THE GUARDIAN

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"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink."

MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1954

Problems Of Sovereignty

That a change from colonial status to full national independence does not necessarily bring economic betterment is indicated in a report from Jakarta, the capital of Indonesia, which shows that that country's industrial and commercial strength is going from bad to worse. In fact, several concerns have announced in recent weeks that they are seriously thinking of going out of business altogether. Included in the businesses which are unable to make ends meet are manufacturers of radios, bicycles, ironware, leather articles, and cigarettes. They blame their economic plight on the Government's lack of foreign exchange and its practice of granting licenses for import of luxury goods in preference to the raw materials needed in the factories.

The present Government of Indonesia, headed by Premier Ali Sastroamidjojo, came to power a little more than a year ago on a pledge to hasten the "nationalizing" of the country's political status and to wipe out all vestiges of former Dutch control. But, although the population has increased from 70 millions to 80 millions since the end of the Second World War, imports of the necessary raw materials have dwindled considerably with consequent unemployment and economic dislocation. The situation is so unsatisfactory that some influential groups are beginning to lament the "good old days" when the country was a Dutch colony. Mohammed Rum, leader of the Moslem opposition, following the example of opposition leaders everywhere, says that Government policy has failed completely. He adds that the great need is for more confidence on the part of foreign investors in the country's economy, aided by a reduction in Governmental "red-tape."

There may be some truth in Mr. Rum's complaint; but he, and Mr. Sastroamidjojo too, will find out in due course that sovereignty brings new problems as well as new privileges. The right of self-government in Indonesia, as in other countries where political independence is a new possession, can be an aid to better living conditions, but only when it is accompanied by sound economic and political practices which are based on something stronger and more logical than mere bitterness towards former colonial status. The Indonesians, whether under the leadership of the present Premier or that of Mr. Rum, if and when he comes to office, would do well to retain all that was good about the Dutch way of doing things and incorporate it into their own plans for their country's future.

Hurricane Hunters

In storm season from June through November, United States Navy and Air Force hurricane hunters may make more than 100 hair-raising flights into a tempest's "eye", the National Geographic Society says. It's been described as "riding a roller coaster on a rough track through a wind tunnel with cold water pouring down the neck." Few peacetime assignments match this job in hazard—or in usefulness. Death tolls show why it's more than worth the risk.

In 1928, for example, before the Joint Hurricane Warning System existed, an unexpected storm pushed a 12-foot wall of water over Lake Okeechobee's edge in southern Florida. Deaths totaled 1,836. But in 1949, when another hurricane followed virtually the same path across Florida with equal winds, only two persons were killed. Chief difference was enough warning for evacuation.

Granddaddie of all modern hurricanes, in terms of physical destruction, was the 1938 storm that hit New England like a colossal electric shaver, felling forests in swaths, chewing through cities, coating Vermont farmhouses with sea spray. Its toll of about 600 lives ranks far from the highest, however. As late as 1935, the Red Cross reported that major hurricanes were killing an average of 500 people each. In 1930, some 2,000 were killed in Santo Domingo. Thirty years before, Galveston, Texas, was totally wrecked with 6,000 people killed in one storm. More than 100,000 died as the result of a hurricane in India in 1876.

A mature hurricane is a huge whirling platter of destruction and deluge, only a few miles high but hundreds of miles across. Its winds can surpass 150 miles per hour near the center. It can lift two billion tons of water vapor from the sea in 24 hours and dump it all back as rain. Its energy expends itself at an estimated 500 trillion horsepower—the equivalent of several thousand atomic bombs exploding each second.

Scientists are still unsure just how and why a hurricane begins. Somewhere in the hot, still doldrums, between the northeast and southeast trade winds, such tropical whirlpools of air usually are born. And into such maelstroms fly wind-battered planes to learn each storm's force and direction, take meteorological readings in the "eye" itself, radio back the priceless data to the Warning Centre, and fight their way home again. Some day, such instruments as earthquake-reading seismographs and long-range radar will be adequate to take over the hurricane hunters' job. Within 300 miles of the coast, radar already is being used to track the great storms. But for greater distances and longer warnings, the task of first meeting the hurricanes still falls to the lonely few who stand guard for the many.

Extending Radar Chains

A joint declaration by the two governments has stated that Canada and the United States are planning a distant early warning (DEW) line of radar stations to be built in the Canadian North beyond the Arctic Circle. The DEW line will be the third radar chain set up by the two governments and the farthest north. The first, or Pinetree Chain, which was begun four years ago and is largely completed and in operation, was built just north of Canadian population and production areas. It was a two-nation affair. The second, the McGill Fence, is located somewhat farther north, along the farthest extent of rail and truck supply routes. The McGill Fence is a completely Canadian effort.

