DECEMBER, 1989.



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On a Californian Campus

A LL set for adventure, grieving only because I could devise no means of visiting the Pacific coast, I explored Boston, Washington and New York. I was reluctantly making plans for my homeward journey when the invitation came. Would I come to San Francisco, speak on Ireland at the Golden Gate Exposition and give the Commencement address at Mills College? The fees would cover my journeys there and back. Without allowing time for scare to possess me I telegraphed 'Yes.'

There were days and nights of travel through flat country, peopled for me by imagined caravans of pioneers, ghost-hordes of galloping Indians, shadowy hosts of the men of the gold-rush and those who built the railway track. Then our train climbed the high Sierras and ran down, in a burning sunset, along San Francisco Bay.

Hills and water, fog-horns and ships; a city half-drowned in mist; strings of lights outlining coasts, bridges and piers; then, all, in the morning, blazoned in sunlight and colour: "This," I said, "is where good Dubliners go when they die!"

Mills College campus lies on the other side of the bay, on the southward slope of the Oakland hills. Among the burnt sienna of the June landscape its hundred and fifty acres spread as green as an Irish garden, refreshed by never-ceasing water-sprays. There are cool avenues of pine and sycamore, and sunlit walks under ragged eucalyptus trees, the air full of tonic scent. There is a green pool covered in crowding willows and a blue swim-

ming pool; there are tennis and baseball courts and gardens of fruit and flowers. Set separately among these are the College buildings and the little houses where members of the faculty live. Nearly all of them are broad, lime-washed, thick-walled buildings, with red, low-pitched roofs and deep eaves; the doors are recessed, in cool, arched porches and the windows have balconies of wrought iron. There are shaded galleries and cloistered walks. It is the Californian style of architecture, inherited from the old Spanish adobe-built missions, and brings memories of Spain. It was delightful to walk in the hot sunlight across the grass and visit the Hall of Music, the laboratories, the library, the Nursery School, the shops, the picture gallery, the printing-house.

Because the graduation exercises were to take place rather early, I was the President's guest the night before. Her house was crowded with alumne of previous years and Dr. Reinhardt was being laughingly teased and tested for the fabulous memory in which she has records of their concerns. It was almost bed-time when she turned to me and said, casually,

"You won't mind an audience of about a thousand people in the open air? You won't need an amplifier?"

My heart skipped, but my tone, I hope, was equally casual as I asked whether I might try my voice.

Miss Keep fetched a torch and led me out into the eucalyptus-scented night, under a sky "inlaid with patterns of bright gold." We came by labyrinthine paths to a great amphitheatre of stone, built in the scoop of a hill. There, standing on the dais, I shouted poems of Yeats to Miss Keep, invisible on the outer rim.

The morning was brilliant, with hot sun and a little wind. Arrayed in borrowed robes, I walked in procession with the trustees, the faculty, the alumnæ, and the guests who had come to receive honorary degrees. A choir of girls sang "Fires of Wisdom", the College song.

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In the well of the amphitheatre sat the candidates and the rising tiers of seats behind them were filled with their relatives and friends.

It was a happy scene. Young Americans have a superb air of confidence in life and of belonging, consciously, to a civilisation on the march. Here, in the West, within the memory of their grandparents, cities had grown out of huddles of settlers' shacks. Around them is space; ocean and forests and mountains; nature, lavish in nourishment, radiant with colour; a climate kindly all the year round; a bay that is the gate between the East and the West; railways and sea-way, air-ports and motorroads bringing traffic from all over the world. They foresee a splendid future for California which it will be their task to make. They have exacting standards for themselves, work hard and look forward to achievements and rewards.

"And they have a right to" I thought, enjoying the alert response on their faces while they listened to what their Irish guest had to say.

The speeches were over at last and the conferring of degrees and prizes began. The breeze fluttered gowns and tilted caps as each new graduate in turn stood before the College President to hear her achievements cited in vigorous English and to receive her award. They were of many nationalities: Mills College cultivates, with special care, international friendship, humane letters and art. Slender little Japanese girls had worked in various fields. So each graduate passed on towards her future, a Bachelor or Master of Arts, or a Master of Education; or holder of a certificate in Child Development, or Instrumental Music; or winner of a prize for home economics or pianoforte composition or verse.

The guests who were to receive honorary degrees were called forward. I had a moment of confusion, hearing my name. Nobody had told me about this, I heard myself

addressed with gracious words in praise of Ireland, and welcomed, as a Doctor of Humane Letters, among the alumnæ of Mills. And over my gown was hung a beautiful hood.

I liked the citation—a tribute to my ancient country from a young land:

"A young land indebted to her gifted people as exemplar in love of freedom and sacrificial courage, for American soil planted and factory wheels turned, for gaiety of wit and the refreshment of laughter."

All day the sun shone on the green campus. Groups met and mingled and separated; cars came and went; girls and their friends and parents moved, eagerly planning and chattering, under the trees. They took me everywhere and showed me everything. Remembering the wild regret of my last day as a student in my Irish College, I could have felt compassion: but these girls were not indulging regret. They were for the future and the future was for them. The campus seemed luminous with hope. I, too, began to make heady plans, old Europe and its cares forgotten. I, too, was young, for a day.

DOROTHY MACARDIE.

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OF THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF FAERIES

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Of the Births and Deaths of Faeries

THREE times—last night was the third—the dead Philosopher has appeared to me in dreams, so alive, so like himself that my heart says all day to my mind there is something kinder than illusion in it. He looked dearly familiar, coming just as he has come to me, how often! striding in straight from the woods in the early morning; a queer, Rip-van-Winkle figure, green-stained, dew-dabbled—moonstruck you would say, but with all the ardent scientist alight in him, eager to pour out the story of the night's rewards, of glimpses of things invisible, of long hidden significances revealed at last.

But he did, in my dreams, a thing I have once or twice, no more, seen him do: he paused in his talk and his pacing and pulled out paper, and tried feverishly to write it all down; he wrestled with his own impotence, and at last looked up at me piteously. Three times the trouble on his gentle face has wakened me with a pang.

He wants it all written, I suppose; all that subtle, delicate other-world of truth that he lived and died to win. I am to set forth on paper the exquisite things he made me understand; to find inky symbols for the winds and flames of his mind.

We both knew well, I think, that the great book he talked of would never be written. He could never bring himself even to make a pencilled note of a matter; he could not work in that way. Indeed, I think he kept his wonderful knowledge not in his brain but in his heart. Certainly when that tragic truth was discovered—when he learned of the drowsy deaths of the beings he had thought immortal—it was his heart that suffered shock. He never recovered; the pity, the tenderness and indignation of that discovery shook his sensitive frame too rudely. I shall think of the Philosopher always as one of the martyrs of science.

and I will tell of their deaths.

For they are not immortal. "And after all," as he said sadly, "how could we ever dream they were? So frail, in such a world!" Nothing lives so ecstatically as a faery. and nothing is so easily stricken to death. "You humans don't understand," he would complain, (he acquired latterly, a quaint habit of speaking of "you humans"); "you cannot realise what it means to be born with no claim to more than a moment's existence: to be kept alive only by successive impulses of creation, and when those fail to have no help. but drowse and die." But thus it is with faeries; their will to be is wild and desperate, but their faith in their own being is as frail as a dream and as soon broken; and when it is broken they cease to be. For intensity of life is essential to their being, who are themselves the quintessence of ecstasy, and they die of the weary dimness and doubt of the world.

