

# Eire's Picture of Future Clouded by Uneasiness

Jack Calder, Interned Canadian, Writes of Problems Incident to Postwar Order

*Eire, uneasy about the future and committed to a policy of economic as well as political independence, remembers "past troubles" and points to them in any discussion of her present neutrality. Flying Officer Jack Calder, former Canadian Press Staff Writer, now interned near Dublin, here suggests that this attitude illustrates a postwar problem that will have to be met in building a new world structure: the problem of individual skepticism.*

By JACK CALDER

(Copyright, 1943, by The Canadian Press)

**British Internment Camp, The Curragh, Eire, June 11 (CP). —** Uneasiness clouds Eire's picture of a future motivated by the principles of increasing nationalism and independence.

James M. Dillon, the Government's chief critic in the Dail, has called Fianna Fail's policy of



Jack Calder.

economic self-sufficiency for Eire "suicidal." The issue is not so cut-and-dried as that, but the thinking Irishman is worried today about his place in the postwar world. The cattle-breeder is worried, for instance, about whether he will be enabled to sell his cattle in the British market as cheaply as the Canadian breeder. Farmers in the Curragh district have admitted to me: "Sure, the Canadians will say they came into the war and we didn't, so they should be able to place their cattle in Liverpool more cheaply than we can."

The fact remains that many of the biggest farm-owners in Ireland are British Army officers who have left neutral Eire to join the fight. Others who fought for us in the last war remain thoroughly sympathetic to the Allied cause and alert to the benefits of enthusiastic Empire economic co-operation.

The farmers recall that during the "economic war" with England, they could pay a big impost and still make more money by selling cattle to British buyers than to German. An Irish friend of mine ships something like 1,000 cattle to Great Britain every week now.

The labor man wonders when he will feel the full impact of the struggle and even now complains that wages have failed to keep pace with rising prices. He knows that when the war ends the great majority of wartime emigrants will flock back from Britain, glutting the labor market. He knows that the belligerents, battered and bled, will want most of the raw materials that could keep Eire's factory wheels running. Whereas North American production may take two years to regain normalcy, Ireland may still be waiting after that time for the tools and jigs to modernize the plants which have sprung up under Fianna Fail's program of industrialization.

## Property-Buying Feared.

Dan Breen, after discussing his bullet-garnished fight for Irish freedom, told me of his fears that war profiteers from other countries might attempt to buy up considerable Irish property to escape heavy taxes at home. He will urge upon the Dail a plan for appropriation of all property bought by outside interests during the war. These are signs of the uneasiness which still is smothered by the demand for complete nationhood.

Today Eire is better fed and better clothed than any other neutral nation in Europe. Whereas bread, milk and butter are rationed in other countries, Eire has plenty and suffers only slightly from problems of distribution. The Government's well-devised campaign for extended growing has borne good effect. The severe tea and petrol rationing causes more grumbling than anything else.

Recently it was announced that a shipment of Canadian oats had arrived in the country and newspapers from Canada carried reports that Eire was active in the wheat market there. Even Spanish oranges have arrived to vary the restricted diet.

Sean Lemass, Minister for Supplies, warned the other day to prepare for a deterioration of supplies, in employment and in general conditions.

Remittances from the United States, once a major item in the upkeep of the Irish home, have been replaced by soldiers' allowances and postal orders from Irish workmen in Great Britain. Race track attendance and betting has increased.

## Impressions of Writer.

My own impression of postwar difficulties, after more than a year in Eire, has been heightened by talking to the Irish. Our biggest problem in devising a new world structure will be to smooth individual cynicism and skepticism.

"Atlantic Charter?" an Irish laborer said to me. "Why, the last war was supposed to be fought for small nations. But all this small nation got out of it was more repression and then partition. Our

boys fought beside John Bull in the last war and then came home to fight against 'him here. We're realists in Ireland. This is just another war for balance of power."

Everywhere is heard the cry "partition!" Yet Premier Andrews has told Orangemen in Northern Ireland: "In Great Britain, throughout the Empire and in America, those who some years ago were very doubtful friends are now with us heart and soul, because it is now realized that we have done right in preserving this part of the kingdom from falling into an all-Ireland republic."

Eire's army—fighting fit, trained to modern methods but insufficiently equipped with first-line weapons—stands ready to oppose "any invader." My brothers, who oddly enough have been able to come here on leave from the Canadian Army, have remarked on the morale, physique and pride in uniform of the battalions on the Curragh.

## Grazing Lands Yield Wheat.

Another growing season has come to Eire and what was once the world's finest grazing land has been converted, in many instances, to wheat fields.

Eire remembers past troubles and asks "to be let alone." We internees, in our bitter moments, criticize the country for thinking too much of the past, too much of the war as England's war when England's power comprises only a proportion of the Allied effort. Our critics here say that 700 years of what Ireland went through cannot be forgotten in 20.

