath. Twenty years ago Sean Lemass saw the line of advance as economic. Today, however, the line of advance to an Ireland of friendship and reconciliation is surely one which will urge a whole people to welcome social, cultural and civil rights for every citizen in society and in the home; no citizen being cherished unequally. These issues require a new radicalism, a new culture, perhaps unknown, even to the Fianna Fail of the past. Can the more conservative Fianna Fail of today meet that challenge? On the answer could depend the future not alone of Fianna Fail but of other parties as well, and the nation itself.

For Ireland so utterly changed needs a party of the future, not a party of the past.

(Concluded.)

Recent Fiction

Prater Violet. By Christopher Isherwood. Methuen. 5/- net.

ADMIRERS of Mr. Isherwood's work have been feeling nervous about him for the last few years. They knew that he was in Hollywood, that he had written some film scripts, and that he had been absorbed into the omphaloskeptic embrace of the group whose ringleaders (or, should one say, ringmasters?) were Mr. Gerald Heard and Mr. Aldous Huxley. However, the doctrine of non-attachment allowed Mr. Heard to write one or two amusing detective stories, and permitted Mr. Huxley to release his familiar and disgusted humour in "Time Must Have A Stop."

Mr. Isherwood has broken his rapt silence by this illuminating study of the making of a film. The film, "Prater Violet," is all about dear old Vienna and it is "shot" in England at the tragic moment when Dolfuss puts down so ruthlessly the rising of Austrian workers. This aspect provides the ironical counterpoint of Mr. Isherwood's story, which is dominated by an expatriate Austrian director, Dr. Bergmann—a mixture of fantasy, intelligence and tragedy. The author's gift for characterisation is as strong as ever it was in "Mr. Norris Changes Trains" or "Berlin Diary." The film industry provides Mr. Isherwood with a sitting target, which is potted with accurate and bitter *élan*.

The book is short, but Mr. Isherwood's talent is deployed to best advantage on miniatures. He has done a good job by writing "Prater Violet." One hopes that his succeeding silences will become increasingly of shorter duration.

Fantastic Summer. By Dorothy Macardle. Peter Davies. 8/6 net.

It is difficult to believe that Dorothy Macardle of "The Irish Republic" and Dorothy Macardle of "Fantastic Summer" are the same person. In addition to its being a most valuable reference book, the "Republic" is cold and hard; "Fantastic Summer" is warm and moving, with passages that convey the deep emotions of the characters with polished facility. It is a story of a woman who is gifted with second sight, and of her efforts to circumvent the realisation of her tragic previsions. Around her Miss Macardle has placed a group of excellently-drawn characters, with whom the reader quickly feels familiar. This woman and her terrifying "gift" are constantly in the forefront of the story, which also, however, takes in the love affair of her daughter and several incidents, some of charm and some of torture, that bear upon the course of the drama. The setting is in County Wicklow, somewhere between Enniskerry and Glencree, with an occasional excursion to Dublin, and the features of the countryside have been limned as deftly as the people of the story.

To-Morrow Will Sing. By Elliott Arnold. Rich and Cowan. 9/6 net.

The dust cover says that this is "a novel of beauty, very well told," which gives an altogether false impression of a story that contains much more than the average romantic novel. The plot, centred round a young American Air Force bombardier of Italian extraction, who finds himself based in Italy near his uncle's farm, is of minor importance compared to the contrasting studies of the reactions of both conqueror and conquered. The author, who served with the American Air Force in the Italian theatre, has managed to transform his own impressions into a novel which is more than usually convincing.

CURIOSITIES

UNEASY FREEHOLD (RETITLED *THE UNINVITED*), BY DOROTHY MACARDLE (1941)

RODDY Fitzgerald and his sister Pamela discover an old Georgian house on a cliff top. It is the house of their dreams, and they promptly seek out the owner, Commander Brooke. He agrees to sell the property, to the dismay of his twenty-year-old granddaughter Stella. She had been born in the house but, when Stella was only three years old, her mother fell to her death over the cliff edge. A few days afterward, a Spanish girl, the mistress of Stella's artist father, also died.

The commander sells at a suspiciously low price. Village gossip implies the place is haunted, and mysterious happenings follow. It becomes a mystery story when it is finally revealed that two ghosts — one benevolent and one decidedly evil — haunt the house. The evil ghost is determined to drive young Stella over the cliff. The benevolent ghost protects her. Is one her mother and the other the Spanish mistress?

Described by *The Times Literary Supplement* as "the ideal ghost story," the book sold an immediate half million copies in the UK and was made into an Oscar-nominated movie starring Ray Milland.

Dorothy Macardle (1889-1958) was a famous Irish revolutionary, imprisoned in 1922, but had, by then, made a reputation as an author and Abbey Theatre playwright before becoming a republican and feminist campaigner. Her history *The Irish Republic 1916-23* (1937) is still the standard work on the period. She also wrote several supernatural novels and short stories. When she died, she was accorded a state funeral attended by the president and members of all the parties in the Irish Parliament (the Dáil).

—Peter Tremayne

Sensible chills in an old-style ghost story

Anna Carey

The Uninvited

By Dorothy Macardle
Tramp Press, 314pp, €15

After the Irish Constitution was introduced in 1937, the writer and activist Dorothy Macardle wrote to her good friend, Éamon de Valera, to tell him what she thought of it.

"As the Constitution stands," she wrote, "I do not see how anyone holding advanced views on the rights of women can support it, and that is a tragic dilemma for those who have been loyal and ardent workers in the national cause."

Macardle, like many other Republican feminists, was appalled by the decision to enshrine the domestic role of women in the Constitution. So perhaps it's not surprising that, a few years later, she wrote an excellent novel that shows just how unhealthy it can be to idolise women as pure domestic goddesses.

First published in 1942, *Uneasy Freehold* has been reissued as the second in Tramp Press's brilliant Recovered Voices series, *The Uninvited* (its American title). In it, two Anglo-Irish siblings, Roddy and Pamela Fitzgerald, find an enchanting house for sale in Devon called Cliff End. But when they make enquiries about purchasing it, the owner tells them that it's been empty for 15 years.

Its previous residents were the owner's daughter Mary, her artist husband Lyn, their small daughter Stella, and Lyn's model and mistress, Carmel. Mary and Carmel both died tragically at Cliff End, and Stella was brought up by her grandfather. Six years earlier, a couple lived there, but left after having "experienced disturbances".

Roddy and Pamela are undeterred, but once they've moved into Cliff End strange things start to happen. They hear a woman sobbing and see mysterious lights. And then a mist appears, a mist that looks very like a woman with cold blue eyes.

"Dorothy Macardle explores the dark side of the blind veneration of a saintly mother figure and shows how limiting this cold ideal of virtue can be

Who exactly is haunting the house? And what does this spirit want with Stella, now a young woman who yearns for the perfect mother she never really knew?

Stella's fascination with Mary allows Macardle to explore the dark side of the blind veneration of a saintly mother figure. Stella's bedroom is a Marian shrine – in both senses of the word: "Pale blue walls – her mother's favourite colour . . . Mary's pictures – Florentine madonnas; a sketch of Mary as a girl and before it, in a glass vase, one white rose; even a statuette of her mother – a white plaster thing. It's a culte. Oh the piety, the austerity, the white virginal charm!"

Macardle shows how limiting this cold ideal of virtue can be – and how long its unhealthy effects can linger.

Of course, the ultimate test of a ghost story is whether it's scary or not. And while *The Uninvited* is enormously readable and full of nicely spooky moments, it rarely produces the sort of creeping dread triggered by, say, Elizabeth Bowen's *The Demon Lover*. This is mostly because the moments of terror are generally balanced by the characters' sensible and thoughtful discussions of what might be causing them. This may sound tame, but turns *The Uninvited* into a different yet equally enjoyable ghost story.

Pamela and Roddy become not just the victims of a haunting, but amateur sleuths determined to unearth the source of the mysterious incidents at Cliff End. They put together a dossier on the previous household and bring in friends and experts to help them. I was not surprised that Roddy, putting off writing a book review, wondered "how on earth was I to give my mind to Peter Wimsey and his mysteries while our own diabolical problem was crying out to be tackled?" There's more than a touch of Wimsey-creator Dorothy L Sayers's wit and inventiveness about *The Uninvited*.

In fact, the dark subject matter and the complex issues explored by Macardle, combined with the engaging characters and light touch, make *The Uninvited* one of the most entertaining Irish novels I've read all year.

When de Valera was asked for his verdict on the 1944 film version of *The Uninvited*, his response was: "Typical Dorothy". I hope she took it as a compliment.

Anna Carey's latest novel is *Rebecca Is Always Right*

Some Ne

The Seed Was Kind. By Dorothy Macardle. Peter Davies. 8/6 net.

AGAINST a background of Geneva in 1938, the fall of France and the air raids on London in 1940, Miss Macardle tells the story of how war and rumours of war affected the lives of several young Europeans of different nationalities. "The Seed Was Kind" makes interesting reading, but leaves the reader with a vague feeling of dissatisfaction, with the feeling that something has been attempted, but not done.

Miss Macardle has considerable talent in chronicling recent history, but she has not yet learnt to assimilate that material into the background of a novel, to reveal, as was her intention, the interaction of character and war. The characters in this novel are again and again shown suffering agonising hardships; but they fail to evoke compassion, probably because they are not people, but pegs on which Miss Macardle has hung a nationality, a cause, or a gift of genius. And yet, in spite of all this, the mood of these characters is conveyed by the author's honest effort in such a way as to compensate for other discrepancies. "The Seed was Kind" is an entertaining novel, which just falls short of the high standard at which it aims.

Golden Rose. By Pamela Hinkson. Collins. 9/6 net.

Any writer who takes India as the scene or background for a novel almost automatically invites comparison with Mr. E. M. Forster. The comparison is an exacting one; few can survive and claim to have brought the reader to greater understanding of a complex and mysterious country.

Miss Hinkson is certainly not one of the few. From "Golden Rose" one would gather that India is a large, hot country, where most of the inhabitants are ignorant and very poor, and where Western missionaries lead noble lives of self-sacrifice—nothing more. None of the characters is Indian, and none of the Western characters shows any trace of the influence of the Indian environment, apparently introduced for its cinematic appeal. Both Miss Hinkson and her publishers claim that "Golden Rose" contains deep psychological and philosophical penetration. The reader sees little more than a rather tedious love-story unfolded against an Eastern back-cloth.

Sunrise to Sunset. By Adrian Bell. The Bodley Head. 7/6 net.