They are born of the extravagance of things, in those sweet seasons when the benison of heaven runs wild upon the earth. They are born of sea-foam in sunlight, and of the delirious rhapsodies of birds. In daffodil days of February, they are born, when the sun and air are in league to lie to the world, saying "it is April." And in Irish Aprils among the pent splendour of the gorse-gorse that uttering a jubilee of bloom and odour, yet cannot express all its inmost glory. And later, when larches shiver into a dazzle of green, when stark boughs of apple trees bubble suddenly into blossom, when the sweet sap that runs in pear and peach and cherry trees brims over in a bewildering chastity of bloom. On such a day the world is overburdened with sweetness; nature cannot endure all the life and sun and summer thrust upon her; some miracle must happen. The strong, sweet influence beats upon the earth in pulse after pulse of rythmic life and sets a myriad little pulses throbbing attune. Deep in the secretest places, in the bosoms of the gorse-blossoms, in the cool beds of wet-smelling mosses, in the calices of a thousand cowslips, within the tight-curled tips of tiny ferns, among the roots of the wild violets and the sheltering hearts of primrose clusters, that excess, that ecstasy

OF THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF FARRIES

of being breaks into numberless wondering lives.

A few faeries, born suddenly into unsheltered places, die in the instant shock of birth. Many lie stunned and stricken by the very force that brought them into being. And often February facries, that had their lives lightly of some fleeting gleam, own a dreamy life for a day, and die at sundown. Those that most surely survive are those born deeply of a prolonged impulse or a high accord of potent forces. These, by some wise instinct, cling and cuddle where they are born, inspiring life, wondering and waiting and growing aware of things, until the day is spent. Lying so, it often happens that a faery assumes some essence of a human spirit; for the airs of the world are pervaded with the desires and the fancies and the dreams of humans, so that sometimes a sigh or a laugh or an airy dream lapping a new-born faery commingles with its very being. Then by that faery, grown free and flitting about the world, is wrought many a fantastic trick of the mind in men and women, and many a mutual silence is start ed with a sudden mutual thought. But if that thought is uttered, the Philosopher feared, the faery must be shattered: "for faeries," he said, "are only the utterance of unutterable things."

The little wise ones lie until sundown in their deep, safe places, and at moonrise they tremble, and free themselves warily from their beds, and steal out into the light,—little, crumpled things, of the earth, but not earthly, with consciousness of nothing but wonde. The tyrannous pressure of life that brought them to life is withdrawn; the gentle moon does not bewilder them; under her soft radiance they move about exploring their tangles habitation and marvelling at one another, or they curl themselves to sleep. Once on a bank of

wild thyme under a new moon I saw a folded golden bud. I thought then that it was a celandine, but, remembering, I wonder why I could not venture very near.

So through the hours of a midsummer night the faeries steal about and learn their world and grow aware of their own being. At dawn they learn to laugh and at sunrise they discover how to sing. Then begins that curious music in the air that we humans dread to hear, as it were a dream or an imagination of an infinitesimal singing. One cannot tell whether it may be a lingering eddy from the pipes of Pan, or an echo for a prophecy of the music of the spheres. It is strangely troubling to mortal minds. No two, I think, standing together, have ever heard it at the same moment, so that it frightens the soul, striking it with self-doubt and a sudden isolation.

It is with the first sunrise and the first singing that the faery life in very truth begins. It begins, it seems, in a kind of death, a change that of all the lovely changes the Philosopher witnessed was the most exhaustingly beautiful.

By that last summer he had attained, after infinite concentration of effort, a power of focussing mind and sight on a faery object until, even in the dark, it became perceptible to him. It was a focus, as I learned to my dismay, that put thunderstorms into oblivion while it revealed to him the minutest details of the faery beings and enabled him to follow their swiftest starts and dartings. The night on which he first saw their "daybreak" as he called this change, was a wild night of travelling clouds and gusty rain that cleared at dawn into a very heaven of beaming light, sweet airs and quiring birds. I remember how he came in from his adventure, with that young, glowing look that must be, I felt certain, a thing in itself to waken faeries. The beauty of what he had seen had elated him beyond measure. But there were tears in his eyes as he tried to tell me of it.

He had lain all night among the bracken watching some new-born, hyacinthine elves hiding shyly among the petals of their mother-flowers, and swinging timidly from bell to swaying bell. He had never been able to tell me clearly about the appearance of the little new-born things he called elves; they differ greatly, I believe, some being like mere inanimate seedlings or fluffy balls. These he watched on this memorable night were a little like human babies, he said; bambini, swathed in blue-gray calices. They were very quiet and shy and afraid of one another all the night, but at dawn they laughed suddenly all together, a tingling, leafy laugh. (I have heard the sound myself).

They clambered upward then with little springs and leaps, and stood a-tiptoe on the airy summits of the hare-bells' waiting. When the first stealing ray of sunlight struck them they shivered all at once from head to foot, as it were in a death agony. Then their swathing sloughs were rent and fell in dust around them and they leapt, windy, blue transparencies, into the air. Then the delirium of new-created life took them, they soared and glanced and darted madly through the atmosphere; they whizzed by, lithe, light arrowy things, singing as they passed—not with voices, they have none, save for laughter, but with their mere motion. The discovery of it sets them spinning in wild mazes through the air, in thrilling trebles, slow cadences and wild crescendos, listening in an ecstasy to their own maddening music.

After this to see them at all needed a very intense vision, for they became at every moment airier in their essences. They seemed in their wild dartings hither and thither to fling away every shred of earthiness in a blue dust or mist that hovered below them over the ground, while they themselves soared and spun, ever swifter and swifter, higher and higher in little luminous whirls in the air. He feared that some of them would spin themselves away to nothingness in their frenzied motion, as Ariel so nearly did in that first hour of freedom. Even the Philosopher had never seen Ariel, although he heard his teasing singing and used all his arts to find him, one evening on the Avon.

Puck he has seen, and even, in a manner, conversed with; he thought him a most interesting little being and made a minute study of his nature. "Puck will never be a faery," he said, "although he is the spriteliest elf in the world; he has too much human nature in him." The Philosopher's theory was that a little human boy laughed Puck to life; or perhaps a truant child fell asleep in a cowslip field, so close that his warm breath and naughty little dreams invaded the very being of the new-born elf. It is certain that from his earliest instant of life there has been something uncannily human in him. He could make folk aware of him in a thousand tricksy ways; he won a name for himself in the big world, and thrived merrily, on faith and fireside tales. But there came a time when he was forgotten. Folk took to talking of the town; they told stories of wars; they made a queen of a woman and called her Gloriana. They forgot about Puck, and he forgot about living; he left the people to themselves and crept home to his motherflower, drowsy and dull. He did not know how near he was to death. And then a poet came by with a blaze of faith and joy and genius in him and called Puck to life again, gave him life and to spare, life to outlast generations of human lives. Puck has grown proud since then, and I fear he has given over his merry ways; but the Philosopher used to say, smiling, that his dignity would break down, some day, and we should find him at his pranks again.

There is a strange destiny that befalls a faery now and then, not often; it is an end that can happen only to the most sublime of sprites. Sometimes an airy thing in its erratic travelling, strays by chance into a human mind; sometimes it laughs to find itself there-wonders at itself and laughs and escapes, and is never recaptured. But now and then a faery, so invading a human mind, is met with a sudden hush, and held; the other thoughts ebb away; for an instant that is ecstasy the faery inspiration is supreme. Then comes a shattering rush of creation; the faery is no more; no more

than a lyric or a new wisp of music abroad in the world. This is the fitting end for a faery. Sometimes it is immortality.

But the melancholy deaths of faeries, the utter extinction of those little lights, the pitiful waste of faery life that filled my old friend with such despairing sorrow—how am I to write of this? I must try, for it is this, I know, that makes his face so wistful in my dream. The world must be told that it is slowly killing its faeries, and that when they are all dead there will be no air that poets and lovers can breathe. It is the only theme on which I ever heard him speak bitterly, but these thoughts made him angry with the world. For they are drowsing to death in thousands, he said, those little, luminous lives that might live to be flickers in the water and laughter in the leaves and glamour in the air, or die to be dreams and lyrics drifting among the stars.

