NEW ENGLAND HURRICANE

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A FACTUAL, PICTORIAL RECORD

Written and compiled by members of the
FEDERAL WRITERS' PROJECT
of the
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
IN THE NEW ENGLAND STATES

HALE, CUSHMAN & FLINT
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THIS BOOK has been conceived, manufactured and made available to the public in a length of time that probably establishes a new speed record in book publishing. It has been possible to do this only because every one has cooperated completely in helping along the work in hand. The Federal Writers Project in the New England Region was ideally prepared for gathering material. Its writers were "on the spot" all over New England, and central offices were organized, as if waiting for the word "go." W. P. A. photographers had already taken and were still taking thousands of pictures in the devastated areas; and newspapers, news services, public and private organizations—even private individuals—have given the use of their files and photographs to help its sponsors make the work a complete factual and pictorial record of the worst disaster that has ever struck New England.

Specific acknowledgments to these organizations and individuals are made in the back of the book. Thanks are tendered here to all of them who have been so willing, so helpful, and so generous. Without them the book could not have been done.

NATIVES of the West Indies call it *huracán*, the evil spirit. Covering an area of 50 to 1000 miles, its heated, spinning winds of cyclone force travel in a curved track. Velocities vary from 75 to 130 miles per hour. Typhoon in the Pacific. Tornado in the Southwest. Hurricane in the Caribbean.

On September 18, 1938, ships in South Atlantic waters flashed warnings to the United States Weather Bureau. Instruments charted a storm center—the "eye" of *huracán*—zig-zagging northwest at 17 miles per hour, headed for Florida and the Keys. Coastal cities braced themselves, tied fast every movable object. Jacksonville and Miami laid in a supply of candles. The hurricane was picking up speed as it roared in from the equatorial doldrums.

The "eye" abruptly shifted its course, glanced off the Florida shore, and curved northwest by the Carolinas. It would swerve east, experts announced, spending its force in the Mid-Atlantic. But the "eye" fell into a channel between two high pressure areas and came straight up the coast. At 7:00 A.M. (E.S.T.) on Wednesday the 21st, it passed Cape Hatteras. Storm warnings were hoisted along the shore line all the way up to Eastport, Maine. Ships in the danger zone which might have reported on the hurricane's whereabouts either stayed in port or hastened far out to sea. No news of the on-rushing juggernaut until the Jersey coast was struck near Atlantic City.

On the New England Seaboard, meteorologists observed an alarming drop in the barometer. The hurricane had covered 600 miles in 12 hours, one of the fastest movements ever reported. At 2:30 P.M. the Weather Bureau in Boston went on the air: "The tropical hurricane is now in the vicinity of New York. . . . The storm is attended by winds of whole gale force around its center and by winds of gale force over a wide area. Indications are that it will move inland within the next two hours and will travel up the Hudson Valley or the Connecticut Valley. Precautions

against high winds, high tides and heavy rain should be taken throughout the area reached by this broadcast."

Persistent September rains had drenched New England. The Connecticut and Merrimac Rivers were overflowing their banks, mountain freshets were racing into the lowlands. High tide Wednesday afternoon along the coast. Then the hurricane, driving a huge wind-wave of salt water into coastal towns and assaulting the great watersheds.

The "eye" of the hurricane curved up the Connecticut Valley. 3:50 P.M. at New Haven. 5:06 P.M. at Hadley, Massachusetts. Up through the heart of Vermont. Burlington at 8:00 P.M. Off to the northwest over Lake Champlain.

At 2:43 P.M., MANHATTAN pedestrians held onto their hats. The storm had hit *Broadway*. New Yorkers stung by sheets of rain, fighting to manipulate their umbrellas in the wind, knew nothing of the tropical hurricane racing over their heads toward the New England States.

When the gale swept up from Jersey, the exposed back of LONG ISLAND was lashed by a wind wave. The entire coast line, fringed with fashionable resorts and vacationists' cottages, shivered under the blow. At LONG BEACH, *grotesque pyramids of bricks and shingles* replaced comfortable houses.

The Merrick Road at CENTER MORICHES was covered with marsh grass and stubble. Autoists worked far into the night exhuming their cars from layers of hay and topsoil piled high on the roadways.

A Long Island Railroad express was derailed at EAST HAMPTON. Tracks were squeezed into bulging loops of steel. The town's locusts and elms which formed a half-mile arch down the main street crashed. Old residents wept at the destruction of the trees immortalized on canvas by Childe Hassam.

Nineteen perished at WESTHAMPTON. Over 50 cottages were swept into the sea. One house was split in two by the gale which turned homes into kindling wood, leaving *a mass of debris* in its wake. The two bridges to the mainland were washed away.

The Coast Guard found nine women, two men, and a child cowering on a dune the next morning. Said one of the women, "I struggled out and managed to crawl to a high knoll. It was some time before I even realized that there were others with me. One of the men was crippled. We just huddled together all through the night."

The great waves redrew the topography of the beach, carving a mile-long inlet into the very center of town.

Scores of houses and boats were wrecked on FIRE ISLAND, six miles south of Bay Shore. Kismet, Fair Harbor, Saltaire, and Cherry Grove were all but wiped out. Point O'Woods, Seaview, and Ocean Beach, protected by sand dunes, escaped with slight scars.

A ferryboat captain rescued 43 residents before the sea roared over their homes. Through the heart of the village of Saltaire the tide cut a

channel eight feet deep. Three hundred of the island's inhabitants spent a sleepless night staring across Great South Bay to the mainland. Next morning they were evacuated by the Coast Guard Ice-breaker AB-25 and a ferryboat. *Guardsmen carried the maimed* down from the Saltaire village hall. One of the victims tried to swim to the mainland. *He was pulled out*, exhausted, by *heroes in underwear.*

On Sunday, September 18, Connecticut Yankees read that a hurricane was approaching Florida from the Caribbean. If New Englanders made any comparison at all, they considered themselves fortunate. At the very worst, they could expect a line storm, an occasional blizzard, or a spring freshet.

Along the shore summer visitors postponed their return to the city. Sailing enthusiasts, with the promise of better weather just ahead, were planning at least one more cruise before putting up their boats.

On Wednesday morning the barometer started falling fast. By three in the afternoon it had tumbled to 29. The wind increased in velocity. Pleasure craft dragged their anchors and were either grounded on the beach or swamped under the pounding of heavy seas. Fishing boats scudded for shelter; barges lost their tows; ferries plying between Long Island points and the Connecticut Shore labored under a full head of steam and made slow progress against the storm. Coast guardsmen were already working overtime.

A few unfortunates, trapped in cottages on exposed beaches or tiny off-shore islands, double-barred doors and windows. Lighthouse keepers, worried about the possible failure of power, shined up old oil lanterns and prepared for the worst.

At 3:30 she struck.

Every community along the western shore of Long Island Sound ought to be grateful for the wind-break shelter furnished by Long Island. Western Connecticut suffered severely, yet its losses pale in comparison with the devastated region east of Saybrook and north of Norwich.

At Fairfield Beach the gale splintered scores of cottages. Along the Old Post Road ancient trees were uprooted and in falling cracked through roofs.

The munition plants of BRIDGEPORT were tough enough to withstand the force of the hurricane, broken by Long Island; yet the city did not escape unscathed. Trees went down, ripping up sidewalks as they fell. Streets were flooded, power was gone, houses down or damaged.

The real highlight of Bridgeport's story was the plight of the thirty passengers and crew on *Park City*, the Bridgeport-Port Jefferson Ferry. The old steamer, never intended to cope with anything rougher than a Long Island squall, was struck fifteen miles out in the Sound. Waves drowned her fires; her engines went dead. With lights out she drifted helplessly before the storm. Captain Dickenson decided it was safer to remain on board than to abandon ship. After a night of terror she was towed into Bridgeport Harbor by the Coast Guard Patrol *Galatea*.

At STRATFORD, the next town up the coast, cottages were shoved half a mile from their foundations almost across the dike on the Lordship Meadow Road, as if vying with Sikorsky Amphibians manufactured nearby.

By 3:30 P.M. the hurricane had descended upon NEW HAVEN, the City of Elms. Yale University's new buildings are solid Gothic; it was on the trees and telephone poles, most vulnerable of city objects, that the wind wreaked its vengeance. Live wires were thrown across fire alarms, an electrocution hazard for anyone who unknowingly approached an

alarm box. At night those people abroad with crucial business away from their candle-lit houses carried electric torches to reveal the gaping holes in sidewalks and streets.

The main thoroughfare of SAVIN ROCK, West Haven, one of Connecticut's largest amusement resorts, slipped into the sea; the pavement was not only cracked and undermined; in places it was actually pulverized. Amusement devices lay in heaps. The *Thunderbolt,* "New England's Most Thrilling Ride," collapsed; twisted steel and splintered timbers criss-crossed. Wilcox's Pier was *a ragged line of piles,* while concrete septic tanks mark the sites of former cottages.

Along the shore at WESTBROOK at least nine bodies were washed up. About this point on the coast the sheltering back of Long Island slopes into the sea. The eastern section of Connecticut was bare to the full blast of the hurricane and the sweep of the wind wave. An aerial view of Westbrook brings into relief the panorama of overturned, doll-size cottages. Summer homes along the beach have left only a few stray beams.

A similar view of OLD SAYBROOK shows houses moved from their foundations and others smashed to kindling. Through Lyme, Niantic, New London, Noank, Mystic, and Stonington runs a town-dotted strip of Connecticut, now pock-marked by the disaster. The tally of the human dead is not yet complete; men have reported scavenger crows along the salt marshes and lonely bays. The press estimated fifty-eight dead for Connecticut and has not counted the injured. In the area about New London few trees escaped without at least minor wind damage.

Hundreds of snaky cables like the one at *the junction of the Post Road and the Shore Road* in Lyme constituted a loss of two millions to the telephone company.

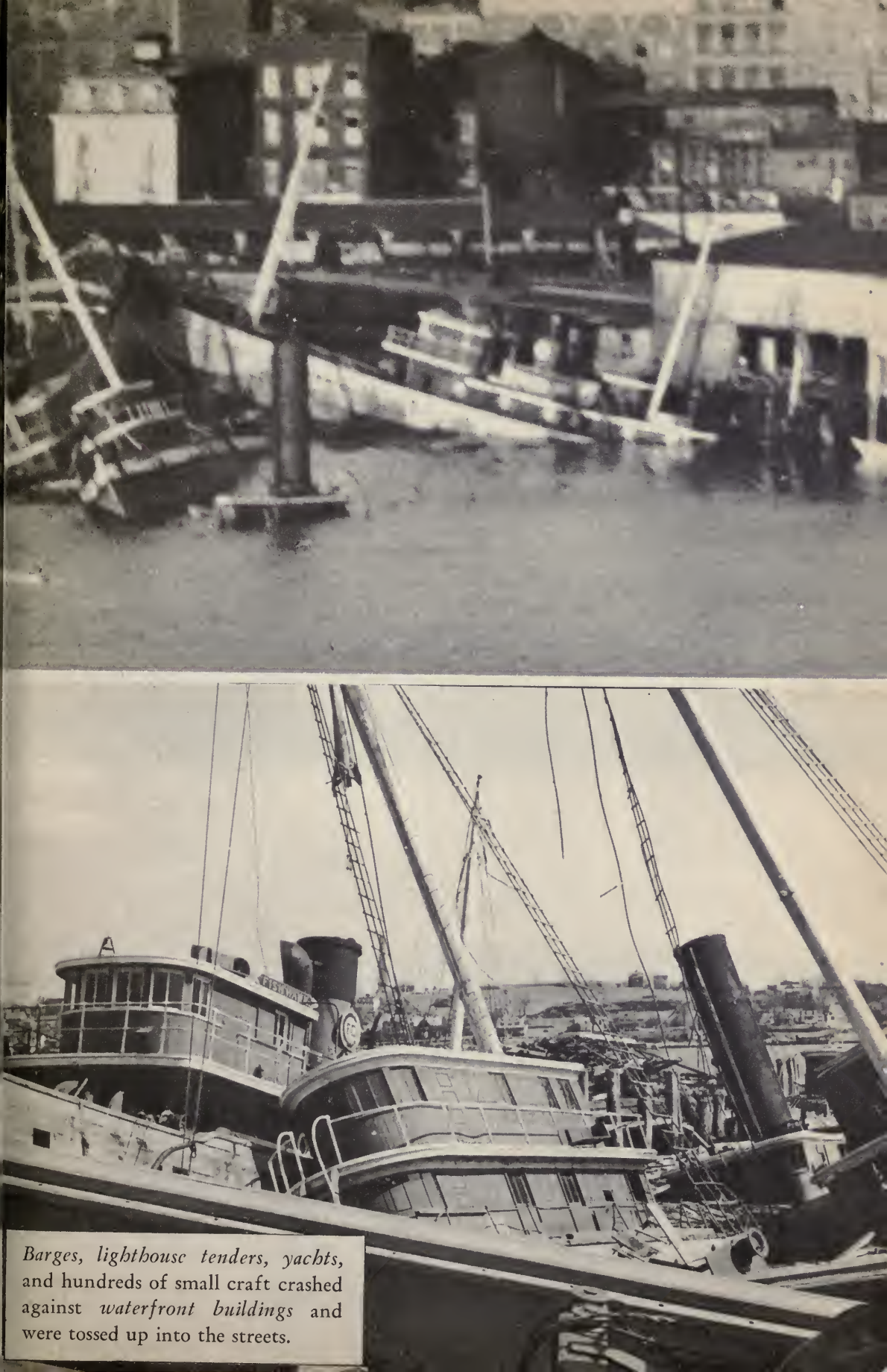
Railroad tracks along Niantic were distorted to resemble the curves of a roller coaster. The switch box from the signal tower at Niantic Beach was blown off and master *organists* labored amid the rocks to make repairs.

Climbing rapidly to 98 miles per hour when windcups of the naval anemometer blew away, the full force of the hurricane struck NEW LONDON after 3:30 P.M. Four hours later, when the wind began to slacken, whole sections of the city were in ruins and *a flaming quarter-mile of its business section* was

threatened with complete annihilation. Firemen, floundering in water to their necks,—with the gale blowing the stream from their hoses in the opposite direction from which it was aimed,—faced a hopeless task until the wind shifted.

In New London history the day is by now as deeply engraved as that other day of terror when the British under Benedict Arnold burned the city.

Driven by the hurricane, a tidal wave engulfed the waterfront. Wharves sagged beneath eight feet of pounding water and gave way.



Barges, lighthouse tenders, yachts, and hundreds of small craft crashed against *waterfront buildings* and were tossed up into the streets.

The lighthouse tender *Tulip* settled down on the tracks at the rear of the custom house, blocking all traffic. Men, working night and day, dredged a channel to float her again.

A giant derrick-lighter broke loose from the Merritt-Chapman-Scott Company wharf and charged down the waterfront, smashing scores of boats, carrying away three long piers before it grounded on the shore near Fort Trumbull. Many cruisers and schooners moored at the piers sank as the piles crumbled.

Boats that survived the first onslaught dragged their anchors, and some with engines on full—one at 1000-horsepower,—could make no headway against the wind. Moored off the custom house wharf, the five-masted barkentine *Marsala* of New York, training ship of the American Nautical Academy, rammed into a yacht, was carried onto a mud bank at the entrance to Shaw's Cove, then lifted by the waves and tossed against the railroad trestle.

The large fishing boat *Nellie* was swept up onto the main tracks of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, near the New London Station.

Slate and tin roofs were ripped off and careened into the plate glass windows of the shopping district; *walls of substantial factory buildings* crumbled under the impact of the wind, filled streets with piles of

brick, and pinned fleeing pedestrians beneath debris. *Hundreds of giant trees snapped* and went crashing down, dragging with them a tangled mass of wires and blocking all traffic. Every light in the city went out, with the exception of those in the Mohican Hotel, which has its own power plant.

At Ocean Beach, a resort on the Southwestern tip of the harbor, the tidal wave lifted fifty or more large cottages from their foundations, tumbled them end over end and piled them up in heaps across the main thoroughfare. The shore road past New London lighthouse was completely erased by the rush of waters.

Flames burst forth in a business section near the waterfront at about 4:30 P.M. Fire Chief Shipman has explained that water, flooding the building of the Humphrey-Cornell Company, wholesale grocers, short-circuited electric wires. The sparks found ready fuel and the blaze was carried on the wings of a hurricane.

All fire-fighting equipment in the city was called out, but firemen had first to hack a path through trees fallen across every street before they could reach the scene. Orders were given to summon fire departments of nearby towns, but all telephone wires were down. Trees and debris blocked volunteers setting out in their automobiles to spread the alarm.

Short-wave radios sent out appeals over the air: and as darkness fell, fire departments in Quaker Hill and Goshen, seeing the glare of the conflagration reflected in the sky, responded with their apparatus, but found it impossible to get into the city. By 11:00 P.M. desperate New London firemen prepared to dynamite in an attempt to check the spreading flames. Shortly afterward, the wind veered and swept back over the smoldering area, preventing further loss. By 2:00 A.M. the fire was under control. About a quarter of a square mile lay waste, including the buildings of some 13 or 14 of the city's largest business and commercial establishments. In the eery light of the smoking ruins, the National Guard, United States Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard patrolled the stricken city.

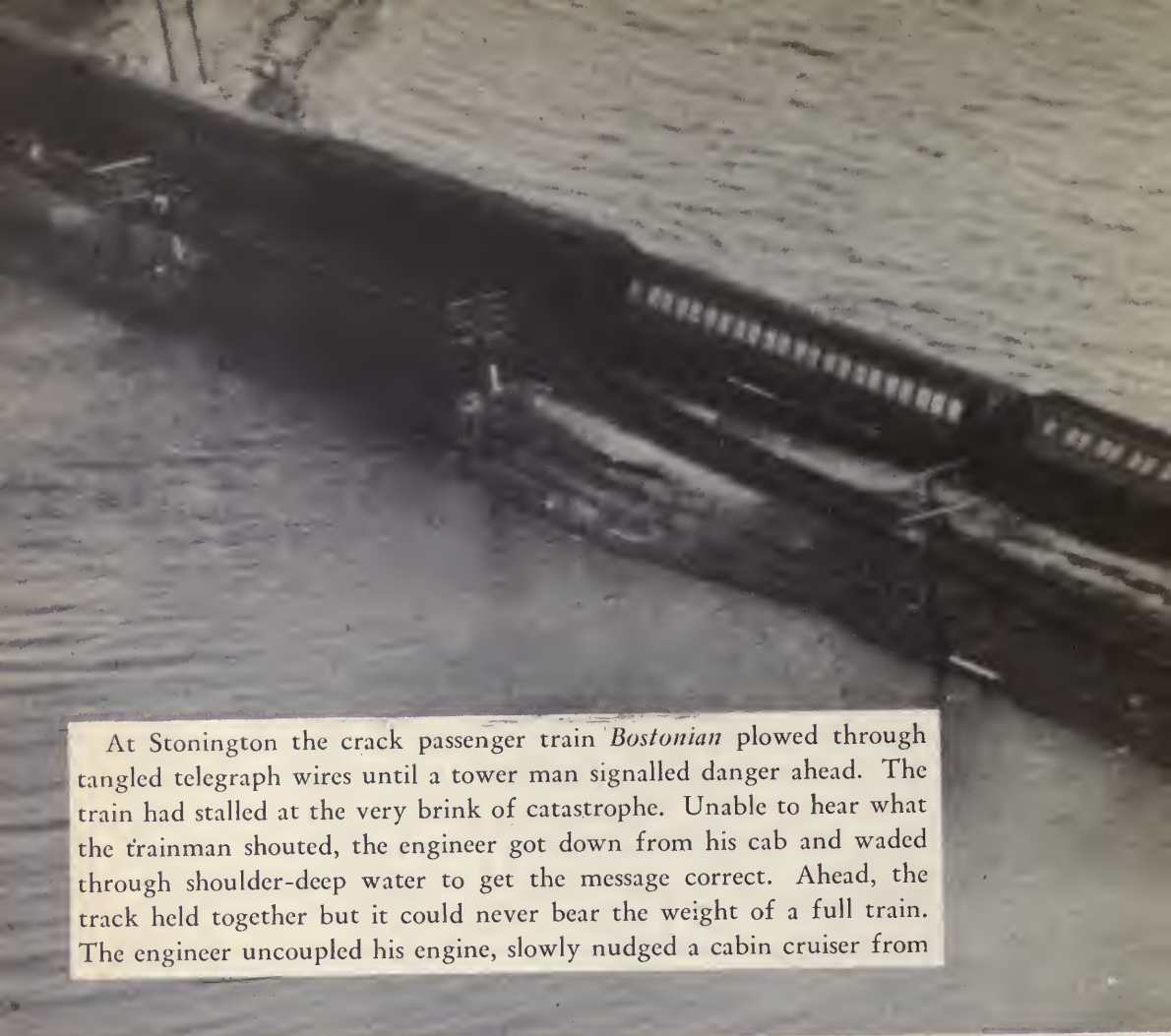
The old coastal village of NOANK is the home of sword-fishermen, lobstermen, and boat-builders. For days after the hurricane, traffic crawled in and out among power boats, fishing craft, and the refuse of splintered wharves.

MYSTIC, once a shipbuilding village famous for its clippers, has since turned to less romantic manufacturing. The wall of the third story of the *Durham Duplex factory* was snatched away, revealing piles of boxes ready for shipment.

East of New London, stretches of railroad as long as three-quarters of a mile were obliterated, necessitating an entire rebuilding of the embankment from the foundation up.

