

IT HAPPENED TO US
1955

PART 3 12:00
Yvonne Taylor, Editor

IT HAPPENED TO US

by

The personal experience narratives which make up this book and its four sister parts were written as class assignments in five freshman Communications classes in 1954. The assignment followed the format of the "What Happened to Me?" contest, which was held by the Ouachita Baptist College. The contest was held in the fall of 1954. It was probably because of this contest that most of the students who had had experiences with tornadoes, floods, earthquakes, or other disasters reported these in their narratives. Students whose lives had been spared and uneventful felt themselves at a disadvantage, but they were not encouraged to over-write their less dramatic experiences.

After the students had received their marked themes back from the teacher, many took advantage of the invitation to come for a conference on how to make their narratives more interesting. Some didn't.

Part 3 12:00 o'clock Class

Each student was given a mimeographed "frame" designed to insure some degree of uniformity in the projected book and was instructed to type his narrative or have it typed.

Yvonne Taylor, Editor

Each class section had, at the outset, selected an editor from its number. It was these editors who worked out the "frame." It was they who made the final decision to have five individual limp-backed volumes, one for each section, instead of one large book-bound volume. Then when the typed narratives were all in, each editor settled upon a sequence and prepared a Table of Contents and an Author Index for her volume, ready for final typing.

The five editors are Martha Sue Smart, Patsy Vaughn, Yvonne Taylor, Woods Hardy, and Patsy Keller.

These volumes will be placed, for a time, on reserve in the College library, so that all contributors and other interested persons may read them. Later they will be placed in the library of the English Department, as working suggestions for future classes.

Clara B. Kannan, teacher
January 1955

English Department, Ouachita Baptist College
Arkadelphia, Arkansas
January 1955

PREFATORY NOTE

The personal experience narratives which make up this book and its four sister parts were written as class assignments in five freshman Communications classes in late fall, 1954. The assignment followed the class reading of Philip Wylie's "And What About Hurricanes" and Cecil Brown's "Stand By For Torpedo," in the text. It was probably because of these two articles that most of the students who had had experiences with tornadoes, floods, bombings, or other disasters reported these in their narratives. Students whose lives had been placid and uneventful felt themselves at a disadvantage, but they were not encouraged to over-write their less dramatic experiences.

After the students had received their marked themes back from the teacher, many took advantage of the invitation to come for a conference on how to make their narratives more interesting. Some didn't. When the rewritten versions were approved for typing, each student was given a mimeographed "frame" designed to insure some degree of uniformity in margins and style in the projected book and was instructed to type his narrative or have it typed.

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THE UNPLEASANT CATASTROPHE OF MY LIFE

by

Vernon Brannon

Six years ago this month, my father, Coy Brannon, was busy about his work as a boiler inspector and operator. Having inspected the outside of one of the boilers, Coy was about to clean the inside of the boiler. He gathered together all the needed materials for the acid solution to clean off the rust that was inside. This acid was strong and could devour a man in a matter of hours. He put this solution in a five gallon bucket and started what seemed to be a fairly easy task. He used a step ladder about fifteen feet long to reach the top of the boiler to get to the opening. Upon reaching the top of the boiler he placed the acid on the boiler. The boilers did not have catwalks on them, so he had to manage the best way he could. When he stepped from the ladder he could not get a solid foothold. He became over balanced and began to fall. He became frantic. As he instinctively reached for a solid grip he grabbed the bale of the bucket containing the acid solution. He fell backward and downward for fifteen feet with the acid falling on top of him. As he landed on the floor he crushed his ankle and was knocked momentarily unconscious.

The acid had begun to eat at his face. As he was regaining

consciousness, but still half dazed from the throbbing ankle, the acid covering his face slowly started eating. With all his strength he pulled his weight along the floor to the wall. Being the only man there at that time made him try harder to get help. He felt his way down the wall to the telephone. When he reached the phone he phoned the hospital to send for him.

The acid had slowly eaten away small parts of his face and ear and had entered one of his eyes. The ambulance came and took him to the nearest hospital. The doctors gave him a shot to ease the pains. They bandaged him until only his nose, mouth and the eye that had not been bothered showed. They also put a cast on his ankle.

For three months he was unable to work. He stayed in bed most of the time. He lost weight and became very weak.