This is the story of a family among the hills of Westmorland, where farming is inseparably bound up with family life, and where, largely owing to inaccessibility, modern machines are few and the flail is still a common implement of husbandry. The story opens in 1940, with the threat of invasion of England, which causes the author to send his family away from their menaced East Anglian farm to a cottage among the hills of Westmorland. As the story unfolds many interesting contrasts are brought to notice between farming conditions in the Westmorland Fell and in Suffolk

---

Farewell to Tharrus. By Catherine MacDonald Maclean. Collins: 7/6 net.

In "Farewell to Tharrus" Catherine MacDonald Maclean, whose "Seven for Cordelia" was described as "a wild flower among books" by one critic, continues the story of Donald and Cordelia Kinross and their trio of evacuees. Her lively style and deep understanding of nature make this simple story of life on a beautiful Highland farm well worth reading—if you like stories about life on beautiful Highland farms.

STUDENTS' DAY AT ALEXANDRA COLLEGE.

Yesterday was Students' Day at Alexandra College and it was celebrated with the usual youthful enthusiasm by the pupils and their girl friends. The reading of the successes of the past year took place at 7.30 p.m. in the Jellicoe Hall, after which Miss White, LL.D., wearing her scarlet academic robe, addressed to the students some advice for the coming year. At 8.30 the visitors were entertained in the diningroom, the girls of the various classes presiding at the tables, which were charmingly decorated. The girls all wore the freshest and daintiest of débutantes' gowns in white, pale blue, and pink.

The play, which was the event of the evening, was that delightful song-story of Old Provence, "Aucassin and Nicolete," admirably dramatised from Fr. Bourdalone's translation, by Miss Dorothy Macardle. It brought the audience back to the old world atmosphere of seven hundred years ago in Provence, when troubadours sang, and knights went to combat for love of fair maids. It was full of freshness and beauty, and, as Mistral wrote of the songs of his land, like "a cluster of wild grapes with all the green leaves near it."

It may not be out of place to recall the story. Aucassin, the hero, is in love with Nicolete, who is believed by the Court to be a slave girl. Nicolete is placed in a turret with her old nurse. But Aucassin is determined to win her. He makes a covenant with his father, the Count of Beaucaire, that if he fights the Saracens and defends his father's land, he can claim Nicolete. The Count consents. But when Aucassin returns from the war, his father will not hear of the betrothal. Then come all the obstacles, and the search for Nicolete, who has fled to the forest. When maid and lover meet, they take boat to a land of sunshine, but are again separated, this time by pirates, who send Aucassin adrift on a raft. And Nicolete, like all the princesses in the fairy tales, is found on the sea shore by her long-lost father, the King of Carthage. The remainder of the story weaves itself in happy strain until all obstacles are overcome, and the prophecy fulfils itself that Aucassin, to keep his land undefiled, must marry a Princess of the Royal blood.

As Aucassin, Miss Nesta Fitzgerald was decidedly a *prince charmant*; and Miss Rita Low, as Nicolete, was a graceful maid. Miss Winifred Newcombe played the unpopular *rôle* of the hard Count of Beaucaire, and Miss Ruth Colles, in her stately robes, made a dignified and imperious Lord Cardinal. Dame Mace, the nurse, was particularly good; and the minor part of Marguérite, the maid, was one of the finest pieces of acting during the evening. Miss Bay Jellett, as the pert page, did very well. A word of praise must be bestowed also on the pretty little fisher boy and girl, the Misses Moira and Poppy Guinness.

The dresses were beautifully executed. As this is the first year, the stage managing, scene painting and dresses were all provided by the students they deserve special commendation. Aucassin's suit of dove grey, with a scarlet mantle and hat, in the first scene, was very fine, and the black satin and purple courtiers' costumes in the last act were really artistic. The blending of colour, armour and backgrounds, were carefully studied, and some lovely effects obtained. In the turret scene the old nurse at her spinning wheel made a strong contrast to the youthful Nicolete. The forest scene at Beaucaire was very pretty, as was also the sea coast at Carthage, with the mermaid lying on the sands, and the two children—one seated on the rock and the other listening with eyes of wonder to the golden story which the little girl tells. The scene painters—Miss L. Stephens and Miss Nuala Hyde—may feel quite proud of their work.

The orchestra included Miss Alice Rollins (at the piano), the Misses H. Denroche, A. Fitzgerald, P. Deane, M. Thacker (violinists), and Misses C. Jephson and E. Drury ('cellists). Special mention must be made of Lady Moore's harp accompaniments to the many pretty songs throghout the piece.

The cast of the play was as follows:—

A Troubadour.....Gladys Irvine.
Garin, Count of Beaucaire.....Winifred Newcombe.
Aucassin, his son.....Nesta FitzGerald.
Bertrand.....Beatrice FitzGerald.
Simon.....Kathleen Clarke.
A Captain.....Olave Baker.

(Officers of the Count.)

Pierre, Page to Aucassin.....Bay Jellett.
Bulgarins, Count of Valence.....Gladys Irvine.
Nicolete.....Rita Low.
Dame Mace, her Nurse.
Marguerite, Maid to Nicolete.....Norah Stack.
Walter Mace, Warder of the Prison....Sidney Acton.
A Watchman.....Lorna Macdonald.
Soldiers.....Marjorie Sibthorpe and Ruth Duncan.
Aubrey.....Lorna Macdonald.
Martin.....Marjorie Sibthorpe.
Robin.....Dorothy Bateman.

(Shepherds.)

A Serf.....Maud Cherry.
The King of Carthage.....Ruth Acton.
The Prince Fernandez, his Cousin.....Madge Holliday.
A Carthaginian Nobleman.....Evelyn Tomlinson.
A Little Fisher Girl.....Moira Guinness.
A Little Fisher Boy.....Poppy Guinness.
The Cardinal of Beaucaire.....Ruth Colles.
Barons.....Madge Holliday, Olave Baker.
Notaries.....Ruth Duncan, Dorothy Bateman.
Heralds.....Gladys Irvine, Dorothy Bennett.

THE VISITORS.

Lady Moore wore a graceful black satin gown with black lace scarf embroidered in gold. Mrs. Harry Guinness had a black satin gown, the corsage trimmed with chiffon and jet. Miss Culwick wore black satin, relieved with white. Miss Reed had a black satin gown, with fichu of old Limerick lace. Miss Eleanor Story wore a black satin gown, with Quaker fichu of white muslin. Professor Mary Hayden's gown was of cerise satin, with tunic of black lace. Miss Mary Story wore a green satin gown, with scarf of old rose chiffon. Mrs. A. F. Dixon had a sapphire blue silk gown trimmed with Oriental embroidery. Miss Lane-Joynt wore a black satin and jet gown. Miss Cunningham, Warden of Trinity Hall, had a black satin gown, with corsage of black lace over white chiffon. Miss Salmon wore a bronze chiffon gown. Miss Hopkins had a white satin gown, veiled in black net. Miss Vernon wore a smart black chiffon gown, with corsage of black chiffon. Miss King had a pretty daffodil ninon dress over charmeuse. Miss Fletcher wore a black satin and jet gown. Miss Helen Laird had a rose charmeuse gown, with tunic of black lace. Miss Dorothy MacArdle wore a shell pink ninon dress, over satin. Miss M'Comas had a black silk gown. Miss Stack wore black satin, with touches of blue.

The Countess of Aberdeen was unable to be present.

The Bewildering English

By Dorothy Macardle

Confessions of a European in England. By J. H. Huizinga. Heinemann. 25s.

THE European who confesses to being "bewitched, bothered and bewildered" by the islanders among whom he made his home is Dutch. During childhood in Holland his concept of the English was derived from Dickens, Jules Verne and Wodehouse: they were sporting barbarians devoid of culture. Six adolescent years in New York turned him into a Babbitt. Then, suddenly overwhelmed by nostalgia for Europe, he determined to settle in a European metropolis, and selected London. It did not take him long to realise that, there, he was not in Europe.

England won his enthusiastic admiration. He was writing on the gold standard. He had made the union of Europe his chosen cause. England, he believed, was destined to lead the nations to that great solution of all the problems rending the Western world.

An enchanted sojourn among the belles of Belgravia and Mayfair proved brief. It was followed by the life of a student in London—a London which then offered "nowhere to idle the lazy hours away sipping a glass . . . nowhere a refuge for lovers, an asylum for the lonely, a resting-place for the weary, an oasis for the thirsty." But he discovered the parks and, then, the comfortable, even elegant, homes of the upper-middle class. Here was a fine civilisation: a style wholly English, wholly to be admired.

Role of Interpreter

Established in London as correspondent to a Dutch newspaper, the writer set himself to comprehend and interpret the unique English pattern of life, with its firm class distinctions and democratic fraternisation; its spontaneous friendliness and impenetrable reserve: its affable manners and bland indifference to issues which he felt to be acute.

All journalists, he presumes, are at war with all politicians. To his dismay he discovered that he was regarded by his Dutch readers as anti-British. His angers were those of a lover, from first to last.

"Narcissism" is one word in which he thinks to find a clue to the English enigma and "patriotism" is another. He scarcely seems to distinguish between the two. He believes that a collective self-love, impervious to criticism, accounts alike for the Englishman's capacity for public service and his frequent guileless arrogance towards people of other nationalities, while not Machiavellian cynicism, but a desire to comfort themselves, is the source of that self-deception which to foreigners seems hypocrisy. Even when M. Huizinga was plunged into despair by the ineptitude or ruthlessness, or both, of British policy, even over Cyprus and Suez, bitterness did not drive him back to his native land.

Familiar Pattern

The author's illusions, conclusions and disillusionments make a story which many Irish and Anglo-Irish readers will follow with exasperation and sympathy—knowing it all, already, too well.

The book is readable, clever and amusing, but the parts are better than the whole. Each phase and reaction of the European is eloquently described, but, in a personal narrative, one wants some intimate glimpses of the man—his appearance, background, associates and routine.

As a study it is unsatisfying. The subject calls for such knowledge as Margaret Meade brings to her inquiry into the American character and Arland Ussher to his into the Irish. This "confession" is unassuming, clever and amusing, but it will not help the English to sway the destinies of the world.

THE FOOD OF LOVE

By Dorothy Macardle

As Music and Splendour. By Kate O'Brien. Heinemann. 16s.

KATE O'BRIEN makes certain demands on her readers. Like Virginia Woolf, Henry James and Charles Morgan, she brings us into the company of men and women who are more sensitive, intelligent and articulate than those who compose our familiar environment. Even the least wordly-wise of her adolescents possesses distinction of mind. We have to bring quick comprehension to what they say.

