TO THOSE WHO SERVED

To those who, on lonely beaches in peril of their lives; on roads flailed by the great wind; in battered houses with stricken people or alone on posts of duty, saved those in danger, calmed those in fear, succored those in need, comforted those in distress; who worked long hours in great discomfort and frequent danger to restore communications and all public services and to maintain order and security; to all those who gave themselves to help their fellow men and women that day of the hurricane and for many days thereafter, to them this book, in gratitude, is dedicated.

THE HURRICANE

OF 1938

ON EASTERN LONG ISLAND

Written and Compiled
By
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PREFACE

There are many experiences that can neither be shared with nor communicated to others. Those who have them to share find that words are poor symbols for them; those who might wish to partake of them are like a man born blind who tries to understand a sunset. The basic experience is lacking. Such an experience was the hurricane of September 21, 1938 on Eastern Long Island. Those who were here that day have come to feel that they share between themselves, in greater or less degree, something that is essentially incommunicable to outsiders, no matter how much these might wish to understand.

The record of that day which this little book attempts to present can therefore be no more than a faithful shadow. The effort has been made to make it as accurate as possible but even so it can not be more than an outline. The life, the action of the picture will still be missing. It is just a book of record, a story of what happened. It is published because what happened was worth recording and because its effects will be felt here for many years. Those with imagination may perhaps read a little deeper and see a little more than the words can tell.

This book is based on the records of local newspapers, on personal experiences, and on official records. The thanks of the publishers and of the editor are due and are freely given to the many persons whose cooperation has made possible the writing of it, and also to those who gave the use of the photographs that are perhaps its most important and telling part.

All Times, unless otherwise noted, are Eastern Daylight Saving Time; one hour faster than Eastern Standard.

Finally, this is not the whole story of the hurricane, only of that part of it that affected eastern Long Island and especially the towns of Southampton and Easthampton. New England suffered ten times the loss of life and fifty times the property loss that we endured but the relation of their tragedy is left to others. This is Long Island's story.

BIRTH OF A HURRICANE

A hurricane resembles many living things. Like a tree or an animal it is an energy system with distinct boundaries. It is born of certain conditions, it draws energy and life from its surroundings, and when these cease to be congenial, when it can not adapt itself to them, it dies and the energies which once made it live are turned to other uses. Like many living things, hurricanes also have their proper homes. There they are born; there they thrive; from thence they emigrate. For the hurricanes that afflict the Atlantic coast of the United States this childhood's home is the lonely sea that stretches east from the West Indies for about two thousand miles to the region of the Cape Verde Islands. It is rather a stagnant part of the ocean and the stagnant quality of the ocean reflects that of the air, for this same region is along the northern front of "The Doldrums", that belt of calms and short, savage squalls so much disliked by captains of the wind-ships of bygone days. As our summer goes on, this calm belt travels northwards until in September it may lie somewhere near the latitude of Florida.

Somewhere along this zone of hot-house air above a lukewarm sea a mass of air perhaps ten, perhaps fifty miles across, gets warmed up more than the air around it. Maybe there were fewer squalls and more sunshine or a patch of warmer sea drifted in. Warm air, as everyone knows who has built a fire under a chimney, is lighter than cold; also, as not everyone knows, it can hold much more water vapor, the importance of which will shortly appear. So. this mass of warm air starts to rise a little. This is a thing that probably happens often in this home sea of hurricanes without a hurricane being born; but once in a while something else happens about which very little is known. Above this rising air the upper air is so arranged as to form a sort

of chimney effect. The way is made just a little more easy, and the rising air rises just a little faster, enough perhaps to make all the difference between a local squall and a hurricane that will lash the coast three thousand miles away.

Then, as the warm air rises, the cooler air starts to flow in to take its place. Nothing hurried about this. Just a few little gusty wind flaws around the edges of a calm, all pointing toward the center—and then as these little flaws rise to a gentle breeze other things begin happening. For all the while this has been going on the earth has been whirling around on its axis, and this whirl of the earth does something to the breeze. If you paste a strip of paper on an ordinary school globe so that the strip is parallel with a board on the floor, and then revolve the globe from west to east, as the earth revolves, you will soon see the strip and the board are no longer parallel. The strip, if between the equator and the north pole has twisted to the left. So, if anywhere on the earth's surface between the equator and the north pole a wind starts blowing, and blows more than a few miles or for long, the wind will find that the earth has twisted to the left beneath it, which is only another way of saying that the wind has shifted to the right.

So, as these gentle breezes begin blowing toward the bottom of the air chimney up which the warm air is rising, they soon find themselves blowing not toward the bottom of the chimney but to the right of it with the result that presently the wind is blowing in almost a circle around this center, and blowing in a direction just opposite to that in which the hands go around on the face of a clock. Not quite a circle, for some air must edge in to the center to fill up the vacancy there in part, but nearly a circle.

While this has been going on, our original mass of warm air has been rising. It is warm, and it is "wet" because it is warm and has risen from over a warm sea. It carries a heavy load of water vapor. Now it is the property of air when it rises to cool off, and it is the property of cool air to hold less water than warm air, so as the air mass

rises the water vapor begins to condense and come down as rain. Right then another great step is taken towards a hurricane. If water is changed into vapor or steam it takes heat to do it. Heat is put into it. That heat is not lost; it is, one might say, just on deposit in the bank. When the vapor or steam is condensed it is set free again, and so in the case of this rising air mass which was being cooled off to the point where it might not rise any more the effect of the condensation of the water vapor into rain is to warm the whole thing still further and to lift it still higher. That means more air must flow in at the bottom, which means stronger winds now blowing in almost a circle around a center. As the winds grow stronger another effect is touched off.

For if you tie a heavy hammer to a rope and swing it around your head you feel a pull on the rope, the well-known centrifugal force that keeps the moon from falling into the earth and throws into the ditch cars that are driven too fast around curves. Air is not immune to it. This inward spiral of air now blowing faster and faster around the bottom of this column of rising, warm, moist air, feels it too and tends always to pull out farther and farther from the center. That in turn makes the air less dense in the center; makes it rise faster, makes it suck up more water-vapor laden with energy-producing heat, which in turn makes the center column rise farther and faster, which in turn pulls more air in faster and faster at the bottom. It is raining heavily now all around the center because the inflowing air is rising, being cooled, losing its moisture; the wind has risen to a gale, and some lonely ship wallowing in the swells, buffeted by the wind, sends out a radio report something like this, "Wind, east-northeast, fresh gale; heavy rain; heavy confused swell from northeast to east; barometer 29.40, falling rapidly", and a few minutes later the teletypes of the Weather Bureau are spelling out along all the Atlantic coast, "A tropical disturbance of considerable intensity is centered about 500 miles east of Porto Rico". A hurricane is born.

Such a chain of events took place somewhere in that part of the ocean about the middle of September 1938. A "disturbance of considerable intensity" was reported northeast of Porto Rico about 600 miles, moving, as such affairs usually do, with the prevailing trade winds toward the west or northwest. It had from the start one outstanding character. It was a rapid traveller. In that part of their course hurricanes usually move forward only 10 to 13 miles an hour, 250 to 300 miles a day; but this one was doing better. By about 8 p. m., Sunday, Sept. 18 it was 900 miles east-southeast of Miami, and twelve hours later at eight Monday morning it had travelled 250 miles straight towards that city. At this news storm warnings went out all along the Florida coast with the further notice to "stand by for possible hurricane warnings during the day". In mid-afternoon it was 120 miles nearer, on the same course, and southern Florida was warned to, "immediately make all possible preliminary preparations .... hurricane warnings will probably be issued to-night". But the storm was approaching a crisis in its course. Florida's preparations were timely, but they were not needed.

For many hurricanes this point in their course is a turning point. Most of them make a wide curve north and northeast, pass far off the coast and lose themselves in the North Atlantic. Others keep on, cross Florida or Carolina and then die, for die they must if they lose contact with the warm, wet air of the tropics that furnishes the motive power of their tremendous and deadly energies. Late on Monday the slow fall of the barometer on the outlying Bahamas, and the shift of the wind, indicated this hurricane was beginning to make the turn and by Tuesday this seemed definitely established. All that day the storm took a course straight north and that night at eight o'clock was 400 miles due east of Jacksonville. Florida's danger was over but the Carolina coast received cautionary warnings. During Tuesday night the hurricane put on speed.

The next morning, that fatal Wednesday the 21st of September, the weather observer at Cape Hatteras re-

ported at 8:30 a wind of 56 miles an hour from the northwest with heavy rain, indicating with reports from ships that the storm center was fifty to one hundred miles at sea, in a generally easterly direction. (Remember that the winds blow around the center opposite to the direction of hands around a clock). The hurricane was now at the second crisis in its career. Enormous forces propelled it forward. It could not stand still; it must follow the path of least resistance, the path where the most energy was available upon which to feed. Whither did that path lead?

To answer that question we must go back to the day before. On that day and for a day or two previous a vast mass of cool, dry air from the far north had drifted down from Labrador and Hudson Bay across eastern Quebec, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and was still extending far out to sea. West of it a long tongue of warm, exceedingly wet air extended from off the Carolina coast northwards across Long Island, New England, and well into the St. Lawrence valley. Still farther west another mass of cool, dry air from the interior of the continent was rolling lazily toward and across the Alleghanies. Up and down that tongue of tropical air it had rained heavily that Tuesday and Tuesday night; heavy tropical showers spilling down out of quickly-assembled clouds. Tuesday night especially these rains had been extraordinary; New York had more than two inches of rain, Bridgehampton more than three, New Haven more than six. That Wednesday morning across Long Island and New England the air seemed dank and heavy; hot-house air, warm and wet. Not even a rising east wind allayed this curious sultriness.

And, at the far southern end of this intrusion of the tropical atmosphere lay the tropical storm, a full-grown hurricane in strength. Its normal course to mid-ocean was blocked by that great mass of dry, polar air. No meat for it was there, no warm water vapor for it to feed upon. Nor was there any toward the coast. Nearly due north lay a congenial country, almost its own native air, warm and saturated, a narrow path between two high walls. Along

that path the hurricane roared, gaining strength in its stride, until in mid-afternoon it gathered up the rising tides of the ocean, flung them on and over the land under a smother of rain and spray, crossed Long Island and the Sound and sped in the twilight far up the Connecticut Valley. As the night came on its center was over the Green Mountains of Vermont, and along its course lay the wreck and ruin of man's careful handiwork of many years and the bodies of more than five hundred persons who little thought, as the pale sunshine of that morning withdrew at last behind a murky curtain of cloud, that for them the sun would shine no more.

Note:—For the ideas and the imagery used in the description in this chapter of the origin of a hurricane, the editor is indebted not only to many writers on meteorology but especially to Richard Hughes who in his novel "In Hazard" has given as perfect a description of such an event as is to be found in popular literature.

THE DAY OF THE STORM

It was a misty and pale dawn that 21st day of September along the Long Island coast. The thunderstorms the night before had brought no refreshing coolness to the air, nor had a fresh east wind. The fields were soggy, with ponds in low places. Trees dripped, even the air seemed soaking wet. The sky was mostly covered with a formless veil of high fog that broke now and then to show another layer of high, thin, broken clouds moving up from the south, an unusual direction for high clouds to be coming from. When the sun broke through occasionally, as it did all morning, it shone with a watery glare in which was a tint of green. Some people noticed it. A colored woman, native to the West Indies, told her employer it looked like hurricane weather and felt like it.

But life went on altogether as usual. People made plans for the day; went on to carry them out. Some went to the city, leaving their children with servants; the usual run of small social gatherings, luncheons, picnics, got under way; at Montauk several fishing boats went out to sea. During the morning and towards noon quite a number of people drove down to look at the ocean which had been making a big noise all night. It was near low tide and the beach was wide and flattened from a rather unusually high tide the night before. Some people noted that as it was nearly new moon a higher tide than usual might be expected later on in the day, a few knew that because the moon was that day at the nearest approach to the earth of its monthly orbit the tide was likely to rise still higher. It would probably be worth seeing, many people thought, planning to drive down in the late afternoon. It might be a stiff old northeaster by then, a regular September gale, there was a hurricane they said off the coast somewhere

and we very likely would get the edge of it, but that was that and a big September tide was worth seeing so "we'll drive down later this afternoon". It was worth seeing but nobody went out of their way to see it that afternoon while those who did see that tide have no wish to see such another. At noontime there was a rough, angry sea kicked up by the rising east wind, now approaching gale force, and on the outer bar a long, very heavy storm swell was coming in straight from the south. However, a few hardy swimmers went in the ocean that morning at various places along the coast.