They raise their eyebrows a little when young men talk of a "New Imperialism" and express willingness to risk their lives in a cause that embraces British Imperialism. It's all very complicated.

# Irish Language Tuition Faces Difficulty in Eire

Adoption of Words Necessary to Translate Science Terminology; Revival Gains Strength

By JACK CALDER

Copyright, 1943, by The Canadian Press

**British Internment Camp, The Curragh, Eire, June 13 (CP).—**My friend the Dublin professor swept through an examination paper with a red pencil, marked it savagely with a zero and flung it at me.

"There," he said. "Look at that. Here's a student who knows Greek and who knows the Irish language. Yet he has tried to translate Greek into Irish by translating it into English first, and he's made a mess of it. I'm afraid we've gone away overboard in this business of reviving the Gaelic."

I met the professor, who had come down to the country to mark examination papers, while I was on parole from the British internment camp. He was one of the most interesting of the many interesting Irishmen with whom I have discussed Eire's neutrality, Irish nationalism and religion in Ireland.

Of the Fianna Fail Government's policies the one most frequently discussed in everyday conversation is the emphasis on the teaching of the Gaelic tongue. It meets with approval, but it is natural that many people, having been educated in English, don't want to start to learn another language at the age of 30 or 40. Many young people with careers ahead feel that a greater concentration on English would help them in the postwar world.

## Revival Gains Strength.

To become modern the Irish language must adopt words to translate the terminology of modern science, mathematics and business practice. The teaching of Irish in the schools means that less time may be devoted to subjects which will enable the young Irishman to

engage in world affairs after the war.

Yet the Gaelic League and the Irish revival in general are gaining strength rapidly, and more and more the little gilt circle—worn on the coat lapel and designating adherence to the movement—is making its appearance. Civil service examinations require a knowledge of the language.

Members of the Gaelic League are not allowed to participate in, or even watch, "foreign" games or to indulge in "foreign" dances. The policy is uncompromising.

These are signs of the national movement, reviving the customs and the tongue of 700 years ago and kept alive by an ardent few until now. Others are to be found in the severity of the book and motion picture censorship.

Not long ago I read that 5,000 persons had been unable to gain admittance to a Roman Catholic priest's lecture in Dublin on the significance and moral issues of "Gone With the Wind." The interest in this and other such activities prompted me to look up E. P. O'Keefe, a leader in the Catholic laymen's organization which sponsored the lecture.

"Many men have fought and many have died or gone to jail for the principle of Irish Nationalism," he told me. "We have sought and earned the right to worship and to educate our young people as we please. We are going to struggle to maintain the Church's ideas, no matter what the attitude of the outside world."

"Through books and moving pictures, there is a chance for an overwhelming infiltration of false notions. We know that we must stay up-to-date but at the same time we must guard our heritage, which has endured through hundreds of years of British and Protestant domination."

## Troubles Just Starting.

I expressed the view that, with air travel from America reduced to five or six hours after the war, Eire must absorb ideas from abroad in a shrinking world—undesirable as some might be. A national movement was a reaction to the trend of internationalism.

"Yes, our troubles are just starting," he agreed. Then, like so many others have done, he told me of his imprisonment by the British and of his escape by tunnelling.

The defenders of the Irish idea admit that, next to Premier De Valera, the Church has been their greatest spokesman and guide in the recent history of the long struggle.

"Indeed," one said to me, "Cardinal McRory is the loudest proponent of the cause for uniting the whole of Ireland."

At the same time, in the Church of Ireland (Anglican), we internees may pray with the rest of the congregation for the Royal Family and for the fighting men of the Empire. The Irishman prides himself on his tolerance.

To the outsider, the growth and development of the Irish theatre is important. The steady rise in the standard of all Irish literature has been only slightly behind.

## Score Stage Successes.

The quality of stage entertainment in half a dozen theatres of Dublin, with a population considerably less than Toronto's, compares favorably with that in New York playhouses. The Abbey and Gate Theatres in Dublin have produced

some of the foremost actors and actresses of our time.

Recently Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World" was acclaimed on the occasion of its revival in Dublin. When it was staged there first, early in the century, it was hooted. I asked Sir John Maffey, the United Kingdom representative to Eire, for his interpretation of the change in attitude.

"When the play first came out, the Irish thought they were being lampooned," he said. "Things have changed, and, because 'The Playboy' was written by an Irishman about Irish people, the playgoers now feel they can laugh at the portrayal, despite the exaggerations and improbabilities."

There may lie the greatest hope for Ireland—the ability of the Irishman to step gallantly ahead when he doesn't feel that some one is gazing critically over his shoulder or trying to step on him or mock him.