Two Irish girls, neither yet seventeen, are sick for home in the convent in Paris to which a group of benefactors has despatched them to have their beautiful, promising voices trained. Italian opera is their manifest destiny, Rose, yielding and soft and sweet as a summer flower, weeps for her mother. Clare, a little her senior, is grave and resigned, but thoughts of her grandmother in Galway trouble her.

"Come in, child, I have the tea wet. Come in out of the wind, my love!" She was on her way, involuntarily, into horrid winds, whence no one would call her back. Come in, my love."

Into the Dark

This author takes all the resources of the unconfined novel as her right. She looks on her characters as might their guardian spirit; understands them more perfectly than they do themselves; interprets; even predicts. The girls have been a little while in Italy before they realise that they have been "sent into the dark"; parted, as if at cross-roads, from their natural selves.

It is the Italy of the 1880s when, in Milan and Rome and Naples, opera reigned supreme, and its high priests traied young singers with a discipline that almost detached them from human life outside. For these penniless girls, pathetic in their little anxieties, their still childish preoccupations, there is no escape, no going home. With the fluidity of youth and ignorance, they become adapted and take on a premature maturity whose unsureness is revealed with touching and delicate art.

To a young Irish seminarist, turned teacher in Rome, Clare has something angelic about her. He tells her he is afraid for her and Rose in this extraordinary, dangerous world into which they are plunged.

". . . 'Oh, Clare, be careful!'

'Careful of what?'

'Of yourself. Of what you must always be. Of all the old values—of your childhood and your church—'"

He declares: "'There's too much love! You all use this word too much. Do you know its meaning?'"

Clare has learnt its meaning, with anguish and humiliation. She rushes away, afraid . . . "afraid of to-morrow, all the to-morrows, everyone's."

Success

Success, an irresistible current, sweeps both girls along. They have no choice, no freedoms any more, other than "the small personal ones of mood, of sensation, of free and easy love."

Rose is happy, but she too has surrendered to heady influences. She has given her first love, tender and frail, to René, a youth whose charm and weakness have captured her imagination, but not, as we are permitted to see, her heart. Clare's case is desperate. Thomas, the perceptive, purposeful Welsh composer, tries to forge the love to which she cannot respond into the friendship she so much needs. His

Miss Kate O'Brien

is a complex nature, finely delineated, with holding roots. "Love isn't kind. It's love—a firm, acquisitive excitement," he warns Clare.

As the story flows on, the meetings and partings are as brief and unwilled as the touching of leaves whirled in an eddy, for the girls' careers set an ever-increasing pace. Days of tension, fierce ordeals, nights of triumph among dizzying lights and the cries and applause of their enchanted auditors; the emotions and passions of the women whom they enact; the music haunting every moment—all accumulate, exercising a pressure from which even the reader would sometimes wish to escape.

Kate O'Brien creates a whole world. We live in it, breathe only its air. She has written a rich, powerful, magnetic book. Only when the music and splendour are gone can the reader pause and question, in retrospect.

Has not too high a demand been made upon our credulity? Is it possible that so great a change could take place in docile, convent-bred Irish girls in so short a time? They might *act* rashly; but could they discuss with such detachment the idea of sin, like people taking a calculated risk? Would not the conflict have been overt and lacerating?

But all questions are subdued by the tragic mood of the close. Clare and Rose pass into the unforgettable company of Kate O'Brien's many sensitive, innocent people who have bruised themselves by trying to live full lives in a world old in selfishness and deceit. We realise that they have destroyed their peace.

"As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute."

And we grieve for these two.

THE HOMELESS CHILD

By Dorothy Macardle

The Adopted Child. By Mary Ellison. Gollancz. 16s.
Other People's Children. By Anna Judge Veters Levy. The World's Work. 18s.

DR. ANNA FREUD'S conclusion that it is a very bad home indeed which is not better for a child than the best institution has come to be shared throughout Western Europe and the United States, as one result of experience gained in working for child victims of the war. Adoption, sponsorship and fosterage are more and more widely resorted to, while children's villages and institutions are being divided into small units in which the pattern of life has some resemblance to that of a family.

Among workers for children who share Anna Freud's conviction are Mary Ellison, author of "The Adopted Child" and Anna Judge Veters Levy, of the first City Court of New Orleans, whose book, "Other People's Children" recalls cases which have come before her.

Adoption

Mary Ellison's factual book opens with a historical survey of the English attitude towards the unwanted child from the industrial revolution to the Adoption Act of 1950, and concludes with an account of the Hurst Report. The whole question of adoption is studied — the legal procedures and the reasons why these are necessary, the psychological problems involved for the mother, the adopters and the child; the strain and distresses which must be anticipated in that enterprise and ways of dealing with them. Miss Ellison has not allowed her enthusiasm for adoption to tempt her evade consideration of its risks. Everyone concerned in the placings or upbringing of a stranger's child in the family home will find this book full of wise advice.

From New Orleans

Judge Veters Levy's stories make terrible reading. She has taken these cases from some 30,000 that have come before her in children's courts. They tell of appalling wrongs and sufferings inflicted on children, often by their natural guardians; of the children's frantic efforts to protect themselves and one another and to resist the agony of separation; then, the intervention of the Court and the search for foster-homes.

The author is a gifted story-teller. The dramatic extremes, the pathos of situation, the detailed scenes and the pattern each story makes suggest that they are not strictly factual, but are composites. Probably all the incidents illustrative of the state of affairs happened, even if not quite as related.

This supposition is irritating to a reader in search of exact information; nevertheless, "Other people's Children" is a highly informative, as well as a readable and very moving book.

THE INNER EYE

By Dorothy Macardle

Face to Face. By Ved Mehta. Collins. 16s.

"FOR a quick death each one of them carried poison, firearm or razor-edged blade. If anything remained to sustain them, it was the value of honour and courage, the principles of renunciation and suffering practised by untold centuries of Hindus."

Ved Mehta is describing, not what he saw but what he knew from the talk of his sisters. He was completely blind. Throughout much of the second part of his autobiographical book he lets the reader forget this, because he wants to make us understand the tragic clash between Hindus and Muslims that preceded the cession to Pakistan.

At the age of 23 he has written (that is, dictated), in fine and flawless English, an absorbing book. His youth makes quite astonishing the sense of proportion, maturity of judgment and freedom from egoism with which he has reacted to catastrophe. Civilisation, one feels, must have reached a very high level in the household in which he was brought up.

His home was in the Punjab: in Lahore. The first of the three parts of the book describes the sweet security of the Hindu family, cherished by a mother devoted to the old superstition and rituals but guided by the father, a doctor in the Government service, trained in England: a man of luminous goodness and wisdom whose influence pervaded his son's mind and life. He trained his children vigilantly in interdependence of action and independence of thought. When Ved, the only son, was totally blinded by meningitis at the age of 3½, Dr. Mehta vowed that he would make any and every sacrifice to give his only son the best education obtainable for the blind.

In the hundreds of thousands of blind children in India there was almost nothing—no education; no hope of employment. They were left to live as professional beggars or pedlars or, at the best, to set up a little shop. The nearest asylum —one for destitute blind or weak-sighted orphans — was 900 miles away. To this the child was sent at the age of five. The meningitis had obliterated his memories and he did not know the meaning of light. He was the only child there whose language was Punjabi, he was always small for his age and his hands were soft. He had illness after illness and the boys gave him a rough time; yet the place, with its activity and crowding, gave him what he had lacked at home. He showed promise. The Principal felt that Ved, at seven, had learnt all this school could teach him and made an effort to have him accepted in the famous Perkins Institute in the United States.

National Crisis

That was the first of innumerable vain efforts to obtain for the boy an American or British education. Refusals came to Dr. Mehta and Ved by post after post. The child went home to live slow, empty, idle years. His craving for knowledge was appeased only by lessons in Indian music and by the "dinner-table school" at which his father and sisters discussed the ever-intensifying crisis in their country; the dangers and virtues of Gandhi's teachings; the right and wrong of the new ideas and old values. The eldest sister married a man chosen for her by her relatives, and acquiesced, accepting the Hindu custom and having entire faith in her father's wisdom and love.

Vividly, the young man recalls the child's joy in every little access of freedom and activity achieved: the delight of riding, free and fast, on a bicycle; of visiting a crowded fair; of scampering and climbing over the roofs with boys who were flying kites. His mother endured anxiety, but his father insisted on letting him take risks.

The life of the family is revealed as it was interpreted to him and, for the reader, is seen in colour and light. There was laughter, for the delicate sense of proportion they all possessed was, as always, a sense of humour, too. There was, also, deep and painful distress caused by the ghastly disease and starvation which the Indian masses had to endure. Then fear intrudes. The Muslims are gathering to attack.

"Hindus and Muslims," Ved Mehta writes, "had lived together for a thousand years like brothers; they had toiled together in the fields: feasted together at each other's religious celebrations . . . had marched with Gandhiji on his salt march, demonstrating to the British people the force of Gandhiji's non-violent and *Satyagraha* methods. . . . This fabric had been systematically strained to the breaking point by the British policy of divide and rule."

The terror broke loose. Huddled among a crowd of sobbing women and children in a secret room behind a steel door, the helpless, humiliated boy listened to the crashing of forced doors and burnt houses, the screams of Hindus savaged by the Muslim mob. Dr. Melita, at last sent his daughters and Ved away to relatives, in spite of the risks of the long journey by train. When the family was again reunited they were refugees, in a place where 30 people had to live and sleep in four rooms.

Special Training

It is not until the third part of the book, when Ved is a student in America, that the fact of his blindness becomes the central theme. The fine special training he received there is shown from the pupil's side. Particularly interesting is the cultivation of sensitivity of the pores of the skin, which can produce the radar-like faculties called "facial vision" and increases the mobility of the blind. At length, feeling free of the world, the youth is admitted to the university of California — a blind undergraduate competing with sighted men and women who have received education since they were six years old.

He was successful, but at the cost of unremitting concentration on work. With humour and penetration, he communicates to the reader the sensitivities and resentments, capacities and frustrated distresses and satisfaction of a sightless person who is trying to live a natural life.

I have in lonliness: a supreme need of friends; profound gratitude and affection towards two girls who, in turn, give him every help and charming companionship, but soon go their own ways. It is not until his father comes to him filled with an irresistible determination to open the highway of life to his blind son, that Ved can look to the future with faith and hope.