But they cannot remember, all by themselves, to go on living. They fall so tired, so tired after summer, when the sun fails them. They loved life, and dread to die away, but their little strengths avail nothing against the numbness of the world. You may hear them on those heavy autumn days when the sky is a dull monotony of unlovely blue, sobbing themselves to sleep under the dead bracken and withered leaves. A little gleam of spendthrift faith and joy would give them life; even a day-dream would save them. But the world is so busy, so busy, and prudent, and thrifty, and numb. A deadly drowsiness is stealing over the facry things. We are doubting our elves to death. What can they do, so little and young, if we will not have faith in them? They cannot but be overcome by us, and believe our doubts. They cannot but lose faith in their own being, and that is to cease to be. Sometimes through a St. Martin's summer we give them a dream or two, enough to keep the little pulses beating faintly in sleep. Then for a while, in a dream, they dream they live still. It is in November that they cease even to dream; and that is death.

I cannot think what is to be done. Who has life and to spare, and joy of life to fling abroad? My Philosopher had it, and at his passing faeries came to life in the hedgerows; and in the dim, forgetful seasons he had dreams to keep them dreaming. But he is dead and I know none like him, none. I cannot tell how we are to keep the facries of the world from death, through the winters and the wars.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

The Daughter of the Sea

THE daughter of the king of the sea flung a laugh to the waves as she stood at last upon the heights of the unconquerable rock. She knew not, nor cared, who the mate of her father's choice might be. She cared not for the storm of her father's wrath -never would she, playfellow of the wild winds and the ocean tides, wed with any, but live in unquestioned sovereignty on this island for ever.

And as she wandered over the lonely island, watching for the setting of the sun, she heard a song come from the heart of the rock, calling to her. Neater and nearer it came, and as she listened she knew that she had heard that song before. She knew that she had heard it in the rushing of the unfettered winds, in the voice of the boundless ocean, in the cry of the sea-birds that sail on the waves. Then sadly the song told of the sorrow of captive things, of things that may not leap and dance at will. Then joyously it sang of the wonder of endless love, and the daughter of the sea-king felt that she must sing in answer; and as the song came nearer, still calling to her, she went with out-stretched hands to meet the singer.

As she and her mate stood together on the edge of the

cliff, she asked, "When will the sun sink down?" and the strange singer with happy laughter answered, " Never."

And as they stood, the waves began to chafe, and the child of the sea knew that her father was coming forth. Suddenly the storm broke in fury, and the wind shricked and roared as the waves were hurled against the base of the rock. Then in the midst of the turmoil the struggling waters were parted and the King of the Sea appeared, riding his snorting steeds. Fiercely he glared at the rock where his daughter and her mate together faced the towering waves and then, suddenly, he laughed a laughter like the rolling of thunder.

"Old friend," he cried, "'tis well, thou hast ever been her destiny." "And now," he said, "my day is done. Henceforth you who dwell on this rock shall rule the sea," and flinging his trident at his daughter's feet, he blew a long, long note on his wreathed horn and plunged beneath the waves.

F. FAHY

Ireland and the War

THE ideas of many people in Ireland are disappointing and unsatisfactory in regard to their duty about the War, and though at the present late period any great improvement presents difficulties, it may be interesting to enquire into the

The first of these seems to me to be want of education in many cases. Many people know so little of geography that they are quite unaware that a permanent occupation of the Belgian ports would be a perpetual menace to England. Then there has been so little direct trading between Ireland and the Continent that our poorer classes know little of the neighbouring countries, and are not interested in them, thinking we



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Sume, 1947 101.10.

EDITORIAL.

The Editor wishes to thank those who have so kindly contributed to this number, Miss Macardle who has allowed us to publish her talk on the Lost Children of Europe over Radio Eireann, and Radio Eireann for giving us permission to do so, Miss Tobias who remembered the Editor and the Magazine in far-away Texas, and Mrs. Alexander who snatched time from her farm and poultry and pigs to tell of the joys and worries of a farmer's wife, and all the old Alexandrans who wrote to give items of news to swell "College News", the most widely valued part of the Magazine and which depends so much on these letters. To them all the Editor says a heartfelt "Thank you."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the Crofton Grange Magazine, the Bishop Struchan School (Ontario) Magazine, Rochelle School Magazine, Royal School Bath Magazine.

Missing Children of Europe

WAS in the office of the Polish Red Cross in Vienna when the organiser with whom I was talking received He read it and handed it to me with a sigh. Attached to the letter was the photograph of a lovely, serious little girl with sensitive lips and wide-set eyes.

"The daughter of a high Government official," he told me and added, " Now we have to search over two thousand square miles for their little girl."

I saw lost children in many hostels in many countries, but I did not recognise Jarmila anywhere. I do not know whether she has been found.

I saw them in Holland and France and Austria and Czechoslovakia. There are hundreds of them in hostels Eventually, many of the younger ones, outside Prague. when all hope is gone of relatives claiming them, will be placed in foster-families. Meanwhile they wait and hope, and make up stories with which to console themselves-stories about the letter which will come, some day, and then the mother or father or granny or big brother to take a lovely child to a loving home.

It is not only the longing for somebody remembered and loved that afflicts these children, the little ones who do

not remember their parents suffer also.

No matter how kind and understanding their guardians are, how free and lively their life in the hostel, the craving of a child for a family, a proper home to love and need him, seems to be an unassuageable pain.

When the postman is seen coming, a tense silence falls on the community, and there is always weeping when he

has gone.

Letters do come. Nearly every day, in these hostels, some boy or girl is told good news: "Your father is alive. and is coming for you," or "We have heard that you have an aunt in America, and we are going to send you

The child who has heard that he is wanted, that he has somebody of his own somewhere, goes off by himself too full of happiness to speak.

Gradually, a great number of these children will be claimed and re-united with their own people.

The search goes on methodically. The searching bureau of Unrra has on its register of missing children believed to be living sixty-five thousand names, and ten thousand children have already been traced. Two hundred searchers are at work, and endless inquiries are circulated by post and radio.

The children for whom there is not much hope are the younger ones—those who were so young when they were separated from their families that they cannot tell anything about themselves except their pet names or given names. Sometimes the place where a child came from is known but very often that is in doubt.

With arrests and scizures and all the chaos incidental to war there were a score of ways in which children became separated from their families and lost.

It could happen by accident. In the panic flights before advancing armies, hundreds of children were lost.

A young couple in Luxembourg had one child, a boy between two and three years old. In the stampede before you Rundstedt's counter-offensive in December, 1944, they fled towards the city, with a few household goods piled on a cart. At night the child slept on top of the bales. When daylight came he was gone. There was no turning back on those thronged roads, with fugitives pouring down from every village and American troops thrusting east to meet the Germans. The parents could do nothing. Months went by and peace came, but no

Young heir of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, Prince young heir of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, Prince Jean, had been, while in exile, an officer in the British army. He paid a courtesy visit in London to a children's home. The nurses told him they had a small stranger there whose chatter was neither in French nor German

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but in some language that no one could understand. He had been left in the home by some London-Americans to whom he had been handed by American soldiers who had picked him up somewhere in Europe-they did not seem quite sure where, and brought him back to England with the regiment. Prince Jean spoke to the child in the tongue of the people of Luxembourg and the small boy replied. The prince telephoned that night to his own city, describing the child and he was identified.

Children were lost through sheer misfortune, The Czechoslovaks, after the liberation, expelled Germans by In one of the transit camps children were the thousand. They were sent to a local hospital and were taken ill. still there when their parents were moved on. confusion of the time, names and addresses were sometimes lost or forgotten. It was a long time before one little girl who called herself "Gilla", was identified as the "Gisella" for whom a woman in a German D.P. camp was searching.