The need for a new line of warning stations as far north as possible, notes the Montreal Gazette, is the result of the Soviet Union's remarkable progress in developing long-range jet bombers. The new Red bombers which were displayed on May Day of this year are judged capable of 600 miles an hour. Earlier Red bombers, propeller-driven, were capable of only 300. This means that the amount of warning time provided by present systems has been cut in half. The new system of radar chains is designed to provide earlier warning of the approach of hostile planes across the north. However, it cannot function effectively as long as Canadian cities are neither equipped nor trained to take advantage of the precious hours provided by the system.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Canadian Chamber of Commerce annual meeting opens in Halifax today. This "parliament of business" which represents some 700 Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce, will have as its theme, "Canada's Next 25 Years."

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There is a world championship plowing match starting in Ireland today. In Killarney all this week plowmen from Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Ireland, Norway, Pakistan, Sweden and the United States will strive for plowing supremacy.

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U. S. estimates of potato production this year are almost identical with average consumption figures. There is considerable doubt, however, about the keeping qualities of much of the crop and quotations for delivery in April and May are selling almost one cent a pound higher than those for shipment immediately.

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France and Britain are celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Entente Cordiale which was largely brought about through the exertions of King Edward VII. Although originally merely a recognition of their respective interests in Egypt and Morocco, the friendly relations so established helped to see the two nations through two world wars.

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Bryan Waller Procter, English poet, died this date 1874. A successful solicitor in London, he contributed to the Literary Gazette and made the acquaintance of Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Browning and Swinburn. He wrote a biography of Lamb. Under the pseudonym of Barry Cornwall he produced a play, which was a failure, and "English Songs and other Smaller Poems" which is the principle reason for his being remembered.

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Like many a farmer on the Canadian prairies, Lord Clifford of Ugbrocke Park, Chudleigh, Devon, England, had a grain storage problem this fall. He harvested about fifty tons of grain—most of it damp—from his estate and had nowhere to dry it and store it. Casting around for suitable space, he thought of his mansion which was standing empty. (He and Lady Clifford live in another house nearby). So, notes an exchange, the harvest now lies a foot deep in all the principal rooms of the big old house. Most of the furniture has been removed and stored elsewhere. But some of the largest pictures—of Lord Clifford's ancestors—remain on the walls, gazing down aristocratically and sadly on this final indignity.

Watch Out

Big Ben's Centennial

(London Calling)

Standing on the gallery at the top of Big Ben, the whole of London stretches before you. The Thames winds away to Windsor and on a clear day you can see the Round Tower of Windsor Castle. The question you ask yourself is: how were these great bells and the clock ever brought up this great height in days when there was no automatic lifting machinery? The answer is—by hand. A series of platforms were built and Big Ben was hauled up by hand from one to the next. But that belongs to the stormy story of Big Ben itself.

It all began in 1834 when the old Houses of Parliament were burnt down. Ninety-seven architects then sent in 400 designs for a new Parliament. Mr. Charles Barry, later Sir Charles, was chosen for the job and his design provided for a clock tower. In 1844 he was granted permission to put in a suitable clock and this clock was to be a really great affair.

The Astronomer-Royal laid down certain conditions and specifications, and two tenders were submitted, that of E. J. Dent being accepted in May, 1852. As a referee to see that the unuual conditions were complied with an adjudicator was appointed to act with the Astronomer-Royal. This adjudicator was an eminent barrister named Edmund Denison, who combined a knowledge of law with that of mathematics, clocks, bells, astronomy, and architecture. Eventually this work was carried out by Denison alone.

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E. J. Dent did not live to see the completion of the clock. He died in 1853, and the clock was finished in 1854 under the direction of his stepson, Frederick. The tower was not ready, however, and for four years the clock ticked in the factory that had been specially built for its manufacture.

With the excitement of building the clock no one had remembered about the bells. A fourteen-ton bell had been specified, but such an enormous bell had never before been cast in Britain. The four quarter bells could be cast quite easily in London, but the big one had to be made in the north at Stockton-on-Tees. Then they made it too big—sixteen tons—and it had to go by sea. A great storm blew up and with such a heavy cargo the vessel nearly foundered. However, the bell was finally delivered in London and hoisted on a cat-gallows in Westminster Palace Yard for testing. For a long time it was struck with a hammer to bring out the tone. Then suddenly it groaned, cracked, and collapsed. It had to be taken away and broken up.