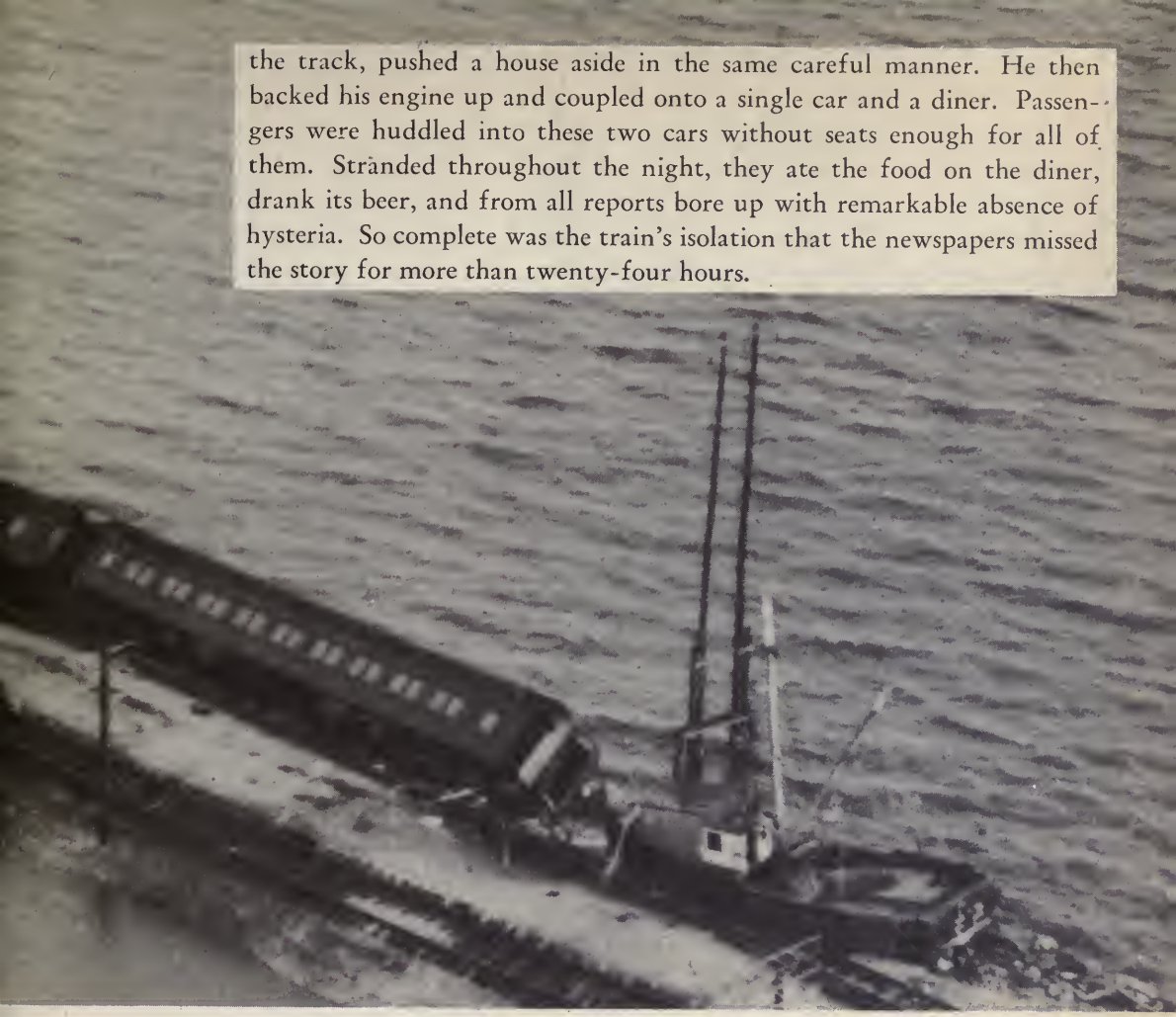
Fearful lest the New London catastrophe be repeated in Mystic, the local fire department ordered citizens to make sure chimneys were in order before building fires. Since there were no lights in the town, an old curfew law was revived, keeping people off the streets after eight.

At Lord's Point, a summer colony on the Sound, the *railway tracks* imitated the waves, and the *telephone poles* were so many leaning towers.



At Stonington the crack passenger train *Bostonian* plowed through tangled telegraph wires until a tower man signalled danger ahead. The train had stalled at the very brink of catastrophe. Unable to hear what the trainman shouted, the engineer got down from his cab and waded through shoulder-deep water to get the message correct. Ahead, the track held together but it could never bear the weight of a full train. The engineer uncoupled his engine, slowly nudged a cabin cruiser from

the track, pushed a house aside in the same careful manner. He then backed his engine up and coupled onto a single car and a diner. Passengers were huddled into these two cars without seats enough for all of them. Stranded throughout the night, they ate the food on the diner, drank its beer, and from all reports bore up with remarkable absence of hysteria. So complete was the train's isolation that the newspapers missed the story for more than twenty-four hours.



Two boats out of a fishing fleet of 55 remained afloat. Some lie battered wrecks on sand-covered lawns; others are tangled with automobiles, iceboxes, window frames, and roofs in heaps of wreckage piled up on salt meadows. The narrow streets of the fishermen's village and the triangular green are a no-man's land.

A resident of Williams Street whose house was lashed by the rising water saw a large cabin cruiser making for his west window. Gathering up a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk he perched on the window sill,

prepared to jump on board, preferring anything afloat to a house which might collapse in a moment; but the cruiser swung away and ran aground on the opposite side of the street.

Captain Dybing, ill aboard his fishing boat, was caught in the gale. During the height of the blow his boat was carried by the tide up to the rear windows of the Anderson house on Water Street. The crew removed their Captain to safety through one of the sun parlor windows.

STONINGTON lay open to the waves of the Atlantic. Driven by wind which natives estimated at from 75 to 175 miles per hour, raging seas smashed water-front buildings to kindling, destroyed many houses on Wall Street, carried away the Sea Village, and demolished the Miller foundry. The bulkhead at the Atwood plant, where silk-throwing machinery is made, was wrecked and the plant inundated. The narrow streets of the little village on a long peninsula jutting out into the sea bore for hours the brunt of a wind which struck first from the east and southeast, then shifted to the southwest to complete the havoc.

Service on the shore-line was first resumed on the night of September 23, busses being requisitioned to carry passengers between Saybrook and Westerly, the danger zone. Two days later the detour was constricted to the territory between New London and Westerly. On October 4 the first through rail was finally completed on a single track and continuous service was reestablished. Approximately thirty miles of track were relaid in 293 hours of day and night labor. In the meantime, to care for rush passengers between New York and Boston, American Airlines invited competing companies to join them. Thousands made the trip in the days following the hurricane, many for the first time.

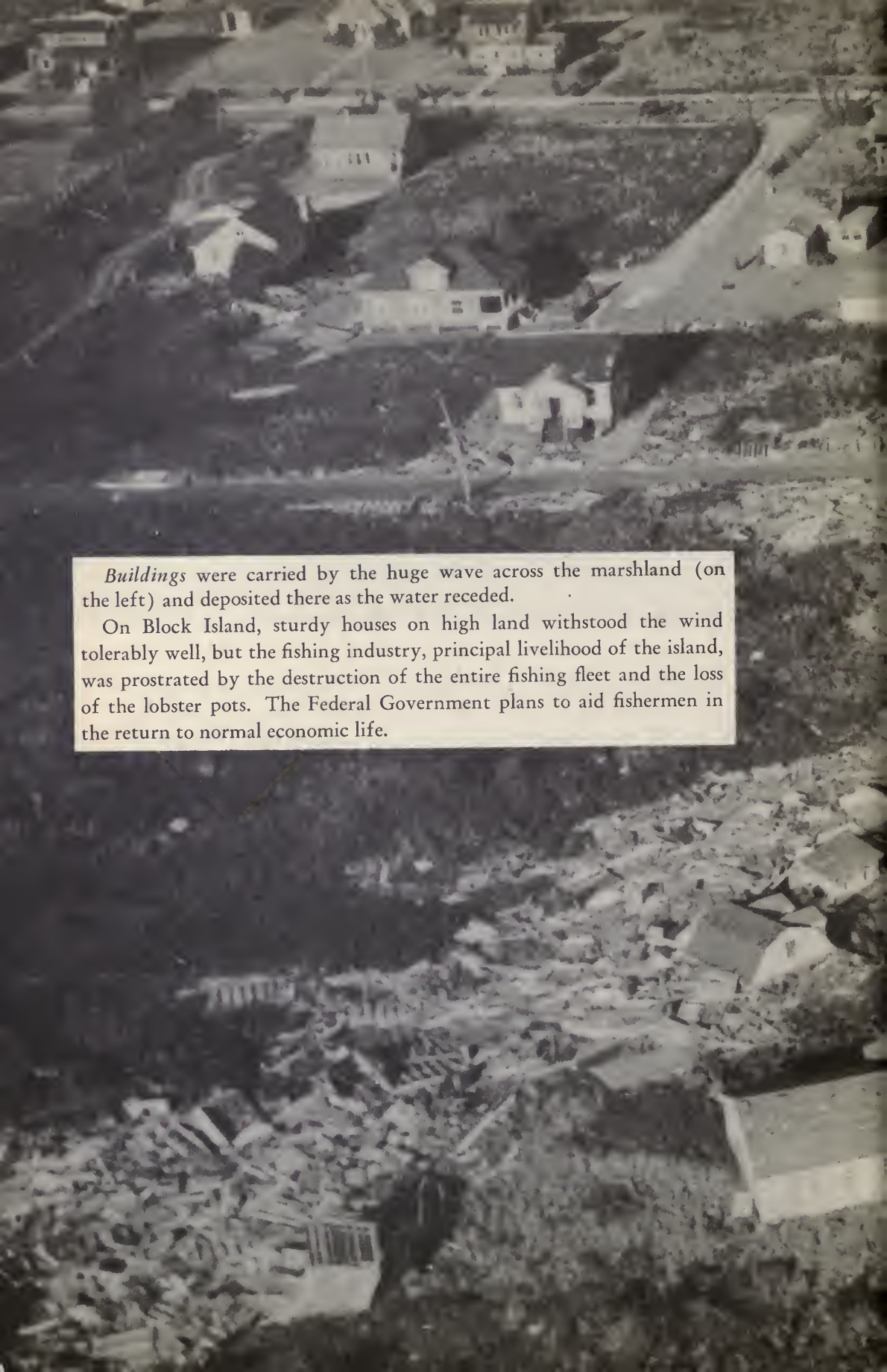
The southwestern shore of Rhode Island—Westerly, Watch Hill, Napatree Point, and Misquamicut—were in the teeth of the hurricane. An irresistible undercurrent sucked entire settlements into the sea. Only stubby piles and blocks of cement mark the devastated colony. Westerly area counts a toll of 445 demolished cottages.

At MISQUAMICUT *a group of 60 houses were submerged;* an overturned refrigerator was the sturdy and solitary survivor.

Saunders Cottage at Misquamicut was sliced in two, and half its stone fence was mowed down. Only a gate post was spared, to serve as an anchor for a "Private property, no crossing" sign. Man proposes . . . .

Splintered dwellings of *Misquamicut* and *Weekapaug*, borne along by the gale or spewed up by the sea, were deposited in formidable heaps of wreckage. At points along the shore not even tangled lumber relieves the desolation.

The wall of Mount Pleasant View House was wrested away, ironically disclosing interiors still gaily furnished, only lately occupied by vacationists.



Buildings were carried by the huge wave across the marshland (on the left) and deposited there as the water receded.

On Block Island, sturdy houses on high land withstood the wind tolerably well, but the fishing industry, principal livelihood of the island, was prostrated by the destruction of the entire fishing fleet and the loss of the lobster pots. The Federal Government plans to aid fishermen in the return to normal economic life.

The Weekapaug Inn was left in ruins.

These spindles of former dwelling places, picked up by the tidal wave at Misquamicut Beach, were hurled a mile away to the north shore of BRIGHTMAN'S POND.

The far angle of Napatree Point, once an unbroken stretch of beach extending into the sea, has been chopped into *a series of tiny islands.* At WATCH HILL *a car sank in sand* up to its windows and a telephone pole stretched its wires over the sea.

The *Westerly Sun,* with two feet of water on the first floor of its plant, ground out issues soon after the deluge, resorting to a small hand-fed press on the second floor.

Grimmest spectacles at Westerly were presented by parties of searchers, picking their way among the shattered timber, *lifting boards and pushing aside debris* in the hope of discovering the bodies of those who perished.

CHARLESTOWN BEACH has been wiped clean of human habitation. More than fifty bodies were recovered from the dunes the first night. Breakers at high tide had often crept under the front porches of the row of shore cottages. The hurricane and the waves of September 21 have left *a dreary expanse* of sandy waste-lands. Survivors tell of houses reduced to match sticks, chimneys tossed hundreds of feet, automobiles raised by tl.e wind and shattered.

"Out of nowhere, there came one wallopin' wave that seemed to tower above even the highest building, and we were washed for miles before the waters subsided." The winds had carried a wall of salt spray to Usquepaugh, about 10 miles north of Charlestown Beach, leaving windows in that village covered with a fine salt deposit.

Before any reconstruction could be undertaken the *land had to be cleared* of dead foliage and cluttered lumber.

The first efforts of WPA workers were directed towards finding the corpses of Charlestown victims. Refuse pushed aside by searchers was piled up for later burning.

NARRAGANSETT PIER wears the cheerless aspect of a stricken resort. *Its once impressive seawall* is a mass of broken stones and sign-posts brought low.

The sea swept a portion of the beach into the main street. As WPA crews and trucks hauled away the wreckage they uncovered human remains buried along with telephone wires and household goods.

Old Daniel Harry, full-blooded Indian chief, declared the catastrophe was the "wuss I ever did see," surpassing the famous gale of 1869. The fashionable Dunes Club is no more. Of the bathing pavilions nothing remains but twisted pipes and lumber. Twenty-two cars were salvaged from a nearby pond. A school bus which had just completed delivery of its passengers was found lying on its side where it had been abandoned by the driver, who realized he could not make the garage in safety.

At SCARBOROUGH STATE BEACH the only building left whole was the *Bathing Pavilion*, constructed by the WPA one year ago, and dedicated at the opening of the 1938 summer season. A private bathhouse adjoining it, valued at $50,000, was destroyed.

While pines were laid prone at GODDARD MEMORIAL PARK nurses of the Crawford Allen Hospital organized an old-time "sing" to keep the panic-stricken crippled children diverted.

Quonset Point was "raked" by the storm, which picked off alternate

houses as it raced inland. A two-story house was lifted from its foundations and set down on its side, almost intact. Its owner grinned as he exclaimed, "Not even the chinaware or the electric light bulbs were broken, and the durned house moved fifty feet!"

In WARWICK, whose entire eastern boundary lies on Narragansett Bay, waterfront cottages *nosedived towards the sea.* Of some, *only a roof top remains,* suspended on a slender lath, the rest of the structure having been blown from beneath.

The famous shore dinner house at Rocky Point was stripped to its bony framework. Along the coast lay jumbled ruins of *bedsteads, shingles and window glass.*

Pawtuxet Cove looked as if all the boats in the vicinity had met in riotous conclave. During the process of pumping out the cellar of the Pawtuxet Athletic Club, a live sea bass was found in the furnace room. It must have been swept right through the bowling alleys and down the inside steps, the only entrance to the lower part of the building. Plans have been made by the club members to mount and keep it as a memento of the storm.

Piles which once bore the weight of the Rhode Island Yacht Club extend futilely from the water.

Day after day, WPA and volunteer workers and National Guardsmen pushed on doggedly with their task of freeing the land of the weight of *smashed buildings and wreckage* dumped by rising waters. Two volunteer life-guards at Warwick Downs risked their lives in a successful effort to remove four persons afloat on a housetop.

At OAKLAND BEACH on the shore of Greenwich Bay, stone and frame alike yielded. Cement foundations were ripped up and scrambled in meaningless forms on the land's surface.

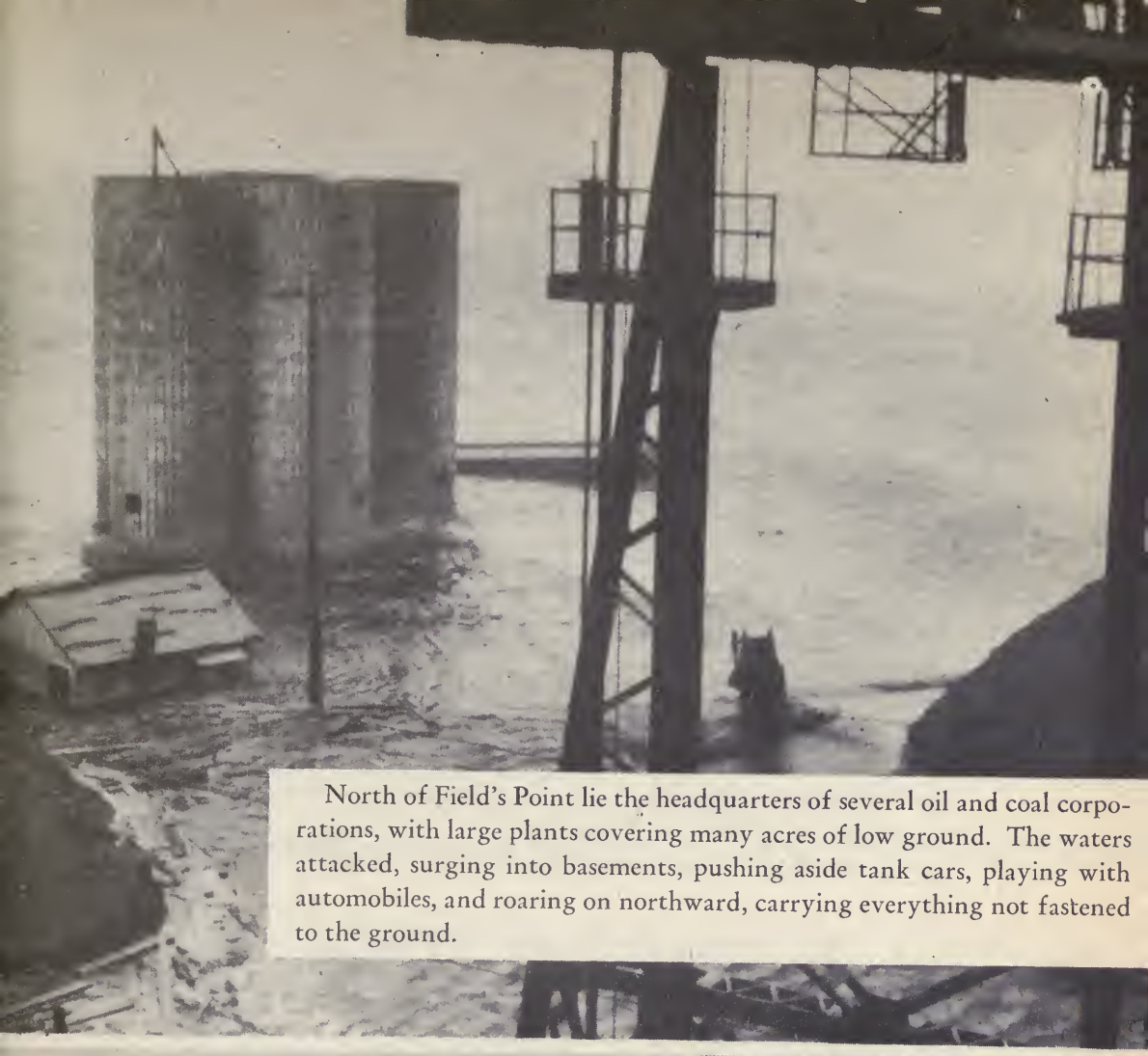
Of the whole settlement at Shawomet Beach, only two houses remain untouched. Relics and souvenirs bear witness to former habitation. A woman of Shawomet exclaimed with delight as she espied a bottle of marmalade; around her were the brick foundations of her home and scattered bits of lumber. . . . The storm spoiled and spared without design. . . .

WPA workers and rescue squads have diligently labored to gather up the debris. Ceaselessly they peered beneath half-houses, ship decks, telephone poles, to find the bodies of those still reported missing.

Winds of gale force—60 miles an hour—have often struck Providence at the autumnal equinox. Everybody minimized the strong wind that was already becoming violent by two o'clock in the afternoon. At five, when most of the offices let out and workers and shoppers started homeward, flying pieces of roof and other heavy objects caused little consternation. Even the most timorous had a tacit faith that the river would not overflow. The last great flood, in 1815, was too remote in history to be a reminder.

But earlier in the day the tide had not receded as it should have. The wind down the Bay had been so strong that it kept the water at almost high tide level, so that when the next high was due, Providence had a double tide, precisely as in 1815. The city was not built for that contingency. No man-made bank of the river nor wharf nor shoring was prepared for an extra rise of more than 10 feet.

The lower part of Providence got the flood first. The rising of the water took the same direction as the wind. Down at Field's Point, about three miles south of the center, the water rushed in, taking possession of a large lumber-yard, carrying thousands of boards along with the tide to deposit them at Point Street Bridge, which acted as a kind of net.



North of Field's Point lie the headquarters of several oil and coal corporations, with large plants covering many acres of low ground. The waters attacked, surging into basements, pushing aside tank cars, playing with automobiles, and roaring on northward, carrying everything not fastened to the ground.

At the Point Street Bridge, the Field's Point lumber was piled high. Beside it, on the raised ground of South Water Street, lay two coal barges borne down the river by the flood.

Crawford St. Bridge, near the center of the city, rises above any southward points. It is part of a very wide structure, known generally as the Weybosset Bridge, shaped like two H's lying tandem on their side. Its height delayed the flood in the center of town for a few minutes. Once the water got over the bridge, however, it rushed back on Dyer St. to join with waters already there. Meanwhile, near the railroad station where the Woonasquatucket and Moshassuck join, river water poured in from the other direction. The flood gave little warning. Water was filling the streets up to the curbs. There was another lift to the river. All the little alleys and narrow back streets intensified the ferocity of the current. After the second surge, people who braved the waist-high depth were swung off their feet and carried wherever the water happened to be rushing. A couple standing near the Gulf Station at Crawford Street bridge were dragged a block and then hurtled round a corner down Custom House St. Like many others they were saved by ropes thrown out of windows.

Luckily for thousands waiting to go home, the street car terminals were near public buildings, which offered a refuge. The current for trolleys was turned off shortly after five o'clock. Busses continued to operate until the rising waters forced passengers and drivers to abandon them. A United Electric Railways bus was stranded in the middle of Fountain Street. An Express Company truck behind it, like others in the area, was swiftly deserted. The neat row of parked cars in the background bears witness to the impetuosity of the rising water, which gave few car-owners a chance to rescue their property and get to high ground.

The din of short-circuited horns in thousands of similarly flooded cars was more clamorous and insistent than any New Year's Eve celebration. The sidewalk in the background, behind the soldier safe on his rock pedestal, leads to the Union Station, which served as a refuge and hospital for hundreds of people that night. During the flood the wind often blew more than 100 miles per hour.