Nazi girls in Austria and Babies were abandoned. Czechoslovakia, mothers of the children known as "State" babies, felt no love and no responsibilities for their little ones. When they fled in terror before the advancing Russians they left them on the sides of the roads. Russians arrived in the towns with half-a-dozen babies in their jeeps. Russians love babies. to comfort the foundlings with sips of Volka and bites of bully beef.

Children were found derelict after their parents had been seized and sent to concentration camps-sometimes the Germans put them into orphanages; more frequently neighbours took them in. Sometimes a child's name and where it came from was known-frequently nothing could

be discovered about it.

There were children who were rescued from the convoys on the way to the extermination camps. Often the rescuer was executed as an underground worker, and no one who knew where the child came from survived.

In Greece and Yugoslavia and Russia and parts of

France children were found dereliet after all the adults in a village had been killed or arrested and the village destroyed.

There are children of "unknown origin" who were found surviving in concentration camps, for Jewish people, even when dying of starvation, contrived to see that the children were fed; children of slave labourers dead in exilé; and then—the most difficult of all cases to help—the thousands upon thousands of children whom the Germans seized and carried away for purposes of their own.

The fair-haired and blue-eyed ones, who passed the tests as suitable for Germanisation probably survive. Those chosen for Germanisation have to be sought for with extraordinary persistence and ingenuity, for everything conceivable has been done to confuse their identity and to make the children themselves believe that they are Germans; while the German mayors and burgomasters and foster parents still conspire to prevent the truth about them from becoming known.

Among these are the survivors of the ninety-seven children of Lidice. When I was there, in July, in spite of the most intensive efforts, only nine of those children had been found.

I wish I had time to tell you the story of one of these identifications—of the inspired guessing, the devoted perseverance, the dramatic and thrilling recalling of lost memories which brought little Veclav Hamfa home. But it is a long story and my time is up.

It is grievous to think of all these lost children, but there is consolation in knowing with what skill and persistence the search for them goes on.

DOROTHY MACARDIE



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DOROTHY MACARDLE

WHAT memories of College of forty years ago the name of Dorothy Macardle brings back to those of us who were lucky enough to be her students. It was a wonderful time to be young, with the 1916 Rising behind us, and a new Ireland taking shape around us. "Maccy," as she was to all of us, seemed like a symbol of the new era, filling us with enthusiasm and hope for the future.

We came to her lectures with a grangrounding of literature

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from our other teachers, but she opened up to us much wider fields, and from her we acquired an appreciation of poetry which has always remained with us. Most of my books, which have travelled to many places with me, date from this period. We read the old poets (I remember "Aucassin et Nicolette," whose story Maccy had once used for a Students' Night play in her own College days), and we read the contemporary poets, but above all we learned to be proud of our great heritage of Irish poetry and we studied it in all its aspects.

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When I first went to see Miss Macardle outside College. she lived in Hatch Street, where she often had some of us to tea and where we read poems and acted plays. Later she moved to Madame Gonne McBride's house in Stephen's Green, and that was even more exciting for us as Madame Gonne was a famous figure in the Dublin of that day, a magnetic personality and the inspiration of some of W.B. Yeats' poems. There was a stimulating atmosphere in that house, and there we rehearsed "The Countess Cathleen" which we produced in College, Yeats himself coming to the final rehearsal, which made us feel highly honoured.

We were, of course, enthusiastic members of the College Dramatic Society, and she was always ready to help with our productions. I remember we even produced at Students' Night a play written by Helga Burgess, one of our class. For long after she had ceased to be a member of the staff Miss Macardle retained her interest in the Students' Night plays, which she attended whenever possible, and one of which, "The Dumb Wife of Cheapside," she produced in comparatively recent

There are many other happy memories of those years—of matinées at the Abbey Theatre, and of various picnics (for which I am sure we must have provided the necessities, as Maccy was always rather vague about such things!)

She was to become famous in wider circles outside College. but for those of us who knew her there Dorothy Macardle will always be an inspiration, herself symbolic of that Ireland of faery and folk-lore that she so dearly loved.

-E.R.F.

in English. The retired cook-boy who came back to the city to work so that he might have enough money to pay for his grand daughter to go to school. The High School for Indian girls, where a European headmistress was training a group of her senior girls to teach in an Indian/primary school The civil servant who, when he retired, built his house on the edge of a hative reserve so that he could help the Zulus of that district The African chief who had graduated at an Ameridan university and returned to teach the children of his own people. The huge new Tuberculosis Sanatorium hear Cape Town for non Europeans, which owes its existence to the tireless energy of one man. Over and above all these memories remains the eager kindness shown to me everywhere, and as I recall the generosity and the hospitality of the people of South Africa I can only hope that they will soon find a way out of their present difficulties. G. E. HOLLOWAY.

Alexandra College Guild Reunion

(London, February 22, 1952) - Represented

ADDRESS BY MISS DOROTHY MACARDLE

Fellow-members of the Guild: or may I address you as Fellow-lovers of Alexandra College and of Ireland? If you were not, would you be here?

I am more than happy to meet you, and proud to be your guest this evening. I have often thought that we ought to meet one another, because we are oddities, and oddities of the same kind. We belong, most of us, to that strange and diminishing race which is said to have contributed to literature more, in proportion to its numbers, than any other—the Anglo-Irish.

We belong, most of us, in one way or another to England. One has an English parent, or was born here, or has married or made a career and established a home here, yet Ireland, also, has laid on us an inexorable claim—whether of birth or parentage, of childhood or youthful memories or, simply, of love; and there is no escaping her spell. A part of one is for ever in exile if one cannot visit Ireland from time to time.

This duality in us fills us with a nervousness, a sensitivity, a restlessness which those who are single-hearted do not understand. There is something that in England we miss nostalgically—some quick responsiveness, perhaps; some neighbourly warmth; yet we are possessed of certain standards and exactitudes which often, in Ireland, meet with defeat. Some of us sojourn there, as Desmond McCarthy has phrased it, "with patriot hearts but alien eyes."

Most of the daughters of our College belong, I imagine, to that uneasy community. We understand one another, and it is good that we should meet.

Your invitation is, of course, an invitation to indulge in the pleasures of remembering. Over what a great stretch of time I must look back! Thirty, forty, forty-five years. It was in 1922 that I was suddenly translated from the position of lecturer in Alexandra College to that of a military prisoner in Mountjoy Jail—and I had been attached to College, in every sense, for fifteen years. I must do my best to tell you how, from this great distance in time and also in ideas, the College of my student days—College before 1914—looks to me now.

It looks, in truth, like a simple Garden of Eden, open to sunlight and sheltered from storm. It looks like a citadel of a golden age. It looks like the microcosm of that world of the Anglo-Irish ascendancy, with all its extraordinary privilege, with its talent and creativeness, its social conscience, its grace, vigour and charm. The tide of change, the surge of revolution, was gathering and beating about the walls—but we did not know.

We lived in a dream of security: I and my fellow-students believed we had only to equip ourselves well and do our work earnestly and we were bound to be rewarded with a life of expanding interest, opportunity and delight. The woman's cause was advancing and we meant to be in the vanguard; our inherited privileges were ours by some divine right but had to be justified by service, and we were more than willing to serve. Confidently we looked forward to honourable, progressive and happy lives.

I am looking back, now, to the days when the importance and prestige of College were at their height: when it was, in fact, a University College whose lecturers prepared us for both honours and pass degrees, and the senior students were girls in

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Its potency was due to the personalities of our remarkable Principal, Miss H. M. White, and of the eager, devoted, gifted women who composed the staff. To these women College seemed world enough; they gave the students everything in them personal friendship; untiring advice and help. They rejoiced like so many older and loving sisters in one's progress and success.