# Eire Lawmakers Remind Visitor of Queen's Park

## Quips Mark Debate on Issue of General Election — Senate Discusses Book Censorship

By JACK CALDER

Former Canadian Press Staff Writer of Goderich, Ont.

(Copyright, 1943, by The Canadian Press)

**British Internment Camp, the Curragh, Eire, June 14 (CP).**—One impression I couldn't get out of my mind, as I sat in the press gallery and watched the Dail Eireann in action, was the resemblance to the Ontario Legislature.

The benches of Southern Ireland's Parliament were arranged in the same horseshoe effect, the same formality was present and the House looked to Premier de Valera for guidance just the way the Provincial Legislature at home used to cast questioning glances at Hon. G. Howard Ferguson or Hon. Mitchell Hepburn. Come to think of it, the two Houses make laws for just about the same number of people—something under 3,000,000.

Under debate was the matter of the advisability of a general election—a serious matter for neutral Eire with the greatest war in history on her doorstep. But as many quips were mixed with the cross-fire between Government and Opposition benches as I had heard mingled in the debates on the future of the Dionne quintuplets. The language was the same.

Mr. de Valera dismissed the last query from the Labor benches and turned to his Finance Minister, Sean T. O'Kelly, with a wan smile. Suddenly the House rose. One more sitting and the members would go back to their homes.

My Dublin newspaper friend said: "Come on. Let's go down to the Senate and listen to the debate on book censorship. They've been at it for days."

### Visit to the Senate.

We hurried through the lobbies, crowded with rings of members and constituents like those who used to cluster in the corridors of Queen's Park, Toronto. The upper House was struggling over the banning of the book "The Tailor and Anstey." Men who had seen three generations of the world's struggles were trying to decide whether the author's intent was to burlesque the Irish or was just plain immoral.

Some one brought an evening paper into the press gallery and handed it to me. The main headlines told of more thousands of Germans slain on the Russian front and of the current Dublin murder trial. A grey-haired Senator who had been knighted by the King of England swung the debate to the banning of another book — wholly

unjustified in his view. He began to quote.

In the visitors' gallery across the House I recognized a "duration Irishman"—one of those people who have found a convenient stopping place in neutral Eire—away from it all.

"Like a drink?" a newspaperman asked me.

"Sure," I said.

We walked from the Dail, past the huge green statue of Queen Victoria, through the heavily guarded gates, out into the street, and finally around the corner into Dublin's "Press Bar." Many of the mighty men of everyday Irish letters were there.

They wanted to know what I thought of the war; how the Russians and British would get on after the war; what it was like to fly over Germany in a bombing plane. They asked the same questions as other Irishmen — though a little more loftily — and they drank Irish whiskey or stout like the best of them.

### Talk of Irish Politics.

I felt easier when the talk swung to Irish politics and conditions in the country since the war's start. But—though it will always be an event to converse with newspapermen in any country—I didn't feel really easy until I hurried away to a dinner engagement. It had been one of the oddest interludes in my experiences since I was interned in Eire, after parachuting into a bog in County Clare in October, 1941.

A military internee whose temporary home was behind barbed wire, I had entered the Houses of Parliament of the country that had imprisoned me. I had sworn to return to the British Internment camp, 30 miles away, by one o'clock the following morning. If I should go in the opposite direction and cross the border into the belligerent territory of Northern Ireland, 70 miles away, the British Government would send me back under the terms of my parole.

Before dinner I played with my host's children. Then we ate a meal that would have done credit to any peacetime table anywhere. Abundant good food can be bought for a price in Dublin, where, incidentally, the best French restaurant in the world of the moment is serving everything from lobster and oysters to champagne.

Some one writing from Lisbon the other day remarked that neutral Portugal was an "ivory tower" from which to regard the war. Well, Eire is no ivory tower for a British internee — even though he may read the communiques of Allies and Axis alike, and discuss every aspect of the war with conversationalists so apt as the Irish.

### Looking Backward.

One day, probably, we who have been interned here will sit down and laugh philosophically at our experiences in Eire, where so many people were so kind and neutral. Barbed wire and padlocks will seem far away then.

We shall have learned much about human beings, for the Irishman is essentially a human being who specializes in being more human than most people. He is sensitive about his neutrality, and will counter a vindictive remark with something about anti-conscription feeling in Canada. He is anxious to be regarded as a good and generous host no matter what the position or the attitude of his guest.