A little after noon things began to look a little ominous. The wind was still east, it was a gale now and yet there was no coolness in it. The thermometer was around 70 and the air still sticky and oppressive. The barometer, which had been moderately low, began to fall quite steadily. But the children went back to school. It was going to be a storm all right but Long Island folks are used to September gales and this was just another one.

It was a little after one o'clock that the first warnings came of something unusual. In fact a few minutes before one a news broadcast had referred to "whole gale" warnings for the New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland coasts, and about one some of the Coast Guard stations received warnings from headquarters of a similar nature. The station at Moriches Inlet did and made some effort to warn people on the beach but it is doubtful if anyone, the Coast Guard included, considered that anything really dangerous was at hand. A little after one the editor of this book, who is cooperative observer for the Weather Bureau at Bridgehampton, telephoned the New York office of the Weather Bureau and received authority to spread warnings of a severe gale and high tide. This he was doing when at about 2:40 p. m. his telephone went dead. In none of these warnings was the word hurricane used.

While all this was going on the storm was increasing with what soon appeared rather appaling rapidity. It had begun to rain heavily a little after one and by two o'clock

the wind had risen to fresh gale force, something around 45 miles an hour. The wind was still from the east with a tendency to shift toward the southeast, indicating that the storm center was likely to pass to the west of us and rather close, and the barometer was fairly toboganning downwards. It was lively storm but no hurricane as yet. Trees were waving back and forth, a few small branches were breaking off but there was no material damage of any consequence. Few if any people in houses along the beach made any effort to leave them.

Towards three o'clock the first trees began to go. Word had been gotten to Bridgehampton and Sagaponack schools to close down early, and finally, just as the phone went out, to keep all children in until the storm was over except those whose parents came for them. The Sagaponack school was safely evacuated before three o'clock. At Bridgehampton many went home by three but about 75 children stayed until six o'clock. None was hurt. By three o'clock it was certain we were in for something extraordinary for the barometer was falling to unprecedented depths and the wind was not only rising but was still straight out of the southeast. By half-past three at Bridgehampton it was a full hurricane with the wind up to at least 75 miles an hour, trees were going down all over the the place, and along all the ocean beaches the sea was rising fast for this great and mighty wind was literally gathering up the rising tide and hurling it bodily toward the land.

Soon after three o'clock the situation on the beaches became critical, especially on that long strip from Shinnecock Bay to Moriches Inlet where the dunes were mostly low and had at their backs a succession of bays and canals. And, as the storm approached from a bit west of south and the trend of the coast eastwards is a little north of east, the center reached Westhampton before it did points farther east, By three the sea there was all over the beaches and beating and breaking at the foot of the dunes. By half-past three it was breaking over and through the dunes at

many places and sometime toward four o'clock the final castastrophe occured. Before the onslaught of that terrible tide, itself perhaps ten to fifteen feet above the normal height and crested with breakers towering fifteen feet higher or more, the whole barrier of the dunes crumbled and went down save for here and there where a higher dune or a strong bulkhead held. In a few minutes along the stretch of beach from Quogue village to Moriches Inlet there remained of 179 summer homes only 26 battered shells of houses of which hardly a dozen will ever be habitable again. Eastward the damage was less severe, the sea breaking through only occasionally, but many a house went down along the Dune Road to Southampton. New inlets were cut through to bays and ponds, notably into Quantuck Bay and Shinnecock Bay. At Water Mill the bathing station was completely carried away; from Mecox Bay to Sagg Pond the ocean broke through in five places, new inlets were formed at Sagg Pond and at Wainscott and Hook Ponds in Easthampton, while far eastward the sea flooded Napeague Beach for hours, washing away parts of the railroad and making Montauk practically an island until late that night.

The flow of the sea into the bays and ponds raised them to heights unknown since the hurricane of 1815. At Westhampton Beach the water was five to seven feet deep along the main street; Quantuck Bay rose above the Montauk Highway bridge a mile inland or more. Agawam Lake was over Monument Square at Southampton and the water was in Jobs Lane. Mecox Bay rose high over Montauk Highway at Water Mill, flowed back over the mill dam, covered hundreds of acres at Flying Point, Hayground and Mecox; went well across Mecox Road east of the Harry Ludlow place and again at the junction of Mecox Road and Ocean Road, Bridgehampton, where high water mark was on the lawn of Miss Effie Cook's home. The Lafrentz home on Sam's Creek, Bridgehampton, had water an inch deep on the floor and it came within a few feet of the homes of P. H. Holt and F. V. Clowes.

The tide flowed into Sagg Pond to its head, two miles inland, washing away part of the approaches and tearing the railings from the bridge at Bridge Lane, and flowing several feet deep across Sagaponack road into Sagg Swamp. Practically all the land at Sagaponack south of Bridge Lane and the John White home, and east to Fairfield Pond was under water.

This is simple enough to write about but it took place amid such a wind and uproar as no one who had lived their lives on Long Island had ever heard before. For towards four o'clock the wind increased still more at Bridgehampton, blowing steadily at something around 90 miles an hour with gusts well above 100. It was still from the southeast. The sky was darkened and the warm air was thick with a smother of rain, spray, and all sorts of small items going by, almost horizontally, principally shreds of leaves torn in pieces from the trees. A barn, a chicken house, would lift from its foundations and collapse or burst into fragments that flew away down the wind. Strong men were lifted bodily or thrown violently down. Unseen fingers seemed to pick shingles off of roofs and scatter them. Roofs or parts of them lifted into the murk and disappeared; chimneys were crashing, and all over the East End the great trees were going down like weeds.

Yet with all of this destruction few people heard anything but one sound, the Voice of the storm. It was like nothing else though it could be analyzed into three parts. The lowest on the scale was the the deep bass of the sea; the highest was the shout of the wind through the trees rising at times almost to a scream; but between them both in pitch and exceeding both in volume was a steady, almost organ-like note of such intensity that it seemed as if the whole atmosphere were in harmonic vibration. No sound rose above it. It was something one not only heard but felt to the core of one's being. "Believe it or not" said a woman after the storm whose house was literally barricaded by fallen trees, "I never heard one of them go".

Along the beaches and some distance inland the visibility was that of a thick fog. The wind literally picked

up the water of the sea, tore it into shreds and sprayed it across the land so that it was hard to tell what was rain and what was spray. It was then that the seismograph at Fordham University, New York City recorded distinct earth tremors, due to the tremendous force of the surf on the beaches. And so in this uproar, this murky confusion of wind and rain and sound the hurricane approached its crisis and turning point. This came between four and five o'clock. The lowest recorded barometer, about 28.12 inches, was at Westhampton at 3:40 while at Bridgehampton the estimated low of about 28.40 was reached between four and four-thirty. Westhampton was on the edge of the relatively calm center of the storm and the southeast wind fell to a remarkable succession of fitful and savage squalls from all directions, finally straightening out again into a hurricane wind from between southwest and northwest. At Bridgehampton there was no calm, only a lessening of the wind around 4:40 to maybe fifty miles an hour while it shifted around through south to southwest. The sky brightened, some people saw the sun, a patch of foggy blue was seen to the southwest, then with the wind southwest the cloud curtain shut down again and the wind stepped up to full hurricane force until about 5:15 when it began slowly yet steadily to subside. During this final outburst a great deal of damage was done and it appears that much of the destruction and loss of life at Westhampton was due to this southwest phase of the hurricane piling up before it the waters of Great South and of Moriches Bays.

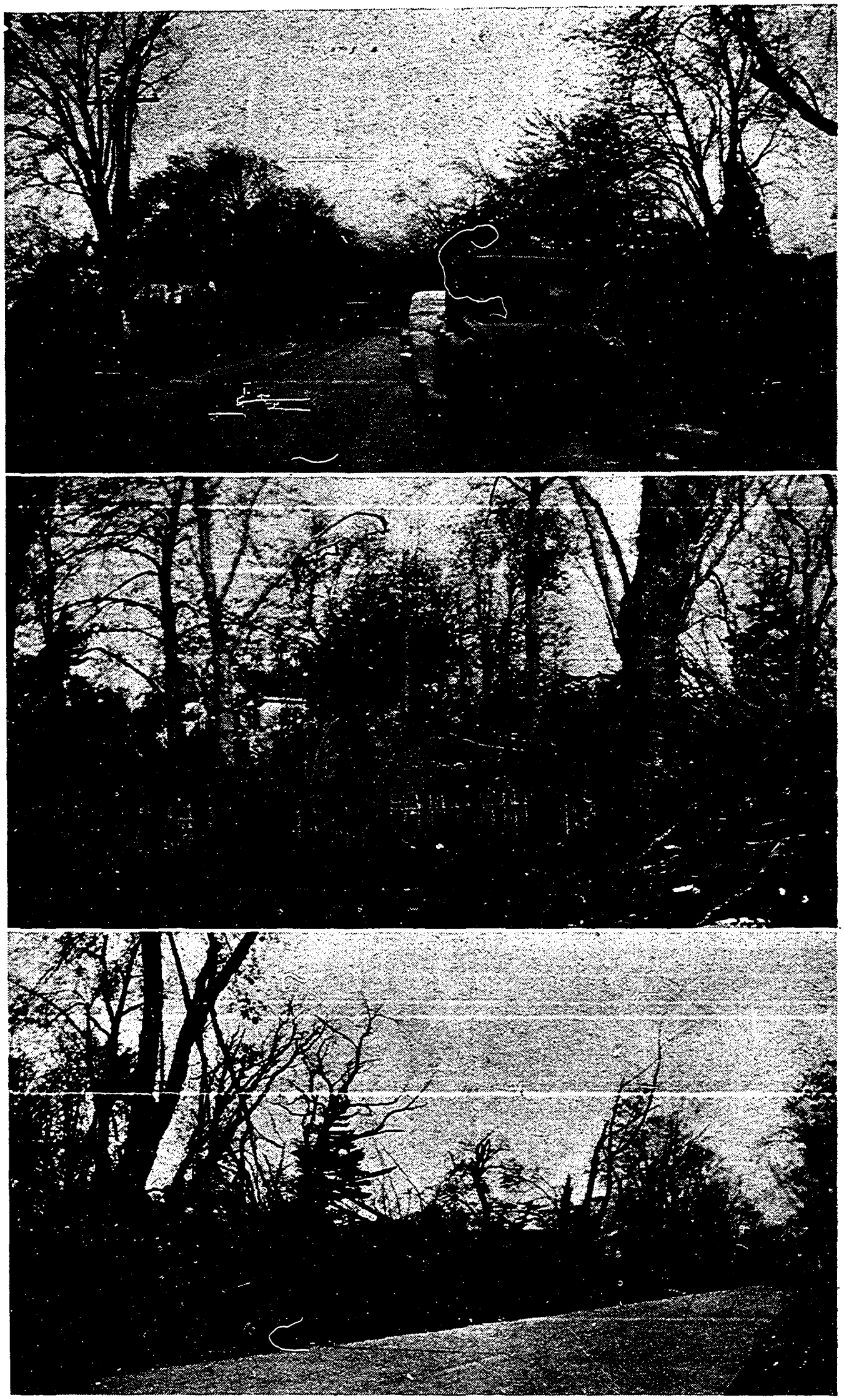
By 5:30 the hurricane was over. It was still blowing a strong gale, but the clouds were thinning and breaking, the rain was only a fitful drizzle that kept on at intervals until about seven. People began appearing on the streets and towards six o'clock groups of school-children with linked arms and bright eager faces were seen battling their way home against the wind. It was a changed scene, a new landscape, for where that morning great avenues of trees had stood in the full leaf of summer there were great

gaps in the sky, and all the trees that stood were as stripped and as barren as in November. Across every road and street of the villages of the East End lay fallen trees. In Bridgehampton from Montauk Highway to Mecox Road along Ocean Road 150 trees had gone and this was counting only those that might fairly be called street trees. A count of Bridgehampton and outlying districts a few days later showed 750 street or roadside trees had fallen. In Easthampton four out of ten of the huge elms along Main Street from Montauk Highway to Newtown Lane were down. In Amagansett, Sag Harbor, Southampton conditions were about the same. We all had reason to thank the forefathers who laid out our streets so wide. That alone made travel at all possible; gave some chance for detours around fallen giants sixty feet tall. The narrower streets of more modern planning were impassable for several days.