The seniors among us remember some who are gone: Miss White, with her enthusiasms and stern standards; Mary Story, with her Grecian beauty and deep goodness; Mabel Webb, radiating loving-kindness and joy in her work; Blanche Lewis, who evoked such trust and loyalty; Mabel Joynt, who knew every girl of every generation and vigilantly guarded their interests; Mrs. Preston, with her gracious ways—and the others, equally brilliant and happy, whom we can still write to and meet sometimes. They gave us faith in the future; confidence in the soundness and goodness of normal life when fortified by kindness and truth and work.

Within that essential, pervading atmosphere of generosity, kindness and effort, what were the specific values and ideals for which College stood?

They were Protestant ideals, imperialistic values, inherited tenets: students acquired a feudal sense of responsibility, a belief in the inevitability of progress and that sense of duty towards the unfortunate which was and is expressed in the Guild. A sentence in Miss White's first Students' Night address, delivered early in the century, would have expressed her creed equally well to the end:

"Your position is similar to that of the descendants of an illustrious family; you have a high standard to live up to, noble traditions to maintain; and to your rank, as to all rank, when rightly understood, is attached the condition, Noblesse oblige."

That is Alexandra College as I remember it in the years before 1914 when, having ceased to be a student and resolved never to leave, I sneaked by back doors on to the staff.

1914. The tide rose; the storm broke and our world changed.

ALEXANDRA COLLEGE GUILD REUNION

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Revolution came in Ireland as well as in Russia; world war; figuerrilla war; civil war; world war again; the end of western feudalism for ever; in England a levelling process—private charity and private enterprise replaced by taxation and State control, and, in Ireland, a democratic Republic shaped by the Roman Catholic philosophy.

I look back over that great distance in time and that even greater distance in ideas; I look with the eyes of an Irishwoman and a Republican, and ask: of the ideals and values instilled into us in College long ago how much seems sound and valid to-day?

My answer is, the essentials stand fast against every test of change and time.

We learned to trust life. We learned to believe in kindness and helpfulness—are not these qualities more and more to be cherished in this competitive world? We were taught noblesse oblige—and is it not increasingly important to remember this and to realise that we do possess certain privileges of which nothing can deprive us and which carry obligations still? We learned to be loyal—and has not that made it easier to be faithful to our duties and to our chosen missions and causes, various as these must be?

These essentials last and are fruitful in Ireland. I think that the Republic has no better citizens than certain women of the type that Alexandra College bred: women of old ascendancy families that no longer possess power or wealth or even much land. These women live, members of a small minority, within a civilisation dominated by influences they scarcely comprehend, and yet they find ways to be helpful; they contrive to serve.

We who meet here have, in common, this pleasant heritage. We think with gratitude of this Alexandra College of past years; with good-will of the College of to-day, and of the College of to-morrow with high hope. And so we think of one another with friendship. We are forging, this evening, a chain of renewed association: let us make it lasting and strong.

ALEXANDRA COLLEGE GUILD DINNER (LONDON).

When the Danvers Room at Crosby Hall, Chelsea, was booked

Guild in London the committee in its most optimistic frame of mind felt twenty-five would be an excellent attendance. As acceptances poured in we began to wonder if everyone would fit in. Eventually forty-nine old Alexandrans, representative of the last fifty years, crammed into the room, which had been artistically decorated with red and white spring flowers. As each person arrived she received a small disc bearing her name so that there was no need for introductions.

Ex-students began to assemble at 6.30 p.m. and the chatter mounted in an ever-growing crescendo until at 7 p.m. Miss Frances E. Wilson had some difficulty in calling attention to the fact that dinner was about to be served. In the unavoidable absence of Miss Holloway we were most fortunate that Miss Wilson found it possible to come from Cornwall to preside so ably.

Coffee over, the more formal side of the evening commenced and, after a few opening remarks, Miss Wilson called on Betty Pasley to read the telegrams of good wishes which had been received. Then in a delightful way the chairman spoke of her years on College staff, and she brought back many vivid memories as she recalled some of the past "giants" of staff. It was most fitting that nieces of Miss Lewis and Miss Joynt were present.

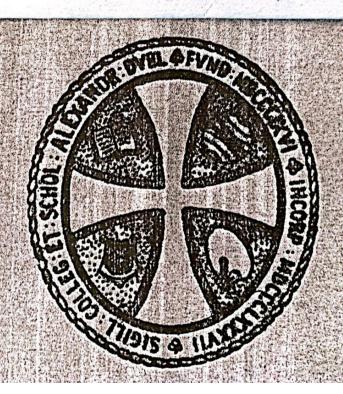
The principal speaker and guest of the evening was Miss Dorothy Macardle, who had travelled from Dublin. She, in her inimitable way, thrilled us all, and elsewhere in this MAGAZINE you will be able to share in most of what she said.

We were fortunate in having Miss Helga Burgess, and she entertained us with recitations, one "A Street Ballad", by Percy French.

Finally, on behalf of the committee, Betty Pasley gave an account of the beginnings of the London branch, and outlined some of the things which it is hoped might be achieved in the future. Suggestions were requested but were somewhat drowned by the surge of talk, which could be restrained no longer.

Lady Munro (Marjorie McClelland) proposed a most moving vote of thanks to the committee.

So, with many friendships renewed and in an atmosphere charged with good-will, what had been a dream became a reality, a meeting of the Alexandra College Guild in London.



Dec. 1954.

Prize Day - School - 28-10-54.

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on Miss Macardie s part, to address herself chiefly to the girls. She chose as the subject of her speech-Imagination, and appealed to her listeners to do all in their power to develop this quality. Imagination, she said, is not mere fantasy, like believing in Santa Claus; nor yet pure invention such as one "The Arabian Nights." It is a finer quality and one that is needed for happy personal relationships and in many kinds of work, if that work is to be successful. Imagination enables us to see the hidden cause behind events and also to fcresee the possible consequences of our actions. Imagination helped Florence Nightingale and sent her to work in the Crimea, and it aided Sir Alexander Fleming in his experiments with penicillin. Much cruelty is due to lack of imagination, to inability to put oneself in another's place. How difficult it is for a person who has never known poverty to understand and feel for the poor unless imagination is brought into play. "Indeed," she said, "it is the only magic gift which can, to some extent, replace experience." Battles have been lost because of the lack of strategic imagination on the part of a general, while lack of poetic imagination can make a nation a very dull one; here Miss Macardle paid tribute to the poetic imagination and poetic turn of speech of the Irish.

She consoled the young by pointing out that age brings greater ease of judgment, greater understanding, greater patience, and a greater power to forgive—even to forgive one-self—and so she added, "it is nice to be elderly."

She ended by giving some practical advice: Think hard; try to understand; make your reading helpful; read worthwhile books and in them study character and behaviour; discuss the books you read; avoid those which give a distorted view of life; rely a little on intuition. Balance your imagination with courage, steadfastness and equanimity. Wisdom and understanding are what this age most needs. "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore, get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding."



CONTENTS

The Shakespeare Festival

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones"...
was the least impatient of the many things I had to say for
the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon during the years
when I judged it from pictures. Seeing the pictures only one
resents it; but that is because one has not realised the quiet
garden round it, or the monument, or the river; and it is only
lately that the gentle elements have mellowed the walls to a
richer red, and that green tendrils have begun to clamber over
them. These things, and long hours spent in Venice and
Verona and Elsinore soon win for the Memorial more than
tolerance. They are to be pitied who do not like a theatre
here, for assuredly they have never felt the delight of coming
fresh and glowing from the enchantment of the master's art
out into the old streets where the master walked, and over the
fields, perhaps to the cottage, where the master wooed!