The book leaves the reader with conviction that the disciplined human will, fortified by affection and confidence, can achieve almost impossible things. One realises also, the need of blind people for sighted friends.

VIEWS ON DRAMA AND NATIONALISM

BROADCAST DEBATE

"Drama and Nationalism" were discussed last night in a broadcast debate from 2RN between Dorothy Macardle and Seamus MacCall.

Speaking on whether or not more Nationalism was needed in the Irish theatre, Mr. MacCall asked had not the biggest force in Irish life, ever since our drama began, been the struggle for national independence? "You do not suggest," he said, "that that has been over-represented in our theatre. If you do I shall have to go to the other extreme, and assert that, with few exceptions, in novels as well as plays, it has only been misrepresented."

Dorothy Macardle said that she agreed that our revolution had fared very badly at the hands of our dramatists, but she thought that the people who really understood the national movement of our own generation were too much absorbed in it to have time for play-writing.

The revolutionary movement was, however, only one aspect of nationalism. Did not the Abbey dramatists write continually about types and characters and situations which belonged only to this country? They very rarely explored ideas or facts of human psychology which were common to modern civilisation everywhere or to the whole human race. She quoted Ibsen and other play-wrights, and said: "Those dramatists think in terms of the world. Ours confine us to our own island all the time."

"I think," countered Mr. MacCall, "that if you knew Scandinavia and Italy as well as you know Ireland you would see national characteristics in those plays as clearly as you see them in ours."

Miss Macardle—"Very likely. I know that Ibsen planned Peer Gynt as a satire on Norwegian nationalists. All the same, it has universal significance. There are Peer Gynts everywhere in the world. Long after Norwegian controversy is forgotten it survives as a cosmopolitan play."

Passing to the reason for all the concentration by our dramatists on the national aspect of things, Mr. MacCall remarked:—I am afraid there has been a certain amount of humbug about this literary revival of ours. When our writers discovered our wealth of existing literary material some of them became more concerned with exploiting it than with expressing it. They distorted our mythology to suit their own theories, and they used our legends only to supplement their own literary output. What was even worse, they only knew our myths and legends in paraphrased versions, which were already distorted, and so, instead of rebuilding a genuinely Irish literary edifice they gave us something vague to rather shapeless, which was quite incapable of standing up to the weather.

TWILIGHT AND SHADOWS

Miss Macardle—"You dislike the 'Celtic Twilight' and all that?"

Mr. MacCall—"I dislike the dim shadows, the intellectual vagueness, the pseudo-philosophies and the ill-digested mythologies which pass as an expression of the Celtic genius. The old Irish bards preferred vigorous colourings, disciplined form, exuberant style and simple emotions, though often expressed in complicated rhythm."

Miss Macardle—"But why should you ask our modern poets to cramp their own inspiration by imitating the artificial mode of the old bards? Have they not a perfect right to invent new modes for themselves, even to found a new Irish school if they can? I know that Yeats created a world of his own, a world veiled in the mists of his own weaving. Call it the Yeatsian Twilight, if you prefer. It may not be in the Celtic tradition, but it is Irish, since an Irish poet created it, and its figures are derived from Irish legend."

"Do not misunderstand me," said Mr. MacCall. "Yeats has done more for Irish poetry and Irish drama than any other man living. I do not think that Yeats should be expected to write in the old Irish tradition, any more than you should be expected to drive into Dublin in Cuchullain's chariot, instead of your car."

Towards the end of the discussion, both Miss Macardle and Mr. MacCall began to agree, and the broadcast finished up on this note:—

Miss Macardle—"Do you now agree with me in this conclusion: that, if a writer has an independent outlook and a subject he understands, and is faithful to his vision and his subject, the national quality of his work can generally take care of itself, and had better be left to take care of itself?"

Mr. MacCall—"Yes; I agree with you there. Conscious striving after nationality would probably spoil his work."

Miss Macardle—"Then, having reached an agreement on that matter, I think we had better stop talking."

Mr. MacCall—"I agree again."

THE NOVELIST AND HIS CONSCIENCE

At a meeting of the Dublin Centre of the P.E.N. Club, held in Jury's Hotel, the guest speaker, Miss Dorothy Macardle, gave a talk on "The Novelist and his Conscience."

Miss Macardle said that some people thought a novelist was better without a conscience. The artistic conscience was separate from the social conscience. She distinguished the novel with a purpose, the sociological study or political propaganda novel, from the novel of mere entertainment such as the mystery thriller, but even thrillers must obey the rules of the craft, she asserted.

Miss Macardle stated that, while the appeal through emotion was stronger than the appeal through reason, controversial subjects were better approached through factual books than through fiction. She suggested that an interesting field for research would be a historical study of the effect of novels on leglislation.

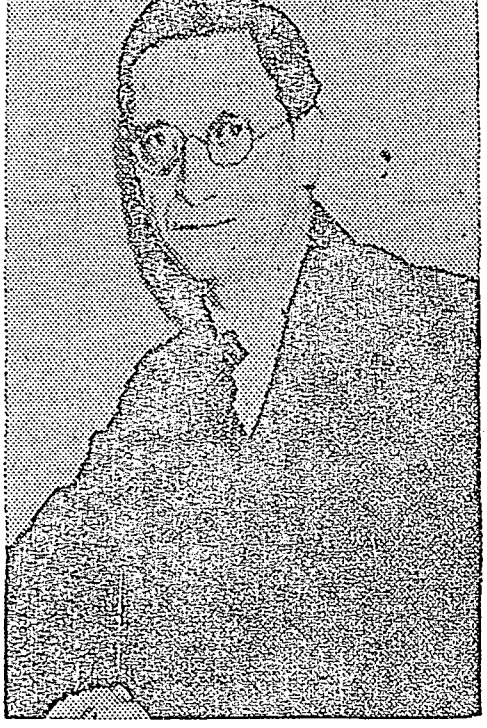
"The Republic in Being"

From The Rising to the Truce

The Irish Republic. By Dorothy Macardle, with a Preface by Eamon de Valera. London: Victor Gollancz. 25/- net.

THIS exposition, or narrative of events in Ireland during the seven momentous years from 1916 to 1923, may be regarded as an outstanding contribution to the materials of history, and it is certain to remain for many years the best standard reference for that period. It is a fully annotated record, and it is provided with appendices of historical documents and statements, a bibliography of books, periodicals and other publications, and an excellent index. Rather more than a hundred pages are devoted to sketching in the historical background.

During this brief period a profound change came over the political opinions of an increasing number of Irishmen. The men of Easter Week and after owed practically nothing to the inspiration of the Parliament of 1782, or to the idea of "King, Lords and Commons of Ireland," or to the Home Rule Parliamentary Party. The tradition came to them by an older road—from Ireland before the Anglo-Norman invasion, from the confiscations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, from Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen,



EAMONN DE VALERA.

from John Mitchel and '48, from the Fenians, from the G.A.A. and the Gaelic League. In short, the objective was not to repeal the Union, but to reverse the conquest.

Truth or Falsehood

The author discusses at some length the causes of the Rising, and there are references to the famous "Secret Order," which seems to have been drafted by George and Joseph Plunkett and Rory O'Connor; but whether a fabrication in its entirety for the purpose of forcing a decision to resort to arms rather than wait for inevitable arrest, or whether the document did, in fact, embody plans prepared in the Castle is not yet clear. Nor does it greatly matter; for it will be recalled that no attempt had yet been made to destroy police espionage, and it is certain that the names of all active Volunteers were already in the hands of the Chief Secretary.

Of course, there were other agencies at work to force an issue. The Great War had already lasted for twenty months, and it was unlikely that such an opportunity would recur. Then there was the personal factor—the Military Council of the I.R.B., a small inner circle intent on action. Whatever may have been in the minds of the leaders in the period of preparation as to the possibility of success in a military sense, it is hardly open to doubt that, with the advent of dissension and the imminence of wholesale arrests, the immediate objective became narrowed down to one of simple protest, to redeem their generation by asserting in arms their right to national freedom.

Clarke and Connolly

Each of the leaders knew he was setting his life on that cast. The resolute figure of Thomas Clarke, a man who had endured the horror of fifteen years' penal servitude and emerged unbowed and unbeaten, moves unobtrusively across the stage. James Connolly, ardent Nationalist as well as social revolutionary, whose only fear was that others were not in the same deadly earnest as himself; Padraic Pearse, a comparatively late-comer to the inner councils, some of whose prose writings are among the best this country has produced, a man possessed by the idea of redemption by blood sacrifice; and then McDermott and Plunkett, two fiery spirits whose courage far outpaced their failing bodily strength—such were the men who precipitated military action and so diverted the course of Irish history.

No Next Time

Miss Macardle is to be commended for the restraint and lucidity of her narration of that eventful week and its aftermath. It is made plain that the long-drawn-out series of executions was intended as terrorism pure and simple, a warning to the Irish people that there was going to be no "next time." The futility of such a policy was so manifest that the mentality of its authors is not easy to comprehend. The inevitable result followed—a tide of sympathy supplied a stimulus to the manhood of the country to organise and prepare for action.

We know of no better description of the events of 1917 than is to be found in this volume, a year in which new discussion arose on account of a desire for an open national movement and consequent resentment of the secret control of the I.R.B. This led to the resignation of de Valera and Brugha from that body. A further difficulty arose from the refusal of Griffith and his immediate followers to commit themselves to a Republican objective. A compromise (the work of de Valera) eventually united all these elements. That compromise was that the immediate aim should be the securing of international recognition of Ireland as an independent Republic on the understanding that when this status was achieved the Irish people would be free to choose, by referendum, their own form of Government. The political organisation and the Volunteers were still separate, and though de Valera was elected President of both, the I.R.B. continued to exercise its influence through the latter body.

Ruthless Action

The narrative then deals with the resistance to conscription and with the general election of 1918 and the events which immediately followed it. Many just men have asked themselves how far the result of the 1918 election entitled the majority of the elected representatives to constitute themselves "the Government of the Irish Republic" and in due course to support the policy of taking life in defence of the Republic. It is a difficult constitutional question, but the authoress refers to neither doubt nor difficulty.

From that time until the Truce the conflict gathered momentum. For the first time in Irish revolutionary history action was taken ruthlessly and drastically against the spy and the informer, and (chiefly through the efforts of Michael Collins) an efficient intelligence service was created and maintained. Dublin Castle was thereby deprived of those agencies on which it had always formerly relied. The result is summed up by M. Goblet and quoted by Miss Macardle:—

> "The British Administration could no longer succeed in governing Ireland; it could only prevent her governing herself."

