

THE GUARDIAN

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CIRCULATION Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew "The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink." CHARLOTTETOWN SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1953

Beautification Week

As the trees break into leaf and more and more flowers begin to bloom the contrast becomes the more painful between nature's new coat of many colours and the drabness of man's civilization after it has been exposed to the elements and man-made soot for the winter months.

In Charlottetown the Mayor and Corporation have called upon citizens to observe Beautification Week, very thoughtfully selecting the 18th, a holiday, as opening day. The man of the house will not have the excuse of "business" to account for putting off tidying up the yard or putting a coat of paint on that long-neglected fence.

It is also an appropriate occasion for impressing upon youthful minds that a community has its housekeeping to do as well as the housewife and that it is as uncivilized to litter the streets with rubbish as to do the same thing while having tea in a friend's living-room.

Keeping one's premises bright and tidy is not the sole requirement of being a good neighbour, but it certainly goes a long way towards that end. Everyone takes a pride and pleasure in living in attractive surroundings and contributing to that feeling of well-being is a very real community service.

Fighting The Budworm

A three-way agreement has been signed between the Federal Government, the New Brunswick Government and four major pulp and paper companies in that Province, providing for an expenditure of three million dollars annually over the ensuing three years, and a total financial outlay of nine millions, to eradicate the spruce budworm invasion which set in in Restigouche County last year.

In the 200,000 acres sprayed last spring the results proved highly successful, with destruction of the worms being between 99.8 and 100 per cent effective. This year the program involves the spraying of one million acres of woodlands and no fewer than 80 planes will participate in the operation.

Biggest Health Development

The World Health Organization in a statement from Geneva says that it has announced "one of the most sensational developments ever recorded in the field of public health." This is the fact that deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis in twenty-five countries have been reduced in twelve years by 50 per cent.

It is worth noting, says the New York Times, that the largest gains have been made in countries with a relatively high living standard, such as Sweden, Norway, France and the United States. In such countries there is not merely better nutrition and sanitation but a better understanding of the whole field of public health.

The highest incidence of tuberculosis and the highest death rates from it are still to be found in countries that are impoverished and relatively backward. In many of these tuberculosis is still the major killer.

Some years ago an eminent American physician stated bluntly that tuberculosis was largely "a standard of living disease" and this report bears him out. "That means," comments The Times, "that our

dedicated attempt to raise standards of living can be translated into more than creature comforts. It means that the various imaginative programs that are working toward the development of hitherto backward areas have a vital human content and an immediate and sound reason for their existence."

Many Occupations

The Parliamentary Guide says that the 21st Parliament since Confederation, which has just ended the seventh and last session in its four-year life, includes in the House of Commons 262 elected members from nearly every career open to Canadians. It contains a record number of 76 lawyers. There are 43 farmers, 12 teachers, 9 newspapermen, 6 engineers, 6 physicians, 4 accountants, 4 contractors, 3 clergymen, 3 ex-civil servants, 2 dentists, 2 miners and 2 professional hockey players.

There are two winners of the Victoria Cross: Major General George Pearkes from Vancouver Island, and Brigadier Milton Gregg of the Royal Canadian Regiment. One M. P. founded a band and directed it for 50 years. This was Joseph Rousseau who was 73 when first elected to Parliament by Rimouski. He also reports having 15 children. Irvin Studer, American-born member from Maple Creek has five adopted children, all of different nationalities.

The members range in age from 80-year-old Dan McIvor from Fort William to 29-year-old Howie Meeker from Waterloo South, Ont. They have sat in Parliament for periods ranging from Quebec's Chubby Power's 36 years to the 11 months' career of Oshawa's Mike Starr. They include new Canadians born in England, Scotland, Ireland, the States, Poland, Russia and other countries. As a cross-section of our democracy they can certainly claim to be as representative of any Parliament since Confederation.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, the Sunday after Ascension.