The water receded almost as quickly as it had risen. By 10 o'clock the marooned citizens ventured out into the streets from their temporary shelters and started to walk home over the fallen trees and other debris that made auto transportation impossible.

Next morning the main streets were macabre with dark cavities of flooded and shattered first floors. But restoration work had already begun. The streets were flooded again, this time by pumps gushing with water sucked from basements. Restaurant workers and store clerks, in their shabbiest get-ups, some of them wearing improvised hygienic masks, worked courageously at the seemingly hopeless job of cleaning Providence.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There was a spontaneous mobilization of the National Guard, which began police duty before the water had subsided.

The next morning, WPA workers were enlisted and transported in trucks to the worst-hit areas in the southern part of the State. Farrell D.

A six-story brick wall had fallen in a public parking lot, killing two women in one of the cars and seriously injuring a child.

Abandoned street cars and automobiles filled the downtown area. The running board of one automobile served as a shelf for a homely salt-cellar, which must have floated at least two blocks from the nearest restaurant.

Coyle, State Administrator, set up a cot in his office; for days on end he did not leave his post. Red Cross field workers had arrived and emergency work immediately began. Bus service had begun even before the rowboat was removed from Exchange Place.

The animals in Roger Williams Park lost their homes but stayed contentedly in the vicinity, knowing nowhere else to go.

Within twenty-four hours after the flood and hurricane, reconstruction work was progressing systematically. Captain Bower, his two barges high and dry on South Water Street, was being widely quoted: "I've spent thirty-eight years between Jacksonville and the Bay of Fundy, and I've never seen a storm like this one."

PAWTUCKET was less severely struck than Providence, but the river rose higher than ever before and exceeded the flood level of 1936. Wind damage was heavy. The most spectacular event was the demolition of the steeple on the 70-year-old First Congregational Church. Clock and all, it toppled over into Broadway Pawtucket's most-traveled thoroughfare.

Any WOONSOCKET citizen will tell you, "We're getting so used to floods that the mills all have pumps in their basements. We missed this one, but the wind was the worst in the city's history."

No part of the city, high or low, was spared. Along Main Street and at Flynn Square pedestrians who sought shelter in doorways saw great panes of glass in store windows bulge in and out from the wind pressure, finally explode with a cannon-like roar; fragments were delivered to the flying wind, which would then scoop out the merchandise and carry it down the street. It was carnival time for boisterous youngsters, who paraded around in women's hats and other finery; one young fellow made a costume out of a suit of long underdrawers.

The sign in front of *Najarian's* fell within a foot of a pedestrian, who looked at it for a moment and then, realizing his narrow escape, leaped into the middle of the street and ran for his life. The devout women of Woonsocket held impromptu prayer meetings in three or four different languages in the buildings where they sought shelter. Patrolman Eugene Mailloux, at Flynn Square, was injured when swept off his feet and hurled

against a passing automobile. The Woonsocket Hospital was filled with casualties. There was one death. Until current was restored late that night, treatments were administered by lamplight.

Textile workers were luckily dismissed early from the mills. Within a short time after closing, several of the buildings collapsed.

The Rhode Island Plush Mills and the Woonsocket plant of the United Rubber Company were storm-pelted.

The Bell Company and the textile mill of the American Wringer Company were temporarily crippled.

A newly erected chimney on the EAST PROVIDENCE town hall was torn loose and crashed through the slate roof of the building, nearly burying the police radio operator, James F. Byrne. The gas humidor on First Street, one of the familiar landmarks, burst into flames as loosened bricks fell into the tank, causing friction and igniting gas in the outer shell. People on Boston Street, 150 yards away, felt the scorching heat and ran in all directions.

People in Watchemoket Square gasped as they saw Manuel Azevedo leading his docile old horse up the steep flight of iron stairs at the depot end of Boston Street to dry land.

One woman remarked, "I had just the grandest time walking around town, but when I got home and found out what had happened, I fainted. I never would have gone out for a million dollars had I realized."

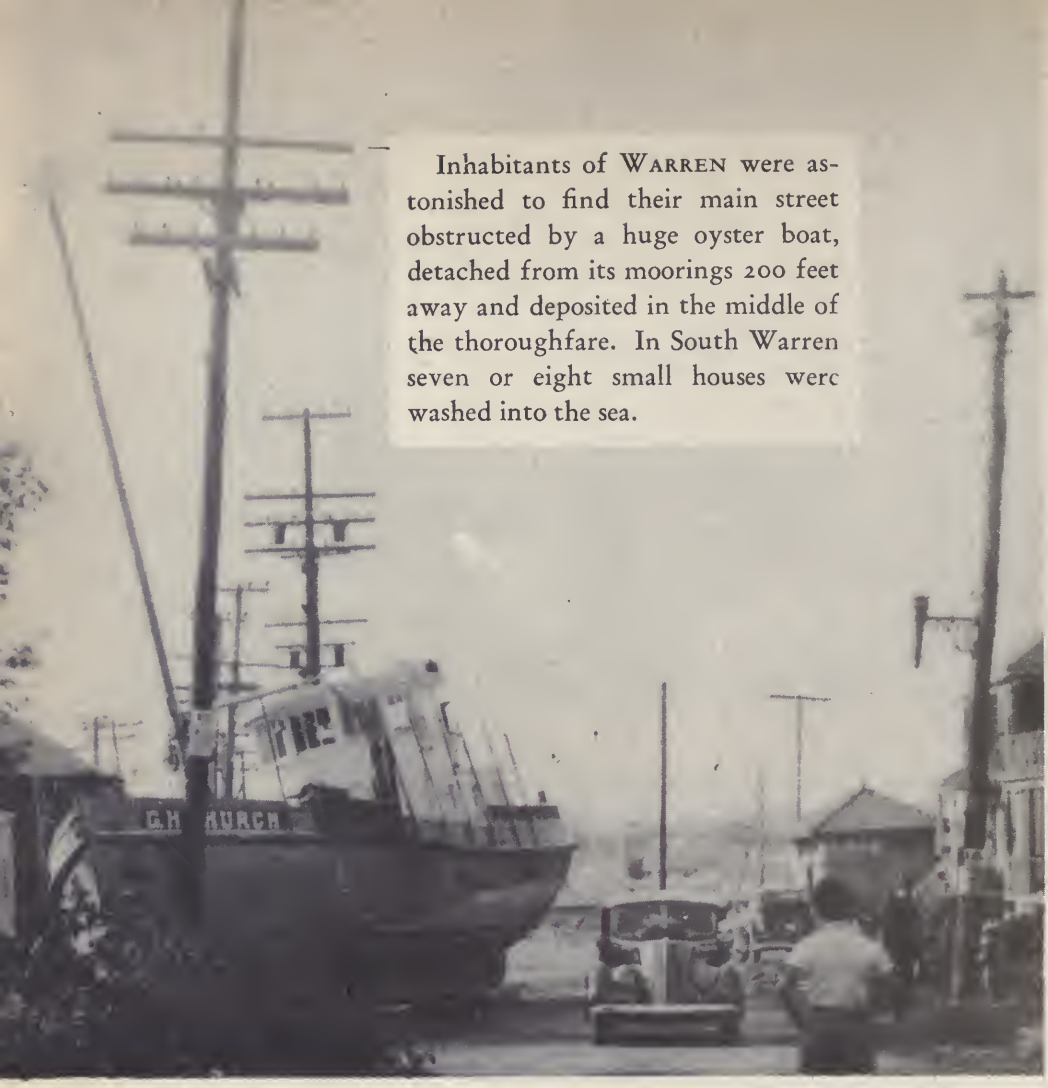
Houses formerly fronted with a wide expanse of beach now droop over a cliff, with the waters of the bay lapping at their foundations. At Narragansett Terrace, houses pulled loose from their foundations veered crazily to the side. Steps lead to nowhere. In one, whose interior was exposed, a bathtub stood unmarred. On the sands, a gas range, the skeleton of a small sailboat, and a telephone perched placidly atop a piece of plumbing were strewn about.

Along the shore, acres of property were washed into Narragansett Bay. The former 70-foot beach has more than doubled its width.

Craft of every description landed on the streets of BARRINGTON. The bridge was completely blocked by boats carried there by a capricious tide. A yacht in the Barrington River was spared when it ascended the slip and rested there smugly while other vessels were dashed to bits.

At Bay Springs, houses were washed or blown away with hardly a

trace of their former locations. Some dwellings were so expertly twisted off their foundations that nice distinctions between front door and back door could not readily be made. The following morning the gale found residents of Bay Springs dazed, incredulous, philosophical. One man sat in a rocking chair on what bore some resemblance to a back porch, puffed at his pipe, and directed a crew of men sorting out the jigsaw puzzle that was once his home.



Inhabitants of WARREN were astonished to find their main street obstructed by a huge oyster boat, detached from its moorings 200 feet away and deposited in the middle of the thoroughfare. In South Warren seven or eight small houses were washed into the sea.

Six are known to have perished on PRUDENCE ISLAND, off the coast of Bristol. The water ate away the bank up to the lighthouse, but the old guardian of the seas repulsed it. The keeper contrived to escape the tempestuous waters, but his home was thrown into Narragansett Bay.

At Bristol the water rose 15 feet above normal, leaving grotesque spectacles in its wake. Gasoline tanks careened madly through the streets. A rowboat flung through the air alighted on the bar of a saloon. The steeple of the Methodist Church with its 1000-pound bell somersaulted into the church auditorium. Valuable yachts and lumber were tossed out of *Herreshoff's,* who built many of the contenders for the Lipton cup. The wall of the shed was partially ripped off; the structure swayed, then caved in. The Bristol Yacht Club disappeared. William Perry, owner of Bosworth House, oldest residence in Bristol, rushed into his library in an attempt to save records and instruments. The flooring had disappeared and Mr. Perry narrowly escaped drowning in 15 feet of water.

Heartened by the fact that no lives were lost, Bristol zealously set about rehabilitation. WPA workers, aided by other laborers, cleared streets of wreckage, with trucks, tractors, and Diesel-powered shovels. Weakened structures were ripped down. Fire trucks pumped water from cellars. National Guardsmen, police, and volunteers patrolled the streets and prevented looting. Employees of the State Board of Public Health joined forces with the Bristol branch of the Red Cross and the Bristol District Nursing Association. Instructions were posted about public and personal health. Free injections were given against typhoid.

The Bristol *Phoenix* lived up to newspaper tradition; with presses out of commission it issued a mimeographed paper.

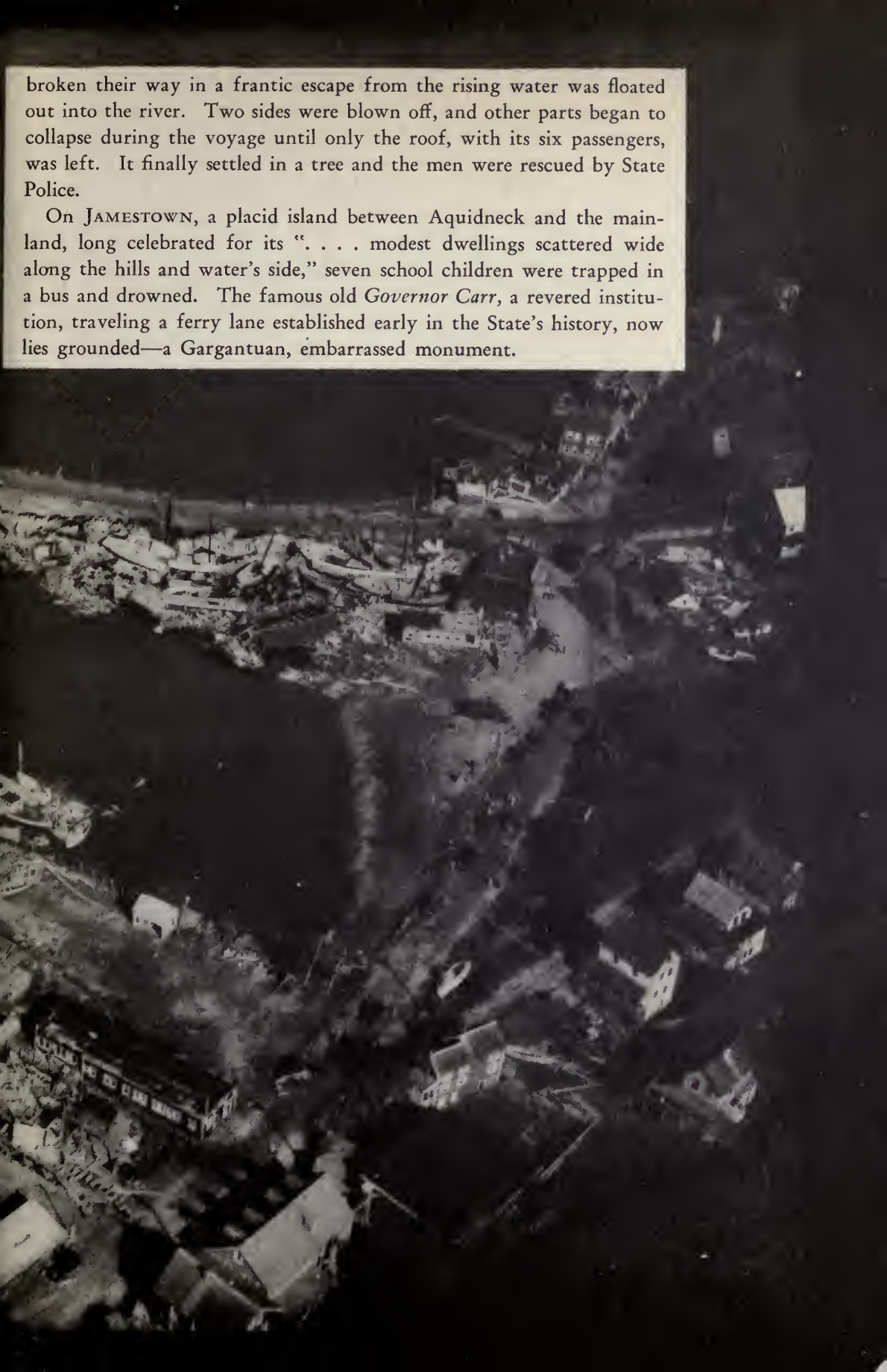
In the emergency people rose to heroic heights. A lady told, "To my amazement, my nephew, a sea-scout, played an important role, saving two neighbors and performing other useful tasks, when as a rule he is a good-for-nothing."

The mainland and the northern tip of the Island of Rhode Island are closest at TIVERTON. The converging land made a bottle-neck to intensify the northward surge of the water. Houses managed to stand despite the force that disabled the Stone Bridge and scrambled the hundreds of boats, one of which was tossed over a wall.

Many year-round residents lost their lives; motorists travelling the road to Newport or Fall River were terrified. An eye-witness, having deserted his car and taken cover in a nearby house, reported: "There was a Packard on the road with three women and two men in it. When the big wave struck, it must have washed the Packard away, for after the wave had passed I was unable to see either the car or the people who were in it." The house into which this witness and five others had

broken their way in a frantic escape from the rising water was floated out into the river. Two sides were blown off, and other parts began to collapse during the voyage until only the roof, with its six passengers, was left. It finally settled in a tree and the men were rescued by State Police.

On JAMESTOWN, a placid island between Aquidneck and the mainland, long celebrated for its ". . . . modest dwellings scattered wide along the hills and water's side," seven school children were trapped in a bus and drowned. The famous old *Governor Carr*, a revered institution, traveling a ferry lane established early in the State's history, now lies grounded—a Gargantuan, embarrassed monument.



Island Park all but vanished under a breaker with a reported height of 30-40 feet. A house that kept its first floor was pierced through by the gush of water. Well-equipped basements, with electric pumps,

set-tubs, and washing machines, were completely uncovered. The site of another home was marked by only a couple of boards, a rag, and an overturned milk bottle, still full.

NEWPORT boasts miles of exposed shore line,—beaches, fabulous homes, a busy harbor. The beaches were the first struck as waves leaped and reared and tore at the boardwalk on Easton's Beach. The road offered little resistance and was partially submerged. Up in the harbor the water flowed over the lowlands and wharves closely built up with

coal yards, fish markets, lumber yards, ship chandleries, garages, and restaurants. It ripped barges and boats from their moorings and twirled them about aimlessly. Thames Street, narrow, old-fashioned, packed with thriving business establishments, was flooded.

Ferry landings were obscured in a distended and swollen harbor; as the

water rose violently a sailor, trying to fasten a line at the New York Yacht Club slip, was marooned on a pile.

The Yacht Placidia held at her dock, but was a pitiful hulk after the wind died down. The hawsers of the *Pequannock* were slipped off their piles by the height of the tide and the steamer ran amuck across the harbor, demolishing 500 feet of the Torpedo Station breakwater before being blown ashore at Gould Island.

The calliope of the merry-go-round at NEWPORT BEACH was silenced.

EASTON'S BEACH was recognizable but hopelessly ruined.

THIRD BEACH was swept clean. A fireplace and chimney were outlined against the sky as if prepared for some Druid ceremonial.

Of BAILEY'S BEACH, only the central portion of the bathing pavilion remained, right in the center of the road.

Parts of the *Ocean Drive* were gnawed away by the sea, and passage was impossible.

On Washington Street the blacksmith and boiler shops of the New England Steamship Company collapsed. The concussion hurled tons of dust and soot into the air, so that a spectator described it as "looking like a typhoon." Further up the street houses were invaded by the water; rescue workers struggled along in rowboats from door to door, offering transportation to hysterical mothers and children.

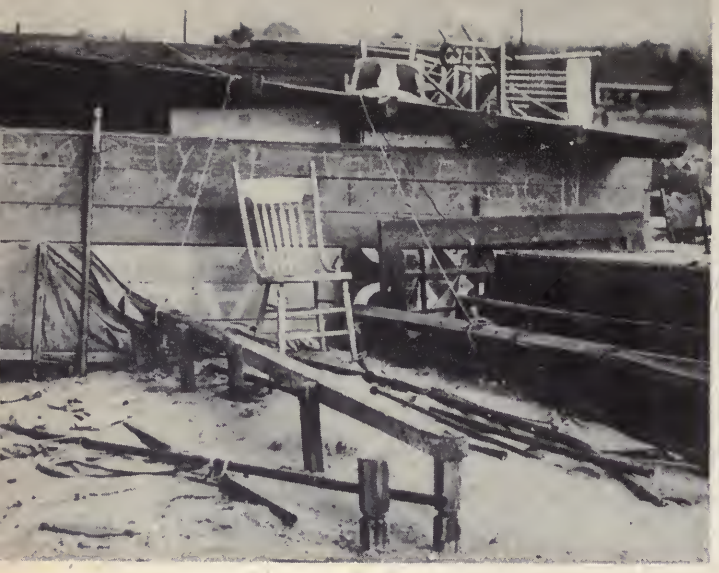
By 6:30 the water had returned to its old confines and the wind had eased down. The city was dark. Full devastation could not be estimated until the cool dawn of the next morning.

Buildings judged unsafe were immediately burned or pulled down, lest they crash and inflict further injury to an already devastated area. Among these late victims was the Pavilion at Easton's Beach, once famous for shore dinners.

WPA workers and National Guardsmen were summoned by sound truck at midnight, and reclamation was begun. One of the workers answering the call describes his sensation as he threaded his way through streets once proudly lined with trees: "It was like walking through a forest, with its sweetish scent of things green and fresh."

Along THE SOUTHERN COAST OF MASSACHUSETTS the gale-driven tides struck with the same fury that had inundated Providence. On Mt. Hope Bay, Swansea cowered before the worst blast it had known in three centuries of existence. At Ocean Grove, poor man's beach resort, unemployed textile workers, who in depression days had made this a year-round residential district, retreated foot by foot before the onslaught of wind and water. Dozens of jerry-built cottages collapsed and were whirled away, leaving the bare, bleached bones of their concrete foundations to mark former sites.

The Montaup Power Plant and countless homes were flooded. *Waterfront buildings* sank to earth.



Six persons died. The living gathered remnants of their worldly possessions.

Shell Oil Tanker *Phoenix*, blown across the river from its Fall River moorings, grounded in the back yard of a SOMERSET home. During the unscheduled voyage her dragging anchors fouled and snapped a telephone cable which served 400 lines in South Swansea and South Somerset. A few minutes later a barge loaded with scrap metal sank on top of the broken cable, preventing its repair. A breached tank in the vessel soon covered the water with gasoline, adding the menace of fire to the wind and the waves.

Although FALL RIVER, a textile city perched on the hills of southern Massachusetts, suffered comparatively little from flood, 12 suburban residents died in the gale. The wind lifted sections off the City Hall roof, blew over the Unitarian Church steeple, silenced WSAR, the city's only radio station, and scattered ships at the docks. On Nelson Street it chose one *three-story house* to flatten while its neighbors were left in peace.

The water tank on *Townsend Hill* had been emptied for repainting. The storm creased it as neatly and quickly as ever haberdasher creased a Stetson.

Twenty-three persons dead, miles of sandy beach either barren or a shambles of wreckage, one bridge carried away and another badly twisted,—the toll of the storm at wealthy *Westport*. Destruction of hundreds of summer homes will cut many thousands in yearly tax yield from the town's income. Greatest damage and loss of life were at Horseneck Beach and Westport Harbor.

West Beach was not swept so bare, but its jumble of wrecked cottages, furniture, dishes, boats, and lumber was a dreary monotone relieved only by a solitary piano, upright on the sand.

Farther up the river the Hix Bridge was washed out completely. The new building of the Yacht Club sailed up the stream, as did "Laura's," a restaurant fittingly shaped like a houseboat.

Only a photograph recalls *the former comfortable dwellings* of the East Beach. *Not a building remains* on the shoreline from Barney's Joy to the West Beach road. Persons in this area were trapped between the onrushing sea and the marshes to the rear. Fourteen died. Natives tell of one couple who said they would linger for a last look at the grandeur of the rushing surf,—"for only a minute." Their bodies were found four days later.

Storm fury in SOUTH DARTMOUTH centered about the Little River Bridge which, strangely enough, stood up under the pounding of hurricane winds while the granite approaches on both sides were washed away. A dozen or more automobiles dived off Padanaram Bridge, while a score of yachts ended the 1938 and all other seasons against its stone causeway. Some were washed clear over the wall and escaped with minor injuries.