Six years have passed and Coy Brannon has recovered from his accident. Skin grafted from parts of his body to his face has almost covered the most serious spots. His ear is scarred a great deal, but with treatments he can still use the injured eye.

Now, today, the accident is just an unpleasant memory. With God's help he was restored to health and given the needed strength to overcome handicaps. It is experiences such as this that cause us to put our thinking power to working on Safety First rules, and in some way prevent catastrophes such as this from being repeated.

A FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE

By

Dorothy Galloway

The worst scare that I have ever experienced happened about eight years ago. My girl friend, Joan Webster, and I had been to the movies, and were on our way home. Our parents had consented to let us walk home, since we lived only four blocks apart..

Usually we weren't afraid to walk home at night by ourselves, but tonight there was a half moon and everything around us appeared spooky. Horrible thoughts kept racing through my brain. I could even imagine an escaped inmate from the sanatorium for the mentally ill, which was only eighteen miles away, chasing after us..

Joan and I talked from the moment we left the show till we finally arrived at her house. After saying farewell to Joan, I began that much dreaded walk of four blocks from Joan's house to my house. The first two blocks were not so bad. I filled my mind with pleasant events and happenings which had occurred during the past few days. But, after completing those two blocks, I had a funny feeling that someone was following me. I glanced over my shoulder and saw a figure about a half block behind me. Instinctively I walked faster, trying to keep up with my racing

heart. I took another glance and I could tell that the figure was that of a man and that he was walking with a rapid pace toward me. I still had one block to go before reaching my destination. With determination I walked faster and faster until finally I was running just as hard as I could run. Hearing the footsteps behind me, I could tell that the man was running too.

The sight of my house gave me the encouragement I needed. With a final exertion I ran through the gate leading to my house and with nervous and trembling hands I turned the door knob which led to safety..

A Near Accident

by

Nancy Burrow

At the beginning of the day, nothing marked it as being one which would prove unusual or anything out of the ordinary at all. To me, it was just another school day, full of classes and new assignments. In fact, it held the promise of being a very ordinary, happy one, with the sun shining very brightly in the beautiful blue sky, and the birds twittering in the treetops. Going to school that morning I hadn't a worry in the world, or any feeling at all of impending tragedy.

In my Journalism class, which I had everyday at 11:00, Mrs. Jenkins, my teacher, asked me if I would do her a special favor, as I had my father's car at my disposal. All her ad girls were busy that day, and the favor was that she needed someone to go around collecting money from the various business firms in town which had bought ads in our high school annual. I promised her I would get as many of them as possible between the time school let out and the time I had to be home. As soon as school was out that afternoon, Caroline and I set out upon the errand. Since Caroline was on the annual staff, Mrs. Jenkins sent her along, thinking she might be of some help. The bright spring afternoon with the sun shining down still gave no indica-

tion of what was to come. As I guided the car through the traffic, there was nothing bothering me except the fact that I might not have time to get around to everyone.

At last I had collected all the money for the ads, and after taking Caroline home, I proceeded to drive to my own home. Driving through the slow traffic, I thought I would never get out of the town itself with all its many stop-lights and stop-signs. Finally I was on the street going home. At the foot of the hill there was an intersection with another of those stop-signs which seem to be present everywhere. I went through the usual motions of stopping the car, first putting my foot on the clutch, and then on the brake. Only this time something was wrong, The brakes wouldn't hold. I was panic-stricken at the thought of what might happen, as there was another car also about to enter the intersection. Even now, it's not clear to me exactly what happened, for like a person in a dream, I was unaware actually of what I was doing. Some way or other, I managed to miss the car by swerving over on the wrong side of the street. I then did something, what I don't remember, to prevent it from rolling, and brought it to a complete stop. Sitting there in the car after it was over, all I could think about was how close I'd come to having what might have been a fatal accident. The sun was still shining, though not as brightly; the sky was still blue, and everything was just the same as it had been that morning when I'd started out for school, except for myself, and my thoughts of what might have been.

Search for a Dead Man

by

John Freeman

Anyone who has played hide-and-go-seek knows the thrill of the seeker when he finds the hider. The real thrill comes when he doesn't know whether the hider is dead or alive.