For a temperate and graphic story of the manner in which that policy was pursued the reader is referred to the pages of this book. There are set forth the correspondence which preceded the appointment of delegates to the London Conference, and an account of the proceedings of the Conference itself (and this should be read with the fuller treatment in "Peace by Ordeal"). The split which followed the signing of the Articles of Agreement is then dealt with, and the harrowing tale of the subsequent civil conflict and its sequel.

Verbal Errors

There is much to praise in this book, and there are also some points for general criticism. One has been hinted at above, the remainder are of minor importance; but we noted far too many verbal errors for which the printer cannot be blamed. Then, on p. 64, John Kells Ingram is misquoted, and there are numbers of misspelt proper names and wrong initials scattered through the text. Thomas Clarke once remarked to a young contributor to the *Gaelic American* that "John Mitchel would turn in his grave if he knew you spell his name with two ll's." There is no excuse for the authoress making this mistake no fewer than eight times, and, in one instance, thereby misquoting from Pearse's oration at the grave of O'Donovan Rossa.

THE SAD CRITICS

Austin Clarke

An Experiment in Criticism. By C. S. Lewis. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

Shakespeare: Man and Boy. By Dorothy Macardle. Faber and Faber. 18s.

EVER since the second World War the activities of academic criticism have been rapidly increasing both in England and in the United States, and professional critics are being ousted by specialist and thesis-writer. Although the New Criticism has been vigorously attacked in recent years, analytical works mount up and research extends to every possible aspect of literature. In this country we are aware mainly of the regular output of books on Yeats and Joyce. Considerable sums enable graduates and professors to travel abundantly and the more literature becomes a chill scientific investigation, the more the sabbatical year becomes an enjoyable motoring holiday. In his brief and lively book, "An Experiment in Criticism," C. S. Lewis, Professor of Mediaeval and Renaissance English in the University of Cambridge, attacks indirectly all this new academic activity. Some of his chapter headings are stirring. Among them we find "The Reading of the Unliterary", "False Characterisations", "On Misreading by the Literary". Here is his comment on misreading:

> The sort of misreading I here protest against is unfortunately encouraged by the increasing importance of 'English Literature' as an academic discipline. This directs to the study of literature a great many talented, ingenious, and diligent people whose real interests are not specifically literary at all. Forced to talk incessantly about books, what can they do but try to make books into the sort of things they can talk about? Hence literature becomes for them a religion, a philosophy, a school of ethics, a psychotheraphy, a sociology — anything rather than a collection of works of art. Lighter works—*divertissements* — are either disparaged or misrepresented as being really far more serious than they look.

Perhaps Professor Lewis takes too seriously at times the solemnity of undergraduates, anxious to learn.

> After a lecture of my own I have been accompanied from Mill Hill to Magdalene by a young man protesting, with real anguish and horror against my wounding, my vulgar, my irreverent, suggestion that "The Miller's Tale" was written to make people laugh. And I have heard of another who finds "Twelfth Night" a penetrating study of the individual's relation to society.

In the Victorian age an earnest, young student who was shocked by the mediaeval grossness of Chaucer would certainly have been approved of by those in authority.

It is easy to forget that the growth of criticism is by no means new. It is said that more than two hundred books were written about Tennyson, most of them quite forgotten, and as many were devoted to the intricate message in the poems and plays of Robert Browning. Professor Churton Collins, in two books, analysed the constant drafts and revisions which Tennyson made in his early poems and so started a new method of criticism. Professor I. A. Richards has endeavoured to isolate the given text and analyse scientifically its reception by the reader. Dr. Lewis has done the same, though he is more impulsive, and Mr. Empson has investigated the seven types of ambiguity. In the present work, Professor Lewis comments drily:

> Many of the comments on life which people get out of Shakespeare could have been reached by very moderate talents without his assistance.

For some, it may well impede future receptions of the work itself.'

On the problem of poetic tragedy, Professor Lewis is stimulating.

> It seems to me undeniable, that tragedy, taken as a philosophy of life, is the most obstinate and best camouflaged of all wish-fulfilments, just because its pretensions are so apparently realistic. The claim is that it has faced the worst. The conclusion that, despite the worst, some sublimity and significance remains, is therefore as convincing as the testimony of a witness who appears to speak against his will. But the claim that it has faced the worst—at any rate the commonest sort of 'worst'—is in my opinion simply false...
>
> Stories with a sublime and satisfying *finale* were chosen not because such a *finale* is characteristic of human misery, but because it is necessary to good drama.

Such a view would have greatly displeased the eminent Victorian critics such as A. C. Bradley and Edward Dowden. As timely is Professor Lewis's remarks on the theory of 'escapism' which became popular during the war.

> No one that I know of has laid down in so many words that a fiction cannot be fit for adult and civilised reading unless it represents life as we have all found it to be, or probably shall find it to be, in experience. But some such assumption seems to lurk tacitly in the background of much criticism and literary discussion. We feel it in the widespread neglect or disparagement of the romantic, the idyllic, and the fantastic, and the readiness to stigmatise instances of these as 'escapism'. We feel it when books are praised for being 'comments on', or 'reflections' (or more deplorably 'slices') of Life. We notice also that 'truth to life' is held to have a claim on literature that overrides all other considerations.

To Professor Lewis the purpose of literature is simply to please and enlighten. He cites examples of vivid palpable detail which delight and reward us: the dragon 'sniffing along the stone' in *Beowulf;* Layamon's Arthur, who, on hearing tha the was king, "sat very quiet and one time he was red and one time he was pale"; the pinnacles in "Gawain" that looked as if they were 'pared out of paper'; Jonah going into the whale's mouth 'like a mote at a minster door'; the fairy bakers in "Huon" rubbing the paste off their fingers; Falstaff on his deathbed plucking at the sheet; Wordsworth's little streams heard at evening but 'inaudible by daylight.' Specialisation, as he points out, has led to uncertainty of standard and opinion.

> We have learned from the political sphere that committees of public safety, witch hunters, Ku Klux Klans, Orangemen, MacCarthyites *et hoc genus omne* can become dangers as great as those they were formed to combat. The use of the guillotine become an addiction. Thus under Vigilant criticism a new head falls nearly every month. The list of approved authors grows absurdly small. No one is safe.

Professor Lewis's immediate problem is the experience and effect of reading and at some length he indulges in an amusing yet depressing, survey of the horrors of popular taste on the stage and the television screen. Even in our own small country learned professors and Gaelic enthusiasts sit on committees to discuss the provision of Westerns and other popular thrillers for the pleasure of the majority.

"Shakespeare Man and Boy" by the late Dorothy Macardle is written in a pleasant, simple way and is designed for the instruction of serious school children in the senior forms. There are enlivening descriptions of the Elizabethan background. In her survey of the great tragedies the late Miss Macardle accepted the academic view of Victorian scholars that Shakespeare had himself undergone dark tragic experience.

"THE SHAPING OF MODERN IRELAND"

The series of essays entitled "The Shaping of Modern Ireland" was commissioned and broadcast by Radio Eireann, as the Spring series of Thomas Davis lectures. By permission of the Director of Broadcasting, the *Irish Times* has published (in somewhat abbreviated form) nine out of the total of 17 lectures. A list is given here for reference:

Introductory talk, by Conor Cruise O'Brien. April 20th-21st.

Michael Cusack and the G.A.A., by David Greene. April 27th-28th.

Douglas Hyde and the Gaelic League, by Myles Dillon. May 4th-5th.

John Redmond, by Nicholas Mansergh. May 11th-12th.

Edward Carson, by R. B. McDowell. May 18th-19th.

Arthur Griffith, by Terence de Vere White. May 25th-26th.

The Young Yeats, by Donal Davie. June 1st-2nd.

Moran of the *Leader*, and Ryan and the *Irish Peasant*, by Brian Inglis. June 8th-9th.

Connolly and Pearse, by Dorothy Macardle. June 14th-15th.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH TIMES.

SIR,—Now that some of the problems that harrass the teacher of English are being keenly discussed, I venture to think that many of your readers will be interested to hear of a projected conference on the subject, to be held at Stratford-on-Avon next August in connection with the Summer Shakespeare Festival. The Festival, with its many delightful activities, seemed to afford an ideal centre for a gathering of teachers of English, and, with the kind support and generous co-operation of the Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial, a week's conference is being organised. Among the subjects to be discussed "The Teaching of Shakespeare" will naturally have a prominent place. "Acting in Schools" and "The Study of Poetry" will each occupy a morning. American teachers are coming to describe theories and experiments which are influencing their work, and two mornings will be given to the discussion of "Oral English," with papers on "English Phonetics," "Oral Composition," "Self-expression," etc.

It is hoped that these discussions, which will be opened by eminent teachers, lecturers, and authors, will do something towards bringing order out of the very promising chaos which the state of English in the schools presents just now; but, more than this, it is hoped that the Shakespeare Festival will prove full of suggestion and stimulus to teachers of English literature and drama, and that the meeting in that holiday atmosphere of teachers from all corners of the British Isles, the United States, and Canada may in itself be productive of fresh ideas and renewed enthusiasm.

The detailed programme of the conference will not be ready until next month, but, meanwhile, I shall have pleasure in sending information about the scheme to anyone interested in it. It is much to be hoped that Irish schools will be represented at the conference, and that many Irish teachers will take part in the discussions. Unfortunately, accommodation at Stratford is rather limited, so that application for membership should be made early. It would give me pleasure to assist intending members of the conference in the matter of finding rooms.—Yours, etc.,

DOROTHY M. MACARDLE,
Hon. Secretary, Conference of Teachers of English.
Theatre Box Office, Stratford-upon-Avon,
April 14th, 1914.

To Olympus via Cobh and Holyhead

ROY FOSTER

Irish Writing in the Twentieth Century: a Reader. Edited by David Pierce. Cork University Press 1351 pp, £35 hbk, £25 pbk

ANY new anthology raises two immediate questions: what criteria lie behind it, and what is the intended audience? In his introduction, David Pierce lays down a useful range of judgments based on inclusiveness, unfamiliarity and location. But it is prefaced by a personal memoir to tell us where he is — in more than one sense — coming from. Thus, the editor manages to anthologise himself. Since this contribution evokes the rural 1950s Irish life of the "disenfranchised", seen from the visiting-emigrant perspective, it may also be intended to provide boreen-cred. "In Britain of course it is unacceptable to talk too much about your origins unless you are 'superior'," he tells us: but this preliminary autobiographical excursion is provided since "you or your tutor may want to explore attitudes towards Irish writing from a personal angle".