Plans for celebrating the Coronation are going on apace in this Province, none too early, however, the big day being hardly more than a fortnight away.

Example is the best precept and no organization could with better grace preach the need for Safety First than the Canadian National Railways.

A new era blessed with emancipation from the cream separator is hailed by an agricultural spokesman. That may be a little premature but many more dairymen are already enjoying experience of disposing of their whole milk than when its only market was for household delivery.

Protests against the sale of fragile paper belts labelled cowhide were made in the House of Commons, surprisingly enough, rather than before the Senate committee on indecency. Both Houses, it seems, are properly concerned with maintaining the proprieties.

Atomic energy will soon be harnessed to provide electricity. Britain is to build the world's first atomic power station on Calder Hall site, alongside the Ministry of Supply Atomic Energy Establishment at Windscale Sellfield, in Cumberland. Expected output of the plant will be around 50 million watts.

Sir Edmund William Gosse, English poet, critic and essayist, died this date 1928. He was long assistant to the British Museum and held other posts including that of librarian to the House of Lords. In early manhood he was a great friend of R. L. Stevenson, with whom he exchanged many interesting letters. Perhaps his greatest service was to introduce modern European and particularly Scandinavian writers to the English speaking public.

Prince Edward Island scored another "first" in farm income gains last year, according to figures released by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Our farm income for 1952 is given at \$20,900,000, as against \$17,600,000 for 1951. We are the only Province in Canada to show an increase last year. In Ontario the net farm income declined by more than \$120,000,000 and even in New Brunswick, which profited from last year's high potato prices, there was a drop of nearly two million dollars. The figures go to show the value of our balanced farm economy and the importance of maintaining it at a high level of quality and productivity.

Gaining Ground



PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open to the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinion of correspondents.

JAMES J. TRAINOR A TRIBUTE

Sir,—Death has brought to a close the long life of one of the best citizens this Island has produced. Nearly half a century have I known this great man and have been privileged to call him friend. For during his entire life he went about doing good and was always trying to help someone.

His earlier days were spent in the service of the railroad as a station agent in several places then afterwards filling the important position of train dispatcher. After leaving that responsible position he devoted several years of service to the great Order of Railway Telegraphers retiring as vice-president in 1933.

During those years he worked earnestly and sincerely and with signal success for the welfare of the membership of that order and many a member can thank Mr. Trainor for saving his job and making a man of himself.

A lover of the soil, he purchased a farm at Bedford and on it he spent many happy days. In the Provincial Federation of Agriculture and his friends were legion. He was a pioneer and a tower of strength.

His long railway service made him well known in Canada. He had a very large acquaintance and his friends were legion. It can be truly said of him that he loved mankind and made immediate sacrifices to help those in need. He was indeed everyman's friend and he spent his long life doing good to all and sundry.

Men like J. J. Trainor are God's blessings to a troubled world and we shall not soon look upon his like again. But as service is the rent we owe for the space we occupy in this world, J. J. Trainor has paid his rent in full plus a great surplus.

To his sorrowing widow and family I extend my sincere sympathy.

I am, Sir, etc., W. J. P. MACMILLAN

GOOD WHISKEY

Sir,—This is what the trade wants us to believe that they are producing and selling what is good for the individual, the family, and the country. That if anything bad results from its use it is not the whiskey's fault but the people who use it. Here is a sample ad that the trade has been publishing in the big magazines across the U.S. and Canada in which they spent in 1952 \$100,000,000.

"Whiskey is an indispensable medicine for elderly people, and particularly those suffering from certain forms of heart disease." Whiskey is good medicine. Whiskey adds to human happiness. It loosens up the tongue, removes shyness, and puts people at their ease. The trade does its best by every means to convince the public that alcoholic liquor is a dispenser of health and happiness.