Late one Saturday afternoon, while listening to the ten o'clock news, our family was startled by a bulletin stating that a friend of ours, Dave Terrall, was missing from his home eight miles west of Arkadelphia. A search party was being formed and more searchers were needed. My dad and I left immediately to join the searchers. When we arrived we were placed in different groups and the groups were given orders by the sheriff.

Mr. Terrall had left his home about two o'clock that afternoon to go squirrel hunting. He had told his family he would be home by four o'clock that afternoon. When he did not return, his family became worried and notified the sheriff. Mr. Terrall had been in bad health for some time.

The sheriff had told each group if it should find him not to touch him, but to send a messenger back to the

patrol car. The sheriff had placed a man in the patrol car to blow the siren. This would be the signal for the other groups to come in.

Most of the men in the ten groups knew the area around which the search was centered. Each group was sent in different directions. We looked in old deserted houses, creeks, a river, and almost every possible place around the area. At one o'clock Sunday morning the search was called off. Each man was asked to rejoin his group at seven o'clock that morning.

My dad and I drove the eight miles to our home and slept what little we could. At seven we were ready to begin the search again. We searched over the same area, but found nothing. At nine o'clock we heard the siren of the patrol car. Someone had found him. Was he dead or alive? On our way to the patrol car we came upon the group that had found him. They were standing around him with a sickly look on their faces. One glance told us he was dead. He was lying face down in a puddle of mud. His hands were gripped tightly around a small bush. The sheriff came and turned him on his back. His body was stiff from lying in the cool night air. His face was blue black and swollen. His body had to be carried to a road, which was about three hundred yards from where his body was found. This is one hide-and-go-seek game I will never forget.

MY EXPERIENCE IN A TORNADO

by

JAMES PAUL LEWIS

In July of 1948 I was living with my family at Woodson, a town about ten miles south of Little Rock, in Pulaski County, Arkansas.

My older brother and I were helping Mr. Brown bale hay on his farm which was about ten miles from Woodson and about two miles south of the Arkansas River.

It had been cloudy and windy all day. At noon we had received a warning over the radio in Mr. Brown's truck that there was a possibility of a small tornado occurring in the area we were in. At about two o'clock P.M. the sky began to get darker. We hadn't done much work that afternoon because we were continually watching the sky. I remember telling my brother that I hoped there would be just a small tornado because I had never seen one and wanted to.

At about fifteen minutes past two it began to rain slowly, but not enough to keep us from working. We were trying to get as much of the hay baled as possible because the rain would ruin it. At about half past two the rain stopped and the wind started to blow harder.

Then we looked toward the Arkansas River and saw a large funnel shaped cloud. We knew it was a tornado and we knew it was moving toward us fast because we could see the trees blowing. All three of us were scared. We dropped everything and ran the length of the field, about three hundred yards, to Mr. Brown's truck.

When we got to the truck Mr. Brown jumped into the driver's seat and my brother and I jumped in beside him. He couldn't get the truck started, so we pushed it. In about three minutes we had it started. The wind was now blowing so hard and the rain was coming down in such buckets-full that we could hardly see. But we started for town.

The roads we drove over from the farm to town were muddy and we nearly got stuck several times. We had to cross a narrow bridge over a bayou and we nearly got blown into the bayou. The wind was blowing the rain and dust so hard that we could hardly tell where the road was. Now and then something would hit the truck with a loud thud and I would sink further down into the seat.

When we finally arrived in town we found that three houses had been blown away and several others damaged. There was nobody hurt because most of the families had seen the tornado coming and gone to storm cellars.

We spent the rest of the day and part of the night helping clean up the town. The next day we went back to the farm with Mr. Brown and helped him bale some more hay.

A PLANE RIDE I WILL NEVER FORGET

by

Bill Craig

It all seems like a dream now and yet each time I see a small plane high in the sky, I am reminded of an adventure which now seems illusive, but when I was fourteen it was very real.

It was around 6:30 in the afternoon of September 27, 1949. I remember the date so well because it was one month after my fourteenth birthday.

My father was a M/Sgt. in the Armed Forces. Our family, along with my father, were stationed at Straubing, Germany. Dad got off work at 5:00 and had been home little over an hour.

It was 6:30 when the accident occurred. I will not go into detail of the accident even though it did start me on the small adventure.