There are a number of assumptions here that deserve decoding. The reference to "your tutor" indicates that this hefty book is intended as a "workbook and resource tool" for Irish Studies courses — supplementing, or perhaps outflanking, the vast and invaluable *Field Day Anthology*, blessed by many of us who want our classes to read long-inaccessible essays by Samuel Ferguson or D.P. Moran, but know that students are disinclined to go further than the open shelves. Pierce's collection is, unlike Field Day's, restricted to the 20th century, but, again unlike Field Day's, it is affordable. It is nonetheless nicely produced, and well proof-read (though there are some slips in spelling, and the index is not always reliable). Yeats is well and widely represented. It is marred by a large chunk of missing Joyce extracts, thanks to a silly and querulous point of copyright law: doubly a pity, since Pierce has already written a notably imaginative, insightful and accessible book about Joyce, and his choices would have held a particular interest. But there is plenty more for you to be getting on with, whatever about your tutor.

It is also, of course, about defining a canon. This is both bold and imaginative; only as one reads do the reservations crowd in. First, the bonuses. Pierce is determined to include obscure material from periodical literature, especially about literary controversy. John Eglinton, the forgotten man of the Revival, receives his due. We are reminded what a good critic John Jordan was, and what a gap was filled by *Hibernia*. Once-fashionable novelists like George Moore are treated properly, and unjustly neglected writers such as Teresa Deevy and Blanaid Salkeld snap sharply into focus. Shaw's *John Bull's Other Island* is rightly hailed as masterly, and rightly given in full (as are other dramatic masterpieces such as Synge's *Playboy*, Barry's *Steward of Christendom* and Parker's *Pentecost*). The well-chosen extract from Edna O'Brien's *The Country Girls* whets the appetite for more of the same (though that seems to be a lost cause).

Pierce's broad approach to "critical and documentary" writing brings in Hugh Brody's anthropological classic *Inishkillane* (though not Arensberg's *Irish Countryman*), and some devastating extracts from the recently-compiled Northern Ireland record, *Lost Lives*. His determination to recover forgotten fiction reminds us of the quality of Paul Smith's *The Countrywoman*, and lures into the net writers whom we might not readily think of as "Irish".

. But these virtues, when let run riot, turn into faults. Sometimes the inclusion of transient journalism is brilliantly illuminating, as with Seamus Deane's riveting 1977 interview with Seamus Heaney: but too much useful space is devoted to a repetitive interview with William Kennedy, or the much-quoted meditations of Bono on Irish identity. Philip Hobsbaum's condescending memories of the "Belfast Group" could have been replaced by more from Mahon, Longley or Heaney themselves (or Tom Paulin, under-represented in comparison to some of his contemporaries).

● **But where are they? Clockwise from top left: Anne Enright, Michael Collins, Dermot Bolger, Neil Jordan, Glenn Patterson, Colm Tóibín . . . "they have been elbowed out by too many second-rate extracts from writers with a thin claim on Irish identification and influence"**

Mystifyingly, Colm Tóibín (described as "journalist and novelist") is represented only by a piece of journalism, his review of Declan Kiberd's *Inventing Ireland* (a choice made all the stranger by, regrettably, including nothing of Kiberd's). Earlier, George Birmingham is represented by a hack 1907 article on the literary revival, instead of something mordant from *An Irishman Looks At His World*, or *The Red Hand of Ulster*. Elizabeth Bowen comes in with a fairly slight piece from the *Listener* on 'Going to London', instead of her supercharged evocation of Dublin in *Seven Winters*. (For imaginative writing, she is surprisingly represented by 'Mysterious Kor' rather than one of her wartime short stories about Irish neutrality, or *The Last September* — maybe to steer clear of Field Day.) Domhnall MacAmhlaigh provides an article from the *Tablet*, instead of *Dialann Deorai/The Irish Navvy*. Obscure pieces are all very well, but why choose them when they are duller than classics by the same authors?

THEN there is the question of the all-embracing diaspora. Since Pierce believes that imprisonment is as central to the Irish experience as emigration, middle-class writers such as Joyce Cary, Kate O'Brien and Mary Lavin are paid less attention than the outcast or disinherited. At the same time, putatively "Irish" writers who show the right socio-psychological qualifications are hauled enthusiastically in. Scott Fitzgerald shows up twice. William Kennedy is at least self-consciously Irish, and there are strong reasons for including Edwin O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah* (I would also argue for the ignored George V. Higgins's sublime *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*); but there is nothing from Maeve Brennan, who moved from Ireland to America and wrote marvellously about both. "Diaspora literature" in Britain is far less expansively treated: James Ryan's luminous *Home from England* goes unmentioned, and so do J.M. O'Neill's *Open Cut* and *Duffy is Dead*. Yet they have been elbowed out by too many second-rate extracts from writers with a thin claim on Irish identification and influence.

This raises questions about other exclusions. Why is there room for John Gregory Dunne and Arthur Conan Doyle, and a Mayfair sermon from Father Bernard Vaughan (on the strength of a mention in *Ulysses*), and the Scots poet Iain Crichton Stuart, and Cecil King's Pooteresque diary — while Patrick Kavanagh's *The Great Hunger* is allowed only a few lines (and there is nothing from *Tarry Flynn*)? Why is Tom Barry's problematic and ill-written *Guerilla Days in Ireland* preferred to Ernie O'Malley's masterpiece *On Another Man's Wound*? Why is Brian Moore represented only by an extract from one of his lamer novels, *The Mangan Inheritance*? Does the editor have shares in Joseph Campbell, who appears, unimpressively, under four different headings? Why is a short story by Dorothy MacArdle here, except as an awful warning? Of more recent writers, the exclusion of Colm Tóibín and James Ryan has already been mentioned; they are joined by Anne Enright, Glenn Patterson, Michael Collins, Neil Jordan, Dermot Bolger, Frank McGuinness, Joseph O'Connor, Bernard O'Donoghne (looking at this list, the unworthy thought strikes me that being cited for a major literary prize may act as a disqualification).

It would be unfair to take this game of ins-and-outs much further; anthologists must follow their opinions. But it is fair to point out that this is an extremely opinionated "reader", especially as it is aimed specifically at creating a canon for students. The introductory notes to each extract, usually lively and perceptive, rise further questions. Sometimes they are distinctly loaded (referring for instance to the "so-called resurgence" in Irish poetry from the 1970s). Usually detailed, they occasionally give no information about a writer at all. There are odd glitches: strangely, the 1924 editorial for *To-Morrow*, though known to have been written by Yeats, is attributed only to the editors, Francis Stuart and Cecil Salkeld; while the note to *Cathleen Ni Houlihan* makes no mention of Augusta Gregory's contribution, though she claimed to have written "all but all" of it and recent scholarship bears her out.

ON OTHER levels, however, the editor issues firm instructions on how to read. Current debates are partially indicated; Terry Eagleton is given at length on "revisionism", though there are no extracts from any "revisionists". Two paragraphs from Edward Said's 'Yeats and decolonisation' are not enough to situate that particular thorny discussion-point; the subsequent addition of an essay by Colin Graham on post-colonialism, written in response to something else, gives the sensation of a half-heard argument.

Still, the introductions try to keep you and your tutor up to the mark. "How do you respond to the use of dialect" in Somerville and Ross? (A question not asked about Finley Peter Dunne, or Marina Carr.) Note that Paul Muldoon's 'Ireland' "can be used as an icebreaker at the beginning of a course in class". "You might reflect on what (Lee Dunne's *A Bed in the Sticks*) contributes to an understanding of the larger question of Irish identity." "Here is the first Act [of Marina Carr's *The Mai*]; as an exercise in composition, you might consider writing the second Act yourself." Why not consider reading it? Anthologies, after all, set you on a track of exploration. Despite the obeisances to Van Morrison and Mary Coughlan, the itinerary offered here leaves the odd impression of being at once unfamiliar and old-fashioned, with signposts which point down eccentric dead ends, or suggest that the quickest way to Olympus is via Cobh and Holyhead.

● **Roy Foster is Carroll Professor of Irish History at the University of Oxford. His forthcoming book, *The Irish Story: Telling Tales and Making It Up In Ireland*, will be published by Penguin in October**

Kieran Fagan looks back at a rare case of matricide in a doctor's family which rocked 1930s Dublin

Unnatural born killer

AN eminent Dublin doctor's wife was missing. Her bloodsoaked car was found in a laneway leading to the sea and there were bloodstains all over her house. Her younger son admitted being in the car with his arm around his dead mother pretending to be just another courting couple in a remote spot.

She had committed suicide, her son said, and to protect her reputation he had disposed of the body. It was murder, the prosecution said, and it took place in the quiet Dublin suburb of Booterstown in February 1936.

Lavinia (Vera) Ball, aged 56 at the time of her violent death, was a seriously troubled woman. She was separated from her doctor husband, and her relationship with her second son, 19-year-old Edward, was stormy. He had recently returned to Dublin from boarding school in England. He had no occupation except unpaid walk-on parts which Hilton Edwards at the Gate Theatre sometimes granted to handsome young men who took his fancy. This was to prove a flashpoint.

The atmosphere at 23 St Helen's Road was already explosive. We have this account from Richard Cobb, an English schoolfriend of Edward, who had been invited to visit during school holidays almost two years earlier:

"I understood that mother and son were prisoners of each other, and that however much they detested one another — he really did think of her as a monster, she really did regard him as a hopeless dolt who would never achieve anything — they were still unable to disengage from a running fight . . . that, as soon as they were alone together, took up much of their time and most of their energies."

'Aeroplanes were used in the search, probably for the first time in a murder investigation in Ireland'

Cobb became caught in the crossfire. Vera Ball first charmed him; then she spun the impressionable adolescent a cock-and-bull story about her estranged husband depriving her of the family silver. Richard Cobb and Edward Ball impulsively decided to get her heirlooms back and broke into Dr Ball's house in the Leeson Street area. The escapade turned into a fiasco, and they returned empty-handed.

But Vera Ball turned against Cobb, and the guest she had recently welcomed fled home in disgrace. In Edward's pocket, his mother later found letters, schoolboy confidences exchanged during school holidays.

Edward had earlier told Richard that his mother had attempted to poison his father. Richard referred to this in a letter to Edward which Vera found. She issued proceedings for libel against Richard Cobb's parents, as he was under age.