Let me illustrate from real life the facts of which I know. There a husband and wife with two children, a boy eight years, and a girl six, living happily together until men came as friends and brought drink. That was two years ago. One night last year the husband came home drunk and put his wife out, and since then the boy has been broken up. This is what good whiskey does. It is not an isolated case. This kind of break-up is going on all the time all over our country. Whiskey is a home des-

Old Charlottetown

(And F. E. I.) NEWSPAPER ITEMS

From The Colonial Herald, Dec. 10, 1842:

"The Islander", a weekly journal, published by Mr. John Ings, of this Town, made its debut on Saturday last. The Editor commences his literary career with an article of rather unwieldy length, considering the dormancy of the times."

"On Tuesday last, the Pulling Mill recently erected by Mr. Gurney, in the vicinity of Charlottetown, commenced its operations. This is, we believe, the first and only establishment of the sort which has yet been completed in the Island, although we understand there are several others in course of erection."

"Thomas Owen, Postmaster, announces that "The Mails for England, Nova Scotia, etc., will be made up every Tuesday morning until further notice, at half-past nine o'clock, and the Western Inland Mails will be closed at the same time. The Inland Mails for the Eastern section of the Island, St. Peter's, etc., will be made up every Wednesday morning, at ten o'clock, and those for Georgetown, Belfast and Murray Harbour, every Saturday morning, at half-past nine o'clock."

The brigantine, Flora Reaton, John Kennedy master, was cast away in the gale on Sunday night, the 27th ult., at Deagle's Cape, Lot 44, near Souris Harbour. She was partly laden with timber. It was with great difficulty that the crew got from the vessel. She was several times capsized. By the assistance of the inhabitants on shore, they succeeded in getting a rope between the vessel and the beach, passed by a floating plank, and in that manner were enabled to save themselves."

The Treasury Office announces the appointment of the following persons to be Receivers of Land Assessment under an Act of the General Assembly: Joseph Pope, Bedouque; Thomas C. Compton, St. Eleanore; James Yeo, Port Hill; Allan Forsythe, Cascadump; Robert Hyndman, Princeton; James Pidgeon, New London; Thomas Fairburn, Sable; Solomon Deshrisay, Charlottetown; Allan Macdougall, Belfast; John Jardine, St. Peter's; Alexander Macdonald, St. Margarets; Hugh Macdonald, Three Rivers; James Richards, Murray Harbour.

The Poet's Corner

THE JACKDAW

There is a bird, by his coat, And by the hoarseness of his note, Might be supposed a crow; A great frequenter of the church, Where bishop-like he finds a perch, And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate, That turns and turns, to indicate From what point blows the weather; Look up—your brains begin to swim, 'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him, He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height, Thither he wings his airy flight, And thence securely sees The bustle and the razzeshew That occupy mankind below. Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses, On future broken bones and bruises, If he should chance to fall; No, not a single thought like that Employs his philosophic pate, Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout, The world, with all its motley route, Church, army, physics, law, Its customs, and its businesses, Is no concern at all of him, And says—what says he?—caw!

Three happy birds! I too have seen Much of the vanities of men; And sick of having seen 'em, Would cheerfully these limbs resign.

For such a pair of wings as thine, And such a head between 'em. —William Cowper (1731-1800).

Charlottetown: Allan Macdougall, Belfast; John Jardine, St. Peter's; Alexander Macdonald, St. Margarets; Hugh Macdonald, Three Rivers; James Richards, Murray Harbour.

The Age Old Story

Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall: the archers have sorely grieved him; and shot at him, and hated him; but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob; (from thence is the shepherd, the stone of Israel): The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessing of thy progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills: they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren.

I am, Sir, etc., W. I. GREEN Stanley Bridge.

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The Passing Scene

By Observer

WHIRLWIND

I shudder whenever I read reports of tornadoes, for a few years ago—April 16, 1947, I think it was—I was very nearly involved in one. About 3 o'clock on a warm, sunny afternoon I left Indianapolis, Indiana, and drove out on Highway 40. A friend, who was a native of that region, accompanied me. After struggling through the congested city traffic we were glad to get out in the countryside which at that time of the year was beautified by the white and purple foliage of the dogwood and red-bud. Incidentally, I do not think I have ever seen a picture of nature more beautiful than this.