The adventure took place on a plane as I was being flown to an army hospital. The plane was the smallest of its type. It had two seats. One was taken out so that a stretcher with me on it could be placed on the plane. I had never been on a plane before, but I was now, and flat on my back with my head and eyes covered.

The plane took off after what seemed like hours. I felt

like I was floating on a cloud except for the continuous roaring of the engine. As I lay there, I began to think what would happen if the pilot jumped out and left me strapped to the stretcher. I let out a loud scream; but I could not hear my own voice. I could feel the plane going from side to side. I tried again and again, but I still could not hear myself. Then something happened. The noise got louder and the wind got stronger and colder. The light plane began to dip and roll a little more. I was sure the pilot had left me alone to crash in the plane.

Then all at once it was quiet. The engine had stopped, but the wind was just as strong as before. The nose of the plane began to point downward. With my feet toward the tail of the plane, I could feel the blood rushing into my head. Down and down we went. I knew that any second it would be all over and I was helpless as a kitten being thrown into the river with a rock tied around his neck. There was a slight bump as we hit the runway. We taxied to a stop. The pilot and a couple of men carried me to an ambulance which took me to the hospital.

It seems funny now that when all that cold air came in, the pilot was just cooling off the engine. He had cut the engine just before we came in to land. That is one plane ride I will never forget.

MY EXPERIENCE IN NEW YORK CITY

by

Dwight C. Clark

I shall never forget the feeling of uneasiness building up within me as my buddy and I rode along the outskirts of New York City one October morning in 1950. Here was one of the largest cities in the world, a place where millions of people normally lived together. Yet I was stricken with the feeling of helplessness, because I was entering for the first time a city with a most uncertain and insecure foundation. This feeling had been implanted in my mind by numerous childish ideas, which I had gained by books and movies. Nevertheless I wanted at this moment, more than anything, to give this city a chance to speak for itself.

On what seemed to us as the threshold of this huge city, we parked our car along side a convoy of other vehicles, tightened our belts, took a deep breath of what was to be the cleanest air we would breath for three days, and took the first subway to the heart of the city.

On Forty-Second Street, we emerged into what seemed to be an endless sea of people. Apparently they were in a hurry to get some place, and we were swept along with the tide. We were branded as newcomers by our every action. We were on guard for any and everything.

One Winter Night

by

Yvonne Taylor

The night was beautiful. A blanket of glistening white snow

covered all visible objects. The stars were shining diamonds in the velvety, blue-black sky.

As Martha, Bill, Jimmy and I got in the car to leave the church, we could hear the shout of the others saying, "See you at Fisher's."

Fisher's was a favorite hang-out of ours. All of us gayly agreed with the plan.

It was cold in the car but the heater gradually relieved this discomfort. The party at the church had been a lot of fun and all of us were still in a very happy mood. We rode along talking of all things, never doubting that we might get to Fisher's.

The street was icy and getting worse by the minute. Bill wasn't talking as much as usual. He seemed very intent on his driving.

When we turned the next corner we found ourselves at the top of a high, steep hill. As we started slowly down we became silent. Bill put his foot on the brake and all of us sat back with relief. Our

relief was short lived for, much to Bill's surprise, the brakes didn't work. Instead of feeling the steadying jerk of the brake we saw the pedal go to the floor with no hint of catching. The car picked up speed faster and faster. At the foot of the hill was a busy intersection. All we could do now was pray. As we got closer to the crossing the tension mounted. Bill could see the headlights of a car coming. The stop sign was for us, so the other car had no idea of the coming danger. There was no time to think or plan a way out. Suddenly Bill turned the wheel sharply. When the car hit, one could hear the shrill ripping of metal and the screams of us, the victims. Then all was silent, deathly silent.

After the initial shock wore off we began to look around us. None of us was seriously injured. In fact, except for the car, everything was the same as a few minutes before. Even the telephone pole we hit was unmarred. It was still a beautiful winter night.

FLOOD STAGE

by

Don Evans

"The worst flood in seventy-five years." This was the headline that appeared in our morning newspaper, and we could readily agree with the words of the newspaper as we sat huddled up in an old barn which was being used as a Red Cross refugee station. Altogether there were about ninety people that night with us, about eighty of which had no home at all.