The Festival is a festival indeed, inevitable satiety for many, but for one on whom the spell has fallen a very wilderness of delights.

The picturesque little town, proud of the homage her great's son receives, prepares in a true spirit of condescending hospitality to give every welcome to the pilgrims. There are restaurants, "As You Like It," and "Shakespeare" tea-rooms (kept, unfortunately, by one Bacon); the bar-parlours are "Measure for Measure," and invite customers by a sign declaring that "Good wine is a good familiar creature" (but, the witty customer cries, "Base is the slave that pays!"); the "Shakespeare 'bus' meets the trains, and, to crown all, mine hostess of the inn asks solemnly whether one would like to sleep in "Jessica" or "Rosalind."

This Shakespearean spirit proved terribly infectious; before

one week was over we were quite incapable of offering a chair without exclaiming, "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!"; when asked the time we always thought "it lacked of twelve"; when our fare did not please us, it was because our landlady was too "meek and gentle with these butchers." Such flippancy was deplorable, but matters grew serious when it became impossible to remove the simplest ink-stain without dropping into startling language.

Our hostess won my heart by having name Ann Page and by adapting dinner-hours to suit theatre-goers, and by announcing that the theatre was "just at the end of the road." There was something novel and pleasing in deciding during dessert to go to the theatre, and strolling casually down, scorning coats or hats, in time to inspect and choose seats. There were plays afternoon and-evening, and we strongly suspected rehearsals in the mornings. The actors passed our windows, and we made the interesting discovery that they never ate or slept. The "lean apothecary" who sold them grease-paint, and took their photos during intervals, for postcards, and who felt, therefore, that the entire responsibility of the Festival rested with him, confided to us in distracted tones that the actors worked all the time, that Hamlet would insist on doing business in the wings while awaiting his cues, and could hardly be expected to survive the Festival: however, all agreed that they were surpassing themselves, and he seemed to take comfort in the thought that they were doing him great credit.

The plays must wait however; before all else came the long-looked-for pilgrimage to the Birth-place.

The guide-books tell what every school-boy knows, and the guides point out strange scratches, protected by transparent paper, on the amber-coloured window-panes, asserting that they are the signatures of Scott and Carlyle; even Browning, I found to my sorrow, fell victim to this "last infirmity of noble minds": his name is pencilled on the ceiling. The

guides seem to regard the house merely as a large autograph album, and are intensely annoying, but they are compensated for by the splendid old lady who presides over the library upstairs. Had William Shakespeare been her only son she could not have spoken of him with more self-conscious pride. Two hours spent in poring over the fascinating old books in the glass cases were enlivened for me by an interlude played between a Baconian (for the occasion only, I suspected), and this worthy champion of our Shakespeare's fame. In a voice as calm as it was cold she pronounced judgment:-"We call these people," she said, "we call them here, 'the defamers of Bacon.' Surely, the man led a bad enough life as it is without having such a monstrous fraud laid to his account also!" And having dealt with the Baconian she turned to reward my look of ardent approbation by showing me her favourite relic. Indeed, it seemed to me the most intimate of all; it was a letter to Master William Shakespeare from his friend Richard Ouiney, asking for a loan of thirty pounds; and the crimson seal, as she reminded me in a reverential whisper, must have been broken by Shakespeare's own hand.

Among the medley of books-quartos, folios, contemporary references, and "books which Shakespeare probably read"what delighted me most was a fellow-citizen's account of the poet's boyhood, which maintained that though at one time a butcher's boy, William Shakespeare was not as other butchers' boys, but "when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style and make a speech." There was another boy, it said. Shakespeare's friend, who was of equal promise, but he died young. Did England miss a second Shakespeare, I wondered? Downstairs, in the Museum, there is a most fascinating collection of "brave utensils," things with an Elizabethan smack in the name of them :- Flagons, tankards, leather bottles, staves. halberds and trenchers; and here are more books and manuscripts, deeds, wills and registers, with the great name spelt in a bewildering variety of ways, from "Shakspaire" to "Hastivibrans."

ALEXANDRA COLLEGE MAGAZINE COLLEGE MAGAZ In the garden they have planted Shakespeare's flowers; the daffodils had passed before the swallow, and the violets were withered all, but there were pansies everywhere and a little rue. I should have scorned to write my name on the wall, but here an evil longing seized me to steal a spray of rue: but it was a longing vain as ardent, for a faithful guardian of the borders dogged my steps, and I knew that in this matter he would prove as faithful to his trust as the lady of the library herself.

I have known disciples of Shakespeare distress themselves over the rumour concerning an American millionaire who contemplates buying the birthplace and transplanting it to his private garden across the Atlantic. Let them be comforted! A barrier of Stratford citizens a hundred deep would protect it with their lives; from her windows in Church Street Miss Corelli would pour molten lead on the invader's head.

The heat was tropical, the pavements were paths of scorching stone, the hotel was a furnace. In the evening they were playing "Hamlet"-no Londoner's abridged version, but the whole play as Shakespeare left it. Alone I did it. The curtain was to rise at six; dinner at that time and in that heat was unthinkable; dinnerless and hatless, armed with a parasol, opera-glasses and a cushion, I went, followed by malicious prophecies as to the abject condition in which I should return, and by derisive exclamations of "Forever and forever, farewell, Brutus!"

Nevertheless, the pilgrims to Stratford are not faint-hearted, and the little theatre was well filled. It is not luxurious: a student's theatre, chaste and unadorned, and furnished with academically uncomfortable seats: but it is thoroughly Shakespearean. In a scroll round the ceiling it promises to give "To airy nothing a local habitation and a name"; "For thine especial safety" is proclaimed in black letters from the fire-proof curtain, and the quaint drop-scene shows Queen Elizabeth arriving in a gorgeous coach outside the doors of the old Globe Theatre.



· Hamlet had a dreadful headache. Of course, Hamlet must have had a headache, inevitably; but I had never thought of it before. He was a fascinating Hamlet, but, as I had discovered the only possible Hamlet a year or two before, it was more upsetting than anything else to find another very different, but so very probable. But here at last was the only possible Horatio, and here was an Ophelia after my own heart, and soon I, too, was shivering in "A nipping and an eager air."

The long, late interval was the least interrupting interval I had ever experienced in a theatre. One passed from the oppressive, intrigue-haunted court of Denmark straight out into twilight and silence and the breath of the evening air from the river.

The garden is a quiet, green, sheltered place, edged by the stunted willows of the Avon and its dark grey water. Close to the theatre door stands the beautiful Gower Monument with its four figures of Prince Hal, Falstaff, Lady Macbeth, and Hamlet, and sitting above in eternal contemplation, Shakespeare himself, like

> "The prophetic soul Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come."

The garden was dim and eerie, but under the archway there was light and talk and welcome drinks of home-made lemonade, and then the summons rang, and we returned refreshed and eager to the goodly prison of Denmark, a pleasant audience to play to surely, for we were well pleased,

It was over all too soon; Hamlet's death came, as it always did and always will, long before one felt that the time was near. He died on the throne, and was borne like a soldier from the stage, and the curtain fell. And it was not in dejection that I returned home when the yellow, lighted clock of the Guild Chapel told half-past ten.

Next morning there was the rest of the Memorial to be explored; the great, cool library, and the picture gallery where there are portraits of nearly all the players who ever played in Shakespeare, and a bust of Ellen Terry which, while one looks, seems to become Ophelia or Portia or Beatrice as memory and fancy will.

"And then the schoolboy."

The Grammar School, they told us, has been a school ever since the days of Chaucer, and one thought of all the

"Children an heep, yeomen of Cristen blood That lerned in that scole yeer by yeer, Swich maner doctrine as men used there, This is to seyn to singen and to rede, As smale children doon in hir childhede."