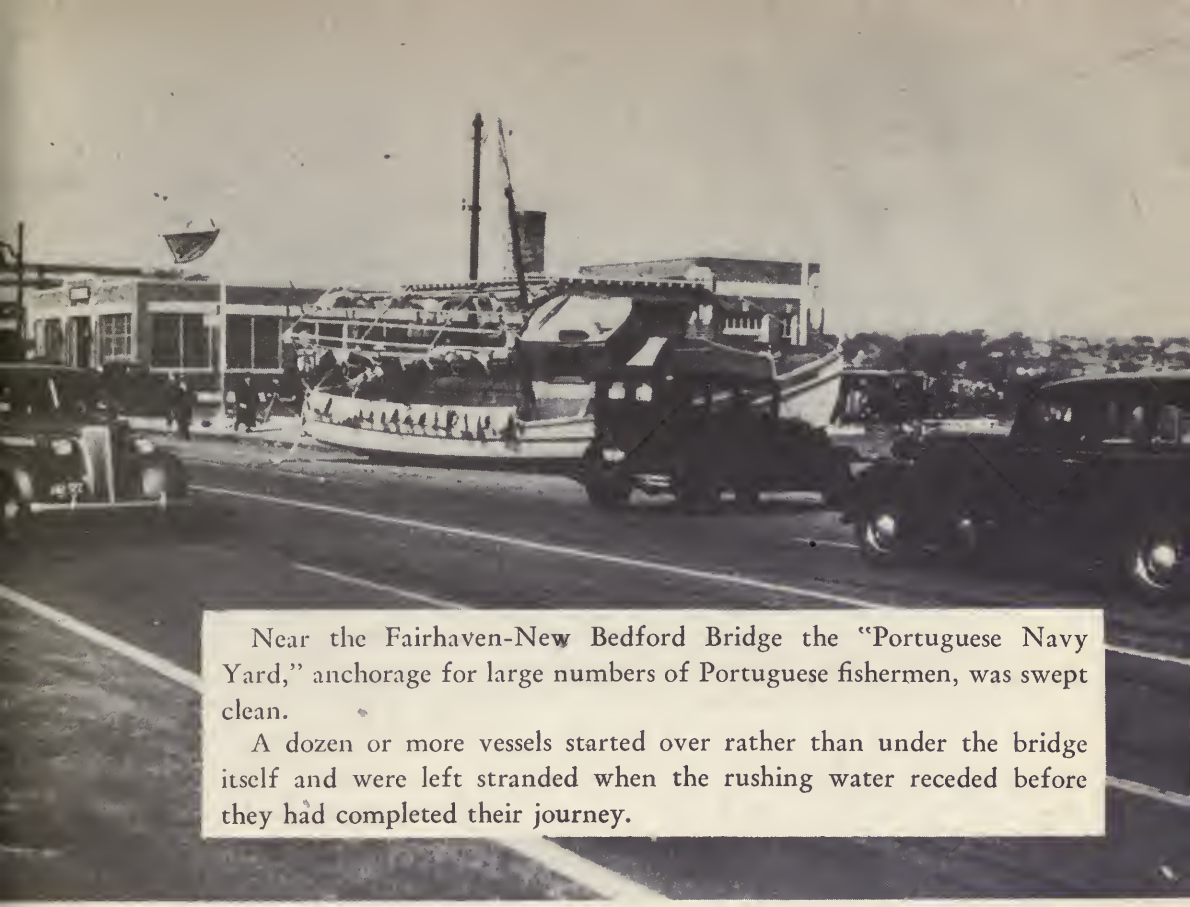
Old NEW BEDFORD salts had often yelled "Thar she blows," but never before among local landlubbers.

Cove Road, ordinarily a broad thoroughfare, became the graveyard of scores of small houses shortly after this picture was taken. The road was covered by 12 to 15 feet of water. The Kilburn Mill in the background was partially inundated.

The New Bedford Yacht Club was plucked bodily from its foundation and scattered in broken wreckage on the surface of the New Bedford-Fairhaven bridge. This occurred 15 minutes after the photograph of the club was taken; members may be seen peering at the storm from windows. All escaped.

A moment later the *Lizzy*, a two-masted fishing schooner, squatted on the site of the just departed Yacht Club.

The tidal wave cast these two yachts ashore on Marine Park, a recently completed fill-in at the mid-point of the bridge.



Near the Fairhaven-New Bedford Bridge the "Portuguese Navy Yard," anchorage for large numbers of Portuguese fishermen, was swept clean.

A dozen or more vessels started over rather than under the bridge itself and were left stranded when the rushing water receded before they had completed their journey.

Huge boulders were spewed up by the sea, smashing through the walls. Sidewalks along the shore, normally 10 feet above high water, were torn from the ground and strewn along the street. Acushnet Amusement Park, on the east side of Clark's Point, was wrecked when huge trees were sent crashing through the roller coaster frame-work. Bath houses were swept away.

The railroad yard of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford was inundated.

Industrial plants were flooded.

On Pope's Island a half dozen motorists and truck drivers, their machines stalled by the torrents sweeping over the Fairhaven Bridge, found refuge in a Diner. Tensely they watched the water rise until it was waist deep. When the Yacht Club crumbled beneath the fury of a blast using 60-foot yachts as battering rams, the owner called the cook, told his guests they were welcome to stay as long as they pleased, and prepared to depart. As a 60-foot cabin cruiser carried away the side entrance of the Diner, the owner and his cook leaped into the crazily bobbing craft, convinced that it would float while the Diner would not. A moment later the cruiser was continuing its mad voyage, rolling end over end amidst a tangle of wreckage. The Diner stood firm and the six survivors reported the owner and cook as dead. Next day the obituary notice was denied when it was found that the restaurateur and his cook had been deposited high and dry on the front lawn of a Fairhaven residence.

By 8 p.m. of hurricane night, 1,500 persons were homeless in FAIRHAVEN, seven dead bodies had been recovered, and others were still buried beneath piles of jumbled masonry and lumber.

Five large boat yards along Fairhaven's waterfront were temporarily out of commission. Many yachts were in their anchorage basins awaiting permanent winter berths. Here and there among the flotsam occasional pleasure boats escaped unscathed.

As at Ocean Grove, the most pathetic victims were the poor who made up a large portion of the Harbor View district. This was a colony of over 100 small houses, most of them originally summer residences, converted into year-round homes by former New Bedford wage-earners who turned to the sea and its fish as a means of livelihood when industrial activity slackened. The flimsy frame dwellings were smashed to match wood and flung haphazardly in either direction, far inland or out to sea.

At Sconticut Neck, a long promontory extending into Buzzard's Bay, a number of owners rushing along the congested highway to their property were killed. Among them was Father George A. Jowdy, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Purgatory at New Bedford, who lost his life in an effort to save his summer home. With a score of others, the house was eventually dropped in a sodden mass of wreckage by the retreating sea. In a few days WPA workers were clearing the debris.

Nine lives were lost and 300 houses totally destroyed by the wind-flung tide which drove high up on the shores of MATTAPOISETT. The beaches were buffeted, none more so than Crescent Beach where all but 10 of the 170 cottages were ruined. The automobile nearly buried in the left center of the photograph shows the accumulation of wreckage.

At wealthy MARION the sea carried off in triumph the entire *Beverly Yacht Club*, leaving only its flag pole standing to mark the site. The beach was swept of sand and strewn with huge boulders. Dozens of costly pleasure boats were beaten to splinters.

The buildings of *Tabor Academy* were flooded to the second floor by the rising waters of Sippican Harbor. Her entire fleet of twenty or more small boats and her hundred-foot schooner came through virtually unharmed. Masters and boys turned out and rescued storm tossed craft and marooned townspeople, true to the nautical tradition of the school.

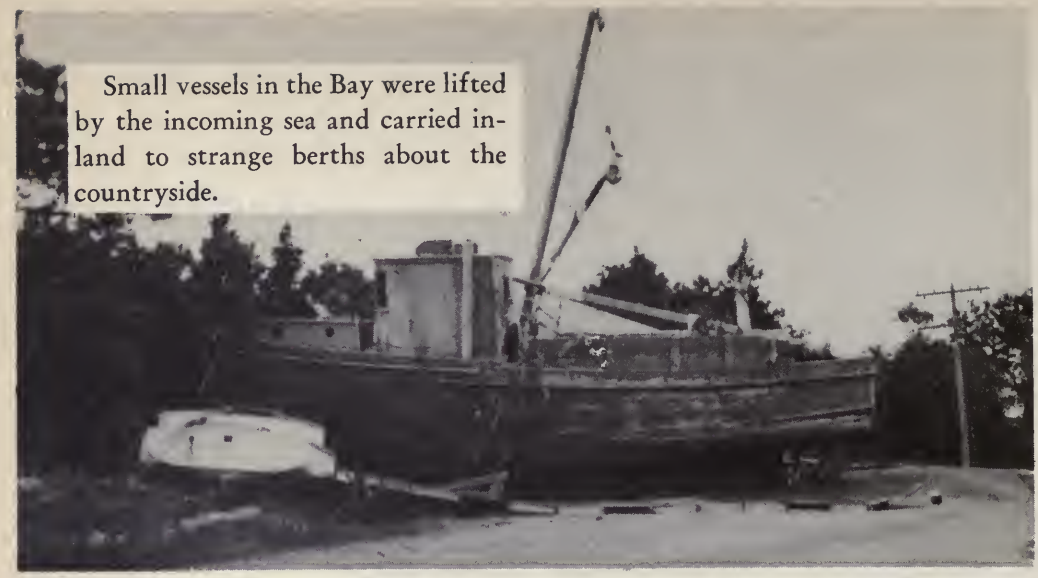
In Chilmark, especially the Menemsha Creek section of MARTHA'S VINEYARD, scores of lobstermen had their craft driven a quarter of a mile inland. Thousands of dollars worth of gear was swept away when the seas tore lobsterpots from the ledges.

In the Swift's Beach area of WAREHAM hundreds of cottages were wrecked and 9 lives lost. WPA workers searched for bodies. When the waters receded, indescribable scenes of chaos were left behind,—lumber, twisted metal, bedding, radiators, mounds of masonry, mud and ruined furniture helter-skelter over many acres.

A main telephone cable parted, isolating the Cape district from the mainland. The Telephone Company's short wave radio, set up in 1930 for experimental purposes, was brought into use and proved its effectiveness by keeping communication with Hyannis open.

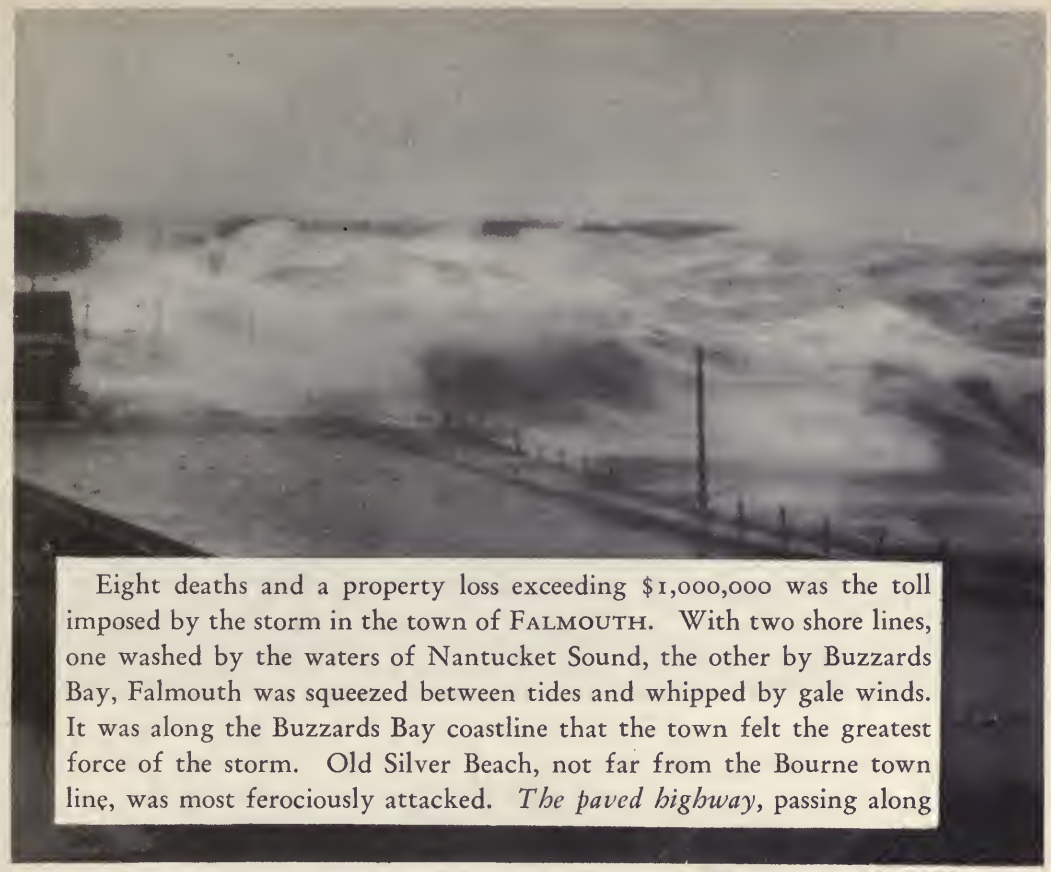
The most modern portable radio apparatus, a set that one man can carry, was used to transmit Army orders.

Among the hardest hit of the Buzzards Bay communities was ONSET. Smashed shipping and crushed cottages were supplemented by the complete wash-out of bridges, *the forced parking of pleasure craft on main highways,* and the removal of entire buildings to places miles away from their foundations. Fortunately, the summer season was over in this community, which through June, July, and August is heavily populated by vacationists.



Small vessels in the Bay were lifted by the incoming sea and carried inland to strange berths about the countryside.

At canal-straddling BOURNE, on the western edge of Cape Cod's bare and bended arm, the tides gained additional height and momentum from their congestion within the narrow confines of Buzzards Bay. In a summer cottage which was picked up and hurled down the canal, five persons drowned; the cottage is shown above guarded by three naval reservists, at rest under the Buzzards Bay Bridge. Rescue workers cut a hole in the roof and removed the bodies.



Eight deaths and a property loss exceeding $1,000,000 was the toll imposed by the storm in the town of FALMOUTH. With two shore lines, one washed by the waters of Nantucket Sound, the other by Buzzards Bay, Falmouth was squeezed between tides and whipped by gale winds. It was along the Buzzards Bay coastline that the town felt the greatest force of the storm. Old Silver Beach, not far from the Bourne town line, was most ferociously attacked. *The paved highway*, passing along the cliff before large hotels and private residences on the Sound, was washed away in several places. Foundations completely gone, it may never be rebuilt.

At *Old Silver Beach* some 40 of the summer homes built near the water were picked up by the waves and hurled into the woods or dashed against houses further inland. The shore front cottages were reduced to splinters; those in the rear wrecked by the battering.

Great sections of railroad track were carried away. At the Woods Hole Light House service Station many *buoys*, which had been lined up along the pier like so many mammoth cigars, were scattered over a wide section of the town by the incoming tide.

Bridges over tidal inlets were torn away.

Trout streams changed in the course of a half hour from babbling brooks to roaring rivers.

From Wood's Hole to Chatham the entire southern coast of the Cape was raked by the great storm-tossed tides. Although far from the eye of the hurricane and somewhat protected by the buffer islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, wind and water were of sufficient violence to wreck countless small vessels, blow over trees and frame buildings, carry off summer homes, and completely alter the shore line at many points. Lack of power, lights, telephone, and drinking water made the night one of memorable terror. Rumors spread rapidly that the lower parts of the Cape had been blown into the sea, that Boston was inundated and thousands were dead, that the storm was returning.

As the sky darkened in *Provincetown* and the wind became an eery screaming whistle, fishermen uttered strange prophecies. "Wait'll high tide. High tide's due at 10 o'clock. Goodbye Provincetown." Fortunately, the storm had spent itself before high tide came in. Gardens were destroyed and a few small fishing craft succumbed, but on the whole, *the town's fleet rode out the gale gallantly.*

There were a few bad moments when a 90-foot schooner tore loose from its moorings and swept down the harbor, lurching crazily, endangering all of the fishing vessels. But the coastguard patrol was on the alert; a few moments of battling through churning sea, a rope thrown to someone on board, and the ship was safe.

TORRENTIAL rains had deluged THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY before the hurricane. On Saturday, September 17th, the clouds let loose; by Monday, as the rain continued, weather-wise people were worrying about high water. The Housatonic crept insistently to new levels; experienced rivermen looked to their moorings on the Connecticut; the Pomerang, the Thames, and the Naugatuck rose sullenly. On Wednesday morning the sodden countryside faced the certainty of floods. Milldams became roaring cataracts, power companies opened emergency flumes, and the lowlanders moved their furniture and extra provisions upstairs. The Hartford Weather Bureau broadcast flood warnings. No notice of the advancing hurricane.

At about 3:30 it struck the Connecticut Valley at a recorded speed of 98 miles per hour. Ancient church spires toppled, signboards hurtled through the air, century-old shade trees found no grip in the miry soil for their straining roots. The gale hurled rivers against bridges, dikes, dams, and drove rushing waves into cities and towns. Wind and water were lords of the Connecticut Valley.

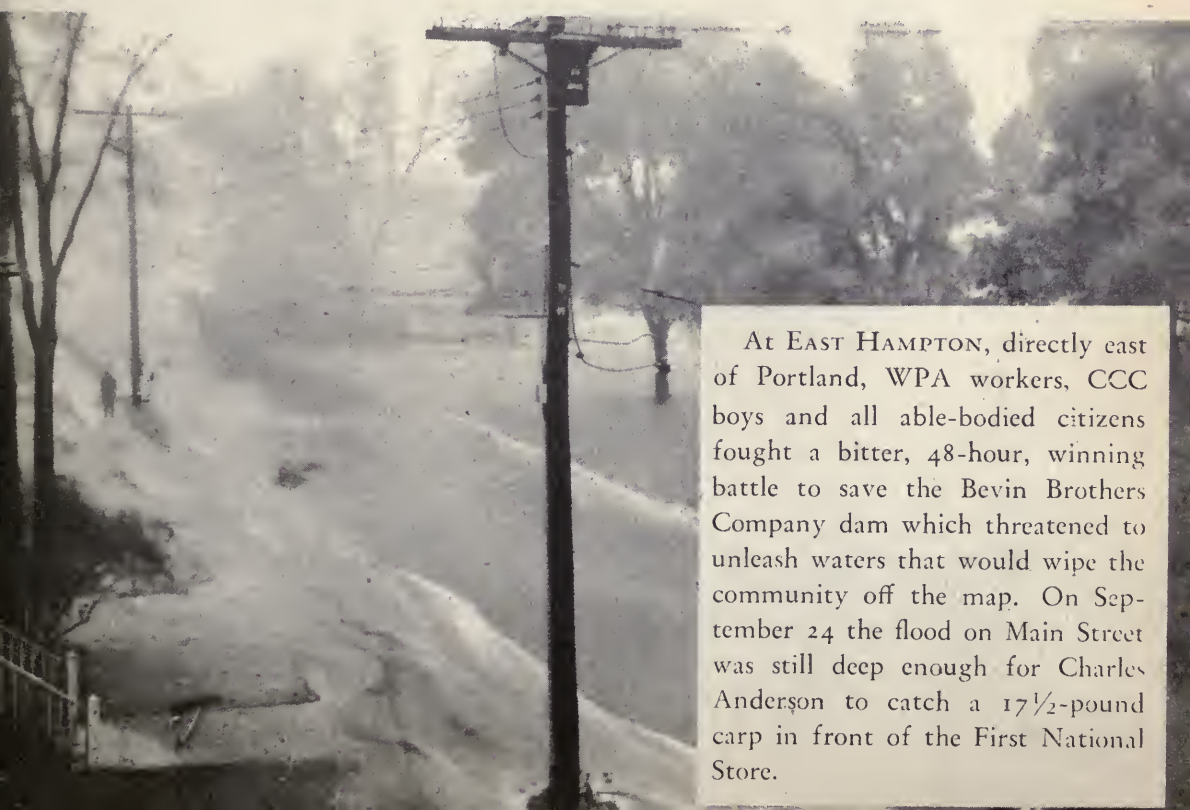
As the Connecticut River surged into MIDDLETOWN, 100 families lost their homes. Boats on missions of rescue plied the streets. The trees on the campus of Wesleyan University, recently insured against wind damage, are gone, along with those on High Street that led Dickens to call it "the most beautiful street in America."

On Wednesday night an appendectomy was performed and a baby was born in Middlesex Hospital by flashlight.

Four feet of water deluged the main floor of the Remington-Rand Company. Inoculation was recommended by the Board of Health for all workers in flood districts.

On Friday after the hurricane the Connecticut River nearly reached the 1936 level at PORTLAND, which is marked "crest of flood" on the shed in the photograph. The new highway bridge to Middletown held and communication between the two towns was not interrupted as it had been in the last great flood. Other bridges went out, and the weakened dam at the Portland Reservoir menaced the city.

In the surrounding countryside, grim-faced farmers surveyed their ruined orchards. Apples everywhere littered the ground; late summer truck produce was ruined, and live stock drowned. Many tobacco plantations along the river banks lost both crop and buildings.

