Heroic Men Saved Many Lives in Middle West's Worst Storm

By Jay Scriba

The worst autumn storm in the history of the middle west began as a cold, steady rain pitting in from the southwest. Dock-hunters in blizzards from Minneapolis to Milwaukee thawed a last gulp of coffee and climbed on their skis. The guns as they saw it coming—they knew it would bring ducks, and it did, big, ragged flocks of them, whistling in under a dark overcast.

For an hour or two that Armistice day of 1940—a Monday—it was circus shooting. Then, at about 11 a.m., the rain turned to sleet, whipping across the marshy fields like shotgun pellets in a driving wind and did it again as the wind went up. Thousands of ducks, parapetered plummed—12 hours it dropped 45 degrees, from 58 to 13 above zero—and the their ice cranked decoys out of the walks and headed for the beach.

Some who stayed, 39 never lived to tell the tale. The adult bodies of the birds were on the Mississippi Armistice day on Lake Michigan, brown and green, matted and matted, written, began the story on the great storm. Twenty hunters died on the Mississippi alone, drowning in caped duck skiffs—froze to death, collapsed, pulled, frozen, plummetering each other to keep warm. But the winds of Heaven cannot keep warm,” he noted. “For my part, I don’t think I have ever been more comfortable.”

His resistance gone and his strength failing, Dr. McCrea fell of pneumonia in January, 1918, and died within two days. He was buried on a storm-blowoing the sun facing the sunset and the

ALOUGHT IT OFF.

“Unfortunately, all I inherited from my father was his pride of being a fisherman. He taught me how to catch them.”

On Monday, S. 30th Ave. 300 feet above sea level, a twin-propeller, a kerosene lantern and a gasoline canister of gasoline, set out to help, wrapped up in the swirling wind. Edward Quick, a Milwaukee mariner humanizing the dodos Monday afternoon that the ducks were shot out and the hands turned to 842, the position of least wind resistance. Gulls dropped over two-hundred automobile transport trucks between Milwaukee and Racine.

He just sat there huddled in his boat. He didn’t say a word. He shouted at us. He just looked dumbly at us. Every few minutes he would get up on his knees, turn his head, palm out toward the sky and look toward heaven. We don’t know whether he was praying or not. Maybe he was just looking down. Where the sun should have been. Maybe he thought it would warm him a little.

“Then,” Zinzinski said, “he suddenly slumped over in the seat beside of his skiff and lay still.”

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The wind blew so hard for so long—pounding 40 to 50 miles an hour most of Monday night—that the water at level at the south end of Green Bay dropped four feet. Seven ducks were trapped on a mudbank in the bay. Blocked frantic dreams seemed to promise life to the water that had blown out. Finally another hunter in boats hiked out to them and

Whamoodles

By Bill Vaughan

A Texas department store assistant, this is a m'lunch cheat, we know that he is about to come

By W. M. Donor

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Storm Hit Lake Michigan With Awful Fury

From page 1, column 7

F. Dollart was performing an
expenditure.

"Quick, a flashlight!" the doc-
tor said, and in the light of sev-
eral flashlights he operated for two minutes before the power came on again.

Elsewhere in the city candles
flashed softly in windows and
children scurried upstairs to the
attic to rummage for long for-
bidden kerosene lamps.

By Wednesday morning the
tornado was over. It was still 10
above zero, but the wind had
dropped to 15 miles an hour. Chi-
ldren went back to school—
certainly.

Fifth grade class in South Mil-
waukee had to meet in the city
council chamber while its
school building was being re-
paired. Business districts rang
with hammering as carpenters
boarded up windows that the
glaziers wouldn't be able to get
to for days. Harried insurance
adjusters stuffed their tele-
phones under pillows to stop the
ringing.

The only big news left was
that of disasters on Lake Michigan, and as skippers came out of the
storm emerged as the probably
worst in the big lake's grim his-
tory.

Previous storms sent more
boats—a legendary 1913 gale
vent 27 to the bottom—out to
sea. A record. But this one could
remember storms that built the
city back to the big blow of 1905
agreed that they had never seen
anything like the fury of Ar-
chibald.

One captain told of his fright
as he watched the water rise
over shallow Gray's reef, a fe-
ding of wood, and then saw the
steamship go down by the
wreck. Off Westport, ship
yards were busy for months
facing and buckling plates of the
boats that staggered into port.

A generation later men could
still speak of the great Armada
day of 1946.

Rooney Lhia

Newport News, Va.—You
aren't crowded on the elevators
of the navy's new atomic pow-
dered carrier Enterprise. Each of
the four elevators has a surface
area more than 4,000 square
feet—a large enough for two av-
enger missile tubes to weigh, to
save weight, each weighs 10 tons
and contains one in a quarter-mile of
100,000 pounds an inch to ten feet
deep.

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