The desk of the particular small boy who concerns the generations had been moved to the Birth-place, but there is a brass tablet on the wall over the place where tradition says he stood (in the front row, like an attentive pupil), learning his "little Latin and less Greek," and doubtless thinking indignant thoughts about men who must needs write books which schoolboys are condemned to study. His Latin cannot have been so very little, however, unless he was a terribly idle urchin. for the standard of the school was high; we were shown a letter written by an eleven-year-old contemporary of Shakespeare's to his father, thanking him for having had him instructed in the Christian doctrine, and asking for two paper books; it was a long, ceremonious letter, and it was written in faultless Latin. In answer to an anxious inquiry the caretaker told me that no sign of Shakespeare's name could be found carved on his desk, but that the school authorities now insist on every monitor carving his name on the schoolroom table before he leaves. I refrained from uttering my thought that this seemed shutting the gate when the steed was stolen; if the school expects to repeat its glorious achievement, it is not for us to be discouraging.

Downstairs we were shown the Guildhall where William Shakespeare saw his first play and doubtless became stage-struck; one feels sure that he went home and killed a calf "in a high style."

"And then the lover."

In all pretty Shottery, Ann Hathaway's cottage with its overflowing garden is the prettiest corner, and the rooms are charming. The girl who showed us everything would let no visitor leave without sitting on the curious courting-settle where Shakespeare did his wooing. Until six weeks ago, we were told, the Hathaways had still lived there: they must have been very loath to leave it.

Shottery is a cluster of lovely old-world cottages with flowers running riot about them, and there seems to be a scent of lavender in the air.

All the country around is pretty; all the Avon valley is full of peace. There are long fields of corn and pasture, and long, level roads, lying white in the sun or dark under over-arching, ancient trees; and always there is the river with its willows.

For the forest of Arden I sought in vain; it is a forest no longer; but it was easy to imagine oneself there when, strolling into the Memorial Garden in the afternoon, one found folk-singing and dancing in full swing on the lawn, or a picturesque group of foresters cooling themselves under the trees, while Orlando and Rosalind, doubtless, held the stage within.

And still the plays went on: "Henry V." with a magnificent breach scene, and so finely acted that the St. Crisniu speech seemed second only to Mark Antony's oration in power to convert: and the "Tempest" with a Caliban who was neither brute nor man, and yet an individual, convincing as unforgetable; with a Prospero, who more than a man and yet less than a god, won full credence and all homage; and the sweetest Miranda imaginable, half sea-nymph, but whole human maiden when Ferdinand comes.

To the "Merchant of Venice" I went almost reluctantly, for I possessed a cherished memory of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in this most perfect of all comedies; but it was well that I went, for here at last, of Antonio I said, "Eureka!" Ever since long-past matriculation days, when my "Merchant of Venice" lay under my pillow at night, Antonio had been a

problem. I had felt sure that he was no "tainted wether of the flock," but his character, with its strange mingling of strength and defencelessness, had hitherto eluded me. But here was Antonio himself, and he loved life second only to Bassanio, and the mystery was clear.

Before we left Ireland we had determined that at all costs we must see the mulberry tree that William Shakespeare planted, and Mr. Gastrell cut down; but (perhaps because it lay outside our very windows) we never visited even the stump of it, or entered the site of the new place. We soon found that it is unwise to mention Mr. Gastrell in Stratford; he is hated there even as he was hated by Rossetti, who ranked him, like Shakespeare "singly"—"the supreme unhung," and, despairing of finding words elsewhere, searched Shakespeare's glossary for language to meet his need.

There remained mementos to buy: photos of the Monument, a model of Shakespeare's desk and Ann Hathaway's settle, a little painting of the drop-scene, suggestive of so much after all those festival evenings, vellum and lavender from Shottery, and a "rubbing" of the epitaph.

And there remained a pilgrimage to "the last scene of all," the corner of the Holy Trinity Church, where lies the undisturbed dust of Shakespeare,

"Shakespeare, with whom Quicke nature died, whose name doth deck this tombe."

The bust is rather a pitiful piece of work, but one does not care; one quotes Milton, and is consoled:

"Dear son of memory, great heir of fame, What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name? Thou so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

The river claimed the last evening, irresistible after the heat of the long day. The sun went down like a bridegroom behind the cornfields to our left, while our punt was moored under the very willow that

"Grows aslant the brook,
And shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream."

So drowsy was the river, and so long we delayed that it was late, and dark, and almost chilly as we drew home, and "the evening air clad in the beauty of a thousand stars" seemed full of the scents and sounds of a midsummer night's dream. Anything almost might have happened; it would not have seemed strange to pass Ophelia weaving fantastic garlands among the willows, or Imogen sitting tristfully beside the stream, or Titania sleeping on the bank; and surely Ariel was very near.

The theatre in the distance looked grey and shadowy against the soft sky, but the one yellow light beckened us irresistibly, and we turned aside on our way home for a last visit to the Memorial Garden, where the music of Romeo and Juliet was "stealing and giving odour."

Still Falstaff looked out whimsically at life; still Henry poised his unfamiliar crown; still Lady Macbeth stood tense with fear; still Hamlet brooded over Yorick's skull.

So much one had laughed and hoped and feared and brooded with them, so instinct with consciousness they seemed, and so far out of the reach of death and oblivion, that for a strange moment it seemed that these, Shakespeare's men and women, were the real inheritors of the world, and we ourselves most transitory things:

"Such stuff
As dreams are made on."

DORTHY MACARDLE.







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Garden Phantoms

They gather when the garden, night-possessed,
'Is steeped in rest, and infinitely still,
And all the winds that wantoned there arrest,
In awe confessed, their wild and wayward will;
On leaves and lawns and in the cups of flowers,
Dropped in invisible showers, dew lies deep,
The very moths that love the twilight hours,
In unknown faery bowers are asleep.

Wan lilac-blooms 'mid shrouds of shadowy leaves, (Spell that the midnight weaves!) gleam pale and strange;

The languishing laburnum night bereaves
Of all her gold, grieves o'er the mystic change:
Some sorcery 'mid the orient tulips shed
Has stolen their red and left them dimly white;
And every flower in every darkened bed
Renders with bended head, homage to night.

And in and out among the garden ways,

Where deepest shadow stays, the phantoms go;

Lingering with whisperings of other Mays

And wondrous days, they wander to and fro;

And gathering together, wrapt aloof

Under the low roof of the hawthorn tree,

They thread the weft of silence with a woof,

A wide, invisible woof of memory.

They learned to love the garden long ago,
When tulips were aglow in other Mays,
Through hours of youthful converse grave and low,
And studious pacings slow, and strenuous days;

And leave Youth free for ever down the years,"
They took upon themselves the great endeavour,
And wearied never,—gallant pioneers!

And often, when the gardens sleep enchanted,
Their dear, undaunted spirits move again
Among the ways so many Mays have planted,
With memory-haunted musings, sweet and fain;
They touch the slumbering flowers with phantom fingers,.
Bringers of dreams, and wistfully delay,
Till in the silver hour the last star lingers,
And waking garden-singers rumour day.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.



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Miss Crosthwait saw a great deal of the inner life of the Universities, and was most hospitably treated everywhere. She thinks that if subsequent visitors are treated as well as she was they will be loth to leave. Deputation visits are not so conventional as with us—the lack of servants makes life simpler in many respects, and it rubs off the last corners of shyness when the President of the C.U. is head cook, and the Travelling Secretary cleans the stove or chops up the wood.

She found that missionary interest in Australia was practically confined to members of the M.S.W.W., and that no one had any first hand knowledge of student work abroad, but we hope that her visit will help to remedy this state of things and revive the interest in missions.