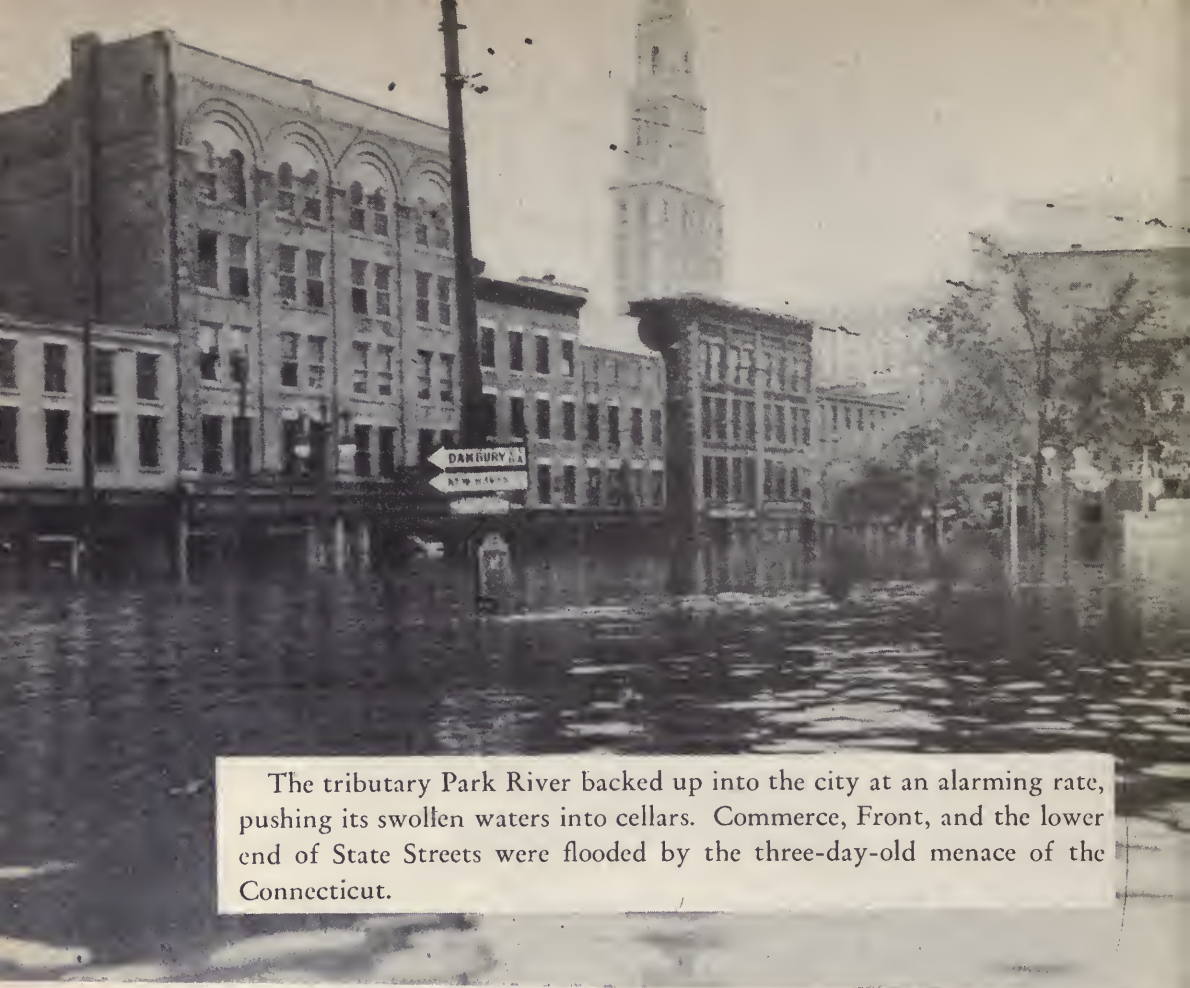


At EAST HAMPTON, directly east of Portland, WPA workers, CCC boys and all able-bodied citizens fought a bitter, 48-hour, winning battle to save the Bevin Brothers Company dam which threatened to unleash waters that would wipe the community off the map. On September 24 the flood on Main Street was still deep enough for Charles Anderson to catch a 17½-pound carp in front of the First National Store.

To the west of Middletown, WATERBURY and NEW MILFORD lay stunned by the impact of the gale and the aggravated flood menace which it had brought. At *Waterbury,* the center of the brass industry in the United States, ancient elms were bowled over like ten pins, crushing homes within the sweep of their flailing arms.

At *New Milford*, which has the largest area of any town in Connecticut, flood waters raged over miles of state and local highways, washing away roadbeds, paralyzing traffic, wiping out late crops, and bringing with them the threat of typhoid. Hundreds were given emergency inoculations and the countryside was warned to boil all drinking water.

Howling out of the southeast at 4 P.M., the hurricane swirled through HARTFORD, levelling trees and houses in its path. It killed five people and injured 22. Communications were severed, power cut off, and the river rose rapidly. *The grounds of the State Capitol,* noted for their beautiful landscaping, were ravaged. Trees along the avenue snapped like match sticks in the powerful twist of the gale.



The tributary Park River backed up into the city at an alarming rate, pushing its swollen waters into cellars. Commerce, Front, and the lower end of State Streets were flooded by the three-day-old menace of the Connecticut.

Battered and torn by the hurricane, the city endured the flood. The principal streets were water-ways. Travelers' Tower rose above squares lapped by waves. Hartford, the insurance capital of the country, paradoxically carried little enough insurance against the losses it sustained.

The raging Connecticut was rising at the rate of four inches an hour in the aftermath of the storm. At midnight it had reached 24.7 feet.

On Friday the Connecticut and Park Rivers reached their flood peak. Windsor Street and the north end of Main Street were under deep water. Windsor Street's underpass was completely submerged. Trolleys and automobiles were stranded. The river was over 10 feet deep on Main Street.

Police and Guardsmen took to boats, dodging submerged automobiles as they rowed. Rats and rabbits appeared in the center of town, treading water desperately as they sought a refuge.

State WPA Administrator Vincent J. Sullivan had come up from New Haven to mobilize his workers. Refugee centers were established in the schools, and the WPA set up playrooms for the many homeless children. A radio appeal brought in toys by the hundreds, and the Federal Music Project diverted restless children and worried parents with a program of popular music.

Volunteers worked with national, state, and city agencies in a desperate effort to hold back the deluge. At the dikes near Colt's Patent Fire Arms men toiled until they dropped at the heavy labor of filling and piling sandbags. A levee along a half mile of the river was built by 1,000 men in less than 24 hours. On September 23rd, the Red Cross reported that 7,000 persons had been removed from the city.

In the North Meadows rabbits crouching on floating debris stupidly plunged into the river as rescuing hands reached for them. Two dogs escaped as passengers in the second story of a barn, comfortably bedded in hay.

In Bushnell Park *the Music Shell* was doubly beautiful, reflected in alien water. East Hartford Meadows rose like a mirage upon a lake.

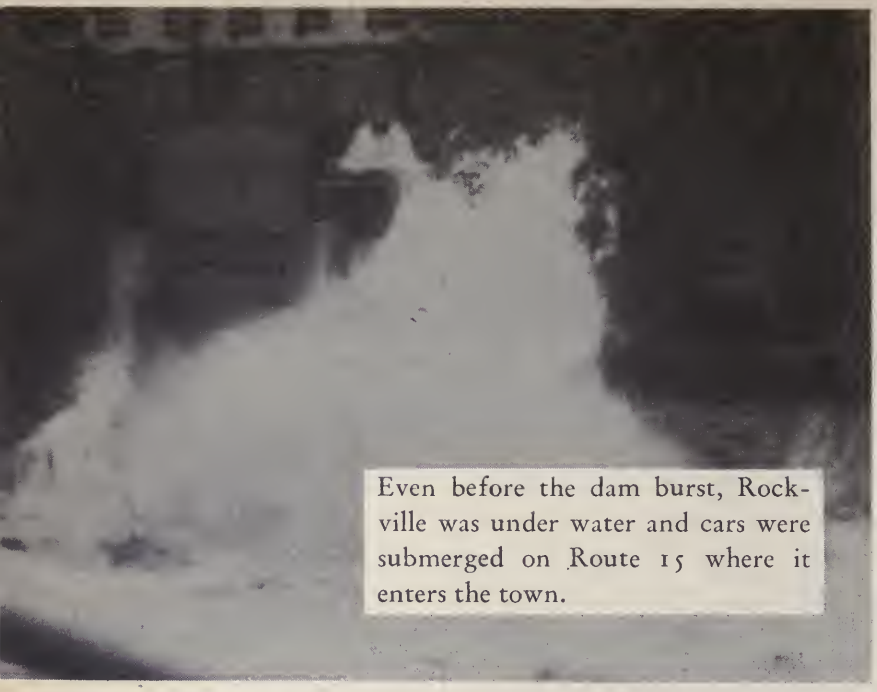
At 10 o'clock on Friday night, Hartford knew it was saved. The dikes had held. The water began to recede. Morning revealed a city of disaster. Roofs had been ripped off, debris littered the streets, cherished trees lay uprooted, and smashed plate glass crunched underfoot. But Hartford survived. It will do its share toward flood control.

WINDSOR, one of Connecticut's three earliest settlements, has been a tobacco town since 1640. Normally tobacco fields cover 3,000 acres. Today the crop is gone. The hurricane flattened sheds, and those it spared the flood swept away. More than 20, filled with the season's crop,

Employees of the Springville Woolen Mills at *Rockville* got out through the windows as the American dam gave way. They crossed to safety on a narrow plank. A torrent raged through the sluiceway and windows of the American Mills.

went downstream or took the water through their every crack. The damage runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Fifteen Windsor families were forced from their homes. Trees that had stood on the Green since the Revolution were strewn about like jackstraws. The Farmington River Bridge was under three feet of water.



Even before the dam burst, Rockville was under water and cars were submerged on Route 15 where it enters the town.

Desolation had spread widely along the Connecticut watershed. MONSON, Massachusetts, to the east of Springfield, was completely isolated when the rising Quaboag River threatened its industries and water supply. It roared across the only bridge in town, and factory workers from the woolen mills were detailed to flood work. Trees were struck down as if a keen axe had bitten into them.

The Cooley Bridge in PALMER went with the flood of the Ware and Quaboag Rivers, cutting off travel over US 20. The town, a railroad junction, was completely isolated. People in the low-lying regions left home. Roads caved in, public utilities were out of commission, the town rationed out bread, an emergency operation was performed by lamp light under a hospital roof flapping in the gale. Fifty trucks were marooned in Palmer, some for two whole days.

The Ware River rampaged through the Thorndike area. The 75-year-old covered bridge at Forest Lake, long a landmark, floated down stream and leaned against a lower bridge. The Church Street Bridge went out. At noon on Wednesday the 100-foot chimney of the *No. 1 Thorndike Mill* pitched into the water, which was nibbling away the building piece by piece. In the *Three Rivers* village bridges and roads collapsed; the center of town was flood-swept; 34 families lost everything they owned.

WARE was in a state of flood when the hurricane tore into town. The Fire Station was turned into a heap of kindling wood. Houses caved in, had their faces lifted. *Walls were torn off*, revealing intimate interiors.

The Ware River *leaped its banks* and slugged its way along Main Street. Houses careened on its waves. Flood waters rose six feet higher

than in the disaster of 1936. The town had no contact with the outside world, except through the emergency messages sent out by radio "hams." Six hundred families were made homeless; many took refuge in the Old Post Office, others were fed and housed in St. Mary's Church (Polish). Completely destitute are 115 families, wiped out by the flood.

The three bridges on South, East and North Streets were smashed. WPA and CCC men at once set to work on emergency repairs.

In the crisis, airplanes came to the rescue. Leo McCaffry of Springfield flew his own ship daily to Ware and Palmer, dropping bread on the playgrounds. A Springfield plane picked up typhoid serum at the Westfield Sanatorium and dropped it upon this marooned industrial town, helpless without light, power, telephones, or roads.

When the waters receded, Pulaski and West Streets presented scenes of desolation. Sewer pipes were boldly revealed amongst chunks of concrete roadway smashed into fragments, sidewalks flung into heaps of debris. The streets were ankle-deep in mud; steam shovels cleaned it out. The river left marks of its wrath that months will not efface. Steel, concrete, masonry lie twisted grotesquely upon its banks.

Six days after the hurricane, no one was allowed to leave or enter Ware without a permit from the Chief of Police who throughout the disaster took over complete control. Property loss in this town of less than 8,000 people is estimated at $916,000. Ware Industries, upon which the town's livelihood largely depends, suffered damage of $150,000 but was partially protected by wind insurance for its roofs. The Ware Woolen Company figures its loss as $180,000.

Brooks and rivers in the SPRINGFIELD area were at flood level before the gale crashed into the region. As the storm roared up the valley, it whipped up eight-foot white-capped rollers on the swollen Connecticut. Bridges were swept away—highways torn apart—trains shoved over—16,000 trees flattened—buildings gaped open.

Scarcely a Springfield street escaped. Giant hundred-year-old elms smashed houses, fell across power lines, crushed automobiles as if they were toys made of tin, blocked traffic. The oaks around Mayor Putnam's house went down. 1,700 WPA workers labored with the Park and Highways Departments to clear the streets.

At 8:30 P.M., Mayor Putnam spoke over the radio, the only connection with the outside world. No trains ran north, south, east or west. Transportation in the city was paralyzed, when busses, trolleys, and automobiles stalled on every street. In matter-of-fact words and tone the Mayor informed a fearful citizenry that "The storm damage has

been heavy but the center of the storm has passed. . . . The rate of rise in the river is decreasing. . . . All relief organizations are in high gear. . . ."

But the Connecticut surged on. At 9:30 the Mayor broadcast orders to evacuate the South End, where there was no dike. 250 prisoners were moved from the Hampden County Jail on York Street to the Gymnasium at Springfield College by 20 guards, 12 deputy sheriffs, and a company of militia. There were no attempts to escape. At midnight the city was admonished, "The river is still rising and many have not left their homes." Evacuation was completed in the threatened districts. An Italian woman, who with her seven bambinos and her Tony was sheltered at a refugee station in 1936, turned up again in this disaster—now with nine offspring. Laughing, she called out "Hello, hello, hello! Mama she going to have another vacation, a good rest!"

The Eastern States Exposition, an annual New England Fair with vast grounds and permanent buildings, had opened the preceding Sunday and was literally blown over. The grandstand and the Ferris wheel pinned automobiles beneath their debris. Cattle-judging stopped when four windows were blown out of the east end of the building and rain drove into the show ring. All the fish in the aquarium perished when the power failed and the water circulating system went dead.

All night men worked at the North End dike, where high winds hurled the water against the bulwark and the Connecticut current ate steadily at the foundation of the puny, man-made barrier. Blocked streets hampered the transport of sandbags to the danger zone. 3,000 refugees from the South and North Ends were sheltered in schools, churches, and other public buildings. The dike held, although only in 1936 has the Connecticut exceeded the level it reached in Springfield.

Fire broke out and threatened the State Insane Hospital. It was controlled after a terrific struggle.

Thursday morning at 7 o'clock, Mayor Putnam reported "The river is still rising; the situation is still serious; but the crest . . . should pass here sometime tonight."

The Hospital of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was jammed with winged and four-footed refugees. 75 dogs, 45 cats, 6 turkeys, 23 rabbits, 31 hens, two guinea pigs and a horse found safety within its doors. The horse was welcomed with the dignity becoming a veteran. He had been through the same mill in the 1936 flood.

During the day hundreds of National Guardsmen were on patrol and rescue duty in the South End and Brightwood areas. At midnight 10 U. S. Army trucks, preceded by a detachment of engineers, arrived with 3300 cots and 6600 blankets which were put to immediate use for the refugees who crowded into the city's three high schools for shelter, warmth, and food.

Springfield was cut off from telephone connection with points north when the bridge at Chicopee Falls went down, carrying with it a large cable. The telephone company immediately planned to string a temporary cable across the raging Chicopee River. An airplane was engaged to fly over the river, dragging a rope intended to be connected with a cable. But the slack rope dragged in the river and was torn to pieces.

Finally someone thought of the Coast Guard. United States Coast Guard stations are equipped with small cannon which shoot projectiles

attached to lines, used when lifeboats will not serve to rescue the crew of a shipwrecked vessel close to shore.

The telephone company appealed to a Coast Guard station at New London, Conn., to bring by airplane the necessary artillery to shoot a line across the Chicopee River. This unit responded at once, was successful on the first shot, and emergency telephone connection with points north was quickly established.

For the vast job of rebuilding its wrecked lines, the New England Telephone Company appealed for help to associated companies in other parts of the country. Trucks and construction crews were sent, and trainloads of men from as far as Nebraska and Texas.

By Thursday midnight the streets were clear, the dike was holding, and lights were gradually re-appearing. Friday morning Springfield breathed more easily, and surveyed its damage. One thousand shade trees were gone in Forest Park alone. The Goodyear blimp which had been soaring over the city could not be deflated in time, and was torn with huge rents.

Relief efforts rivalled the disaster itself in drama. Station WBZA did spectacular service. Crippled men and women joined the WPA sewing projects in making thousands of garments for flood victims. In Hampden County 3,500 WPA workers turned to the vital emergency job of cleaning up. Fifteen doctors and 70 nurses of the Red Cross, as well as volunteers, did active duty.

In the manufacturing city of CHICOPEE, just above Springfield on the Connecticut and across the river from Holyoke, the flood waters rolled through the industrial center. Thousands were out of work when light and power failed and the mills closed. The water supply was shut off.

Frantic efforts were made to hold back the river at a levee built after

the flood of 1936. Workers in the city's sixteen large industrial plants joined their efforts to those of municipal employees.

The steel bridge at Chicopee Falls was washed away, twisted from its foundations by the mighty impact of a river swollen seven feet above its 1936 flood-mark.

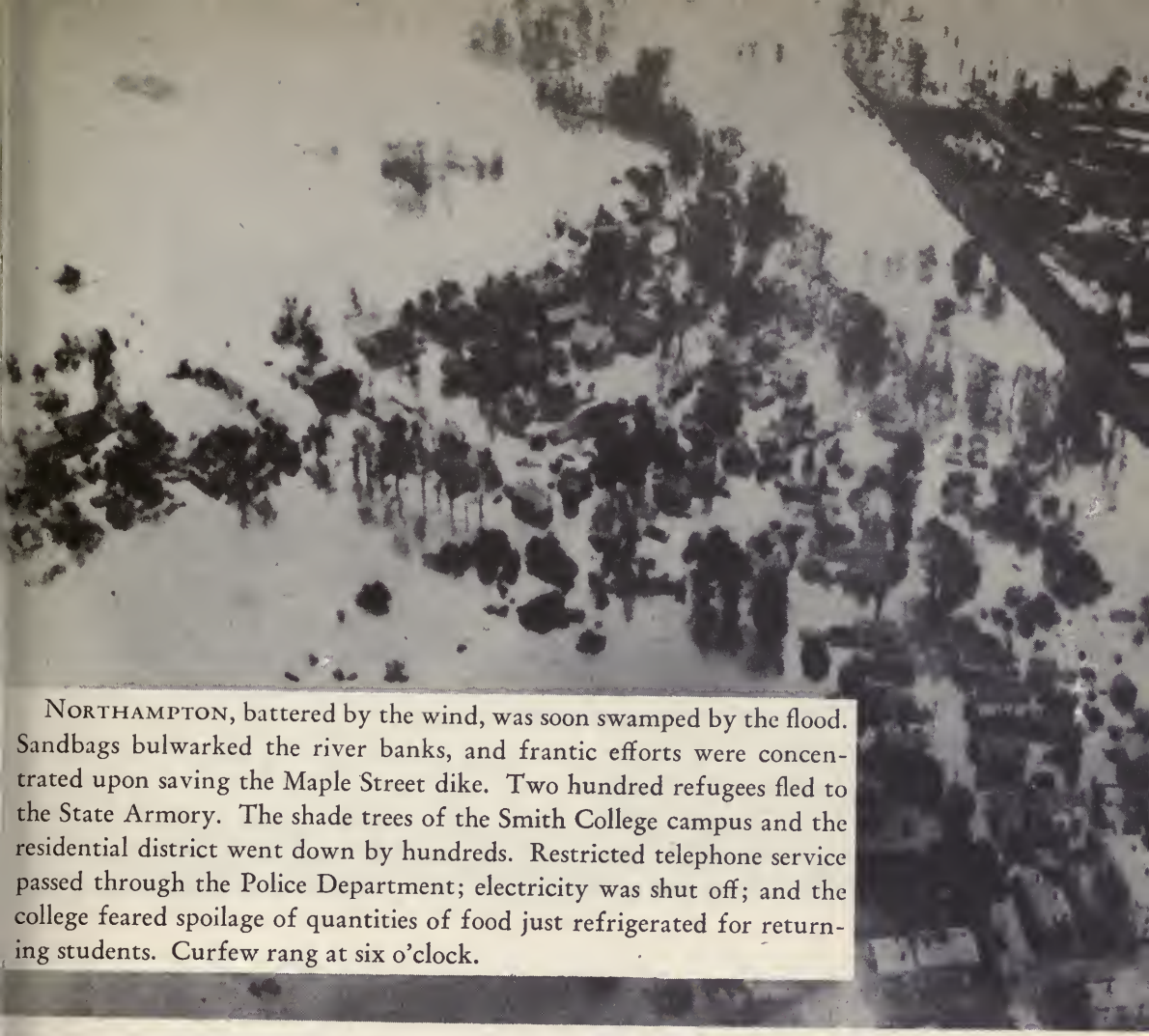
Evacuation in Chicopee was a mass movement. By midnight on Wednesday women and children were removed from the Ferry Lane section.

Police ordered complete clearance of the Fuller Road area of Chicopee Falls and sections along Birchman Bend Road. Eight square miles in this region were over five feet deep in water. Refugee centers were set up in hospitals and schools.

Damage in Chicopee was roughly estimated at $1,000,000. The Willimansett area was widely inundated, and sheds and drying racks of the brick companies almost wholly destroyed.

HOLYOKE, ravaged by the hurricane, turned to flood prevention, and detailed 1,400 WPA workers to the dikes. The levee running south in the Springfield section sprang a dangerous crack; sandbags saved it. Four hundred families were evacuated from South Holyoke. Damage to waterfront mills in this paper city of western Massachusetts was extensive. Municipal and individual losses ran high. Roads were impassable.

In nearby Easthampton the hurricane laid flat *the high tension towers* of the Turners Falls Power and Electric Company at the base of Mt. Tom—one of the reasons why many communities of western Massachusetts were without light or power.



NORTHAMPTON, battered by the wind, was soon swamped by the flood. Sandbags bulwarked the river banks, and frantic efforts were concentrated upon saving the Maple Street dike. Two hundred refugees fled to the State Armory. The shade trees of the Smith College campus and the residential district went down by hundreds. Restricted telephone service passed through the Police Department; electricity was shut off; and the college feared spoilage of quantities of food just refrigerated for returning students. Curfew rang at six o'clock.