All these fallen trees gave a curious effect to the streets. People seemed to be worming through a jungle of green that rose as high as twenty feet; some great stumps stood more than half that high. Overhead the gale still roared through bare branches under a sullen sky; people went about with awe-struck faces, looking for companionship, comparing stories, seeking friends, even laughing a little with that irrepressible American reaction of ironical and slightly hysterical gayety toward stunning loss. At the main corner in Bridgehampton the Monument to our historic past and the Liberty Pole stood unhurt though the gilded eagle from the pole had flown away to alight with little damage. On the Hampton House side hardly a street tree was standing, inside the yard half of them were down or torn nearly to pieces. Across Montauk Highway one great elm in front of the Sutton place, the old John Wick house, had fallen, just missing the house; another of equal size in front of the Conrad Schenck home had gone down and partly through the roof of the former Schenck market. The elms in front of the Library were down, so were the two that stood on the

Magee lot next to the Post Office; so was many another up to and beyond the Methodist church whose belfry and steeple lay a tangled mass of wreckage in the yard. The steeple of the Catholic church was down through the roof; nearly all the west roof of the Community House lay in the yard amid the wreckage of more than half the trees. Lumber Lane, the Sag Harbor Turnpike, Ocean Road, School Street were quite impassable for wheeled traffic and difficult for people on foot for they were just a jungle of trees, branches, and fallen wires. Montauk Highway was passable but dangerous and difficult. It took five to ten minutes to drive from the Monument to the Methodist Church. There was a way down Halsey Lane to Mecox but both the Bridge Lane and Sagaponack Road routes to Sagaponack and Wainscott were closed. The best way to Sag Harbor was by way of Southampton and North Sea.

Daylight faded from a windy sky of torn and broken cloud, and night came on, the darkest night the East End had known since early days. For not only was all electricity cut off but oil lamps and candles were scarce. A few old houses had saved lamps for emergencies but some were short of oil and as one wandered by flashlight in and out of the jungle of fallen trees one saw in houses just the glimmer of a candle or two. Some public-spirited householders put these feeble lights in their windows to help the wayfarer on his darkened way. Otherwise people walked by faith or by the gleam of an electric flashlight if they were able to get one or batteries for it, or, along Montauk Highway, by the glare of the lights of the few cars that dared to be abroad. Communications were nearly cut off. In the midst of the most dangerous war crisis in Europe since 1914 we were without news that night for there were no papers, all radios save a few battery sets were out, there were no trains, the telegraph lines were down, only the telephone provided a link with the outside world. There were perhaps twenty-five phones working out of 375 on the Bridgehampton exchange, most of them close to the exchange or along Main Street, and there were a



Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton; Blocked by Trees in Front of Catholic Church

The Kahle Estate, Bridgehampton

Ocean Road, Bridgehampton; Kahle Estate Frontage

few trunk lines open to the city. One of the busiest places in Bridgehampton that night was the gas and service station of the Eastern Oil and Gas Co., which the manager, Harold Shanahan, kept open all night as a public service and which had one of the few phones working. It was only next morning that most people in Bridgehampton heard even of the terrible destruction and loss of life at Westhampton scarcely twenty miles away.

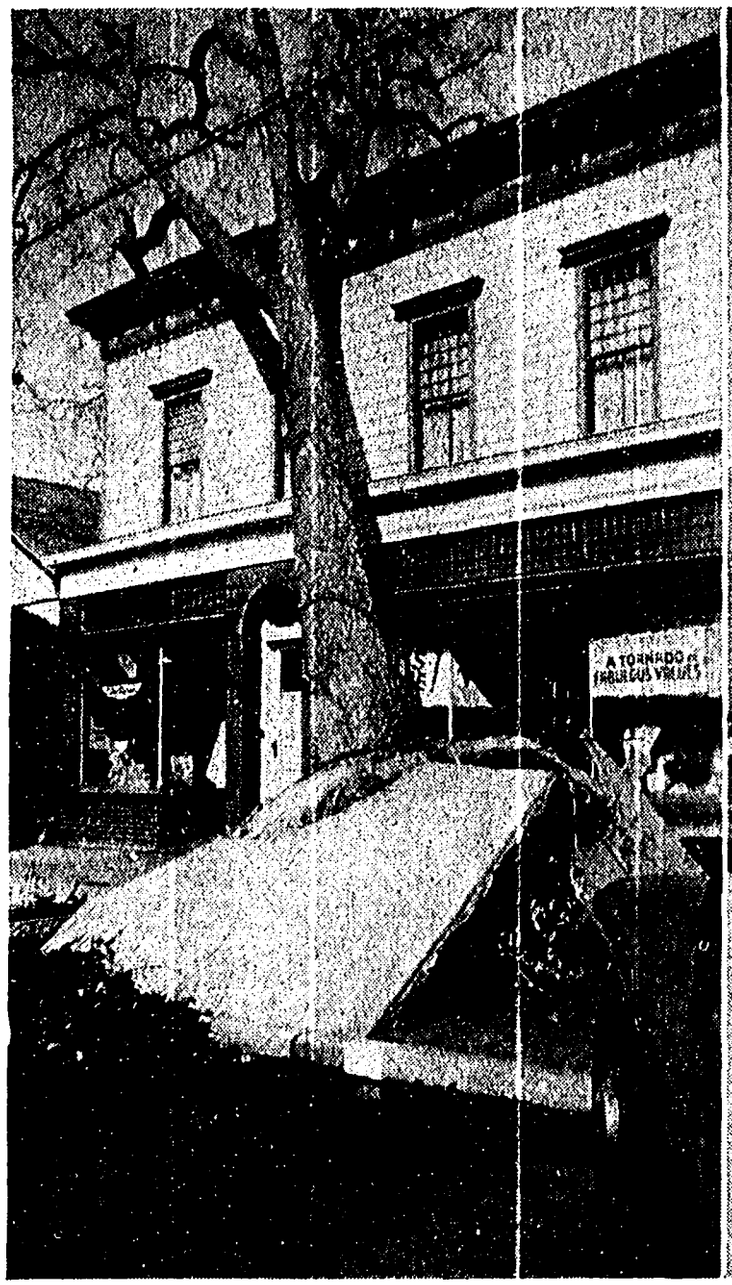
Few people slept well on the East End that night. At Westhampton many were frantically pulling away tangled wreckage fearing to find the body of some one near or dear, or wandering about seeking tidings of those missing. At Montauk people in shattered homes or refugees from them were hoping against hope for those who had that morning put to sea. Everywhere there were people lying awake in dark houses with windows broken, chimneys down, roofs smashed in or taken off, tree trunks blockading the premises. Many homes were fireless because of broken chimneys; many were wet and dirty with rainwater, salt spray, blown sand and leaves. And, with streets blockaded, water supplies scant or lacking, and nearly all means of communication gone, there was a terrible danger from fire. It was still blowing hard and a fire in any of the villages that night might have destroyed the greater part of it. People had too much to think of, had been through too much to sleep well, if at all. But, in Bridgehampton, there was one cheering note. The old Presbyterian Church, 95 years old, had stood, as had nearly all its surrounding trees; its clock had run throughout the storm, and as toward midnight the wind died down in a starlit sky many a person around the village heard the clock ring out the twelve strokes that told that September 21, 1938 was at an end. It seemed a long while since morning. Time was going on, the world was going on, and tomorrow would be another day.

THE HAVOC OF THE STORM

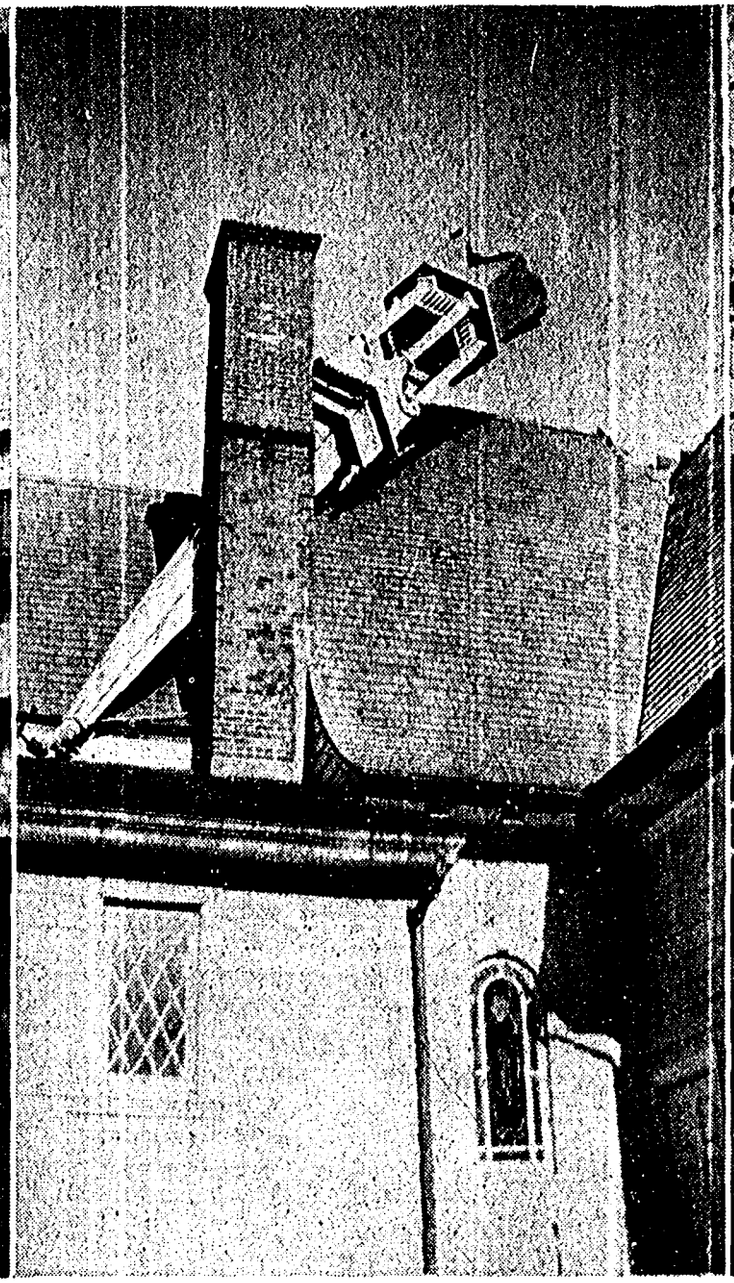
It would require a large volume to give anything like a complete story of the day of the storm in the villages of Southampton and Easthampton towns, to list accurately the damage, to tell fully of the many instances of perils survived, of casual heroisms, of pitiful loss. From those incidents that were recorded in the local papers a few typical ones will be given, with only a few words of introduction or interpretation.

Of all the material losses on Long Island that day the most spectacular was that of the great steeple of the Presbyterian Church at Sag Harbor which had stood for nearly one hundred years. Built in a curious medley of architectural styles yet harmonious and graceful, it had been a welcome sight to the old whale-hunters of eighty years ago, returning perhaps after a three-year voyage around the world. For three generations it had dominated by its height and singular grace the landscape of Sag Harbor. In the worst of the storm a great, lifting gust tore it whole and bodily from the church, carried it about twenty feet and then dropped it a crashing mass of shapeless ruin, fortunately clear from the church which was not otherwise damaged. That great crash, preceded by the melancholy tolling of the bell as it fell, was one sound which people who lived nearby heard above the vast roar of the storm.

The steeple of the Methodist Church of Sag Harbor also fell, crashing in part through the roof of the building, in part through a house next door. Hundreds of trees fell in Sag Harbor and many lightly constructed buildings blew down, fortunately without loss of life. The destruction of trees was most notable in Oakland Cemetery where the oaks and pines were left a hopeless tangle among the gravestones. In front of R. C. Barry's store



Main Street, Bridgehampton, Front of Berlin Store



Wreck of Steeple of the Catholic Church, Bridgehampton

The Methodist Church Steeple at Bridgehampton Fell

one of the last of the old elms of lower Main Street fell. South Main Street was fairly wiped clean of all trees along several blocks, and the grounds of Pierson High School suffered severely. The school building had many broken windows but the children were kept in until the storm had passed, receiving supper in the building and going home unhurt.

On lower Main Street, many stores had their show windows blown in or were flooded by an unusually high tide that was said to have risen four feet in one hour, but the harbor itself was rather sheltered from the southeast wind and the damage to boats was not so severe nor the tide so high as in the lesser storm of November, 1935. The Wilson Bottling Works was badly wrecked by the wind.

In Easthampton town 16 lives were lost. One man, Dominic Grace, was killed ashore from injuries received when his garage was blown down on him; the others were lost at sea. These were Seth Scribner and Samuel Edwards and men out fishing with them on their boats, members of the crew of the fishing steamer "Ocean View" that foundered off Fishers Island, and other men who were lost overboard from boats at Montauk.

The following details of the storm's havoc in Easthampton town are taken from the Memorial Booklet of the Easthampton Star and from the regular issues of that paper.

