

OBSERVATIONS OUT OF THE ORDINARY

About the Tornado;
Almost Unbelievable But True;
A High Tribute to St. Edward's Hospital.

Among the things some persons wish had blown away is an old shed-station or some railway truck, somewhere in Floyd county. It is no longer lighted – and, now that boys and girls roam the woods in the suburbs after dark, this old station is considered a menace to respectability and a general nuisance.

On our own premises a huge broken limb, which long has hung from a big willow tree endangering milk bottles on a fence nearby – and not having been removed because of the Spanish disposition of the whole human race to postpone till tomorrow what ought to have been done last Monday – could well have been thrown neatly down on the ground by the high wind – but it was not budged. When a man was found, to detach it – it is hard to get men these days – one came with a borrowed ladder and no saw. As his first move was – after going off to borrow a saw – placing his ladder on the limb he was to saw off – he was invited to come down and go off. No time, these days, to waste on blinking what-you-call-'ems.

Here and there, in the tornado track are new barns gone to pieces and old barns still left untouched.

Visitors to the Glenwood park report lockjaw opportunities plentiful; small boys rambling about among the fields of planks which contain up-turned nails. A portion of the huge roof of the Chautauqua tabernacle was blown into Silver creek; in the water also was a child's straw hat – a bit of pathos on the bright April ripples.

Incidents of live stock experiences are still drifting in; a man wandering about the ruins of his home and barn, saw something move among the barn debris. It proved to be the ear of his horse, so he dug heartily, and rescued the horse, still alive and able to travel.

On the Edward Fawcett hill, Mr. Wickliffe's dog – named "Storm" long ago – returned from somewhere and brought with him another dog, evidently needing a home. Chickens, many places in the damaged district, and all over State street, returned in numbers, and rambling about in very unhappy mood – could not find their customary roosting places. The Fawcett farm also was lifted off its base and some trees uprooted.

When Mr. Kahler's factory began to collapse, he said to his stenographer, "we had better get out of here" – and the next thing she knew she was wrapped up in a bed quilt, with some kind hand trying to force stimulant between her lips. Mr. Kahler's desk, it is said, was found up the river, intact, and with papers unharmed.

Should anyone question the wisdom of a chronicle, to describe the horrors of that time, the answer is that all who were not in the tornado district should be made to realize what others suffered and what they escaped. "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford," is a time-honored quotation, ascribed to John Bradford, 1510, on seeing criminals going to execution.

A woman in the cottage, through the roof of which another woman was blown, in a panic as to what course to pursue, flattened herself against the side wall just as a heavy front window glass fell in. Soon she heard groans in the room; the woman who was blown through the hole in her roof was found behind her dresser, in a dying condition. A fragment of her apron-string was found caught in the shingles of the hole.

On State street car line, at the right, a large white house, two-story, was blown completely away – only a cooking stove was left. In Lindemann's field, opposite the "Y", the dead body of the wife who lived in this house was found. It is said that the dead bodies of two women were lodged in trees.

Probably no pen will ever describe the scenes in St. Edward's hospital, in the hours which followed the tornado visit. New Albany people, of all other beliefs, may well feel grateful to the founders of this noble institution – the only one in the city. How this calamity could have been handled if we had not the hospital is not conceivable. In a tragedy so great that it made surgeons weep, and one it is said, applied to the dreadful situation Sherman's language, as to war – those remote can have no conception.

Very few humorous points relieve this theme. At the McDonald-Stockdell drug store a lady was heard to bemoan the fact that her canary bird had been blown away. Shortly afterward, a man appeared, good naturedly grumbling that he wanted some bird seed – the tornado had blown a canary bird to his premises – and he would have to board that canary now. Information was at once given him as to the lady who had lost a canary and it is hoped that mutual relief will result from the happy accident of these two complainants calling at the same drug store.

Numbers of camera owners have visited the wreck of DePauw Apartments, and were permitted by Mrs. DePauw to take views of the house and premises, and then not one of these recipients of the privilege has ever had the courtesy to send to her pictures made by them.

Persons who were blown through the air, and those who were so fortunate as to be on the edge of the tornado, unite in saying that huge telephone poles were tossed along the current of storm like mere straws. One man had a horrible experience; having the hair and beard on one side of his face and head shaved clean as by the razor of a friend.

Visitors to the Glenwood scene of devastation encountered several small boys, who offered them wild flowers. One of the ladies, vaguely thinking the boy was making her a gallant vernal offering, accepted them with a few words of gratitude. Whereupon, these commercial urchins withdrew to a safe distance and threw rocks at the aforesaid non-comprehending recipients. - E. N. C.

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