Opposite the city, the Connecticut lodged upon banks near Indian Hill a *vast litter of debris*—summer camps, tobacco barns, and bridges splintered into fragments.

In the rural districts around Hadley farmers were staggered by the damage inflicted upon their crops and their buildings. Sixty percent of the tobacco sheds in this area flattened out like paper barns. Apples and peaches by the ton lay on the ground. The damage to fruit trees is still incalculable. The onion crop, already reduced one-half by heavy rains, was almost a total loss in flooded towns.

The gale in HADLEY took its tithe of trees. Electric light poles went over in the wreckage, and failure of electric service was general in the Connecticut Valley. The flood surpassed that of 1927 but at this point did not equal the 1936 records, although the business section of South Hadley was under water.

In the *Hatfield* area the rampant Connecticut River cleaved away *a large section of farm land*, once verdant with cabbages, and bore it out toward the sea. *Tobacco sheds* were levelled to the ground.

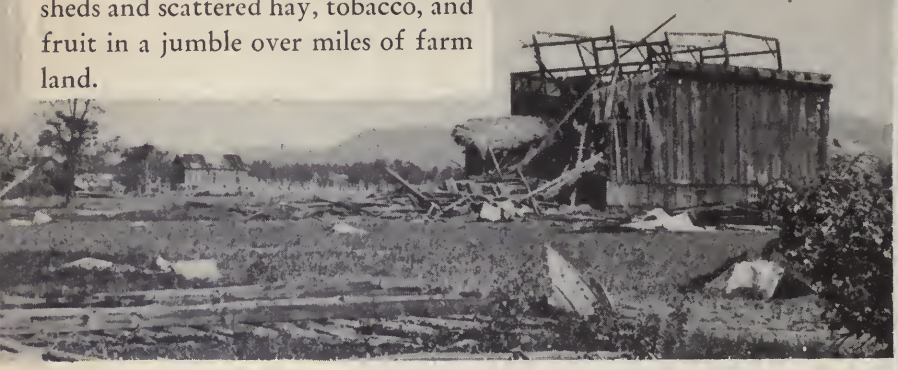
The town is more specific in its damage estimates than most affected regions have been. The official figures on loss in the town include the following live statistics:

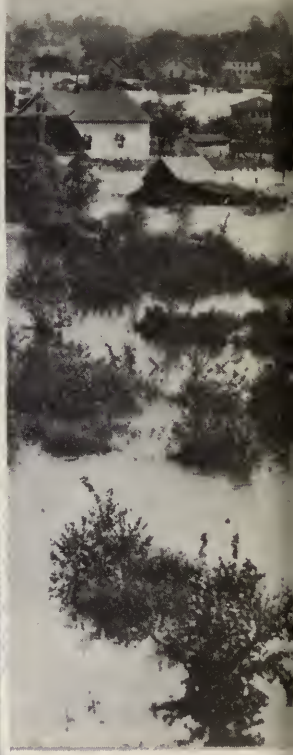
89 tobacco sheds	$143,000
Loss of crops in sheds	94,000
Balance of tobacco in flood area . . .	30,000

The total damage in this town of less than 3,000 is figured at $547,860.

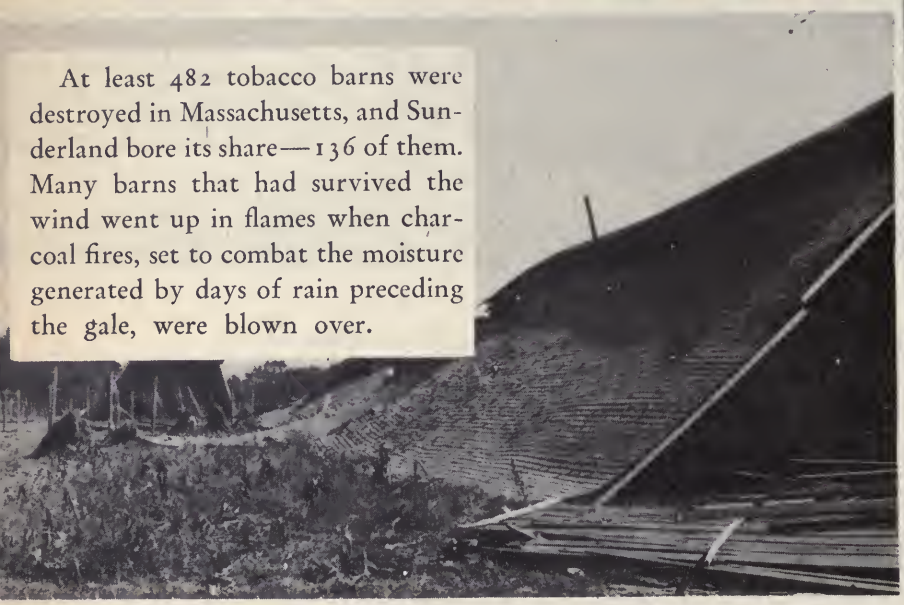
The stately elms of AMHERST College and *the town Common* were ruined. About 3,000 trees crashed to earth. Agricultural experts at the Massachusetts Agricultural College estimate that it will be fifty years before the former beauty of the scene can be restored. Many parked cars were crushed by *the massive trunks as they fell.* More than 150 flood refugees found temporary warmth and shelter in the athletic cage of the State College. Short wave radio broadcasters were installed in the college buildings and kept communication open with nearby towns. A state of emergency was declared and college boys worked with the WPA in restoring order.

At North Hadley, the big wind ruined both garnered and standing crops as it wrecked barns and storage sheds and scattered hay, tobacco, and fruit in a jumble over miles of farm land.

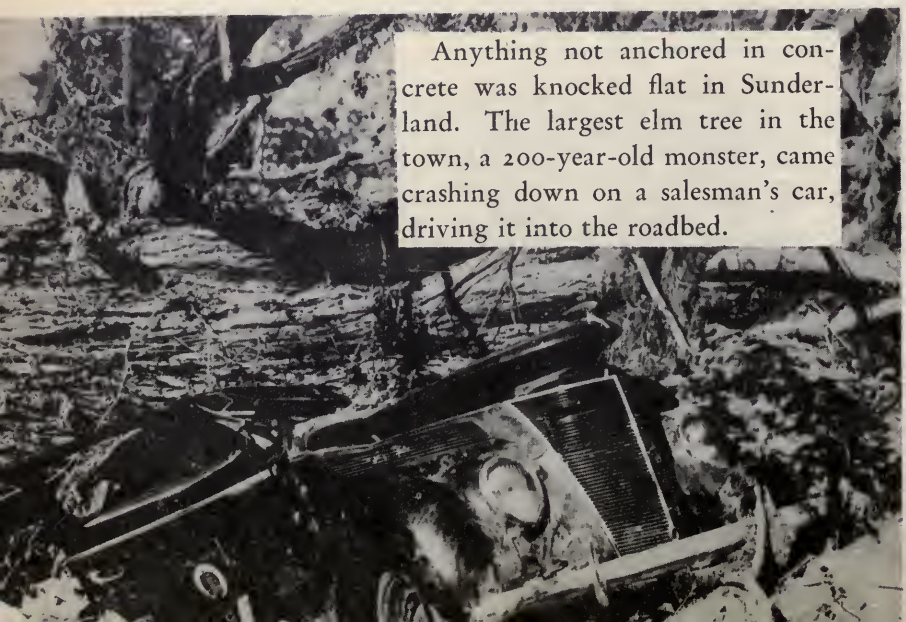




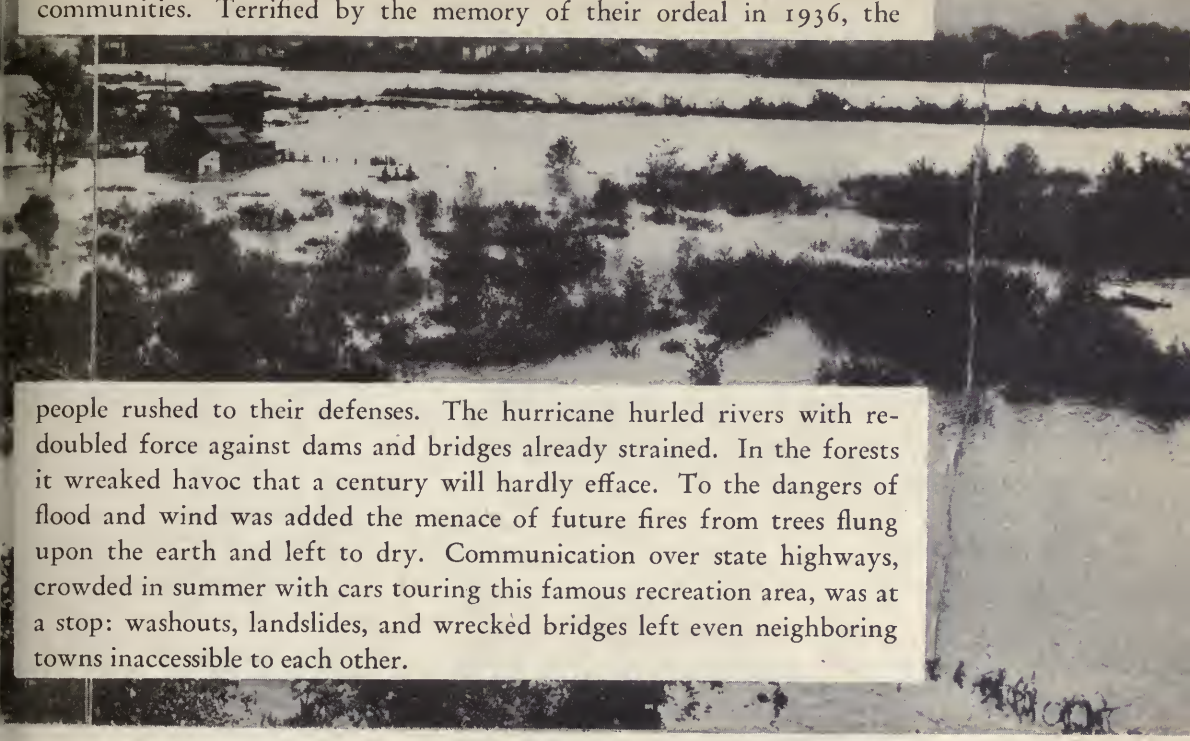
At least 482 tobacco barns were destroyed in Massachusetts, and Sunderland bore its share—136 of them. Many barns that had survived the wind went up in flames when charcoal fires, set to combat the moisture generated by days of rain preceding the gale, were blown over.



Anything not anchored in concrete was knocked flat in Sunderland. The largest elm tree in the town, a 200-year-old monster, came crashing down on a salesman's car, driving it into the roadbed.



By September 21st the Berkshire towns of the Hoosic and Housatonic Valleys were in a state of dangerous flood. Streams augmented by heavy rainfall and swollen by mountain freshets threatened to wipe out entire communities. Terrified by the memory of their ordeal in 1936, the



people rushed to their defenses. The hurricane hurled rivers with redoubled force against dams and bridges already strained. In the forests it wreaked havoc that a century will hardly efface. To the dangers of flood and wind was added the menace of future fires from trees flung upon the earth and left to dry. Communication over state highways, crowded in summer with cars touring this famous recreation area, was at a stop: washouts, landslides, and wrecked bridges left even neighboring towns inaccessible to each other.

Water, rising eight inches higher than in 1936, spurted into *Monument Mills* in the textile village of Housatonic, manufacturing district of GREAT BARRINGTON. Damage in the dye-room alone was $50,000.

Great Barrington was virtually isolated except for back country roads, almost impassable from fallen trees.

In 1886 a dam burst above Eas
Lee and the flood almost wiped ou
the town. In 1938 the *Tayfor*
Hydro-Electric Power Dam lies i
ruins. Two brooks which meet i

the village swirled through the mai
street, demolishing houses and jam
ming *a cottage against the Tyring*
ham Bridge. Fifty families were res
cued from their homes in boats.

Concrete and steel proved n
match for roaring water. At Ne
Lenox, industrial section of th
fashionable Lenox summer resor
two bridges were washed out; house
torn from their foundations, crashe
into rocky banks.

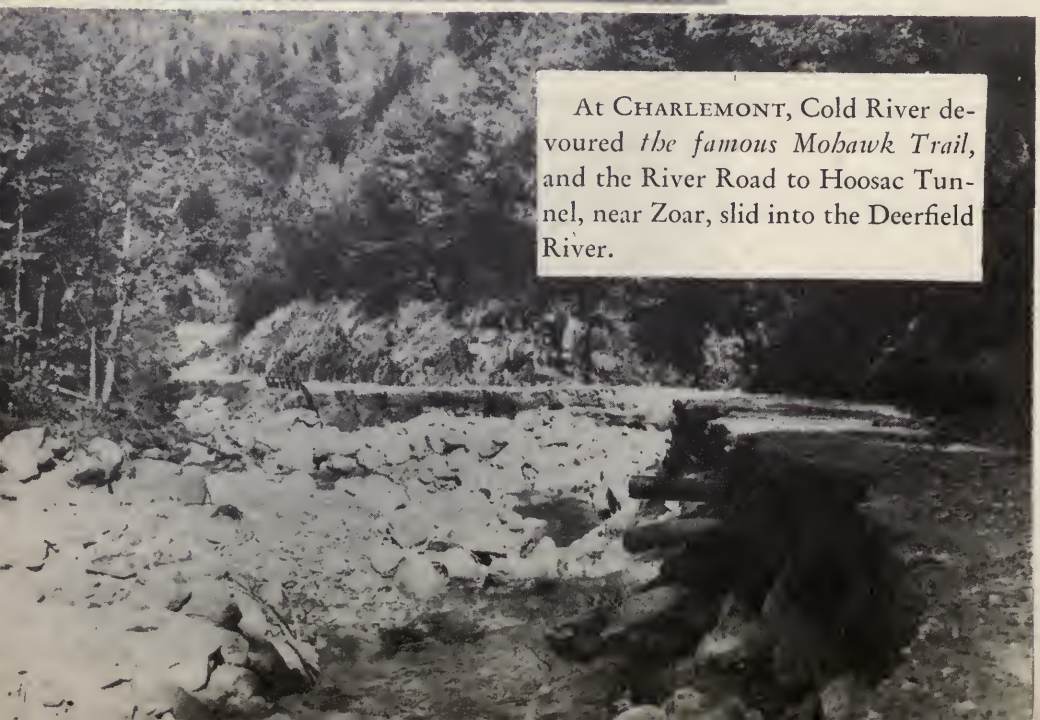
PITTSFIELD takes floods in its stride, but this time it had to be wide and high for *the Housatonic outdid itself*. Fifty families were evacuated from the Lakewood section of this spacious industrial city.

The hills sheltered Pittsfield from the force of the hurricane. This is one city which lost few of its elms. It was, however, partially isolated when roads to the east, north and south were blocked and train service suspended.

The Pumping Station, surrounded by water, presented a Venetian garden effect.

When the Housatonic invaded th *Hathaway Bakery,* bread was car ried up to the second floor and take out in canoes. Near the flooded Sewage Pumping Station, a talented composer, Aurelio Giorni of the South Mountain Music Colony leaped from a bridge—welcoming high water as an assurance that there would be no rescue.

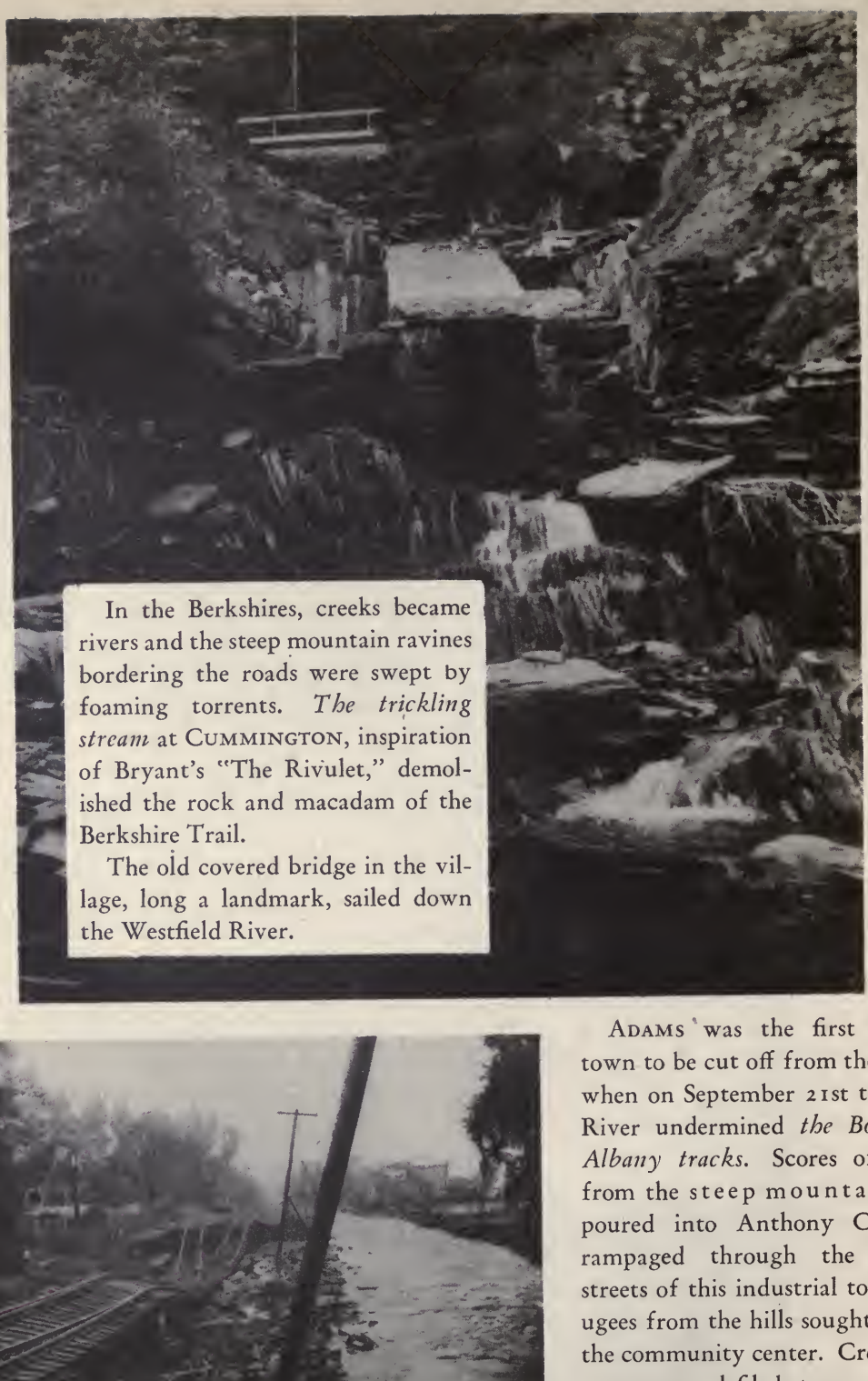
The interior of the *General Electric Company power plant* resembled a pond afloat with wreckage.



At CHARLEMONT, Cold River devoured *the famous Mohawk Trail,* and the River Road to Hoosac Tunnel, near Zoar, slid into the Deerfield River.

Sweeping down the side of Hoosac Mountain, 1,800 feet high, a landslide at Zoar knocked a freight train into *the roaring Deerfield River* and ripped up 1,000 feet of track.

Thirty-two of Charlemont's 36 idges were torn out, but the old vered bridge built in 1823 and riously weakened in the 1936 flood ld its own against tremendous batring. Truck drivers and motorists ere marooned all along the Mohawk ail, caught between landslides and ashouts.



In the Berkshires, creeks became rivers and the steep mountain ravines bordering the roads were swept by foaming torrents. *The trickling stream* at CUMMINGTON, inspiration of Bryant's "The Rivulet," demolished the rock and macadam of the Berkshire Trail.

The old covered bridge in the village, long a landmark, sailed down the Westfield River.

ADAMS was the first Berksh
town to be cut off from the railro
when on September 21st the Hoo
River undermined *the Boston a*
Albany tracks. Scores of fresh
from the steep mountain-sid
poured into Anthony Creek a
rampaged through the princi
streets of this industrial town. R
ugees from the hills sought safety
the community center. Crowded
to a narrow defile between the Gre
lock and Hoosac ranges, and wate
by the numerous Hoosic River tr
utaries, which rose higher than e
before, Adams was trapped by
flood. The river *broke into the Ba*

Automobiles met in head-on collision *when the street caved near McKinley Square.* More than 300 persons were evacuated from their homes. The National Guard did continuous duty for 50 hours, and one of their planes dropped 300 "shots" of serum on the Athletic Field.

Utility services were crippled: electricity was off for hours and in some areas for days; gas was curtailed; about 500 out of 1,500 telephones were out of commission. The water system was badly disrupted and volunteers carried artesian well water from house to house.

The Mohawk Trail has in part returned to the wilderness. Near FLORIDA the Cold River *took over the highway* and left it buried under one of a series of landslides. Although *reconstruction has already begun,* eight washouts along the Trail will close it for months. Railroad tracks in the Deerfield Valley, east of the Hoosac Tunnel, were ripped out by the raging Deerfield. Isolated towns have established communication over narrow, rutted roads through the woods.

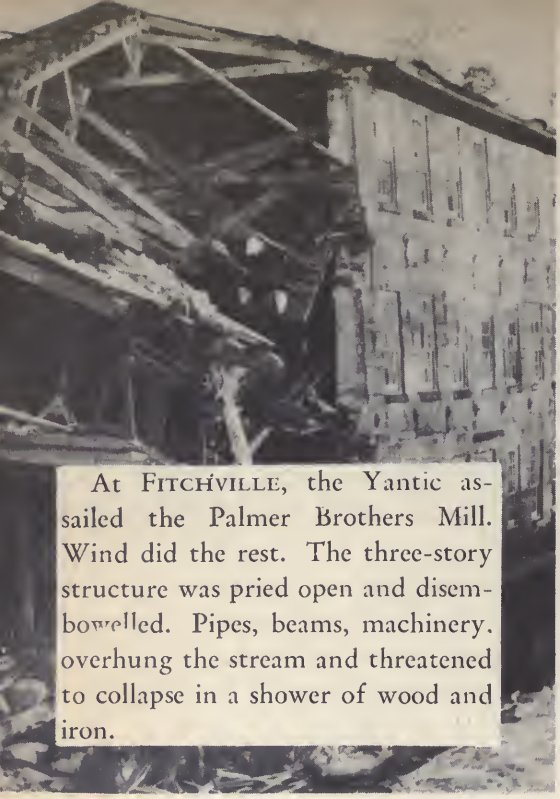
A slaughter of trees in the State Forests has created an unparalleled fire hazard, and the National Guard and CCC are patrolling the reservations. There will be no hunting in 1938.