LOSS OF THE "OCEAN VIEW"

"Officers and crew of the fishing steamer Ocean View, owned by the Smith Meal Company of Promised Land, which went down in Long Island Sound on Wednesday afternoon, told a harrowing story of their experiences. Captain Wm. Smith of Fairport, Va., was saved. Six men were lost: Roy Griffin of Shelter Island, N. Y.; Chief Engineer Kermit Forsett of Found Pond, Me.; Samuel

Coleman, 2nd engineer, of Weems, Va.; Elton Smith of Weems, Va.; David Starvi of Lillian, Va.; and Jesse Hodge of Weems, Va.

"The Ocean View's loss is thought to be due to the breaking of her crankshaft in the storm. She was making for Promised Land with 125,000 fish on board; and kept going east in the teeth of the storm until about 3:30. They saw Plum Gut, and wanted to beach the boat on Long Island. The doors were torn off the engine room; everything was adrift. With the engine disabled, the boat was out of control. The seine boats unhooked themselves; somehow the men got into them. Sixteen members of the colored crew got into one boat, and almost made shore safely. A great sea took them right over a concrete seawall, boat and all, near Madison, Conn., but one man was crushed on the concrete. The boat from which Roy Griffin and four members of the crew were lost swamped in about ten minutes after it was launched, and the survivors were in the water until 11 o'clock that night".

STORY OF THE "RUTH R"

"It was with tears streaming down his cheeks that Captain Dan Parsons heard the news that his boat "Ruth R." was on its way in, rounding Culloden Point. For forty-eight hours the well-known Montauk fisherman, who lives in East Hampton, had been keeping a watch for his boat, the "Ruth R" with four men on board, that was swept out to sea during the hurricane. Captain Charles Landry, who had been working for Captain Dan Parsons for eighteen years had on board with him Cleveland Noels, Wilfred Fougere and Joseph Guyetche, crew.

"On Wednesday, the day the hurricane struck, the crew of the "Ruth R." was off Culloden Point working on a fish trap. As the wind increased in the afternoon Captain Landry on board the sloop signaled for the men who

were each working in a separate "trap boat" to come aboard. Before the men could get to the sloop the wind increased with such fury that Cleveland Noel's boat capsized. Swimming to a stake a hundreds yards away, he clung to it while Fougere and Cuyetche battled in an attempt to reach him, against a wind that by then had reached hurricane proportions. The two men were forced to row ashore and bail out the water in their boat before they could reach Noels to pick him up. Gaining the side of the sloop the men leaped on board, making fast the painter.

"The wind immediately smashed the surviving boat leaving the crew without small boats.

"With full power on in an attempt to fight the fury of the hurricane, combined with a rushing flood tide, the big sloop was forced over to Gardiner's Island. Driving rain, accompanied by shrieking wind, made it impossible to see a boat length ahead. Standing on deck was an impossibility. When the island was neared they managed to anchor. Almost instantly the wind shifted, snapping the cables of both anchors. Unable to start the engine the men were drifting with the full force of the hurricane in a general direction of Block Island. Not leaking, but taking aboard hundreds of gallons of rain water, the crew were pumping continuously all night to keep afloat".

EASTWARD TO MONTAUK

"The Easthampton bathing pavilion was a wreck, heavy seas swept away the new platform tearing at the foundations and twisting the main building itself. Bath houses were reduced to a mass of twisted wreckage. Roofs were blown off, and carried clear across the miniature lake which was once the public parking lot at the rear of the pavilion.

"The fury of the hurricane piled from three to four feet of sand at the end of Ocean Avenue, which is itself a mass of wreckage from surrounding buildings.

"The Sea Spray Inn suffered heavy losses, all of the garages being carried across Hook Pond. An indication of the power of the heavy seas that bombarded the coast is seen in the fact that the heavy brick gate posts that stood at the entrance to the Sea Spray were carried an eighth of a mile down Ocean Avenue. Here as elsewhere trees were uprooted and smashed to the ground.

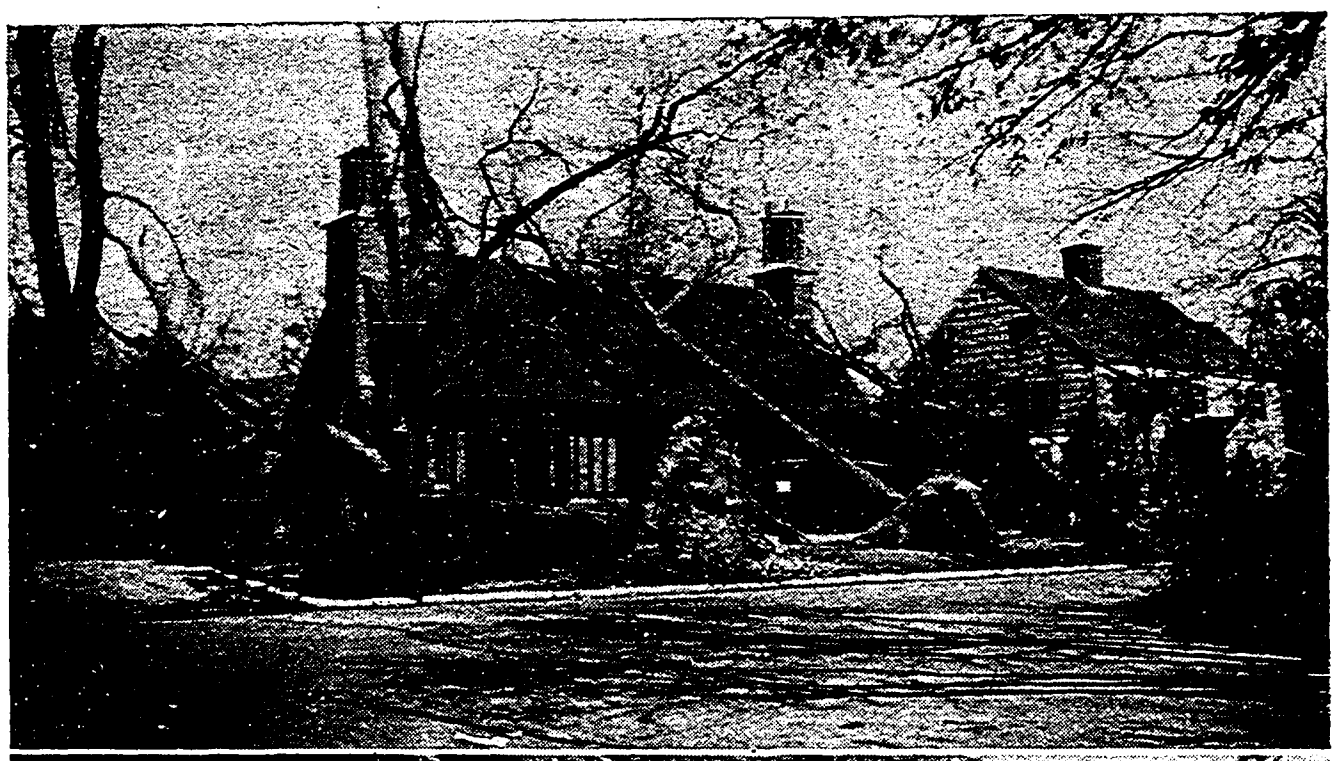
"The Barbour Club Restaurant at Beach Hampton, which cost $75,000, was completely destroyed, the Montauk Fishing Village was washed out and many homes either wrecked, flooded or carried from their foundations. Several of the Beach Hampton homes were destroyed and others greatly damaged by water. There was from eight to ten inches of water on the highway near Mille's Inn on Napeague. McClelland Barclay's home was one of the few standing at Beach Hampton.

"Trains made attempts to bring people off Montauk but were only able to get as far as Napeague, where tracks were completely washed out. They returned to Montauk and the people were put up at Montauk Manor. Perry Duryea's ice house was down and his other buildings were damaged. The station was half blown down, the Montauk Surf Club was not badly damaged. The Theatre building and White's drug store were washed out. The latter lost a wall and windows.

"Amagansett's Main Street also presents a desolate scene. Practically every one of the fine old trees along that thoroughfare are prostrate. Many of the houses on the north side of the street were badly damaged by the falling trees.

"The roof of Vivian Parson's garage at Amagansett was blown off and Mark Ryan's house was damaged.

"At Montauk Lake twenty-nine fishing boats were blown ashore by the hurricane. These represent boats of all sizes and value. Some were worth as much as $25,000. It is estimated that the average value of the boats blown up is $5,000. With the boats lying from a hundred to



East Hampton Free Library Was Little Damaged
What the Wind Did to Century Old Elms, East Hampton
Guild Hall, East Hampton; Trees Fell Away From It

three hundred feet up on the beach, the task of launching them is tremendous.

"The gas dock in the entrance to the lake, managed by Sam Joyce, is completely demolished, including buildings. At the yacht club several boats are sunk alongside the dock. A few boats anchored up by the bridge weathered the hurricane safely.

"The old Light House weathered the storm easily and was never in danger".

WRECK OFF THREE MILE HARBOR

"The 110-foot schooner 'Jean and Joyce' foundered off Hedges Bank, Sammis Beach, during the height of the hurricane. Hailing from Halifax and bound for her home port from New York with a cargo of coal, the ship came to grief when both her cables snapped soon after she attempted to anchor.

"Capt. Louis W. Vatcher of Halifax, and his crew of six, managed to get safely ashore in an 18-foot dory. Using the dory for a shelter the men were in an exhausted condition and spent several hours in the lee of the dory before they were found and brought to East Hampton by firemen".

EASTHAMPTON LANDMARKS

"East Hampton's beloved 'Home, Sweet Home' came through the storm practically unharmed; also its twin, the 17th century John Henry Mulford house next door. Other famous buildings grouped about the Village Green to escape with only minor damage are Guild Hall, the East Hampton Free Library, and historic Clinton Academy.

"Churches in this vicinity suffered more than other public buildings. St. Philomena's Roman Catholic Church

here lost its steeple; so did the Presbyterian Session House. Amagansett's Presbyterian Church suffered the same fate.

"East Hampton's historic windmills are safe; minor injuries can be repaired.

"A survey made by The Star, to check on the number of trees damaged on Main Street reveals that from the Hedges Inn on the east side of Main Street to the Methodist parsonage, there are sixty-eight trees down and ninety-one standing. Only trees that are outside private property lines, or just on the line were counted, and only trees that were at least six inches through at the butt. On the west side from Woods Lane to Doctor David Edwards' house there are ninety-six trees standing and seventy-one down. This count includes the trees bordering on Town Pond, and around the Memorial Green from a line drawn between the Methodist Parsonage and Dr. David Edwards' house".

WESTHAMPTON'S STORY

Of all the villages on Long Island, Westhampton suffered most. With 28 dead and four missing a month later, with at least 150 houses destroyed and a property loss of probably two million dollars, that pleasant village was turned in less than an hour into a shambles of destruction and death. The story of this terrible hour has nowhere been better told than in the Hampton Chronicle of Westhampton Beach whose editor, John L. King, lost his wife in the great wave. Here it is in its essential part.

"Shortly before four the dunes gave way before the terrible force of the roaring surf, houses collapsed, cars were tumbled like leaves, some of the stauncher houses were floated intact and whirled craizily in the core of the hurricane. Geography changed as new inlets were pushed through by the angry sea demanding an outlet for its force. For over two hours there was no difference be-

tween the Atlantic Ocean at its worst and the usually placid Moriches Bay, as the latter was swollen by the inrush of lashing water. The wind shifted many times, changing the course of the wreckage and the path of the refugees who had taken to boats to seek higher ground. Brief respites gave occasional rest to those floating on the savage sea, but the wind returned again and again with renewed vigor, overturning boats, sending flood flotsam hurtling through the air and menacing victims trying to keep heads above water

"Some idea of the fury of the elements may be obtained from the facts that before the tropical hurricane struck the summer colony there were 179 houses between the Moriches Inlet and the Quogue village line. After the waters and wind subsided it was discovered that only 26 in recognizable form remained. Some of these are only shells. It has been estimated that not over a dozen will ever be habitable again. The complete list of owners of houses standing or partly standing between Moriches Inlet and Quantuck is here given: Joseph Ayers, William F. Kimber, Frededick D. Burrell, George L. Hathaway, Mrs. Carrie B. Rogers, Demarest C. Rogers (home and part of bathing station), Foster Crampton estate, Miss Elizabeth Gair, Williams Cochrane, Country and City Corp., Major Joseph W. Geer, Frederick Brown (formerly E. C. Lynch), Dune Deck (eastmost house, containing bar and offices), Charles E. Thurston estate, Roy C. Holliss, Mrs. Martha Irvin, James L. Pinks, Dune Construction Co. (one and a half houses), Stanley Jones, Norvin R. Greene and Heelbarp Corp. (two-thirds of a house). The rest of the houses were carried before the southwest wind and cast up on the mainland, far in from the normal edge of the bay.