When we had gone twenty miles or so outside the city heavy dark clouds began to gather and soon the rain fell in black torrents, the like of which is never seen in our part of the world. As yet there was no wind to speak of. Finding it impossible to drive in such a deluge, we pulled to the side of the super highway and waited for the storm to pass.

In a few minutes we heard what sounded like a thousand locomotive engines and about half a mile from where we were a dense smoke appeared. Having had no previous experience in this kind of phenomenon I asked my friend what he thought it might be. "That is a tornado," he said, "and the only thing we can do is to remain where we are. If it comes this way that will probably be the end of us. Should it go the other way we may have a chance."

It was not long before the weather in our section began to clear and the State Police arrived. They instructed us to proceed slowly along the highway until we came to the turn leading into the small town of Greencastle. We were to go there and stay all night, probably in the car, as the two or three little hotels had been taken over to shelter the injured who were expected to be brought in from various parts of the area.

It took us only a short time to arrive at the spot where the dense smoke had been and the devastation on the left side of the road was almost unbelievable. (Strange, the right side, where we were, was practically normal. Cars flattened to the road; houses and barns thrown around like children's toy blocks. The roof of a house was lying on the side of the pavement; the sides of the same house were two or three hundred feet away in a field. Stone buildings were just as helpless as frame ones.

And, yet, not all the buildings in that particular section had been demolished, such are the vagaries of fate. We saw an automobile resting on the roof of one large house, but the house itself had apparently not been touched by the wind. Whether or not the driver was still at the wheel we had no way of finding out. Perhaps he had been warned in time and saved himself by falling on his stomach in the roadside ditch. I was told that that was as good a safety measure as any. Sometimes it worked

and sometimes it didn't. I heard of one man who jumped out of his car seconds before it was lifted into the air. He crawled on his hands and knees for three miles through falling debris and arrived home without a scratch. Only to discover that his house had been demolished and his wife and three children taken to hospital.

When we got to Greencastle we learned that the devastation of the highway had been only a small part of the tornado's track. The main force had travelled seven or eight miles and settled in the town of Coatesville, a small community about the size of Greencastle. The tornado's track was general and indiscriminate. As I recall it, not a building, large or small, had been left intact and most of them were utterly destroyed. Some had been blown off their foundations and others had been carried a mile or more by winds which nothing—wood, brick or concrete—could withstand.

Something like a hundred persons had been killed outright, and many hundreds injured. There was that anyone had survived. It seems to be a characteristic of tornadoes. The casualty list is always smaller than might be expected. Most people, if they have any warning at all, get out of doors which appears to be the safer place. Those who are trapped in their homes have the best chance of survival.

It is difficult for anyone who has not seen the aftermath of a tornado to understand the full destruction it can do. The strongest gales which come to this part of the world are, by comparison, only little, harmless breezes. It is all man's scientific knowledge and insight into natural forces, he is still as helpless as a little child in the fact of the wind "that bloweth where it listeth." I can understand why the whirlwind (another name for the tornado) is mentioned frequently in the Bible, which deals, among other things, with the absolute and the ultimate. When the scientists wanted to portray the just anger of the Lord, they naturally thought of the whirlwind. To them it meant absolute physical power against which anything that man could do was pretty small.

When, for example, Job took up himself to enter into controversy with the righteous God, the author of the story makes the whirlwind the vehicle of Jehovah's supremacy. He writes: "The Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind." There were other times when the imaginative Hebrew writer pictured God as ignoring the great and strong symbols of his might and using soft gentleness to express His will. As Elijah watched and waited on some sign, a great whirlwind rent the mountain and broke the rocks in pieces. "But," we read, "The Lord was not in the wind." That time it was the "still small voice" that was important.

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