A new bell was cast almost perfectly, not quite fourteen tons, but with the intended note E. The year was now 1858, and all London was out to see the bell brought in triumph to Westminster. It came on a cart drawn by sixteen white horses with the Union Flag flying above it, the streets filled with cheering people. The first bell had been christened Big Ben after the Commissioner of Works, a big man named Sir Benjamin Hall. This name was handed down to its successor, so Big Ben II was hoisted up. The clock was assembled and then—terrible anti-climax — it would not go. London, assisted by a cartoon in Punch, had a good laugh, but Denison became more determined than ever to see his clock a success. He found the trouble in the hands of the clock. They were too heavy, so he had new ones made from tubular copper. Instead of bringing the bell down to the ground again they cut two chips from it in order to analyse the metal. Later it was decided to carry on with it after some adjustments to its position had been made. So the voice that has become famous throughout the world is a cracked voice. At first it was unpopular. Some called it 'the hoarse, gong-like roar of a brazen fiend,' and from time to time efforts have been made to have Big Ben removed and replaced by a whole bell. But this is never likely to happen. Big Ben's voice, though imperfect, is too well known, too full of history and memories, to be taken away now.

Big Ben has survived amazingly all sorts of trials since. Stoppages have been caused by workmen's ladders resting in the wrong place, and during the great freeze of the winter of 1946-47 the cold caused the chiming of one of the quarter bells to stop. In August, 1949, about fifty starlings settled on the minute hand and made it four-and-a-half minutes slow. But the clock's closest call occurred on May 10, 1941, when a bomb landed on roof of the House of Commons and destroyed the chamber. Something also hit the belfry and the glass of the dials was shattered. Yet this amazing clock continued to strike only one and a half seconds behind Greenwich.

Big Ben in its hundred wonderful years has become much more than a clock. A mystique has grown up around it. To the people of the Commonwealth it has a special meaning. It has been called their signature tune. Like the Crown itself, its voice throws a girdle round the family of nations, bringing them closer together, a constant and appealing link.

The Minister's Vests

(Ottawa Journal)

The Prime Minister turned up recently wearing a colored vest and this was the first break in the overcast of the dark clothing of Prime Ministers which has hung over Parliament Hill since Confederation. Mr. King was never without his starched cuffs and the clothing to match and Mr. Bennett felt half-dressed without a stiff collar; Sir Wilfred Laurier preferred his long dark Prince Albert coat and if Sir John A. Macdonald had bright ties to match his bright words we never heard of them.

If the modern ministers would accept Mr. St. Laurent's lead and vie with each other in the adornment of gay vests, they would attract a flattering amount of public attention, far more than they would ever gain by introducing the best piece of legislation in history.

It takes a man of parts to wear a colored vest to good advantage and nothing is so silly as a lean scullion with colored cloth fluttering about his ribs. But the Prime Minister has men about him who are, well, not lean. In salmon or pink or cherry they would, we swear, be magnificent for the color cameras about the council table.

ARUNDEL, England (CP)—Sam Knight, 73, and Harry Marsh, 71, built a two-storey house in this Sussex town "just for something to do." They started building last May.

The Poet's Corner

COWBELL MUSIC

There is a bell around the neck of the cow,
Around the neck of the last cow in the line
Who climbs the sloping hillside pasture now.
Tied to this music the cow begins to climb.
And bell notes spill on grass and berry vine,
Bell notes sail out past bush and pasture wire
Into the road, into the human ear.
The cat bird singing in the uncut hay
Cuts off his song, or if he flies away
The sound of wings is lost against the sound
Of tinkling cowbell music dancing down
The cowpath, down the hillside everywhere
Into the lovely listening valley air.

—Elizabeth Jane Astley in The Christian Science Monitor.

Old Charlottetown and P. E. I.

MILLS AND FACTORIES

From The Examiner, Sept. 21, 1882:

"Among the latest improvements in dairying introduced here are the cheese factories. There are, so far, but three on the Island—one at York, one at Cornwall, and one in Lot 49; but they are certain to become more common . . .

"Crapaud is well supplied with excellent mills, having no less than four viz: Collett's, Sturdy's Laird's, and Howatt's. They are all supplied with French Burrs and other appliances for turning out first-class flour. Messrs. Collett and Howatt have saw and carding mills fitted up in the most approved manner with circular and other saws. Mr. Bradford Howatt, whose mill property is at Crapaud Corner, is building a fine substantial new house, and Mr. Collett is putting up a rather mysterious new building a hundred feet long which has been dubbed the Station House.