Our home, along with many others, was in a valley at the foot of the Rocky Mountains in the town of Clear Creek, Colo.

Monday morning, April 7, 1947, about nine o'clock we awoke to find it raining. We considered this to be a typical spring shower which would cease in a few hours, but much to our surprise it continued for about three days.

On the night of the third day it happened. The dam broke and the water came without warning down upon our little town. We heard a great roar which preceded the water and luckily for us we had time to escape to higher ground which was about one mile north of us. As we looked back we could see the ravages of the flood bearing down upon our town like a stampede of wild buffaloes.

We stayed the rest of the night under the bows of the pine trees

of the forest. The next day searching parties found us and took us to a farmer's home, which luckily for him was out of the path of the flood. He consented to our staying in his barn, which the Red Cross was using, and we along with the others considered ourselves very lucky to be alive.

There were many lives lost and many millions of dollars worth of property was destroyed. As I look back at this period of great loss I can very well realize that our lives were in the hands of God as he took care of us and protected our entire family from total annihilation.

Berryville, Arkansas, on October 8, 1942.

Everywhere I looked was utter ruin and havoc. Homes, schools, and business houses looked as though a giant had stepped on them, crushing them to the ground. Uprooted trees were lying in the streets. Electric wires were snarled together. Clothing was scattered in trees, like the preparation for a huge rummage sale. I learned that thirty-six people were killed and many others were permanently injured.

I saw a piece of wood that had a straw run through it by the force of the wind. I saw a horse with a board driven through his neck. I saw a house where the walls had literally exploded outward, leaving the furniture still arranged properly in the house.

We had no warning about the approaching storm. As I walked home from school, I observed the low, fast moving clouds but I didn't think about a storm. 18 darkness approached, the wind

MY EXPERIENCE IN A TORNADO

by

Dixie Faye Colvin

The air was crisp and cool although the sky was gray pallor, the look of death. Visibility was limited because of the dust and debris still in the air. I had a feeling of horror and awe as I viewed the destruction from the tornado that demolished Berryville, Arkansas, on October 8, 1942.

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We had no warning about the approaching storm. As I walked home from school, I observed the low, fast moving clouds but I didn't think about a storm. As darkness approached, the wind

started blowing violently and the sky was a constant flash of lightning.

My mother, sister, and I were at home alone. We ran to our neighbor's house to go to their cellar but they weren't home and their cellar was locked. We just made it back to our house when the rain started.

The rain fell in torrents. The hail stones were as big as baseballs. The rumble of the thunder was like the discharge of a cannon. My sister and I were terrified as the wind blew harder and harder. I know my mother was scared too, but she tried to be calm for our sake.

Suddenly the noise ceased. There was complete silence. It seemed even louder than the storm. Then we heard a faint noise that grew louder and louder. It roared like a fast moving train. We knew that a tornado had struck. The wind screamed at us. I never heard such a noise before! There was nothing we could do to protect ourselves. We just had to wait and wonder if we could be blown away. I thought it would never, never end, though in reality it didn't last but a few minutes. The noise after the storm was almost as terrifying as during the storm. People were screaming and crying. Sirens were screaming as ambulances from nearby towns took the injured to hospitals. Not too long after the storm, the Red Cross and National Guard came to our aid. We were lucky, as very little damage was done to our house.

Today people in Berryville still talk of the tornado. Some of them still feel its effect because some member of their family

was killed. The town is now completely rebuilt and it is in better condition now than it was before the tornado.

The town is also prepared for another tornado. Nearly every home has a storm cellar. We also have a Civil Defense program whereby we can receive storm warnings. Even with these precautions, I hope we never have to experience another tornado.

When I was about nine years old, I would visit the Selph children and we would play different kinds of games. On this particular day as it was beginning to get dusky dark, my friends and I were playing hide-and-seek. As the game goes, a child tries to get to the base free without being caught. As I was running around a corner of a building, I came to a small fence. I attempted to jump the fence and as I did I caught my foot in the wire. When I fell, my leg struck the sharp edge of a turning plow which was lying on the ground just beyond the fence cutting a deep gash just above my ankle.

I looked down at my leg and saw the blood gushing out like water out of a hard pipe.