# Miracles of Healing

## New Canadian Wing at East Grinstead Is to Give Maimed Best Plastic Surgery Treatment

*Flt. Lt. Jack Calder, former Canadian Press staff writer, now an observer with the R.C.A.F., was seriously injured about the face and in one knee some time ago in an air crash. His injuries were treated at the plastic surgery and jaw injuries centre of the Queen Victoria Hospital at East Grinstead, Sussex. He has written this story now that the cure is almost complete.*

By **FLT. LT. JACK CALDER,**  
**R.C.A.F.**

East Grinstead, Sussex, Dec. 14

(CP).—The medical orderly swung the wheelchair down the drive and out toward the street. It was my first venture from Ward 3, and as we moved from the shadows of the hospital buildings, I realized that circumstances can make even a wheelchair ride exciting—though it would require a strong imagination indeed to relate it to flying. We had gone only a few yards and I was absorbing the warm sunlight when the orderly stopped and pointed to the field on our right. "That's where the Canadian wing is going to be," he said. "Canadian wing?" I asked.



Flt. Lt. Calder.

"Sure," he said.

Then I heard for the first time of plans for a hospital unit which will bring to severely burned and injured Canadian airmen the finest treatment that the miracles of modern surgery can offer.

It is to be a wing to the Queen Victoria Hospital at East Grinstead—an institution supported by voluntary contributions—in which many men of the R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. already have been spared the tragedy of having to go through the remainder of life terribly scarred or maimed. It is being constructed at the same time, at the instigation of Air Marshal Harold Edwards, C.B., as a memorial of the people of the Dominion to all Canadian airmen who will have died in this war.

### An Object Lesson.

The potential value and reasons for the choice of site will not be obvious immediately to any one unacquainted with some of the advances in plastic surgery achieved in this war.

Until our aircraft plummeted down through storm clouds into an English hillside last August, I had been almost completely ignorant of the great advances made in surgery, while to me "East Grinstead" was merely the name of a place to which injured fliers were sent for protracted treatment. I know better now—now that my fractured jaws have healed, a lacerated leg has begun to regain its full function and the marks of 31 stitches in the face have almost disappeared.

In the weeks since that ride in a wheelchair—which gave way to crutches, then to canes and finally to no artificial support at all—I have had ample opportunity of watching the achievement of miracles in East Grinstead and the construction of Canada's Wing by a company of Royal Canadian Engineers.

A great majority of the servicemen who have come here, many of them all the way from the front lines in the Middle East, have returned to active duty. None has gone away hopeless.

Before I was flown to the hospital its leading surgeons were flown 300 miles to make me fit to be transferred. After six weeks here (the surgeons say I am a "freak" patient, while I attribute the swiftness of the healing to the surgeons), I

felt more like an interested observer who had limped in than some one who owed his health to the miracle workers of East Grinstead.

### Aids to Spade Work.

I have lifted a spade to help in a feeble way the grinning R.C.E. on the rapidly progressing construction job. I have helped the nurses hold down a humptious Ontario rear gunner, who has been twice the sole survivor of bomber crashes, as he came from under the anaesthetic after an operation leading to the building of new tissue about the nose. I have seen a Canadian airman wheeled in, severely burned, after crash-landing his four-engined aircraft, which he brought back from Germany on two engines; and then I have heard his nurses whisper, "He wants to know if he will be flying again in a month." No one could help feeling the spirit that permeates the place.

A main reason for centring the Canadian wing here, besides the fact that it will grow side by side with the best British developments in plastic surgery, is the fact that the town has adopted the convalescence of men with scarred faces and injured limbs as an expected part of every-day life.

The cinemas, dance halls and sporting facilities of the town and district are thrown open to them. Here the Canadian boys can walk into Bill Gardiner's restaurant and be greeted by Bill as if they were walking into the main-street cafe back home in the "old days."

Canadian patients with whom I have talked, particularly those with facial burns, are unanimous in their wish that they should be "fixed up a bit" before going home to their friends and relatives.

### Entertainers Come Weekly.

Weekly visits of stage and screen entertainers from London are a part of the hospital program now; so is the manufacture of aircraft parts in the industrial therapy section, where men learn to use their hands again. Each week members of the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division), at their own expense and of their own free will, come from London with cigarettes, candy and comforts for the men. The new wing will be staffed by R.C.A.F. doctors and nursing sisters.

One of the most enthusiastic supporters of the new project has been A. H. McIndoe, the hospital's chief surgeon and consultant. In plastic surgery and jaw injuries to the R.A.F. he told me that, in the completeness of its facilities, the Canadian unit would have no equal in the world.

The 30-bed unit may never be completely filled with Canadian patients, although it is to be primarily for all R.C.A. cases requiring plastic surgery or jaw treatment. Beds left available will be turned over to other war casualties.

The Canadian wing, its broad windows facing the sun all day, will have no ward bigger than one accommodating four beds. From his room a man may be wheeled directly outside in his bed when the sun is shining.

Most of the lessons learned in plastic surgery elsewhere—such as the use of the most suitable flooring and wallboarding—will be carried out in the Canadian wing. Burns will be treated by the recognized saline bath method, in which medical attendants of the R.C.A.F. have long been receiving instructions, for the hospital's policy is opposed to the old method of tannic acid treatment.