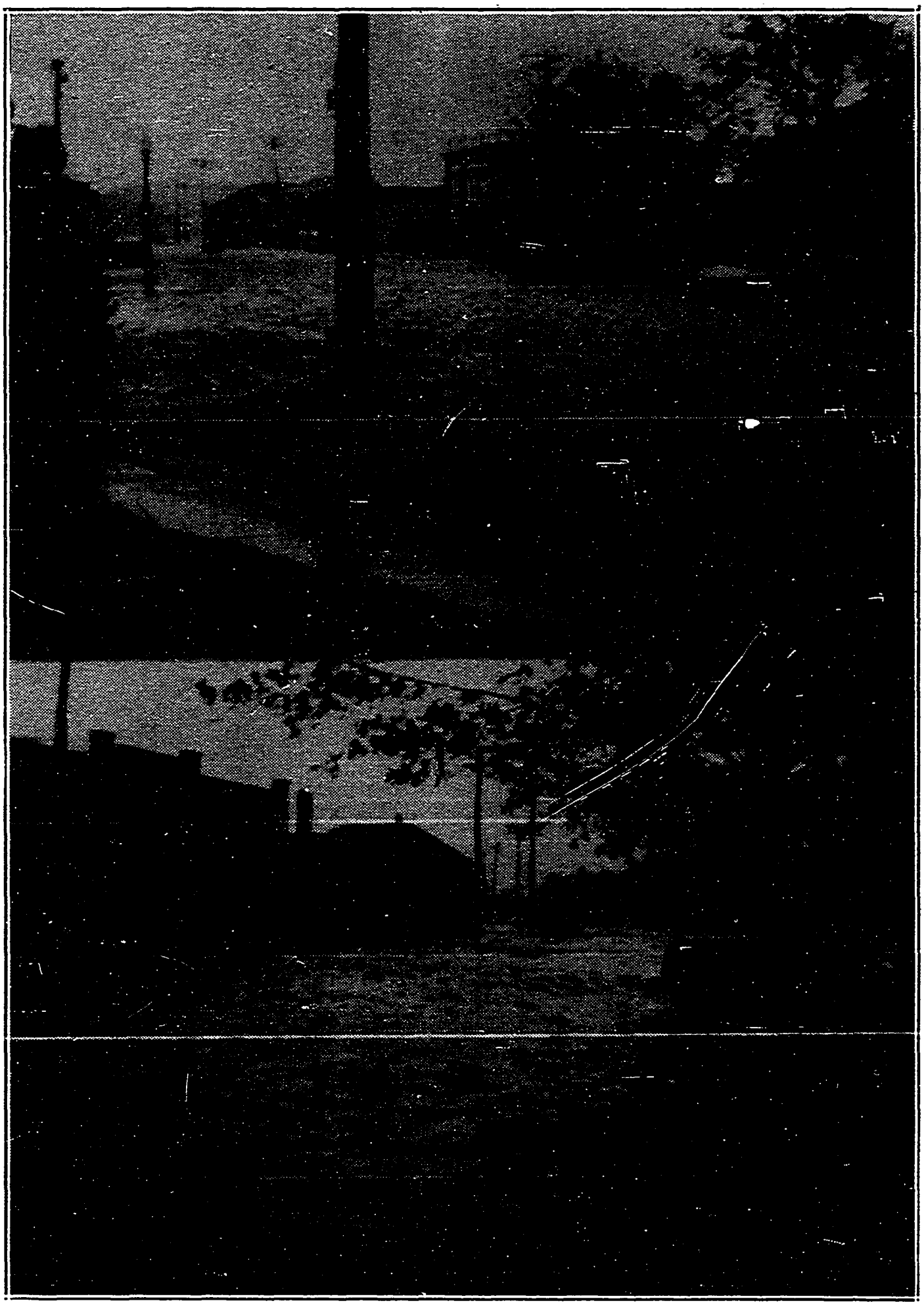
"The mingled bay and ocean rose to unprecedented heights, completely flooding Main Street, and reaching the Montauk Highway at Cook's Pond, where it left a large yacht high and dry when it receded. The highway was inundated to a depth of several feet. The Oneck section

and the Beach Lane and Library Avenue portions of the village were jammed with wreckage from the disintegrated houses, which had stood on the dunes. All inlets and canals rose to unbelievable heights. Stores on Main Street show water marks reaching six feet from the sidewalk. Many houses on the mainland were washed away. The chief damage was done at Apaucuck Point and Oneck Point, but in other areas houses were undermined, cellars flooded, windows smashed, and property ruined beyond reclamation. A fringe of driftwood skirted the slight rise of ground on which the Country Club house stands, marking the height of the water at that point. Yachts were left in unconventional attitudes in meadows, in a churchyard, bordering highways, and many boats have located in the woods north of the Montauk Highway. The number of cars disabled on the dunes and in parts of the village within a half mile of the bay shore goes into several dozens. (More than 100—Ed.)

"Before the shopkeepers and patrons on Main Street had realized that anything abnormal had happened they found themselves driven from the buildings by rising waters. Damage to stock and property in stores alone has been estimated at a figure above $50,000.

"Survivors, shivering, bruised, some hysterical, started to turn up in the village after their desperate efforts to regain safety, at about 5 p. m. Dazed villagers were momentarily helpless at the staggering news of sweeping disaster. Then groups began to function to effect what rescues they could. Houses on the mainland were visited by men in boats to rescue marooned dwellers. Attempts to launch what boats could be found in order to look for those still alive on the dunes availed little as wind, wreckage and darkness impeded the rescue work.

"Soon after Mrs. Anne King Hampshire, first to arrive after the nerve-racking trip across the bay, reached land, the first body, that of Mrs. James L. Pinks, harbinger of the terrible toll the hurricane had taken, was thrown up at the foot of Baycrest Avenue. With the touch of irony



Main Street, West Hampton Beach, As the Tidal Wave Struck

one finds at times like this the Country Club was turned into a morgue. Slowly the group of bodies grew as searchers discovered them floating in the shallow water or left by the receding tide. The whole village appeared to be in mourning as the failure of the electric lights plunged the whole area into darkness. Overhead the sky was now tranquil, but hearts were far from tranquil.

RESCUES AND ESCAPES

"Many are the stores of thrilling rescues and escapes. Chief of Police Stanley J. Teller and Officer Timothy J. Robinson helped rescue seventeen people who became stranded in Mrs. Frances B. Stebbins' house, which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. T. Martin.

"Teller got a call for aid from the beach during the storm and started up along Beach Lane in one of the village police cars. On the way he met Robinson in the other police car and called to him to follow. They arrived at the dune house of Mrs. Herbert J. McCooey, and got the occupants into the next dwelling east, the Martin home, where other neighbors also gathered. The party included three McCooey children, Richard and Robert, six-year-old twins, and John McCooey, aged 9, the McCooey chauffeur and maid, Mr. Martin and two maids, Mrs. Carl H. Kappes, her daughter, Miss Eleanor Kappes, and a maid; Mrs. Frances B. Stebbins and a maid and an unidentified young couple.

"The party went to the top floor of the house, which was taken off its foundation by the waves. After staying afloat through a hectic and frightening ride across the bay, the building finally lodged in the rear of the Breeze Lawn House in Quogue, its cargo of human lives safe. Several of the people were taken to the Quogue school for first aid.

"Wallace H. Halsey of Southampton, who was returning home on the Dune Road, was with the group at first

but did not get in the house and was swept away by the sea. He managed to stay afloat with the aid of wreckage and got safely to shore.

"Adrian Ball, shop foreman of the Hampton Chronicle, helped Mrs. Annie Robinson and her daughter, Miss Hilda Jane Robinson, from their home in an apartment above the Chronicle office, and later in the afternoon waded and swam to an island in the meadow at the foot of Potunk Lane and rescued two unidentified women, who were standing up to their necks in water.

"Louis Green, who was working on a plumbing job at the Dune Deck when the hurricane struck, performed an outstanding feat of heroism when he brought Mrs. Thomas J. Brennan and her colored maid across the bay to safety. He does not know how to swim.

"When the water began to threaten the dunes, Mr. Green saw Mrs. Brennan and the maid coming down Dune Road towards the Dune Deck, because their cottage, directly west of the hotel, had begun to shudder and strain at its foundations. Mr. Green ran to meet the pair and took them with him to the small gas station across the street from the hotel.

"Soon the gas station became unsafe, and as the water came thundering over the dunes, Mr. Green put the couple on a piece of floating boardwalk and then scrambled aboard. Huge pieces of wreckage, including a tank, which finally came to rest behind the Country Club on the first green, threatened to smash the frail raft. Because of this Mr. Green changed rafts midway across the bay in favor of a more substantial piece of wreckage. The three finally came ashore at the Ewing property on Oneck Point.

"Fourteen people, including Mr. and Mrs. Demarest C. Rogers, were marooned in the tower of the Beach Lane bridge during the heighth of the hurricane. With them they had two cases of soda and some chocolate bars from Rogers Bathing Beach. The water rose until it was a few inches over the bridge, but when the wind shifted to the northwest, it receded and at dusk the spiles of the bridge

were visible. During lulls in the storm the men searched for survivors clinging to debris washing against the bridge and succeeded in getting a rowboat in case they were forced to abandon the tower. Earlier in the day, around 12:30 p. m., Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and Wells Tuttle, lifeguard at the beach, had been in swimming, the surf being heavy but not unusually so.

"Postmaster Mabel B. Williams, after sending her assistants home, remained at the post office on Main Street until she felt forced to flee. Although the water came only two inches in the office proper, the cellar was completely flooded and when she opened the rear door to escape, she stepped in water up to her armpits. It was with great difficulty that she made her way through floating debris to the corner of Main Street and Mill Road, opposite the Seaside Bank.

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Feltman of Brooklyn, who were blown across the bay on a piece of wreckage, were too exhausted to leave their precarious haven and were hauled to safety by two other victims, Andrew Smarz and Kellan Snead, employees at the Dune Deck.

'One of the most thrilling and heroic rescues of the day was made by Coast Guardsman John Avery, who was on watch tower duty at the Potunk Station, now discontinued. He rushed over to the cottage of George Burghard, a short distance east, and told the family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Burghard and their two servants, Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Dalin, of their danger. He managed to assist all of them onto pieces of wreckage as their home began to disintegrate.

"Mr. Dalin suffered a broken leg when a heavy piece of timber hit him and Mrs. Dalin became hysterical and lost her head completely. Both finally lost hold of the wreckage and were drowned. Avery managed to keep with Mr. and Mrs. Burghard and assist them in holding on until they landed safely near the Steinbugler cottage on the golf links.