She considers one of the greatest charms of the Australian people is that they have a fresh outlook on life, and never seem to be bored—a characteristic rare among the older

The journey back to India took nearly two months, instead of the usual three weeks. Indeed communication between Australia and other parts of the world are so very erratic nowadays that it is difficult to get out of the country at all, and Miss Crosthwait was "farewelled" more that once in some places. She survived the many perils of the journey, and is now back at work in the Settlement, where we hope she will, as the result of her voyage, be better able to stand the strenuous life that is her lot there.

As the Editor of this Magazine is in no way responsible for the College notes—in fact sees them for the first time when they appear in print, we should like to refer to her latest play. We do not often produce a dramatist in College, and we offer our congratulation to Miss Macardle on her first appearance as such in Ireland. "Asthara" is a flight into the realm of serious drama. It is written in blank verse, and is full of lines of a "linked sweetness." The scene is laid in pagan Ireland when paganism is falling into dishonour; the "old"

wind "is "warring with a new," and Asthara, half-goddess, half-woman, stands as almost the last upholder of the old ideals. How these ideals are shattered and how Asthara finds new life, re-incarnated in union with the personality of her disciple, Una—this is the theme of the play. The play was produced in the little Theatre on May 24th, with Miss Elizabeth Young in the leading rôle.

We hope to open a Kindergarten Training Department next term under the management of Miss Jones, Head of the Secondary Training Department. It will be worked in connection with the Kindergarten in Alexandra School, by permission of the Head Mistress, and the students will obtain practical experience there. We feel that the new Department will "fill a much-needed want," as hitherto it has been very difficult to train as a Kindergaten teacher in Ireland.

We were all extremely sorry that Lady Wimborne was unable to preside at the Guild Conference. She was greatly missed, as we have always found her a most delightful president. She wrote a very charming letter, expressing her great regret at being unable to preside, in which she says: "I shall always be immensely interested in the doings of the College, and the Guild. . . . I have always thought the College one of the most remarkable institutions in Dublin, and quite the best of its kind that I know. . . Will you take an opportunity of wishing the girls good-bye for me, and will you say to them all that I would have done had I been able to."

Lady Wimborne's kindly feelings towards the College and the Guild are most heartily reciprocated. Her deep interest in the work of both, and her readiness at all times to help our various schemes make us feel that it will indeed be hard to find an Hon. President to fill her place. Her sympathy, her charm and her graciousness, made her visits to the College a great pleasure, and won for her much popularity. A most hearty welcome will always await her here, and we hope that before very long we may have the pleasure of seeing her in College again.



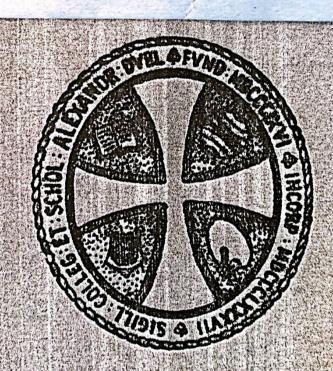
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painters were no less interesting, and he succeeded in bringing very vividly before us the most striking features of Venetian art as exemplified by the work of Giovanni Bellini, Giorgione, Titian and Tintoretto. An excellent set of lantern slides illustrating the work of these artists, helped to make the lectures still more interesting and instructive.

A special interest will be felt in the dramatic performance on Students' Night, as once again we hope to see enacted on our boards a play by a present student. The charming oldworld story of French mediaeval romance, "Aucassin and Nicolete," has been dramatised by D. Macardle, B.A., and we are looking forward to seeing it presented to us on December 19th.

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each, other in painting the attractions of the various societies in glowing terms. Judging by the large attendances at the societies' meetings already they were very successful in their efforts.

In October the students gave their annual party to the mothers in the Tenement Houses of Grenville Street and Summerhill; the guests did full justice to the magnificent tea provided by the gifts of all the students, and afterwards enjoyed community singing and a delightful variety entertainment of songs, recitations, dances and mimes.

Macardle's new hovel, The Seed Was Kind. If not, we advise them to read it as soon as they can. It is an extremely interesting book; the story begins in Geneva before the war, where young and enthusiastic people meet and hope to avert war, and then it goes on in London amid a group of tragic refugees from Nazi oppression. As Miss Macardle was herself in Geneva at an exciting time, and later worked among refugees in London, she writes from personal knowledge. Wo do not boast many authors among our old students, so are all the more glad to welcome a new book from Miss Macardle's pen. Her next novel is to deal with Irish people in County Wicklow.

It was a great pleasure to hear of the McDonogus again. IDA, we all knew, was having her accustomed success with small boys at Avoca School, her father's foundation, but it was a long time since we had news of Brief and Joy. ETHEL (Mrs. Hawker), it appears, is not only helping her husband with his educational work on the Persian Gulf. where he is Education Officer, but also doing valuable linguistic work on her own account. Her object is to provide a graduated approach to the language, so that a newcomer (we believe wives are chieff in her mind!) may find her feet quickly and with understanding. For this purpose she has propared three "steps" unobtainable before. Her missionary work is not forgotten and we have heard from a fellow-worker that her constant interest in Christian boys working away from home in the oilfields has helped them to remain true to their faith. Inciden-



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Dorothy Macardle

Nour issue for June, 1959, we published an obituary notice of Dorothy Macardle. Now Mrs. Christie (L. C. Lefanu) has written as follows: "I read with interest the pleasant reminiscence of Dorothy Macardle in the Magazine, and while I felt E.R.F. had well described her impact on her class, there was so much more to her that I would be glad if I might add to what has already been said. I have used the word "nonconformist" not in the sectarian sense but to emphasise Dorothy Macardle's dislike of conformism and of opinions taken at second-hand. Wherever Alexandrans of my generation meet she is remembered. A group of us here in Oxford were talking of her only the other day."

We are very grateful to Mrs. Christie for the passage which

follows:

"Dorothy Macardle was besides many other things a first-rate teacher. She could, helped by a most musical voice, and superb reading, make the least poetical see beauty in 'Tamburlaine' and 'Love in a Valley' alike. In her two main courses of lectures at Alexandra College, on the Elizabethans (and more particularly on the Elizabethan drama) and on the Romantic revival of the early 19th century, she not only spread before us the particular period of our study, but linked it to the whole of English literature, (though I cannot feel that the 18th Century was particularly sympathetic to her) and gave us a clear sense of form on which to build our criticism and appreciation of the written word.

"Though she may have been vague about everyday things, Dorothy Macardle was anything but vague in her passionate love of freedom and her passionate hatred of cruelty. She was intellectually a natural nonconformist, no bad thing in a teacher of adolescents, and her love of freedom prevented her proselytising among her pupils for her political views; though for some years she cut herself off from those that she could not feel were com-

mitted in the same way as she was, to the Irish cause.

"These dominant traits, and her deep interest in the Supranatural, colour her imaginative writing; which is not as well known as it deserves to be, either for the qualities of its style, or for its swift and economical use of plot and dialogue. Her

history of the Irish Revolution has probably suffered in popularity because of the dispassionate clarity with which it is set out.

She was fearless as well as nonconformist in her views, and her hatred of cruelty drove her, when the '39 war started, to England: 'The war against Hitler should be everyone's war'; and after the war ended sent her on those tiring journeys through Europe to discover and write on the fate of the children.

The last time I saw her she said sadly that the Irish government, which she had given her young womanhood to help to bring to birth, had no work for her now, because she was unorthodox and, more bitterly, she deplored the trahison des clercs (her very phrase) which had clamped down the censorship and given the coup de grâce to the Irish literary movement.

"But she had too much vitality to despair, and remained full of interest in other people and their doings."