

for the remote Atlantic coast to learn the Irish language in the place where it still lives as a pulsating vital force. Their three month holiday will be financed by Gael Linn.

Thousands of applications are swamping Gael Linn's Dublin headquarters from children who want a vacation in Ireland's rocky hinterland. The lucky ones will be chosen by lot. Not only will they learn the language of their forefathers, but they will also be steeped in the ancient traditions and lore of the Irish countryside.

It means for the first time city-bred children will have a chance of a day on the bog cutting turf or a day's lobster fishing in boats supplied by Gael Linn to the seamen of the West.

They will go to little schools to work and play with children who know scarcely a word of English--and live in thatched, whitewashed cottages where the ancient Gaelic sagas are told and retold to wide-eyed visitors with wonder in the flickering firelight.

And ever widening horizons are in the future. As the fame of Gael Linn spreads around the world, the way is clear for more and higher tension plans to put Ireland on the map in her proper place--as one of the greatest, most historic nations of the earth.

ROBERT MORRIS

(The following article appeared in the April 19, 1959 issue of the NEW YORK SUNDAY TIMES. We reprint it here as a fitting tribute to Ireland on her anniversary.)

TOPICS

Ten Years of Eire: On a recent visit to the country the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mrs. Catherine Byrne, said: "You never know what the Irish are going to do. We like something out of the ordinary to happen now and then." An ten years ago yesterday something very unusual, even for the Irish, happened. A twenty-one-gun salute from the O'Connell Bridge in Dublin marked the inauguration of Eire, better known as the Republic of Ireland. Cries of "An Poblacht Abu" ("Up the Republic!") accompanied the cannonade and a new era opened in the long and most turbulent history of the Emerald Isle.

The Republic of Ireland is about as large as Maine and its population, with poetry thick in them, numbers slightly over 3,000,000. Eire takes in twenty-six of the island's thirty-two counties--the six are in Northern Ireland.

A Land of Hams, Whiskey and Horses: Perhaps the briefest description of Ireland's ancient and recent history was provided by its President, Sean T. O'Kelly, when he said that although the British still occupy "our six northern counties--* * *in the rest of the country we have pretty well overcome the effects of seven hundred years of ruthless suppression." All available statistics bear out this statement. Eire has now become world famous for its hams, bacons, tweeds, poplin, laces, linens, whiskies, flower bulbs, frozen beef, clothes, shoes, raincoats, Waterford glass and crystal wares, fine bloodstock horses and thoroughbred dogs and cattle.

Yet only a century ago Ireland's chief export was human beings. Since