"When the waters started to rise around the home

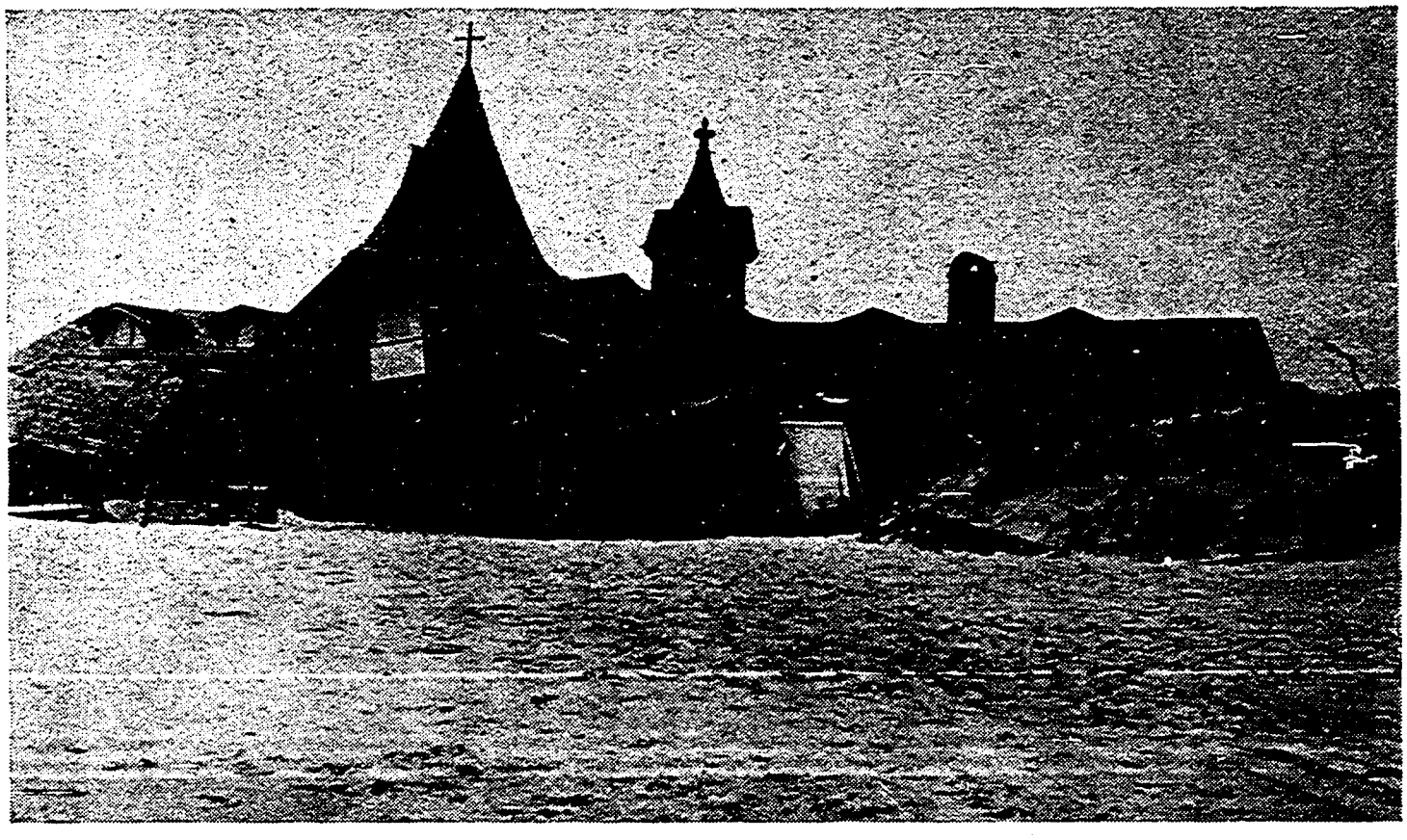
of Mrs. Ranald H. Macdonald, she and her maid and chauffeur tried to get to their car. The flood came on them so fast, however, that they had to climb to the roof of the garage, where they remained for two and a half hours until rescued.

"Mr. and Mrs. Martin Egan were rescued from their Oneck Point home by George E. Winters and the Rev. Arnold M. Lewis, who risked their own lives in their perilous but successful task. Mr. Egan is a member of the house of J. Pierpont Morgan in New York."

AT SOUTHAMPTON

The severe damage at Southampton was along the Dune Road west of the Beach Club and was caused principally by the great tidal wave. The village lost heavily in trees. Two colored women who tried to walk around the seaward end of Lake Agawam were caught by the wave and were drowned. The Beach Club was flooded and half wrecked. So was "The Dune Church", fittings from which were found half a mile away. The Beach Club's safe was found in the lake. For the story in greater detail we quote from the columns of the Southampton Press.

"The greatest loss in Southampton is along the shore front. From the Bathing Station to the Municipal Beach only two cottages are intact, those of Count di Zoppola's. Sandymount and the Stewart house are standing but badly undermined. The east half of Miss Dorothy Scheffelin's house was washed alongside the Mill across Dune Road. The west portion of the house stands precariously upon a chimney foundation and one wall about midway of the structure. Next west the first floor of the George L. Wrenn house was ruined but it would appear that cottage can be salvaged. The Henderson cottage was utterly demolished and sections of it deposited on the lawns of the Meadow Club. The Cutting house withstood the on-



St. Andrews "Dune" Church, Southampton
Organ and Pews Washed Out

Looking West on Main Street, Bridgehampton From
Old "Bulls-Head Tavern"

slaught of wind and wave but was washed from its foundations. The Harris house was completely wrecked. The Meadow Club Tea House, which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Rodgers, is about half undermined but is standing upright at this writing. West of the Municipal Beach the front of the Olcott house showed signs of having been heavily pounded by the seas but was otherwise in good shape. The former Denny Pierce cottage appears to be wrecked almost beyond repair. Dr. Wheelwright's cottage came through although severely battered.

"The former Flagg house, Mr. E. P. Mellon's and Mr. Reginald Fincke's were all damaged but not seriously. The small dune cottage of Mr. Robt. Gordon's was completely swept away. Mr. Henry F. Dupont's big brick house escaped without a scratch although the ocean broke through to Shinnecock Bay between the house and the garage and a great gash in the dunes remains. The Duncan Ellsworth house is not seriously damaged. Nothing but heaps of ruins remains of Mr. Justin O'Brien's two houses, East and West Wind. At this point the ocean carried everything before it and left a sand waste clear through to the Bay. The Dune road has almost completely disappeared, some parts having been washed out, others covered by sand.

"The new portion of the Ladd house, which replaced the section destroyed by the surf in the storm of 1931, is undamaged, but the west part is undermined.

"The beautiful studio cottage of Mr. Archibald M. Brown is completely ruined. The cottage stood on a high dune and was considered safe from any storm. The tidal wave leaped the protecting bulkhead and in an incredibly short time had toppled most of the house down the bank. Both east and west of the house great inlets formed through which the ocean waters rushed into the Bay. The west inlet probably saved Mr. Harry Towle's new house as it had the effect of dissipating the force of the water at this point. At any rate Mr. Towle's house suffered not the least injury. The last two houses on the beach those of

Mr. Wilfred J. Funk's and Dr. Wesley Bower's were not badly damaged. However, the Shinnecock Coast Guard Station was swept away together with all the equipment and effects of the men who barely escaped with their lives.

"All along the coast the ocean broke through in innumerable places. Between Louis Fowler's place in Wickapogue and the Mecox Bay outlet no less than eight new inlets were formed. To the westward, inlets broke through to every body of water contiguous to the dunes and at many intervening points.

"The ocean came in just to the rear of Arthur Burnett's house at Flying Point. In Southampton it came through Lake Agawan to the Bohack Store on Job's Lane.

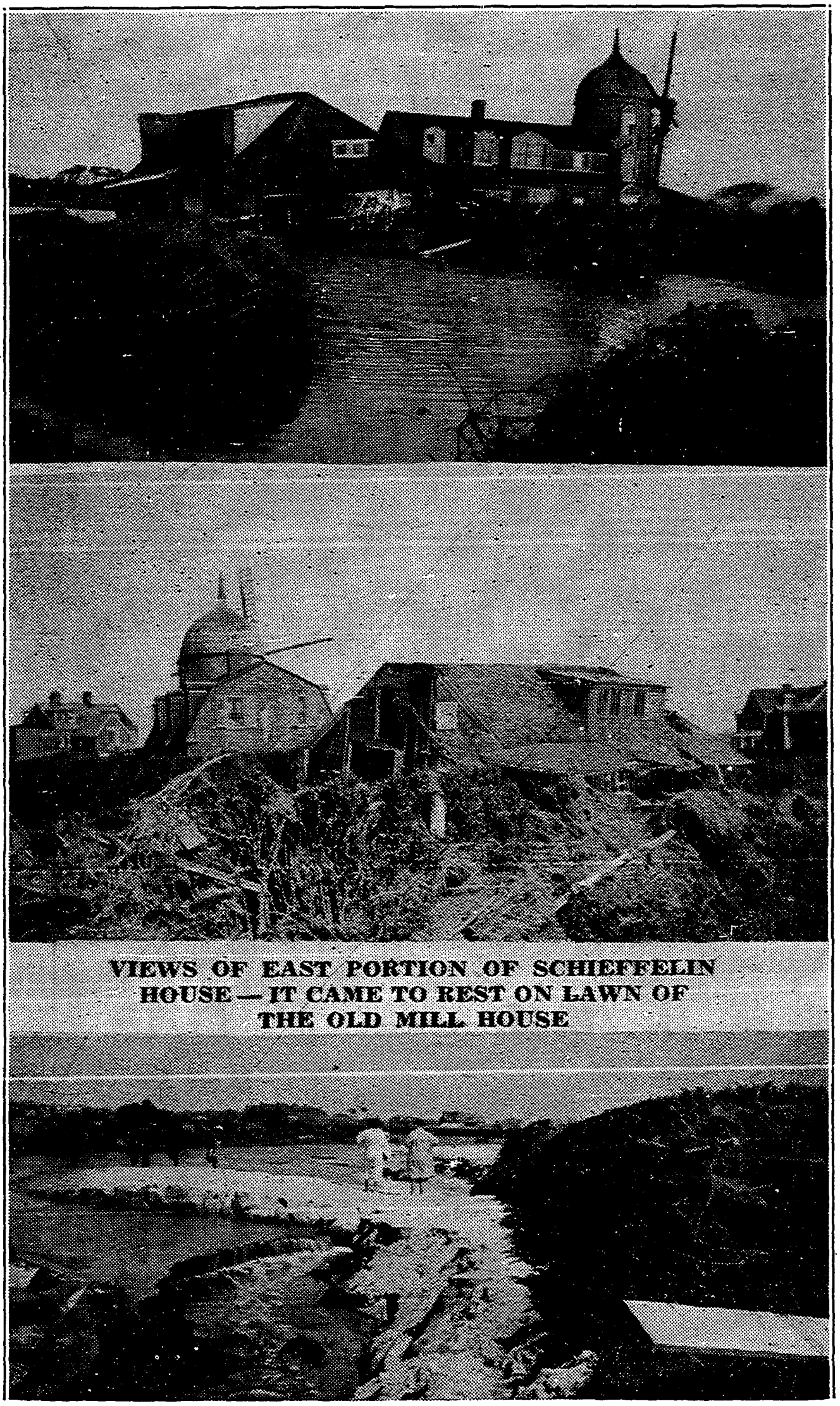
"At the Meadow Club water reached a level of four feet over the lawns and the club house sustained considerable damage. Mr. Anthony's cottage in the rear was wrecked. The barns and sheds are all down.

"The old windmill at Water Mill, recently restored, was half demolished, the top being blown away.

"The Pon Quogue bridge stood up under the battering of wind and wave but the approach from the ocean side was washed out.

"St. Andrew's 'The Dune Church', one of Southampton's beauty spots, was practically demolished. The south and west walls were partly down and an ironic quotation from the Bible was left untouched on the east wall, which read:

'Thou rulest the raging of the sea,
Thou stillest the waves thereof when they arise' ".



VIEWS OF EAST PORTION OF SCHIEFFELIN HOUSE — IT CAME TO REST ON LAWN OF THE OLD MILL HOUSE

DUNE ROAD WITH AGAWAM LAKE AND LYNCH ESTATE IN BACKGROUND — WATER FLOWING BACK INTO OCEAN

ELSEWHERE ON LONG ISLAND

But it was not only in the Towns of Southampton and Easthampton that the damage was severe. Fire Island and the bayfront west of Patchogue or even farther west took a hard beating. All along the ocean from Moriches Inlet to Fire Island Inlet the dunes were practically levelled and were broken through or washed over in many places. This was especially true at the summer resorts of Saltaire and Cherry Grove where the damage was about as great as at Westhampton though the loss of life was small due to the lateness of the season and the fact that few people were on the beaches.

There was severe damage also along the North Fork, especially from Greenport eastward. At Greenport the shipyards were practically wrecked, the theatre was ruined, the Eastern Long Island Hospital lost part of the roof. At East Marion and Orient the ruin was widespread; houses unroofed or washed off their foundations, small bungalows, boathouses and piers wrecked, boats carried far ashore or broken to pieces. The sea was over the causeway from East Marion to Orient. Of course, hundreds of trees were down everywhere.

On Shelter Island the damage was chiefly to trees; buildings and boats not being quite so badly hit. A report from Gardiner's Island said that the roof of the old Manor House had been blown off and many trees blown down.