Mrs. Selph took me into the house to see how badly my leg was cut. All the while she was fluttering around like an old hen over her chicks. She brought a big white towel and wrapped it around my leg. Occasionally I could see the blood seeping through the towel. The deep red of the blood against the white of the towel was horrifying to me.

As quick as Mrs. Selph could get me into the car, she

AN ACCIDENT WELL REMEMBERED

by

Patricia Parker

When I was about nine years old, I would visit the Selph children and we would play different kinds of games. On this particular day as it was beginning to get dusky dark, my friends and I were playing hide-and-seek. As the game goes, a child tries to get to the base free without being caught. As I was running around a corner of a building, I came to a small fence. I attempted to jump the fence and as I did I caught my foot in the wire. When I fell, my leg struck the sharp edge of a turning plow which was lying on the ground just beyond the fence cutting a deep gash just above my ankle.

I looked down at my leg and saw the blood gushing out like water out of a hand pump.

Mrs. Selph took me into the house to see how badly my leg was cut. All the while she was fluttering around like an old hen over her chicks. She brought a big white towel and wrapped it around my leg. Gradually I could see the blood seeping through the towel. The deep red of the blood against the white of the towel was horrifying to me.

As quick as Mrs. Selph could get me into the car, she

EARTHQUAKE

by

Betty Pogue

Two years ago last July, I went to San Pedro, California to visit my aunt, and while I was there one of the largest earthquakes that has ever been recorded took place.

It began about 5:00 o'clock on a Monday morning. I had been sleeping, when all of a sudden I was aroused by a terrible rumbling noise. The whole house was shaking as though some great hand was playing with it like a toy. I jumped from bed calling Mother. About that time my uncle turned on the lights and then I could see what was taking place. Everything in the room was rocking back and forth. The cabinet doors were opened and dishes fell out onto the floor. The lights were knocking against each other so hard that I was sure they would break. I got out of bed and tried to take a step, but the floor beneath me was shaking so much that I had to sit down. That didn't help any, though, because the chair I was sitting in was shaking too.

It was light enough outside that I could see the palm trees swaying so far over that the branches touched the ground. I was sure they would break any moment.

The earthquake didn't last long but as soon as it was over there was excitement everywhere. I could hear engines and ambulances.

ances in the distance.

The news of that earthquake spread rapidly all over the United States as being one of the worst in California's history.

The days that Louisiana will never forget as far as floods go are from November 10 to November 15, 1933.

As the sun sank behind the rolling pine-hills to the west of Leesville, Louisiana on the evening of the ninth, there was nothing that would seem to indicate heavy rain except the usual fall cloud banks of a November afternoon.

By seven that night the Weather Bureau of New Orleans, Louisiana had broadcasted "small craft" warnings for all "small craft" in the Gulf of Mexico from Brownsville, Texas to Tampa, Florida to seek shelter.

About ten o'clock that night it began to rain. It rained as I have never before seen it rain. The wind also added its fury to the stormy night. It fell as though it was a mad monster, who after many signs of confidence was seeking revenge from its captors. Torrents of rain flooded every crack and crevice.

It rained all that night, the next day and all that night till early the morning of the tenth.

Although the wind came & blows so terribly much, it had rained more rain than had fallen in that part of the Nation since 1933.

By ten o'clock November the twelfth the small creeks and branches,

MY EXPERIENCE IN A FLOOD

by

MILTON REID BOLGIANO

The days that Louisiana will never forget as far as floods go are from November 10 to November 15, 1953.

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It rained all that night, the next day and all that night till early the morning of the twelfth.

Although the wind hadn't blown so terribly much, it had rained more rain than had fallen in that part of the Nation since 1938.

By ten o'clock November the twelfth the small creeks and branches,

that rise and fall rapidly, were level with the banks. Where bridges and telephone and electric lines were being washed away in many places around Leesville, never before had such washouts occurred. A few main electric lines remained.

By the fourteenth, nearly all the roads were under water, and all the telephone and electric lines were down. Leesville was actually for one time in its history cut off from the rest of the state.

Tuesday the fifteenth being United States Naval Reserve meeting night in Alexandria, Louisiana, F. P. Scoggins and I decided to attend. F. P. also belonged to the Reserve Unit and was from Leesville.

F.P. and I started out from Leesville to Alexandria by way of Hyneston, a southern route between the two cities. Hyneston is thirty-six miles east of Leesville and Alexandria is thirty miles east of Hyneston.