Edward had also told schoolfriends that one day his mother would go too far and he would dump her in a river. In one letter Richard asked how the "Liffey project" was progressing, and made a smutty joke.

THE SCENE was set for a very nasty court case, with two boys from a famous public school, Shrewsbury, centre-stage: poor corrupted Edward versus the corruptor Richard.

But Richard Cobb's parents were too smart for Mrs Ball. They had their son certified temporarily insane. We know from his book, *A Classical Education* (Chatto and Windus, London 1985), from which the above quotation is taken, and also from contemporary accounts, that Richard Cobb was probably the only sane person, apart from the maid, in that frightful ménage at the time.

Traolach O Buachalla as Edward Ball in RTE's version of the 1936 murder

Today, Corbawn Lane in Shankill cuts a swathe through Dublin suburban housing estates. Half a century ago it was a secluded lover's lane which petered out into a footpath sloping down to the sea. One February morning in 1936 a youth delivering newspapers noticed Mrs Ball's car jammed up against the barrier erected to stop drivers crashing into the sea below.

Inside there were bloodstains and an envelope addressed to Mrs Vera Ball. Her body was not there and was never found. When the police contacted Edward, he professed not to know that his mother was missing. Only when the police found bloodstained carpets, and later a bloody axe, did he change his story. His mother had cut her throat with a razor-blade and he had dumped the body to save her from the stigma of suicide.

The actual 'Car in Corbawn Lane' — a 1936 Garda picture of the bloodsoaked car of Lavinia Ball in Corbawn Lane in Shankill, Co Dublin

The trial was a sensation, and not just in Ireland. The *Daily Mirror* persuaded its readers to comb the Welsh coast for the missing body. Aeroplanes were used in the search, probably for the first time in a murder investigation in Ireland. Gardai tried to involve Richard Cobb — on the basis that incitement to murder might be thought part of the "Liffey project" letter — but, getting little help from their British counterparts, gave up.

For some the standing of Edward's father, an eminent doctor, and the prestige of Shrewsbury School made matters worse. Distinguished past pupils were dispatched to "square" newspaper editors not to mention Edward's alma mater by name. "*The Irish Times* was to do the right thing," remarked Richard Cobb, though the *Irish Independent* spilt the beans.

Writer and TV presenter Brian Inglis, then an Oxford undergraduate, was at Shrewsbury with Edward and Richard and later joined *The Irish Times* as a reporter. The Inglis family was part of the Anglo-Irish merchant class of the day. He later wrote a doctoral thesis on the muzzling of the press in Ireland. It would be a superb irony if Inglis's influential parents were part of the golden circle which kept embarrassing details about their betters from newspaper readers.

WITHOUT a body, the police had to work hard to make the prosecution stick. The blood-stained axe helped. There is a compelling account of the trial in Kenneth Deale's *Beyond Any Reasonable Doubt?* (Gill and Macmillan, Dublin, 1990). The jury found Edward guilty but insane, and he was sent to the Central Mental Asylum in Dundrum, where he was visited regularly by, among others, Dorothy Macardle, biographer of Eamon de Valera. He escaped briefly in 1937 but was recaptured a few hundred yards away from the asylum, and was released after serving 12 years.

Sorcha Cusack playing Mrs Lavinia Ball in the dramatisation of her murder

Sometime after his release, he admitted that the fatal row began when Vera Ball refused to give him £50 for his expenses for a trip to Egypt with Hilton Edwards's theatre company. After killing her, he drove the body to Corbawn Lane. He found another car there, in which a couple was copulating, and he had to wait for them to finish and drive off before throwing his mother into the sea. He told Richard Cobb that he was disgusted by the shamelessness of the lovers.

Edward Ball died some years ago. "I knew Edward well enough to know he was not a natural killer . . . that anyone, other than his mother, would be safe with him," Cobb concluded.

● The Car in Corbawn Lane, *a reconstruction of the Ball murder, will be shown on RTE 1 this Thursday at 10.10 p.m., as part of the* Thou Shalt Not Kill *series.*

VIEWS ON DRAMA AND NATIONALISM

BROADCAST DEBATE

"Drama and Nationalism" were discussed last night in a broadcast debate from 2RN between Dorothy Macardle and Seamus MacCall.

Speaking on whether or not more Nationalism was needed in the Irish theatre, Mr. MacCall asked had not the biggest force in Irish life, ever since our drama began, been the struggle for national independence? "You do not suggest," he said, "that that has been over-represented in our theatre. If you do I shall have to go to the other extreme, and assert that, with few exceptions, in novels as well as plays, it has only been misrepresented."

Dorothy Macardle said that she agreed that our revolution had fared very badly at the hands of our dramatists, but she thought that the people who really understood the national movement of our own generation were too much absorbed in it to have time for playwriting.

The revolutionary movement was, however, only one aspect of nationalism. Did not the Abbey dramatists write continually about types and characters and situations which belonged only to this country? They very rarely explored ideas or facts of human psychology which were common to modern civilisation everywhere or to the whole human race. She quoted Ibsen and other playwrights, and said: "Those dramatists think in terms of the world. Ours confine us to our own island all the time."

"I think," countered Mr. MacCall, "that if you knew Scandinavia and Italy as well as you know Ireland you would see national characteristics in those plays as clearly as you see them in ours."

Miss Macardle—"Very likely. I know that Ibsen planned Peer Gynt as a satire on Norwegian nationalists. All the same, it has universal significance. There are Peer Gynts everywhere in the world. Long after Norwegian controversy is forgotten it survives as a cosmopolitan play."

Passing to the reason for all the concentration by our dramatists on the national aspect of things, Mr. MacCall remarked:—I am afraid there has been a certain amount of humbug about this literary revival of ours. When our writers discovered our wealth of existing literary material some of them became more concerned with exploiting it than with expressing it. They distorted our mythology to suit their own theories, and they used our legends only to supplement their own literary output. What was even worse, they only knew our myths and legends in paraphrased versions, which were already distorted, and so, instead of rebuilding a genuinely Irish literary edifice they gave us something vague to rather shapeless, which was quite incapable of standing up to the weather.

TWILIGHT AND SHADOWS

Miss Macardle—"You dislike the 'Celtic Twilight' and all that?"

Mr. MacCall—"I dislike the dim shadows, the intellectual vagueness, the pseudo-philosophies and the ill-digested mythologies which pass as an expression of the Celtic genius. The old Irish bards preferred vigorous colourings, disciplined form, exuberant style and simple emotions, though often expressed in complicated rhythm."

Miss Macardle—"But why should you ask our modern poets to cramp their own inspiration by imitating the artificial mode of the old bards? Have they not a perfect right to invent new modes for themselves, even to found a new Irish school if they can? I know that Yeats created a world of his own, a world veiled in the mists of his own weaving. Call it the Yeatsian Twilight, if you prefer. It may not be in the Celtic tradition, but it is Irish, since an Irish poet created it, and its figures are derived from Irish legend."

"Do not misunderstand me," said Mr. MacCall. "Yeats has done more for Irish poetry and Irish drama than any other man living. I do not think that Yeats should be expected to write in the old Irish tradition, any more than you should be expected to drive into Dublin in Cuchullain's chariot, instead of your car."

Towards the end of the discussion, both Miss Macardle and Mr. MacCall began to agree, and the broadcast finished up on this note:—

Miss Macardle—"Do you now agree with me in this conclusion: that, if a writer has an independent outlook and a subject he understands, and is faithful to his vision and his subject, the national quality of his work can generally take care of itself, and had better be left to take care of itself?"

Mr. MacCall—"Yes; I agree with you there. Conscious striving after nationality would probably spoil his work."

Miss Macardle—"Then, having reached an agreement on that matter, I think we had better stop talking."

Mr. MacCall—"I agree again."

VIEWS ON DRAMA AND NATIONALISM

BROADCAST DEBATE

"Drama and Nationalism" were discussed last night in a broadcast debate from 2RN between Dorothy Macardle and Seamus MacCall.

Speaking on whether or not more Nationalism was needed in the Irish theatre, Mr. MacCall asked had not the biggest force in Irish life, ever since our drama began, been the struggle for national independence? "You do not suggest," he said, "that that has been over-represented in our theatre. If you do I shall have to go to the other extreme, and assert that, with few exceptions, in novels as well as plays, it has only been misrepresented."

Dorothy Macardle said that she agreed that our revolution had fared very badly at the hands of our dramatists, but she thought that the people who really understood the national movement of our own generation were too much absorbed in it to have time for play-writing.

The revolutionary movement was, however, only one aspect of nationalism. Did not the Abbey dramatists write continually about types and characters and situations which belonged only to this country? They very rarely explored ideas or facts of human psychology which were common to modern civilisation everywhere or to the whole human race. She quoted Ibsen and other play-wrights, and said: "Those dramatists think in terms of the world. Ours confine us to our own island all the time."

"I think," countered Mr. MacCall, "that if you knew Scandinavia and Italy as well as you know Ireland you would see national characteristics in those plays as clearly as you see them in ours."

Miss Macardle—"Very likely. I know that Ibsen planned Peer Gynt as a satire on Norwegian nationalists. All the same, it has universal significance. There are Peer Gynts everywhere in the world. Long after Norwegian controversy is forgotten it survives as a cosmopolitan play."

Passing to the reason for all the concentration by our dramatists on the national aspect of things, Mr. MacCall remarked:—I am afraid there has been a certain amount of humbug about this literary revival of ours. When our writers discovered our wealth of existing literary material some of them became more concerned with exploiting it than with expressing it. They distorted our mythology to suit their own theories, and they used our legends only to supplement their own literary output. What was even worse, they only knew our myths and legends in paraphrased versions, which were already distorted, and so, instead of rebuilding a genuinely Irish literary edifice they gave us something vague to rather shapeless, which was quite incapable of standing up to the weather.

TWILIGHT AND SHADOWS

Miss Macardle—"You dislike the 'Celtic Twilight' and all that?"

Mr. MacCall—"I dislike the dim shadows, the intellectual vagueness, the pseudo-philosophies and the ill-digested mythologies which pass as an expression of the Celtic genius. The old Irish bards preferred vigorous colourings, disciplined form, exuberant style and simple emotions, though often expressed in complicated rhythm."

Miss Macardle—"But why should you ask our modern poets to cramp their own inspiration by imitating the artificial mode of the old bards? Have they not a perfect right to invent new modes for themselves, even to found a new Irish school if they can? I know that Yeats created a world of his own, a world veiled in the mists of his own weaving. Call it the Yeatsian Twilight, if you prefer. It may not be in the Celtic tradition, but it is Irish, since an Irish poet created it, and its figures are derived from Irish legend."