In EASTERN CONNECTICUT up the Thames and across the border into Massachusetts the hurricane paralyzed numerous textile plants in the industrial towns which dot the area.

In the business section of NORWICH few plate-glass windows remained intact. Garages and chicken coops were snatched up and hurled a quarter of a mile away. The gale pounded at church steeples, ground frame houses to smithereens. The chimney atop the five-story Wauregan Hotel, crashed right through the glass dome into the downstairs lobby. The Thames River dumped boats into the main streets, inundated Franklin Square under 12 feet of water.

Mills on Lisbon Road were flooded. Panic gripped the city's 34,000 inhabitants when word spread that the dam at Bolton had collapsed. Power and gas service were cut off. National Guardsmen patrolled the darkened streets. Damage, it was estimated, would approach four million dollars.

In the textile towns of Yantic and Fitchville, north of Norwich, the storm spelled paralysis for traffic and industry. YANTIC owes its existence to the Millbrook Woolen Company. The Yantic River hurled tons of water against the bridge span, left it twisted and useless. *The Mill on the river banks* was torn open, stripped of walls and foundations. The wind wrenched loose the church steeple and dashed it to earth in a tangle of broken trees over 50 feet away.



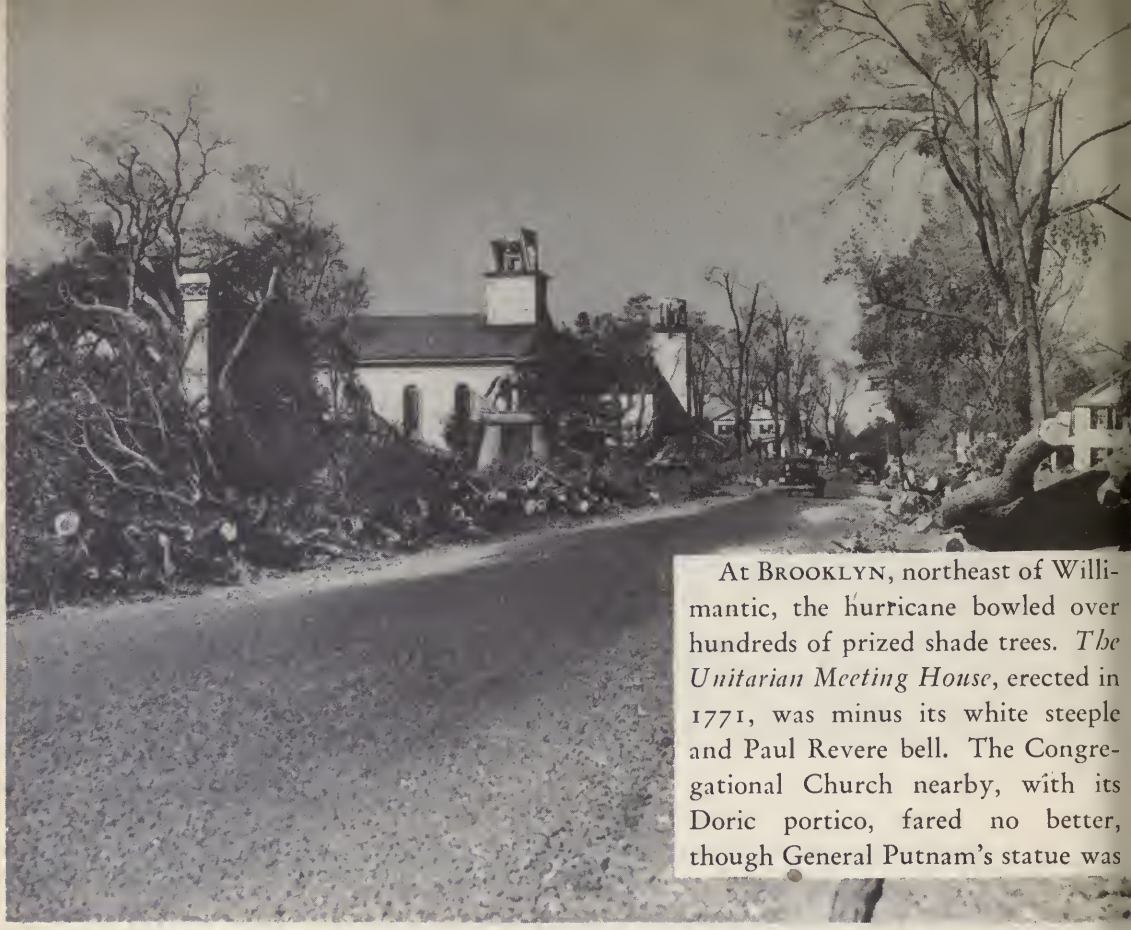
At FITCHVILLE, the Yantic assailed the Palmer Brothers Mill. Wind did the rest. The three-story structure was pried open and disembowelled. Pipes, beams, machinery, overhung the stream and threatened to collapse in a shower of wood and iron.

Northeast of Yantic, JEWETT CITY saw its imposing brick church put up a valiant fight against the hurricane. Twice the steeple appeared ready to go. A low-flying plane might have smashed that gaping hole in the belfry. The hole widened under terrific pressure. Miraculously, the steeple stayed aloft.

Wings of local mills were clipped. Industrial establishments were rendered useless.

WILLIMANTIC, its roads blocked with tree trunks, faced complete isolation when the Bolton Notch dam burst on Thursday night. From the Willimantic River millions of gallons of water poured into the crippled area. The wash-out of *the retaining wall* threatened the city's water supply. An emergency was declared. The entire second floor of the New England Pants Factory was blown away. Inhabitants of marooned buildings in the vicinity formed crude lettering with strips of white birch bark. Roofs bore a simple plea to airmen,—FOOD. When supplies were dropped to the ground, the message was changed to OKAY. By Saturday, half the city's normal water supply had been restored. Residents were asked to draw the water sparingly and avert a serious shortage.

Columbia, southwest of Willimantic, paid its toll in apple trees. The hurricane whipped fruit from boughs and sprayed it over the ground. Windfalls rot at once. In the orchards of Lucius Robinson, 100 trees were down; 1,000 bushels of apples were ruined. The grove was a thicket of gnarled branches and shaggy roots; mounds of fruit lay piled for the cider press.



At BROOKLYN, northeast of Willimantic, the hurricane bowled over hundreds of prized shade trees. *The Unitarian Meeting House*, erected in 1771, was minus its white steeple and Paul Revere bell. The Congregational Church nearby, with its Doric portico, fared no better, though General Putnam's statue was preserved. At Mansfield, the grounds of Connecticut State College were buried under foliage.

The low-lying sections of *Putnam* were inundated as the Quinebaug River swelled over its banks. Fortunate residents in the highlands looked down upon a broad lake where the roofs of mills and houses split the surface like angular marine animals. Railroad tracks had been dragged up and twisted.

Southbridge, Massachusetts, was isolated, with all roads under water. Through this town of 15,000, home of the American Optical Company, the Quinebaug River tore a new course. A dam burst, inundating the mill of the Ames Worsted Company. The flood crashed down upon the town's center, ripping up roads, tearing bridges. Volunteers helped families evacuate the low-lying Flats district. WPA, NYA, American Legion, Boy Scouts, firemen, and the Visiting Nurses Society were mobilized. No deaths, but plenty of close shaves. Tenants of three brick blocks by the river were rescued as the building foundations gave way. Invalids were removed to the hospital on higher ground. Two rescuers had to carry a woman a whole mile from her home to an automobile. The Quinebaug was 14 feet above normal, engulfing houses, making canals of the main streets.

Trees bobbed on the tide like alligators. With factories deluged, the large French-Canadian population was thrown out of work. Roofs caved in. Steeples of the Congregational and Universalist Churches were razed; St. Mary's lay in ruins. Outsiders who broke through, found disaster and ruin. Southbridge estimated its damage at $2,000,000.

Trains were marooned at BROOKFIELD when the Quabaug River overran its banks.

A boiling torrent coursed through the streets of EAST BROOKFIELD, cutting the town in two. Houses in its path became sieves. The deluge carried away bridges, left highways mangled and impassable. A garage by the washed-out road caught fire.

Rescue workers ploughed through a morass of water-logged debris to reach marooned families. Whitecaps besieged the Mann and Stevens Mill.

A section of the main highway, Mass. 9, was gouged out. A doctor and nurse, returning from an early morning call, were plunged into the water-filled gap where the road had been. The woman was drowned.

At 4:00 P.M. winds grew fierce in Worcester, whip-like; they bit and tore. Pedestrians laughed at the novelty until traffic became demoralized. Bricks hurtled through the air. The pedestrians were scuttling for shelter, their laughter silenced by the dull thud of toppling poles, the staccato explosion of breaking plate glass windows, the hiss of live wires.

The spire of the First Unitarian Church in Lincoln Square swayed. It righted itself. The clock hands swung crazily. The bell tolled a requiem. The steeple fell, hitting the cross beams and smashing the center structure to splinters.

Two of Worcester's public schools and one parochial school were demolished. At Classical High, 25 pupils narrowly missed death when

On Salisbu
the *Central*
roof was hack

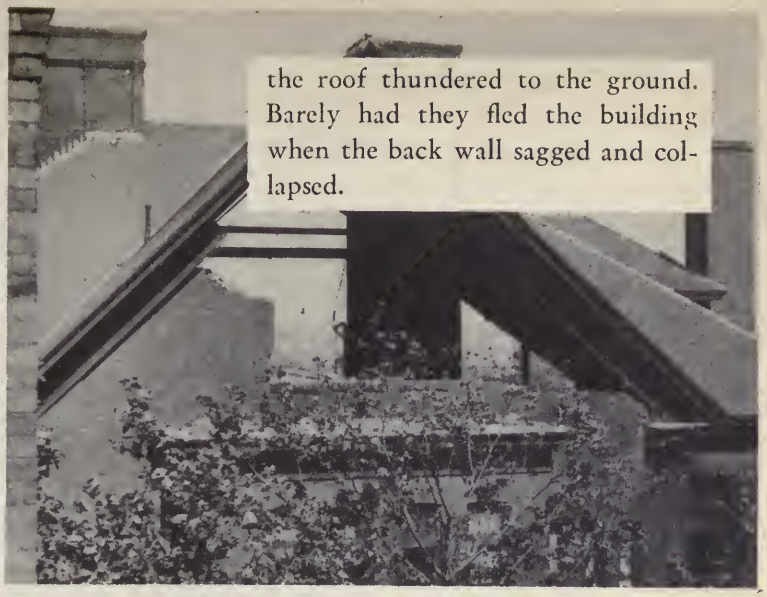
Industry

Deadly wires writhed in gutters. Telephone connections had snapped.

The huge antennae of Station WORC had been levelled at 4:25. WTAG continued to function on an emergency hookup. At 6:10 Mayor William Bennett appealed for the National Guard, warned the population: "Stay off the streets! Watch out for live wires! Boil your drinking water!" Two hours later the National Guard took over the stricken city, patrolling the downtown district, directing traffic, protecting shops and buildings from looters. A medical contingent at City Hall gave first aid to hundreds of accident cases.

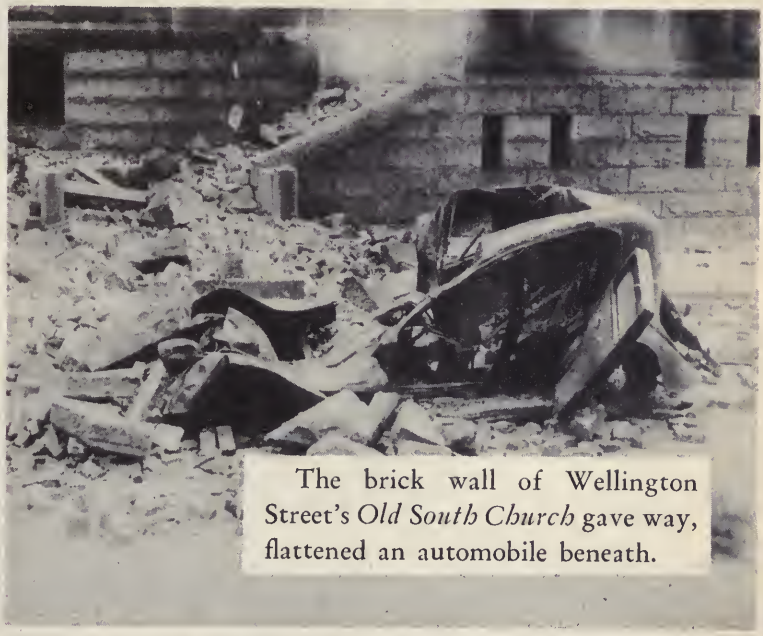
To WTAG fell the task of rounding-up relief workers, transmitting hundreds of messages. Girls stranded in a shoe factory clamored to notify

t a section of
tional Church



the roof thundered to the ground. Barely had they fled the building when the back wall sagged and collapsed.

ty suffered.



The brick wall of Wellington Street's *Old South Church* gave way, flattened an automobile beneath.

their anxious parents. A doctor was directed to a house where a baby was about to be born. Regular programs were cancelled; incessantly the announcer's voice droned bulletins, personal reassurances of safety, calls for supplies from isolated communities. Radio amateurs tried desperately to keep their sets operating. Most of them were cut off by the failure of power lines, but WIDJU stayed on the air for 60 consecutive hours, relaying emergency communications for the Red Cross, Western Union, and the Worcester Police Department. In nearby Barre, Wallace Calkins and Leonard Israelson established their set on a garage roof, where they stayed through the night and all the next day. This was the community's sole link with the world. "Barre needs blankets, medical supplies!"—

Hadwen Park became a logging camp. Streets were labyrinths of trunks and poles.

The hurricane sliced stories from buildings with the precision of a meat axe.

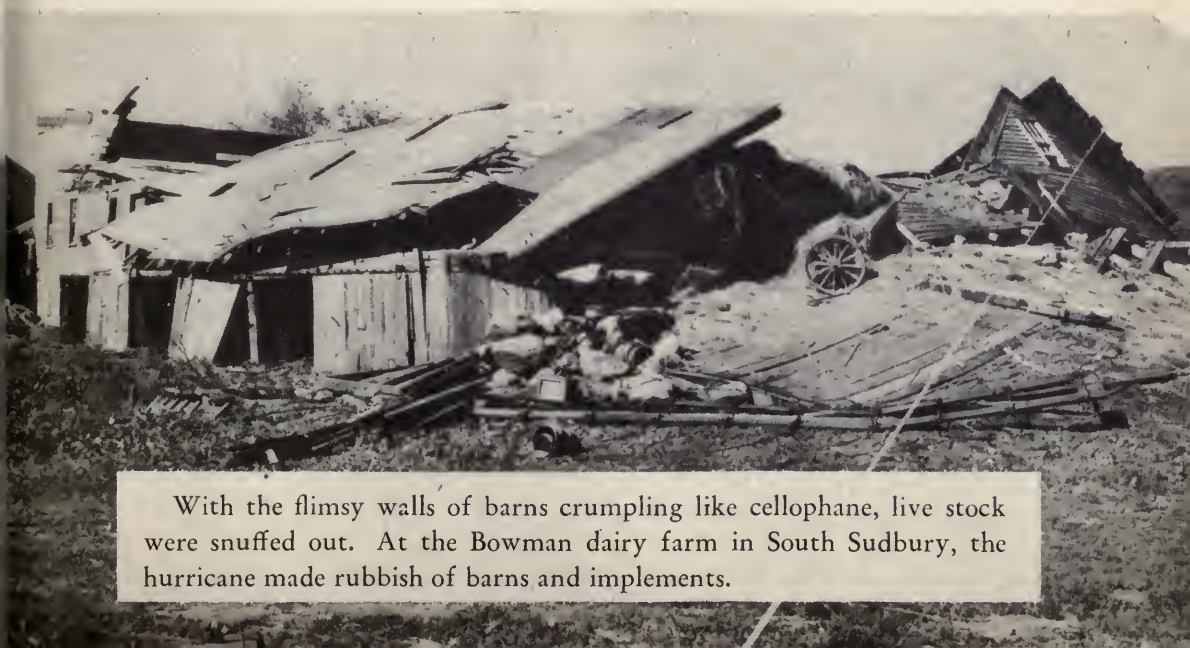
Route 122 at Colbrook was washed out. Transportation services had been impaired before the hurricane struck. Mass 9 and US 20, main highways to Springfield and the west, were closed by noon of Wednesday. Mass 15 from Stafford Springs and Hartford was already out. Trains were stalled, with water lapping at their steps. The long hours were a torment for some passengers, novel diversion for others. Poker, singing, endless speculation concerning the fate of friends and relations. And the fate of nations. Said one passenger: "We *did* miss not having a radio. Most of us were wondering how the Czechs were making out."

The Park Department has estimated that 15,000 trees were lost, over 200 of them uprooted in Elm Park. Black walnut, Kentucky coffee, tulip, Japanese lilac, Norway spruce, and Scotch pine were hammered to a leafy pulp. Eighteen hundred men from the Street Department and the WPA and 160 trucks were rushed into service, carting away branches and pulling out giant roots.

Four dead, hundreds injured, a dozen churches wrecked, communications paralyzed. Industry in the city suffered a loss of five million dollars. As rehabilitation proceeds, that figure may be only a starting point.

In Marlborough, the 75-foot wooden steeple of the First Congregational Church crashed down into the auditorium. The mass of falling timber narrowly missed three persons who were closing the windows.

An auto service station on the Worcester Turnpike opposite the FRAMINGHAM barracks of the Massachusetts State Police, collapsed. .



With the flimsy walls of barns crumpling like cellophane, live stock were snuffed out. At the Bowman dairy farm in South Sudbury, the hurricane made rubbish of barns and implements.

Weathermen tell that the thickly settled Boston area was on the periphery of the hurricane, but the hundreds of homeowners who felt its fury shake their heads incredulously. Sometime after four o'clock, the storm descended upon scores of towns to the west and south of the capital. Years will be needed to repair houses, plant new trees to replace familiar old favorites, raise fallen church steeples.

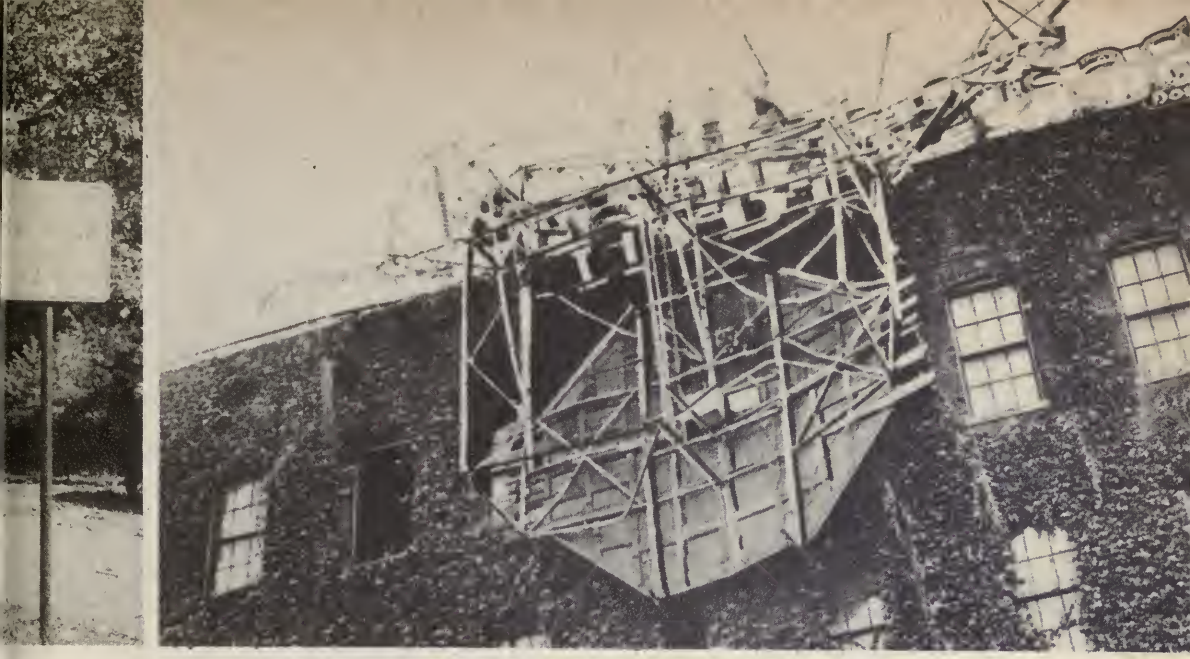
CANTON lost trees which were standing there when the Puritans landed.

Churchgoers will have to contribute generously to restore their accustomed places of worship. The spire of the MEDFIELD Unitarian Church plunged point first into the roof which once supported it. The steeple of NORWOOD's First Baptist Church was dashed to the ground, splintered.

A house in DEDHAM was one of hundreds in this area with walls torn away, leaving rooms exposed.

WELLESLEY, college town and attractive Boston suburb, kept its homes but lost thousands of magnificent trees.

Residents of NEWTON learned
do without modern convenienc
for days lights and telephones w
out of commission. On BROOKLIN
well-landscaped private estates a
public parkways the gardener's n
ticulous handiwork was often
turned to the wilderness.



Fighting to keep on its feet through the gruelling two hours of hurricane winds, Boston knew nothing of the worse fate that befell surrounding towns. The storm struck at 5:00 P.M., reached its peak at 6:47 when the East Boston Airport observation station recorded a wind velocity of 100 miles per hour. Five o'clock crowds emerged from shops and offices into a cyclonic gale. They braced themselves in laughing, screaming groups, clutching about for support. Plate glass windows were breaking with machine-gun regularity. Advertising display signs futilely strained at their pinnings. Trees crashed on the historic Common. The air was peppered with flying gravel.