"Besides Mr. Howatt's mill property, there are at Crapaud corner two blacksmith shops, two harness shops, two tailors, two shoemakers and a steam carriage factory. The thriving village of Hampton, about two miles east of Crapaud Corner, contains two forges, an agricultural implement factory, and a tannery."

The Age Old Story

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.

EASILY RECOGNIZED

The haddock, an important Atlantic food fish, is marked by a black line lengthwise along its side.

Department of Public Works & Highways
Province of Prince Edward Island

NOTICE

Effective immediately, one mile of the Trans Canada Highway from NORTH RIVER CORNER towards CORNWALL will be closed to traffic, until further notice, for construction and curing of concrete pavement.

DOUGALD MacKINNON,
Minister of Public Works & Highways.

Charlottetown,
Prince Edward Island.
29 September, 1954.

The Commonwealth Division

(London Times)

The first British Commonwealth Division has celebrated its third birthday. It has spent the whole of its brief but glorious career under United Nations command in Korea, and the governments of the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia and New Zealand will soon have to settle its future. It had no parallel nor precedent in Imperial or Commonwealth history, but under Major General (now Lieutenant General Sir James) Cassels and his two successors, both drawn from the British Army, it has made its own high traditions.

But it was partly accidental that the Commonwealth contributions to the Korean task force three years ago were neither too large nor too small to justify the new division. The query now, with circumstances changing, is whether it is going to be allowed to disintegrate.

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The division proper was lately some 18,000 strong, roughly half of its men coming from the United Kingdom. Canada provides the second largest contingent—one infantry brigade, a squadron of Royal Canadian Dragoons, and a regiment of artillery. Australia has sent two battalions and an important part of the divisional engineer regiment; New Zealand is represented by a regiment of artillery.

The governments concerned are now all hard pressed for military manpower. They have to examine two separate questions.

Is a Commonwealth division justifiable now? And, if it is, is Korea the only possible place for its employment? Plainly a Korean commitment will remain for some time to come, though presumably the Commonwealth forces, like those of the United States, will be somewhat reduced as the months pass. But what of the Commonwealth Division, as such? Ought it not to be brought more closely into touch with the defence arrangements on the south-east Asian mainland, now or in the early future?

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Here the voice of the Canadian Government is bound to carry special weight. It is one thing to send Canadian troops to serve in Korea, at the request of the United Nations, and another to agree to their employment with an international force somewhere between Hanoi and Singapore. Yet Canadian representation in the division is important; its loss might be a mortal blow.

There is a general desire that the Commonwealth Division shall continue, as an active link between peoples and armies. And since all its three divisional commanders have come from the United Kingdom, it is much to be hoped that Major General Murray's successor may be found from the Canadian or the Australian army.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Autumn showers are more effective than hurricanes but they get no publicity.—Guelph Mercury.

The new president of Brazil collects stuffed animals, in contrast to the majority of government leaders who find themselves surrounded by stuffed shirts.—Hamilton Spectator.

We like Mr. Bell's telephone company, but why, oh why, does it persist in using those movable poles that chase and wreck innocent cars?—Chatham News.

An interior decorator says home is as comfortable as its furniture. Every man should buy his wife a comfortable couch for him to sprawl on.—Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph.

If a girl's name is to be given to every hurricane that comes along from now on, sooner or later someone is going to be embarrassed by an ever-narrowing choice of names.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Many of the comics are harmless in themselves except for the bad grammar which is not much worse than some children hear at home all the time. There is, however, another kind of comic which certainly could hardly come under the heading of "good reading", in fact should never even be classed as reading material. — Listowel Banner.

The United Kingdom Labor government was embarrassed by a peanut growing project in Africa when the peanuts did not grow. Now the Conservative government is embarrassed by its program for growing more pigs at home being so successful that farms are overloaded and bacon factories can't handle any more.—Ottawa Journal.

Connecticut and Massachusetts have definitely adopted rubber roads, and 15 other states have made experimental installations.—Chatham Daily News.

President Eisenhower has a new Latin motto on his desk. Translated, it says "Speak softly, but carry a big stick." Strictly for defence, we presume.—Fort William Times-Journal.

The fellow whose wife, in their courting, wrote in his autograph book, "Yours 'til Niagara falls", has been watching her extra close since Niagara started falling.—Portland Oregonian.

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308.38	24.00	15
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