"Do not misunderstand me," said Mr. MacCall. "Yeats has done more for Irish poetry and Irish drama than any other man living. I do not think that Yeats should be expected to write in the old Irish tradition, any more than you should be expected to drive into Dublin in Cuchullain's chariot, instead of your car."

Towards the end of the discussion, both Miss Macardle and Mr. MacCall began to agree, and the broadcast finished up on this note:—

Miss Macardle—"Do you now agree with me in this conclusion: that, if a writer has an independent outlook and a subject he understands, and is faithful to his vision and his subject, the national quality of his work can generally take care of itself, and had better be left to take care of itself?"

Mr. MacCall—"Yes; I agree with you there. Conscious striving after nationality would probably spoil his work."

Miss Macardle—"Then, having reached an agreement on that matter, I think we had better stop talking."

Mr. MacCall—"I agree again."

WOMAN AND THE PLAY

DUBLIN LITERARY SOCIETY LECTURE

Mr. Andrew E. Malone last night addressed the Dublin Literary Society on "Women Playwrights." He said that the first woman playwright was Roswitha, the Benedictine Nun, of Germany, who wrote a series of plays about the middle of the tenth century. They lay undiscovered for nearly five hundred years, but to-day had been translated into German, French, and English, and had been described by one of the greatest of critics as "the productions of genius." These plays have been said to have influenced Shakespeare, Marlowe, Goethe, and to have been the basis for the favourite "The Lady of The Camellias." Some had been acted in Paris, London, and New York during the present century, nearly a thousand years after they had been written in the Convent of Gandersheim.

Mr. Malone spoke of the distinguished women playwrights of England, the United States, Germany, and Mexico. He said that in a sense women dominated the modern theatre; they provided the greater part of the audiences in the English-speaking world, and generations of great actresses had created a tradition which women shared equally with men.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND

He spoke of the women who had been among the most prominent and successful playwrights "in the great days of the English repertory theatre movement," including Elizabeth Baker, Githa Sowerby, and Clemence Dane, and referred to the long modern list, which includes Tennison Jesse, Cecily Hamilton, E. M. Delafield, Kate O'Brien, Joan Temple, Naomi Royde-Smith, Dorothy Brandon, Aimee Stuart, Dorothy Massingham, Gwen John, and Mrs. Cecil Chesterton.

The most successful plays of the recent London theatrical season were the work of C. L. Anthony, Gordon Daviot and Gertrude Jennings, whose 'Family Affairs' is probably the most successful play now running in London," said Mr. Malone.

Turning to Ireland, he said there were records of plays by sixteen women, of whom the greatest was, undoubtedly, Lady Gregory. The Abbey Theatre had staged the plays of some fourteen women.

"At present the leading position among Irish women playwrights belongs to Miss Dorothy MacArdle," he commented; "but fine work may be expected in the future from Miss Teresa Deevy, Miss Margaret O'Leary, Miss Mary Manning, and the Countess of Longford."

WOMEN WRITERS' CLUB

MISS MACARDLE THE GUEST OF HONOUR

MR. DE VALERA PRAISES "IRISH REPUBLIC"

WITH Miss Dorothy Macardle, author of "The Irish Republic," as their guest of Honour, the Women Writers' Club held their fourth annual banquet last night in the Gresham Hotel, Dublin. Mrs. Craig Davidson, President, presided.

Miss Ross, Hon. Secretary, read the following letter from the Prime Minister, Mr. de Valera:—"I regret that it will not be possible for me to accept your kind invitation to the banquet which the Women Writers' Club are giving in honour of Miss Dorothy Macardle. I should like very much to be present to mark my appreciation of the great service which Miss Macardle has rendered to the Irish nation by her history of the years 1916-1923. I know that nothing but her love for Ireland and her desire to serve it could have urged Miss Macardle to turn aside for years from the congenial paths of creative literary work to undertake the exacting task of collating, examining, verifying, and putting into order the confused mass of information relating to this period. We can never be sufficiently grateful to her for having done so. Had that task been undertaken by one less competent, or postponed for another decade, propagandist myths might have completely overgrown and hidden away the truth for ever. Now, because of her devotion, this period is more accurately recorded than any other similar period in Irish history.

"As a book of reference 'The Irish Republic' is invaluable. With it beside him as a guide, the student interested in any particular event or phase of the period can proceed at once to his investigations without any of the distracting time-wasting preparatory searches hitherto necessary. But it is not from the historical student's standpoint that I think 'The Irish Republic' should be chiefly appraised. It is as an epic story of the great endeavour of a people, told, as it should be told, with simplicity and truth—as a story that will inspire the future youth of our nation and teach them the wisdom without which high enterprise cannot be pursued to success—as a story that will warn them of the tragedy that ever lies close by when great deeds are attempted.

"The author deserves all the honour your club can pay her, and I can only wish that future generations may be as well served in their historians as this has been by Miss Macardle."

PRIZE PRESENTED

Mrs. Craig Davidson said that, in spite of prophecies to the contrary, the club continued to flourish. They were frequently asked why they had formed a women's club. Well, they belonged to other literary clubs, but this was a sort of side-show. Their banquet was an occasion for awarding a prize to the member who had written the outstanding book of the year. The prize was the writer's own book, beautifully and artistically bound. Miss Macardle was a contemporary historian who had undertaken the very difficult task of dealing with living history. She presented to Miss Macardle as a souvenir of their affection and regard this special copy of her book.

Mr. M. J. MacManus proposed the toast of Miss Macardle, and said that "The Irish Republic" already was famous, and a classic of its kind—one, I am convinced, that can never be ignored or overlooked by the student of Irish history.

Miss Macardle, acknowledging the gift, mentioned she had collected material not for a book, but for a library.

Miss Temple Lane, in an appreciation of "The Engine Is Left Running," a book of poems by Mrs. Salkeld, another club member, said that Mrs. Salkeld was spanning the gulf between thought and the machine, and evolving something intelligent. The was a product of a fine, sensitive mind.

Miss Mainie Jellett, dealing with Miss Rosamund Jacob's "The Rise of the United Irishman—1791-1794," said that as she read it she felt she was being shown the various aspects of the vital problems of our country, dealt with, from opposite points of view, with great sincerity and understanding.

WORK FOR WOMEN

Miss Macnie proposed the toast of the Guests.

Mr. Andrew E. Malone, replying, suggested that the Women Writers' Club should give up a little of their independent existence to become an autonomous section of the P.E.N. Club. As such he thought they would do a great deal of work which they were not able to do now. It was said that only women could deal with the farm. Was there any reason why the Women Writers' Club should not give them the great novel on the Irish farm for which they had waited so long?

Among those present were:—Mrs. E. Byrne, Dr. Ethna Byrne, Miss Carroll, Mrs. Chevasse, Miss Comerford, Mr. Arthur Cox, Miss Margaret Cunningham, Miss Joan Dobbyn, Mrs. Craig Davidson, Miss Lilian Davidson, Miss Jennifer Davidson, the Hon. Mrs. Deane-Morgan, Miss Dolan, Miss Finney, Mrs. Fitzhenry, Miss Edna Fitzhenry, Miss Stella Frost, Mr. R. M. Fox, Miss Madeleine ffrench-Mullen, Miss Dora Galway, Madam Gonne-McBride, Mrs. Humphreys, Mrs. Vere Hunt, Miss Rosamund Jacob, Miss Mainie Jellett, Miss Linda Kearns, Miss Charlotte Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsmill Moore, Mrs. Lucy O. Kingston, Mr. F. W. Koenigs, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Lamb, Temple Lane, Signor Lodi Fé, Mrs. Richardson Lucas, Mrs. Lyburn, Miss Patricia Lynch, Miss Dorothy Macardle, Miss Macnie, Miss Olive Meyler, Mr. Andrew Malone, Mr. James Montgomery, Miss Nuala Moran, Mrs. McAuliffe, Mrs. Seamus McCall, Mr. and Mrs. James McNeill, Mr. M. J. McManus, Mrs. W. R. Nolan, Miss Florence O'Byrne, Miss Muriel O'Byrne, Miss Kathleen O'Connell, Mrs. Ernie O'Malley, Mrs. Devonport O'Neill, Mr. and Mrs. O'Riordan, Mrs. Piatt, Dr. A. Wyse Power, Mrs. Reddin, Miss Madeleine Ross, Mrs. Salkeld, Mrs. Fay Sargent, Miss Sayers, Miss Spence, Miss B. Stafford, Mr. and Mrs. Verschoyle, Miss Roisin Walsh, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Catriona MacLeod.

Wonderful fairytale of fate's ups and downs

Kevin Gildea

Dark Enchantment
By Dorothy Macardle

Tramp Press, 256pp, €16

This is a novel in the French fairytale tradition. Its heroine is Juliet (20), an innocent embodiment of "goodness". She is to some extent the orphan figure – her mother has left her and her father, Frith, is an often-absent actor with an unreliable income.

Throughout the book she has to take on responsibilites for the adults. Its fairytale-like setting is the fictional village of St Jacques, high in the Alps, near to the woods. It starts picture postcard perfect but gradually sinister energies are unleashed.

It is also a love story (she meets her prince, Michael) but it is so grounded in real life that it feels like a unique exploration of the currents of life and living. There is the rational counterposed with superstition, there is black magic and white magic, there is religion and science, luck and the law.

Constantly characters are shown worn down or badly affected by events – pushed to extreme places – some to return to happiness, others not. Life is a challenge and can be scary. Written in 1953, the ghost of Occupied France permeates.

The developments of all characters are psychologically nuanced. What is remarkable is that no one point of view trumps another – they all have equal valency. Even Terka, the "witch", has a surprising back story that evokes sympathy. Good guys like Frith and Rene have darker sides revealed.

Much of Juliet's vulnerability is because of her financial situation. This economic underpinning of life is a seam running through the book and how one, particularly a woman, might make their way.

Falling in love and getting married to the goodly Michael provides a happy ending. Yet it is Michael's mother, the independent Alison, who, as stepmother/fairy godmother, provides a heartwarming sanctuary for Juliet.

In the beginning Juliet arrives on a bus with Frith, but at the end leaves with Michael and Alison, who is driving "over the hills, her eyes on the road, easy hands on the wheel, in the clear warm light of the autumn day".

It is the beginning of a new journey yet the hills suggest the ups and downs of fate unfolding. A wonderful story, wonderfully written.