In Dorchester Bay, pleasure craft at anchorage were torn loose, driven ashore. Angry surf roared at the sea wall. Waves devoured the stranded boats, ducked them, snapped their masts, catapulted them back onto the beach.

Similar scenes were repeated on normally placid River Charles.

Spreading trees were down in the Fenway.
In the Fellsway they were levelled in neat rows.

Churches throughout metropolita
Boston suffered severe damage. S
Hedwig's in East Cambridge is
ruins.

St. Joseph's, Somerville, had its roof blown in. A *shrine* crashed to the ground in North Square.

The renowned
elms of Brattle Street in Cambridge bowed at a 45-degree angle, surrendered.

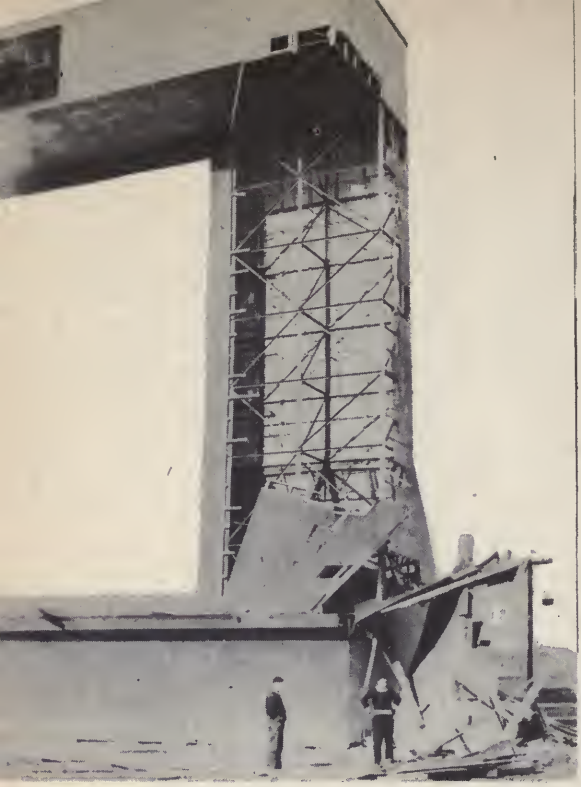
Along *Lincoln Parkway* some of the oldest ones were uprooted, blocking traffic, *crushing cars,* and battering in houses. *Arlington* boys climbed slanting elms they never would have tackled before.

Near the Commonwealth Pier *a massive truck* was snatched up, tossed onto the sidewalk.

Pemberton's famous pier w
wrecked. Boats were dashed to b
against the sea wall of *the Strandu*
in South Boston.

In *Sleepy Hollow Cemetery*, historic CONCORD burial ground where Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and the Alcotts lie, pines fell among the graves. Workmen gave the cemetery an industrious aspect as they sawed the uprooted trunks into lengths to be carted away.

A huge elm blocked the entrance to the ACTON Post Office.



King's Beach was a mass of splintered ships.

On the road to LYNN, an open-air "automobile" moving-picture theatre was blown apart, while in the city proper havoc was wreaked on houses and trees and telegraph poles.

In SWAMPSCOTT boats, washed up on *the famous shore drive,* were left high and dry as the storm subsided.

Farther along the shore a *70-foot fishing schooner* was battered against the sea wall.

The Nahant Dory Club lost a sizable fleet.

At MARBLEHEAD a baby was born by the lights of an emergency battery system furnished by the fire department. In the harbour, the 45-foot schooner *Rose* tossed its lone occupant onto the rocks and headed out to sea, a veritable ghost ship.

The ketch Fright was driven on the rocks.

In the city proper, damage ran to an unvarying pattern. Beacon Hill's crowded residential section gave the wind no chance for spectacular destruction. Blinds hung by one hinge. Flower pots lay in alleys. The business district escaped without drastic alteration. But the Boston Public Gardens were a "natural" for the hurricane. A giant paw thrust itself out of the sky, seized oaks, willows, elms, the rarer the better. The paw tugged, wrenched, pulled with demonic fury. The trees came loose like dandelions. The gardens would never be the same, Boston decided. The Arnold Arboretum shared the same fate. In Harvard Yard, the loss of many prized old trees was mourned by students and faculty members, for whom they had become a part of the University's traditions.

On September 23, two days after the hurricane, WPA Administrator Harry Hopkins left Los Angeles for New England, arriving in Boston on the evening of Sunday, the 25th. He was invited to a conference of the New England Governors at the Copley Plaza Hotel on Monday. At a preliminary Sunday evening meeting, the Governors decided to ask Mr. Hopkins for $75,000,000 from the WPA work relief chest for repairs and reconstruction.

"There are sufficient funds to meet this emergency," said Mr. Hopkins. "We will do whatever needs to be done." Robert Fechner, National Director of the Civilian Conservation Corps, announced that 10,000 young men were in action.

LOWELL, on a plateau where the sluggish Concord joins the Merrimack River, is no stranger to flood waters. On the edge of the hurricane, it was spared the full blast that cracked down on the northern Merrimack Valley. The gale struck from the east at 5:30 P.M., subsided at 8 o'clock, returned at 9:30.

Sections of NORTH CHELMSFORD, near Lowell, were immersed in waters of the rebellious Merrimack. Refugees from the lowlands, possessing only what they had on their backs, stared mournfully from hillsides at their homes. For many without insurance the flood meant desperate hardship unless relief agencies alleviated their loss.

With Pawtucket Boulevard an eddying mirror, Lowell resembled a Netherlands dike country. Boys played Robinson Crusoe in front yards.

Trees pitched to ground by the score. Four stately elms blocked Summer Street in a skein of telephone wires. On Rogers Street a falling tree cracked open a garage in its shade, reduced it to shattered boards and blocks of concrete.

Thirty-five hundred telephones were silent. From Georgia and Michigan, repair crews rushed by plane. In the interim, emergency operations were performed by candle and flashlight. One William Zielenski, a poultry dealer, told police that the wind had overturned his cages and scattered the clucking inmates. "Well, why don't you look for them?" retorted the officers. "I will," snapped Mr. Zielenski, "but give me time. Right now I'm looking for the roof of my house."

The National Guard was on duty 24 hours, its short-wave set proving indispensable when the police radio failed. 3600 city and WPA workers labored to clear away trees, poles and wreckage from the darkened city.

The Merrimack hit a peak 8 feet under the 1936 record.

In the main streets, sandbags were soaked with water. Windowless factories gaped down on exhausted volunteer workers.

Fitchburg quailed under the double attack of the hurricane and the swollen Nashua River. Five thousand trees fell. Tracks of the Boston & Maine were warped, left suspended in thin air as the river swept over its banks. From a trivial discomfort, the water overnight became a harbinger of death and disease. But without the extensive flood control project, executed with a WPA personnel in 1936, the catastrophe might have been complete.

While the wind roared over Fitchburg, slate and shingles filled the air. Church steeples, always the first targets, crashed to the streets. Coggswell Park was reduced to a tree-piled jungle. In the Cleghorn district, the Nashua was checked by crews of WPA workers and volunteers, who stacked and filled thousands of sandbags as the water rose. Had the dam given way, the lower section of Fitchburg would have been swept out. Every foot of the flood's progress was fought by the emergency workers. As long as it threatened to win over their desperate efforts, the darkened and paralyzed city mustered all available men. National Guardsmen patrolled the streets.

Rest was unthinkable until the surging waters were repelled. Fitchburg, dripping and thoroughly unnerved, thanked its lucky stars for the lesson of 1936.

In the outlying districts of GARDNER, the "chair-town," livestock stampeded as lofts crashed down and walls buckled in. The Baptist Church shook to its foundations as part of its roof was torn away. A *chair factory* lost its top along with a section of the third story. Property damage was estimated at one half million dollars. ATHOL had watched the Millers River rise without alarm. Too late, the townspeople realized that flood was imminent. The waters rushed over the *Starrett* dam and the main street bridge, knocked three filling stations into the middle of the road. The hurricane made flood control a hazardous job; while workers battled the rampant river, winds smashed through the town, halting the power service. The National Guard was mobilized. Throughout the crisis, the Red Cross and associated agencies stood by to aid in evacuating flooded districts and provide shelter for homeless families.

Although there are fresh graves in New Hampshire cemeteries in the wake of the hurricane, the State escaped with small loss of life. New Hampshire people had seen houses, bridges, and highways demolished by the floods of 1927 and 1936, but never wood-lots and orchards razed by winds and thousands of great pines and elms felled by storm. The mountain regions of Grafton and Coos Counties counted their losses in hundreds of thousands of dollars. Reports estimate the timber mowed down as equal to an average cut of six years.

Efforts are under way to salvage the remains of the apple crop. Farmers say that three-quarters of the McIntosh and almost all the Baldwins have been lost. In the flooded farming areas, the rescue of cattle and sheep who balked at swimming was a major problem. Five hundred volunteers mobilized to save poultry from the waters of the Contoocook.

MANCHESTER, world famous textile center, has been called the "beautiful city of trees." *Water Board Forest* and the famous *Victory Common* are now stripped of some of their finest specimens. When electric

light poles crashed the entire city was without illumination for two days, the surrounding area for more than a week. There was even a shortage of candles, people making them of two bars of paraffin wax and a piece of string. Linemen were brought from as far west as Iowa to restore the telephone service.

Citizens had no sooner begun to repair the ravages of the storm than the *Merrimack* and Piscataquog Rivers overflowed. *WPA workers* built walls of sand bags to save the city.

As the Merrimack left its banks north and south of Taylor's Falls Bridge, *factories were flooded* and families in Nashua and Hudson fled their homes.

A group of women employed on the Federal Sewing Project in Manchester made a timely escape. Ten minutes after they had left the *Cohas Factory Building* more than half of its top floor was swept away.

The region around the Piscataquog River, part of the Merrimack system, was one of the State's worst flood areas. Dams burst at Deering and North Weare, carrying away more than a dozen bridges.

A small village lying in the midst of fine fertile land was the scene of the greatest New Hampshire tragedy. When *the bridge at* NORTH WEARE caved in, four women who had been watching the torrent were flung to their death. A week after the storm *rowboats* were still the only means of communication between WEARE and NORTH WEARE.

Tourist cabins were tossed about like playthings in the toy shops for which the town is known.

The bridge was out on the boulder-strewn road from North Weare to Deering. Five buildings and 100 feet of the main highway connecting Concord with East and North Weare were washed away. What may be a new course of the Piscataquog now replaces the road. A giant elm crushed half the home of Roy Johnson. Seven persons huddled in a tiny sitting room escaped alive.

As the East Weare River changed its path, houses and garages were washed out.

DEERING, a little settlement on the hills above the large *Deering Reservoir*, was hard put to maintain its water supply after the dam gave way.

The Contoocook, though flowing north, is a feeder of the Merrimack. During the flood it cut towns in half, washed out highways and spoiled

good land. The valley of the Contoocook has been famous for its historic stone-arch bridges. At HILLSBOROUGH, on the bottle-neck of the stream, *the double-arched bridge* which withstood the 1936 flood gave way in 1938. The *Hillsborough Hosiery Mills,* which once derived power from the Contoocook, became its victim.

At HENNIKER there is a gaping hole in the *stone bridge* which Edna Dean Proctor, unofficial poet laureate of the region, gave to her townspeople. Workers in the paper and leather board mills of this crossroads village will long remember the wild Contoocook.

The inhabitants of CONCORD, the capital of New Hampshire, after having spent themselves in hours of battle with the flood waters of the Merrimack, were struck by the gale. There were no lights. On the night of the hurricane the capital was completely cut off from neighboring towns. All roads leading out of Concord were either under water or obstructed with fallen timber. Disaster headquarters were set up in the State House and all departments worked far into the night by gasoline lamp and candle. A large plate glass window of the State Highway Department shattered, sweeping rain across the office.

Five century-old elms were down in front of the *State House*. The famous statue of Daniel Webster, although hit by one of the trees, came through without a scratch.

South Spring Street was impassable. From Thorndike Street north to Pleasant Street trees were toppled across the road every few yards. Motorists escaped one falling oak only to be blocked by another.

The gale's full power was visited upon the majestic pine grove at *Rollins Park*, South End. The trees which had been a source of civic pride for almost a century shed a grotesque mass of branches. Hundreds of pines which remained standing were gaunt sticks shorn of their needles.

Western New Hampshire was the section of the State nearest to the "eye" of the hurricane. For hours before the gale struck the area, KEENE was isolated by flood. The lowlands at the confluence of the Otter and Ashuelot were inundated and there was no line of contact with other communities. After the storm, citizens learned that 1,000,000 feet of lumber had been levelled in *Wheelock Park*.

Industrial life in the town, which manufactures everything from woolen goods to golf tees, was crippled. Houses were cleft in two.

The bridge on *Main Street* in JAFFREY, on the southern shoulder of Grand Monadnock, is a jagged pile of asphalt and rocks. The shaded *road from Jaffrey to Gilmore Lake* is striped with fallen logs.

PETERBOROUGH suffered not only from the winds and the flood; townspeople spent a night of horror fighting fires on the east side of the business district from the Contoocook River to Depot Street. Among the

The railroad bed had become a gulley.

buildings burned to the ground was *the office* of the *Peterborough Transcript*. The conflagration is said to have been started by spontaneous combustion in grain bins of the Farmers' Grain Company. Within a few

moments, the storehouse was a wall of fire, completely surrounded by flood waters which prevented firemen from reaching the burning grain. Although the terrific gale carried embers to other parts of town, the town was saved because buildings were water-soaked by the heavy rains.

The next morning showed the extent of the damage.

In Mrs. Larz Anderson's pine grove at Webster, a million feet of pine were laid low.

In LACONIA, trading center of New Hampshire's lake district, the tall white spire of the First Christian Church, landmark for over a century, toppled. Its story could not compare with the storm's prank in Canaan, where a church steeple was torn off, lifted into the air, twisted around, and deposited upside down, its point dropped into the hole left in the roof. *The tower* of radio station WLNH in Laconia was stretched out on the grass.

The wind whipped Langley's Cove on Lake Paugus, between Lakeport and The Weirs, with terrific force, smashing cottages, and boat houses. *The Madeline III,* the fastest boat on the lake, was dashed against the rocks. From Mascoma Lake comes the report that the Shaker Bridge at Enfield, built by the Shaker community in 1849, was washed away.

At THE WEIRS, a summer resort on Lake Winnipesaukee, cabins in the Veterans' Grove and the Methodist Camp Ground were tossed about.

Summer homes, once completel hidden by lovely groves of pine, no stand out in barren nakedness.

For hurricane winds, mountains are not the easy targets they seem. High elevations form obstacles in the gale's path. The wind bounces off the slopes. Travelers have stood undisturbed on mountain tops while trees were tumbling in the valleys below. The base station of the famous Mt. Washington Cog Railway was shattered.

It seemed incredible that the White Mountains of New Hampshire and the Green Mountains of Vermont were being battered by a hurricane that had originated in the Caribbean. Even the most sheltered villages, cupped securely in hill-girt valleys, were invaded. Old Vermonters declared that they never had seen such wind, and if it ever died out they didn't want to see another. All over the State, century-old trees barricaded highways. Apple orchards and maple sugar groves were torn to ruin—the apple crop a total loss, and half of the sugar trees irreparably injured. Yet in comparison with southern New England, Vermont was fortunate, with only seven deaths attributed to the storm.

In the southeastern part of the State the Connecticut and its tributaries rose to flood heights. With roads closed, there seemed no chance of escape. Families sat by lamp-light waiting for the end. But the rain ceased and the waters subsided.

Drivers from the Bellows Falls Cooperative Creamery, who cover dairy farms through southern Vermont, had a hard time collecting their milk, but on Thursday morning, milk for metropolitan Boston left the plant in a fleet of trucks.

The roof of the old Island House in BELLOWS FALLS landed on the *Robertson Paper Plant,* driving boards through the top, pulling down the smoke stack. The sprinkler system broke and poured water on the stock.

At the corner of School and Westminster Streets, the hurricane grazed *the former home of Hetty Green*, world-famous woman financier of the early 20th century.

The center of a barn on the Drislane farm, just outside of Bellows Falls, fell through, while both sides remained intact.

LITTLE GRAFTON lost eleven bridges, swept away by the Saxtons River dashing into the Connecticut. The post office was cut off its foundation. Many barn sides were ripped away by the wind.

LUDLOW wallowed in the waters of Jewel Brook, a tributary of Black River. A house was undermined. It leaned over tipsily while the family automobile nestled under the new wing.

In RUTLAND, sidewalks near the East Creek were pried open by the force of the flood.

A Delaware and Hudson freight train was derailed by the washout at CASTLETON.

The Neshobe River turned capricious in and about BRANDON. It overflowed its banks behind stores on *Center Street*, came up through the cellars and, still rising, gushed out into the roadway. At 11 o'clock on Wednesday night the water mark in *Jack's Lunch* was five feet.

The river cut a new course in Forestdale, down the side road toward the Newton and Thompson factory.

In the central part of the State, Montpelier, Barre, and the middle Winooski Valley, ravaged in the catastrophe of 1927, were saved by flood-control dams at Wrightsville and East Barre, constructed in 1935 by the Federal Government. These dams protected the towns along the Winooski River as they had in 1936.

Montpelier, spared flood disaster, endured the ordeal of a hurricane.

The chimney on the rear wing of the Pavilion Hotel went down, cleaving the roof, scattering bricks over terrified patrons in the rooms below. Blazing balls of blue fire, shot from short-circuited power lines, added a weird touch to the general turmoil. In the basement grill of the hotel the noise of the storm was less noticeable.

"People were dining and drinking by candlelight," reports an observer, "chatting casually and lighting cigarettes from the flames. It was somehow what you would imagine war days to be like—tenseness beneath light laughter and gayety. There was rather more drinking in the candlelight than ordinarily—another war-time symptom." Before midnight the bar had exhausted its liquor supply. Outside, State Street was choked with traffic. Windows crashed to bits; signs were ripped loose and the blackness was filled with flying particles that stung the face.

A mighty elm leaned against the top of the Playhouse Theater, uprooting yards of sidewalk as it fell, and battered down a chimney, showering tons of brick and plaster through the roof. Two men in the audience were injured.

Huracan, the evil spirit of the Caribbean, had been exorcised. In past ages, disaster was followed by plague and mass emigration from the stricken areas. Men despaired of rebuilding when flood, fire, and wind had obliterated their handiwork. Modern civilization is more resilient. It recovers with amazing speed from the havoc when nature's forces are let loose.

New England counted its dead. Six hundred eighty-two men, women and children. Many others still in hospitals. Almost 700, released from hospitals, convalescing at home.

Property damage can probably never be figured. One cannot place a financial value on trees, houses, and other landmarks that are held traditionally dear.

Seventy-two million feet of wire down. Four-hundred miles of cables. Thirty-one thousand poles. Eighteen thousand cross arms. Over a quarter million telephones out of service. Before the last tree had fallen, a corps of 2000 telephone men was mobilized from as far west as the Dakotas, and sent into the New England area. Within a few weeks complete service was restored. Power and light companies, confronted by the same crisis, were equally efficient in creating order out of chaos. Railroad crews repaired or rebuilt bridges, cleared the road-bed of houses, boats, trees, built miles of new track. On October 1st train service between Boston and New York was re-established.

Communication, except by radio, was cut off from the rest of the country; but the underseas cables to London were still open. Boston talked with New York via London. In eight days air lines carried 8,000 passengers, 37,000 pounds of mail. A battleship transported mail,

guarded by a representative of the post office, between the two cities.

Milk trucks reached populous centers by long and tortuous routes. The whole nation poured supplies and men into the New England states. 60,000 persons were fed, clothed and sheltered by the Red Cross alone. The WPA, the Salvation Army, the Legion, the Boy Scouts of America, shelved their normal activities, concentrated upon immediate relief. If typhoid had spread through the flood area, the number of deaths would have jumped to new heights. Serum was despatched; doctors and nurses kept tireless vigil against the first signs of disease.

Except for isolated factories, New England industry is filling orders, shipping its products.

There was far less damage in the lower Connecticut Valley this year than in 1936, because factories had learned to take precautions. The modern turbine has replaced other modes of power. And swift-flowing rivers can now give service to mills located on high ground above the low-lands of the valley. Factories, in building anew, will keep out of the danger zone. The electric light company in Hartford has built its new structures on "stilts" so high that water from the floods cannot possibly reach the generators.

Apple orchards were blighted, their crop heaped upon the ground. A call went through New England to save the growers from ruin. The people responded. Restaurants are serving their customers cider instead of water; a variety of apple dishes is being featured; housewives have been buying more apples for the health of their families and the preservation of New England orchards; the government has bought hundreds of carloads for the needy. One grower stoically summarized the plight of his fellows: "My orchard is my factory, but in many ways I am far worse off than a manufacturer whose plant is ruined. He can rebuild in a few months. It takes years before a new orchard bears fruit again." Maple sugar farmers of Vermont tell the same story.

Beach resorts in Long Island and on the southern New England shore from Old Saybrook through to Buzzards Bay are fast cleaning up the wreckage of their waterfront cottages. Here the ill wind may bring the proverbial good, once communities have recuperated from their first shock. There are earnest proposals that the seaside resorts pass zoning laws. The New England Council hopes to persuade owners to build cottages further inland instead of at the shore's edge. The open expanse of beach will be beautified; the houses rendered more substantial. Errors of a century's haphazard building may now be rectified. The federal government is cooperating with local bankers to make funds available for

reconstruction. There are plans for ocean driveways with underpasses from the settled colony to the broad, uncluttered sand dunes. Army engineers are surveying the beaches. They hope to build jetties in the waters off the coast to prevent future wash-outs. New sea walls will divert dangerous currents.

Forests, where heavily hit, are a definite fire menace. Millions of feet of lumber. Even Maine, which suffered comparatively little, shares this danger with her sister states. Local, state, and federal agencies are cooperating, in one immense clearing project, to save the fallen timber wherever possible and to remove the fire hazards. A program of scientific reforestation will be worked out. Trees will be planted as wind-breaks for orchards; as protection for water sheds; for scenic beauty.

The labors of State officials, municipal agencies, private individuals, and the Federal Government are joined together to enhance New England's prospect.

The editors are grateful for the cooperation of the following newspapers, business organizations, government agencies and private individuals who have generously given them access to their files. From several thousand photographs offered the following have been used.

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New Hampshire State Forestry Department
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