Just before reaching Hyneston, after rounding a curve, low and behold we saw the Calsuieau River backed up through the swamp bottoms at least four miles across. At the same time Lake Charles, Louisiana, to the south on the same river, was even more flooded than Hyneston.

We decided to back-track to Leesville and try the northern route through Simpson, Louisiana to get away from the flood. But still the waters could be over the road at Flatwoods, Louisiana and still make passage impossible.

Lucky were we, for after having back-tracked and traveled sevnty more miles, we made it to Alexandria without any more trouble.

No, I don't believe Louisiana and most of the other Gulf States

will ever forget those few days of confusion and destruction that resulted.

THE MOST SERIOUS ACCIDENT I WAS EVER IN

By

Boris Marchant

The most serious accident I was ever involved in took place when the pick-up truck in which three friends and I were riding turned over a few miles out of Melbourne, my home town. We were on our way home from swimming in Bursay's Lake. It was Liz's truck and she was driving. In the front seat with her were Arnold, Mary Sue, and I. Arnold was my boy friend and Mary Sue was one of my best girl friends, though to hear what I said to her a little later you wouldn't have thought so.

When we were about half way home, rain began to fall, and Liz reached over to turn the wind shield wipers on just as we were rounding a curve. Liz wasn't driving fast but she lost control of the truck and it hit loose gravel and turned over. We were tossed around so much that we landed on top of each other.

Arnold was on top of us and he started trying to get out of the truck. He had to stand on top of us and push the door straight up to open it. Mary Sue was on top of me and I could feel her body shaking and shivering and could hear her making choking sounds. Liz and I talked to her to keep her quiet. We were afraid

THE MOST SERIOUS ACCIDENT I WAS EVER IN

By

Doris Marchant

The most serious accident I was ever involved in took place when the pick-up truck in which three friends and I were riding turned over a few miles out of Melbourne, my home town. We were on our way home from swimming in Bursey's Lake. It was Liz's truck and she was driving. In the front seat with her were Arnold, Mary Sue, and I. Arnold was my boy friend and Mary Sue was one of my best girl friends, though to hear what I said to her a little later you wouldn't have thought so.

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Arnold was on top of us and he started trying to get out of the truck. He had to stand on top of us and push the door straight up to open it. Mary Sue was on top of me and I could feel her body shaking and shivering and could hear her making choking sounds. Liz and I talked to her to keep her quiet. We were afraid

she would have hysterics and start thrashing about in an attempt to get out of the truck and cause serious injuries to herself as well as the rest of us. She didn't seem to listen to us so I told her to shut up before I realized what I was saying. She did not become completely quiet but she did not have hysterics either.

Arnold finally got the door open and climbed out and helped us out.

We felt sick when we saw the wrecked truck but we realized that we were lucky to be alive and we were so thankful that none of us were injured that the loss of the truck didn't seem to matter so much.

I had been in several small tornados before. But I was younger then and I had looked to my parents for protection. I tried now to remember how my parents had prepared for a tornado. Finally when I was almost to the point of giving up, I remembered. My mother had always prayed to God asking him for protection.

Confident that the Lord would be with me, I walked down town to a cafe. While I was sitting, the tornado struck. The owner of the cafe asked me if I wanted to go down into the basement of the cafe with him. I was glad to go with him, because I knew we would be safe in the basement. The basement did not have any windows, therefore we could not see what was happening outside.

After the tornado had passed over I rushed back to the rooming

THE GREAT TORNADO

by

GLENN D. FUGATT

On July the first, 1952, there was one question in the mind of every resident of Flint, Michigan. Am I prepared for the tornado? Some of the people were prepared and some were not. I was one of the many people who were not prepared. I lived in a rooming house made of plank siding. This plank siding was fine for average weather, but I was certian it could not stand the strain of a tornado. Being two thousand miles away from my father's home, I had no other home than this rooming house.

I had been in several small tornados before. But I was younger then and I had looked to my parents for protection. I tried now to remember how my parents had prepared for a tornado. Finally when I was almost to the point of giving up, I remembered. My mother had always prayed to God asking Him for protection.

