

held; community work has been undertaken for the blind, for the children and for the sick.

Some Guilds have formed Choral and Drama societies and frequently hold classes in Irish dancing.

The typical activity is a monthly meeting where there is a demonstration or lecture by an expert on some subject of interest to women. This is followed by social activities—singing, country dancing, acting, etc. and by tea which is provided by different groups of members in turn.

The Summer School of the Association is held each summer and provides an opportunity to Guild members to combine instruction in practical subjects with study of a wide range of cultural subjects.

Through the generosity of the W. K. Kellogg Foundation of U. S. A. the Irish Countrywomen's Association now has its own College for Adult Education where short courses are held in subjects of interest to Countrywomen.

Miss Doreen Smith, Principal of the Irish Countrywomen's College, An Grianan, Termonfechin, County Louth, Ireland, adds this note:

"We in the Irish Countrywomen's Association are happy to welcome to An Grianan members of the Associated Countrywomen of the World, and to share our house with them and we would be glad to have them at any of our courses."

## From Greenland's Icy Mountains

*Editor's Note: This interesting story of the country women of Greenland comes from Mrs. B. Hearndon of the A.C.W.W. office in London.*

**W**E HAVE news for you of the Greenland Countrywoman's groups, the Foreningen i Grønland. Maybe you remember that Mrs. Dahlerup-Petersen of Denmark, A.C.W.W. Vice President, visited them last summer. She has been keeping in close touch with them since then, and when she was over last month for the A.C.W.W. Annual Meeting, I had a long talk with her about them.

It seems they now have thirteen groups. One of them, in Godhavn, has ninety members. They meet in the winter months, that is to say, from September to April, for in the summer everyone is too busy to attend meetings. So far they have not been able to have a national meeting where all the groups can take part. Transport is still a major problem, since many of the groups can only be reached by boat in the summer and dog sledge in winter, and 84% of Greenland is covered with ice all the year round. It is a hard, cold and difficult country, but the women are undaunted, and are enlarging their group activities all the

time and keeping up with the changing face of life.

For instance, they have asked for, and are getting, lectures on nutrition. In the old days the Greenlanders ate what they could catch or grow, and they can't grow much in that climate. In fact, it is only in the south that vegetables can be grown at all. Today they have more and more bought food available, and this inevitably brings a change of eating habits. Too many races have had their stamina ruined by too sudden a change in diet, and the Greenland women, wiser than some, have asked for expert advice on this.

They are doing an enormous variety of handicrafts. They knit, they carve lovely things from whalebone, (Mrs. Dahlerup-Petersen showed me an exquisitely carved little Polar bear that I coveted a lot), they work sealskin for clothes and decoration, cutting the skin as thin as paper and then painting it. This is the sort of craft that might well die out, but the Greenland groups are teaching their young girls how to do it.

Last winter they were all making things for sale, to raise money to build meeting

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### ENTRE-ACTE REVERIES

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Between the acts while the orchestra played  
That sweet old waltz with the liting measure,  
I drifted away to a dear, dead day,  
When the dance, for me, was the sum of all  
pleasure;  
When my veins were rife with the fever of life,  
When hope ran high as an inswept ocean,  
And my heart's great gladness was almost madness,  
As I floated off to the music's motion.

I knew no weariness, no, not I—  
My step was as light as the waving grasses  
That flutter with ease on the strong-armed breeze,  
As it waltzes over the wild morasses.  
Life was all sound and swing; youth was a perfect  
thing;  
Night was the goddess of satisfaction.  
Oh, how I tripped away, right to the edge of day!  
Joy lay in motion, and rest in action.

I dance no more on the music's wave,  
I yield no more to its wildering power,  
That time has flown like a rose that is blown,  
Yet life is a garden for ever in flower.  
Though storms of tears have watered the years,  
Between to-day and the day departed,  
Though trials have met me, and grief's waves wet me,  
And I have been tired and trouble-hearted.

Though under the sod of a wee green grave,  
A great, sweet hope in darkness perished,  
Yet life, to my thinking, is a cup worth drinking,  
A gift to be glad of, and loved, and cherished.  
There is deeper pleasure in the slower measure  
That Time's grand orchestra now is playing.  
Its mellowed minor is sadder but finer,  
And life grows daily more worth the living.

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