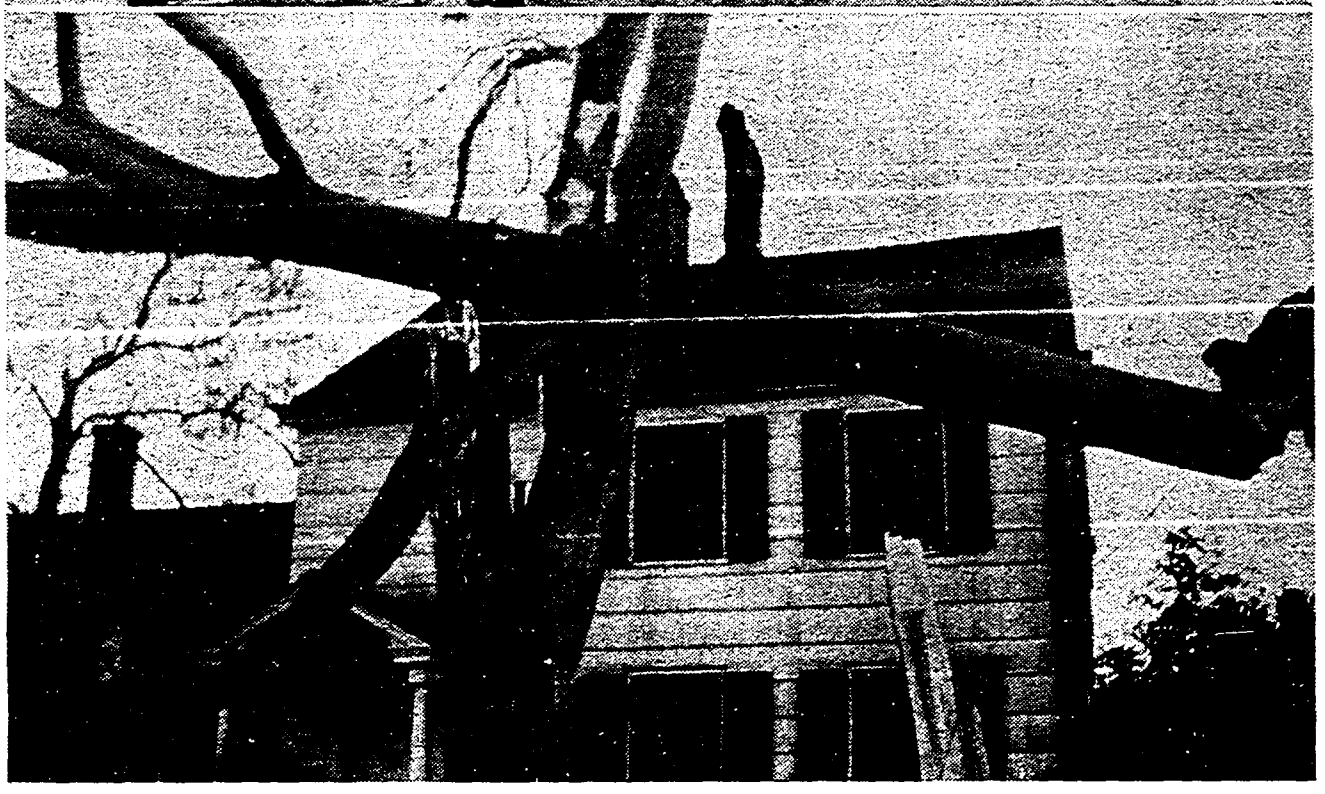
The Steamer Catskill left Orient Point early in the afternoon on its regular trip to New London and was struck by the full fury of the hurricane between Plum and Fishers Islands. The captain decided to ride out the storm where there was plenty of sea-room and the ship's company passed a wild night on the Sound. When in the early morning the Catskill entered the Thames it was found that the dock there and the office of the company had been

completely destroyed, as had the pier at Orient. A similar wild voyage was experienced by the steamer Park City which started on its regular trip from Port Jefferson to Bridgeport at 2 p. m. Unable to proceed or to return, the captain also decided to ride it out in mid-Sound which he did successfully. Next morning in answer to distress signals the Park City was taken into Port Jefferson by a Coast Guard cutter with no injury to anyone on board.

The Coast Guard Service suffered severe damage along the ocean front. The stations at Moriches Inlet, at Westhampton, and at Shinnecock were completely destroyed by the tidal wave. The first and last of these were fully manned stations and the crews escaped in their own lifeboats. Other stations were badly damaged, as at Bridgehampton.

The Long Island Railroad's loss was heavy and service was practically suspended east of Speonk for nearly two days. A washout just east of Westhampton caused the derailment of the train for Montauk that left New York at 4:45 p. m. One trainman was badly cut by broken glass. As it happened this train, which came out the South Side, was ahead of the Cannon Ball which left New York nearly an hour earlier. The latter train had taken three hours to make the distance of about six miles from Manorville to Speonk. The line was blocked by fallen trees which trainmen, assisted by passengers, had to clear away before the train could proceed. Passengers from both trains were assembled at Westhampton station and sent on from there by busses or private cars. Those for Bridgehampton and points east arrived some time around one o'clock Thursday morning. All day Thursday service east of Speonk was mostly by bus, and to some extent as late as Saturday. It was not until that night that service was fully restored.

Mails were correspondingly delayed and were sent on by truck from Speonk. The first mail at Bridgehampton on Thursday came about two in the afternoon by truck.



The Wilson Bottling Works, Sag Harbor
What Happened to White's Drug Store, Montauk
Big Tree Took to the Air Near East Moriches

Another arrived sometime after midnight that night. They were not on normal schedule until Monday.

Telephone service might well have been described as down but not completely out. Probably about five to ten percent of all the phones on the south side east of Westhampton were in service on Wednesday night and Thursday morning. The immense reserves of the Bell System were quickly called upon and by Thursday morning repair forces were converging on the devastated area from points as far west as Syracuse and as far south as Virginia. These men worked from daylight to dark for days but it was two weeks before service might have been called normal, and even then many of the installations were temporary and had to be done over later. Local central and business offices gave helpful service to the best of their ability throughout the emergency.

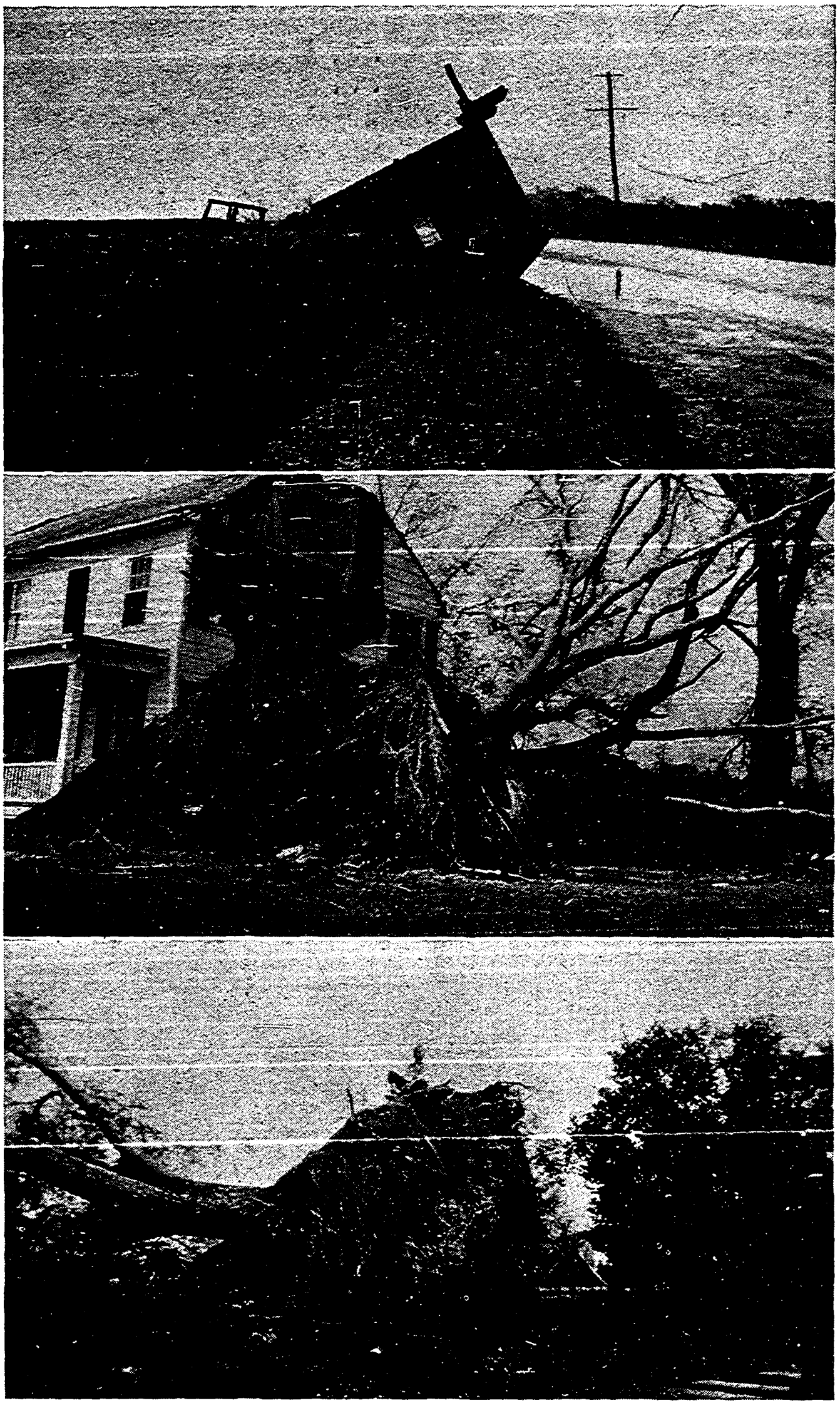
Electric light and power failed generally throughout Eastern Long Island about 2 p. m. Wednesday. Electric clocks in Bridgehampton stopped at 2:06. This was due in part to the flooding of the main power station of the Long Island Lighting Company at Glenwood Landing, Hempstead Harbor, and in part to the destruction of local lines. In Easthampton a reserve power station was put in service on Thursday with some effect as all lines there are underground; but most of the East End was without light or power until Sunday afternoon when a few shops and important offices received emergency service. Extension of service was slow. Many homes got no electricity for nearly two weeks. Streets were dark about as long or longer; they were first lighted in Bridgehampton nineteen nights after the storm.

The failure of electric power put many water systems out of action as they depended largely on electric pumps. Where reserve pumps using oil or gasoline power were put into service it was found in many places that the leakage from broken mains was as much as the water pumped from the wells. Water company employees equalled the records of other utilities in continuous work to re-

store service. On Thursday and Friday at Bridgehampton and other places local fire departments used their pumpers to pump water from fire wells into the local water mains. Electric power was restored to the pumping station at Bridgehampton on Sunday and service was soon normal after two days of short supplies. The failure of electricity also affected many private household water supplies which depended on their own electric pumps to pump from their own wells. These people had to depend on neighbors for water some time after the water companies were operating.

School buildings stood the storm well although many suffered some little damage, such as broken windows or loss of shingle or roof tile. The worst hit was the new Southampton grade school which lost a large section of roof.

By a curious trick of fate the only shore light of the Lighthouse Service on the Long Island coast to be destroyed was the new one on Shinnecock beach which replaced the old Ponquogue Light whose 160 foot tower was condemned as unsafe several years ago. That old brick tower stands undamaged. The new steel shaft is gone.



Studio From Holt Place, Mecox, Drifted to Ocean Road, Front of Twyeffort "Beach House": Half Mile Inland

Tree Wrecked Chimney, Roof and Wall of the W. D. Halsey Home, Bridgehampton

Roots of Ancient Elm, Next to Post Office, Bridgehampton

THE DAMAGE AT BRIDGEHAMPTON

Some of the principal items of loss at Bridgehampton have been already referred to, the Community House roof, and the steeples of the Catholic and Methodist churches. These were showy losses but when in the next morning's bright sunshine people began to get about slowly and with difficulty among the fallen trees they saw these were but a small part of the total damage.

The farmers were heavy losers. Nearly fifty barns had gone down in the region from Water Mill to Wainscott and north to the line of the Scuttle Hole Road or a little beyond. The Edward Mayer poultry farm at Mecox had lost more than half of its buildings and about 600 fowl. The Howard Hendrickson farm on Lumber Lane had lost part of the house roof, and many buildings and fowl. The Mecox Bay Duck Farm was seemingly a complete wreck. Potato farmers near the ocean found many acres washed out or washed away or buried deep under sand from the beach. On other fields that had been flooded with sea water the potatoes were found to rot soon after being dug. And on many farms not only were the barns destroyed but garages, chicken houses, outbuildings of all sorts. There were more than eighty places with such losses.