Confident that the Lord would be with me, I walked down town to a cafe. While I was eating, the tornado struck. The owner of the cafe asked me if I wanted to go down into the basement of the cofe with him. I was glad to go with him, because I knew we would be safe in the basement. The basement did not have any windows, therefore we could not see what was happening outside.

After the tornado had passed over I rushed back to the rooming

house. I found it completely torn to the ground. Two of my fellow roomers had been injured and one had been killed.

If I had also been in the house I might have been killed or injured.

The tornado was one of the most tragic in the history of the United States. One hundred seventy people were killed and hundreds of others were injured. One whole side of the city was left in complete ruin.

Today if the radios in Flint, Michigan were to warn the people of a tornado it would be the same story. The people would not know how to prepare themselves.

A Man Is Accidently Wounded

Robert L. Wood

It was a warm July morning at Fort Jackson, South Carolina as three men slipped into the woods behind Company A's headquarters. One of these three men came back wounded for life.

The mess sergeant called for some men to pull kitchen duty. These three men had left hurriedly before they could be picked to pull duty.

There was a valley to be crossed and then there was a grenade range. Warning signs were placed at one hundred yard intervals. This is a very dangerous place for trained men and it is more dangerous for men that are not acquainted with the grenade. As the men walked away from the barracks they were discussing the possibility of finding a blank grenade. There are not supposed to be any grenades left on the field after practice. The demolition crew is supposed to destroy all unfired grenades after each practice day. But after the last practice day they had missed one. One of the men picked the grenade up and was examining it while the other men examined a tank that was being used for a target. As they walked to the opposite side of the tank the first man pulled the pin on the grenade and then dropped it at his feet. The grenade blew up under his feet and tore his boots and pants away from his feet and

legs. Since a pineapple grenade spreads and rises in a saucer shape he was not killed. If he had been ten feet away he would have been killed.

It took about an hour for his buddies to get an ambulance. So he was in severe pain when he reached the hospital. The doctors amputated his feet at the ankles. The other two men received six months of hard labor for going into a restricted area without permission.

The man without feet remind people of the danger of weapons of war, His boots hanging in the orderly room torn to shreds remind every man that sees them that it is dangerous to do things that are forbidden as being dangerous.

My family and I had been riding all that day, and it was nearing dusk. We were somewhere near the Arkansas and Missouri border and were getting pretty well settled down for the night's drive to our summer cabin in Kansas. We were driving along at a reasonable rate of speed as we neared a very sharp and dangerous curve. We saw coming directly at us the streaming head-lights of a car. The man driving the car had lost control, and his car was rapidly gaining speed. My father braked straight for the ditch. Somehow the car managed to turn over on one side. I sat for a moment unable to realize what had happened. When I finally realized we had just landed in the ditch I raised up and looked out the window. I

THE ACCIDENT I WAS IN

Barbara Wiles

I sat motionless and unable to speak for a few moments. The car in which my family had been riding a few moments ago was now lying on one side in the ditch on the left side of the road. My little sister was screaming, and I was aware of her voice. But I was unable to move and unable to act or to think what had happened.

My family and I had been riding all that day, and it was nearing dusky dark. We were somewhere near the Arkansas and Missouri border and were getting pretty well settled down for the night's drive to our summer cabin in Kansas. We were driving along at a reasonable rate of speed as we neared a very sharp and dangerous curve. We saw coming directly at us the streaming head-lights of a car. The man driving the car had lost control, and his car was rapidly gaining speed. My father headed straight for the ditch. Somehow the car managed to turn over on one side. I sat for a moment unable to realize exactly what had happened. When I finally realized we had just landed in the ditch I raised up and looked out the window. I saw the car which had crowded us into the ditch coming backward

toward us. The man driving the car was trying to regain control and somehow started the car backward. Before anything could be done his car had crashed into ours from the back knocking us further into the ditch and toward a big cliff. I felt no fear. I was just unable to think. When I finally came to realize what had happened I saw my brother lying on the floor and my sister lying across the front seat crying. When I discovered no one was hurt I got out of the car by crawling out the front window.

As I stood looking down at the car, it was then I felt my first fear. I discovered our car was only about two feet from a steep cliff. The whole thing was over and no one was hurt except for a few bruises. Although nothing really happened it could have been fatal to all of us. This is an experience I'll never forget.

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