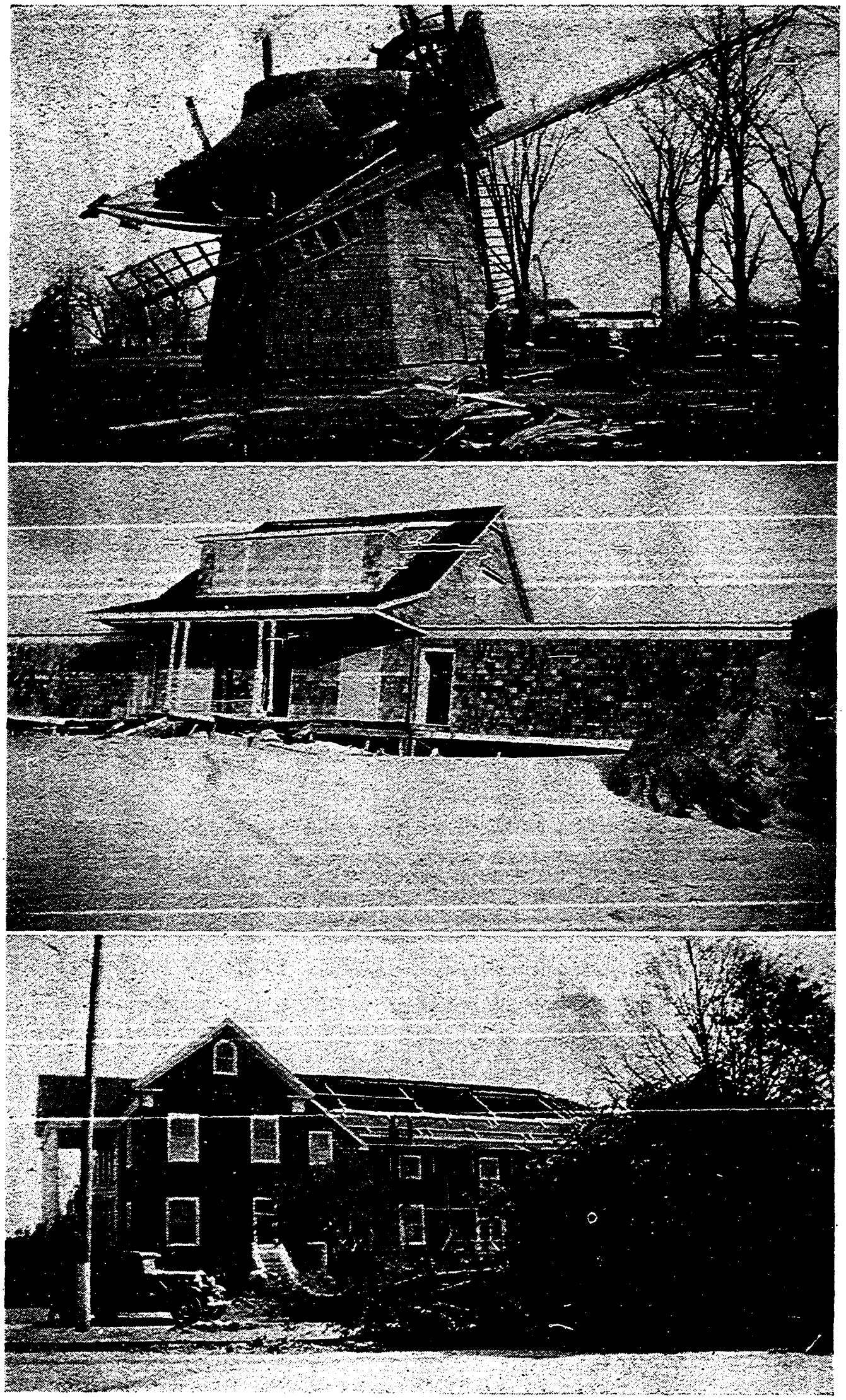
Between Sagg Pond and Mecox Bay the houses on the dunes had stood quite well. None was destroyed. The worst hit were the Cromwell home near Mecox Bay which was undermined and the Carter place which lost most of its verandas and had the garage pushed off its foundation. The garage on the Berwind place suffered a similar fate. The Coast Guard station had also been lifted off its foundations, turned partly around, had its chimneys blown away and been badly wrenched. The sea came up Ocean road about five hundred feet or more, covering it deep

with sand, and leaving a deposit of sand nearly two feet deep on the floor of the Coast Guard Station on which at the worst the water was four feet deep. Mrs. Roy Guymont, wife of the radio operator who lived there, had to take refuge with her children on the second floor until a rescue was made.

The sea flowed completely under the bathing station, carrying away all the front and back steps and the verandas, but the building stood though badly sagged and strained. Just west of it the sea came through the dunes wiping out the fishing shack and equipment of Herbert Cooper and carrying tons of sand far up onto the potato fields. The bridge to the beach at the foot of Jobs Lane stood but part of its approaches went, and the new road and parking place from it to the beach was either washed out or buried deep in sand. Sagg Pond bridge had its approaches and railings carried partly away.

East of Sagg Pond the houses on the beach fared badly. All three of John White's bungalows were washed away or smashed, as were others owned by Mr. Gibson and Mr. Beatty. At the end of the Town Line road were five bungalows completely wrecked. Between Sagg and Fairfield ponds much good land was damaged by sea water or by sand. The sea broke through into Fairfield pond and carried a bungalow with it. It also broke through into Wainscott pond. All along Sagg Street many old trees were down and more than half of the barns. At the old Charles Rogers place the barn and nearly all the outbuildings and the windmill were mixed up in a complete wreck.

To the north of the village one of the most complete wrecks was that of the freight house at the railroad station which was literally blown to small pieces and strewn across the tracks. No one was in it at the time. The station was little damaged. The new potato house of Frank Jablonski had half of its roof blown away. One of the most spectacular losses was at the William D. Halsey farm. Nearly all of the huge trees about the place went down and one



The Old Windmill at Water Mill
Bridgehampton Bathing Station Took Beating, But Stood
Bridgehampton Community House Lost Half Its Main Roof

in falling carried away the east chimney, part of the roof and the east wall of the attic. A house that lost nearly all its roof was the one owned by John White at the corner of Sagg Street and Montauk Highway. So did the home of Mrs. H. L. Richards on Ocean Road.

The loss of chimneys was almost as common as the loss of windows. A month after the storm the masons had replaced about 85 chimneys with some 20 still on the waiting list. Many of these fell on roofs, either breaking through as at Godfrey Baldwin's, or causing severe damage. At the Hampton House all three chimneys fell on the roofs, breaking them in each instance. Tin roofs went sailing down wind in many cases.

Public utilities and services were heavy losers. The streets were strewn with poles and wires mixed with trees so that many of the poles and practically all the overhead wiring had to be replaced beside the loss from lack of service.

And, most noticable of all, were the 750 trees down along the roadsides, with an estimate of about 3500 for the total number fallen in the Bridgehampton-Sagaponack, Hayground area.

DRIFTWOOD FROM THE STORM

BRIDGEHAMPTON

One of the spectacular features of the hurricane, was the effect on vegetation due to the fact that it literally rained salt water for probably two hours at the heighth of the gale. For nearly five miles back from the ocean the country looked a week later as if there had been a killing frost. What leaves remained on trees were brown and dead as in mid-November.

It really did rain salt water due to the spray from the sea being driven miles inland. Several people out in the storm tasted it on their lips and where water was driven into houses it left a thin film of salt on drying.

An extraordinary bit of salvage from the storm was found by George Hand the morning after. Looking over the then unoccupied Huntting place on Ocean Road which he owns, Mr. Hand was more than a little surprised to find a live heifer in a small outbuilding.

School was resumed on Tuesday after the storm, having been closed because of no electricity.

Due to a washout at a crossing on John Street, Sag Harbor, the Sag Harbor-Bridgehampton shuttle train was only able to go as far as the Noyack Road crossing at Sag Harbor.

It was just about impossible to purchase a lamp, candles, axes and flashlight batteries in Bridgehampton on Thursday, so great was the demand right after the storm, and this same condition existed in neighboring villages. Local stores had new supplies rushed from New York on Friday. Photograph films were also entirely out of stock in Eastern Long Island stores on Thursday.

Members of the Bridgehampton Fire Department, were on duty all night after the storm. One group operat-

ed the flood light truck to provide light for the highway crew so that the main roads could be opened to traffic, while several members of the department assisted in clearing and helping in other ways. The pumping engines of the department were in operation all day Thursday, pumping out cellars or flooded areas, and also assisted in supplying water for the village water mains the early part of the day.

At the very climax of the storm while the inmates of one summer home were trying desperately to keep the windows from blowing in and momentarily expecting almost anything, the Japanese butler asked quietly, "Will madame have tea in the dining room or up-stairs?"

One Bridgehampton woman who takes in tourists at her charming home entertained an angel unawares Wednesday. In the shape of a young salesman he arrived just as the hurricane broke. During the storm he did valiant service patching up broken windows and afterwards he took a saw and cut away the trunk of a big tree that blocked the driveway. Asked who he was after he had gone, the lady laughed and said, "I never asked his name".

The approaches on both sides of the bridge over Sagg Pond on Bridge Lane were washed out, making it impossible to cross the bridge. Alec James and Charles Farmer were injured when they attempted to cross the bridge in the storm in a car. Approaching the bridge from Sagaponack, and apparently looking at an overturned truck, Mr. James drove his car into the hole against the bridge abuttment wrecking the car, and causing painful injuries to himself and Mr. Farmer, both of whom had to be taken to Southampton Hospital for treatment.

The Ludlow Farm at Mecox possesses two sea-going cows. They were overtaken in a pasture by the tidal wave and swam home to the barn in time for milking, successfully crossing a four-foot wire fence on the way.

A small studio on the P. H. Holt property drifted off in the tidal wave and made land on Ocean Road in front of the Tyweffort "Beach House" property. Although it was upside down not a window pane was broken and it was successfully salvaged the end of the week.

A large section of the Water Mill bathing station comprising the living apartment of the life-guard drifted far up on the lawn of the O'Brien estate on Horsemill Lane. It was little damaged and the window curtains were still fluttering in the breeze when it was sighted.

A woman in a neighboring village stopped for shelter at a public garage during the worst of the storm. Immediately the front doors were opened for her to drive in, the whole rear wall blew out and the front windows caved in. "I think I've done enough damage, I'll try to get on home" she said and drove on.

Bridgehampton was fortunate in having on the clean-up job three experienced lumberjacks from Maine, Fred Roy, Romeo Morin and Henry Morin. They swung not only a "wicked", but a highly efficient axe and did a splendid workmanlike job on fallen trees.

At a home near the sea the colored houseman ran out into the incoming wave to rescue a cat with little kittens.

The Presbyterian Church property came through with the least damage of all save the First Baptist Church in the old firehouse which was unhurt. The Presbyterian steeple stood, the building suffered little and of all the fine trees around it, only two were total losses. The trees in the old cemetery were badly hit.

Some colored people after the storm did a stroke of business buying chickens that had been blown away in the worst of it. They said they didn't have to pick the chickens; the wind had done that quite completely.

Official figures on the highest wind velocity in the hurricane have been received by E. S. Clowes, local weather observer. For any five minute interval the highest at New York Weather Bureau, 400 feet up, was 70 miles, at Block Island near sea-level 82 miles, at the Harvard Blue Hill observatory near Boston and about 400 feet altitude, 111 miles; at Mt. Washington, a mile up, 136 miles. At Blue Hill there were gusts up to 180, at Mt. Washington up to 162. Figuring on distances from the storm center and altitude our local weather man said the highest for any five minutes here was probably about 100 miles with possible gusts up to 115 miles.

MONTAUK

(From The Easthampton Star)

Mrs. Gunner Strandberg, whose husband is employed at the Willard Restaurant, was at the time of the hurricane helping her husband put up boards over the restaurant's windows. Unable to get back to her house in the fishing village until after the storm, she was worried over the safety of a two-year-old baby. Going home she found the child safe, but there were three other houses resting against her own, and an automobile crashed through the wall of her dining room.

Gene McGovern, Montauk fisherman, entered the post office to get his mail. The wind and tide came up so suddenly that he was unable to leave. As the building started to move, he kicked the window out of the rear of the building to escape. The building was carried 400 feet away.

Mrs. Edwin Tuthill, living at the edge of Tuthill's pond, was an eyewitness to the sight of fishermen's houses being carried along the beach and into the pond. She saw one woman with a baby in her arms retreating before the tidal wave. As the hurricane reached its zenith, she was forced to abandon her house and seek the safety of the house of Supervisor Perry Duryea.

EASTHAMPTON

(From The Easthampton Star)

Miss Gertrude Rackett's summer cottage had its roof torn off at the height of the storm, then the front was ripped off, leaving it standing just like a child's dollhouse, with the rooms and their contents exposed to the street. Miss Rackett was alone in the house, and somehow made her way to shelter at Mr. and Mrs. I. Y. Halsey's.

Mrs. Chester Browne drove into her garage, then looked from the house window and saw the garage sail into the top of a butternut tree. The cook at Juan Trippe's dune house found bluefish in her kitchen the next day; and at Forrest Hulse's and Roy King's, turtles were found in the rich mud on their floors, after the tidal wave had receded. Mrs. Hulse escaped drowning by standing on a table. On Friday morning a small boat, used to rescue people on Egypt Lane, was still tied to a hydrant.

RIVERHEAD

Riverhead's own storm baby is, according to the latest report, doing splendidly. She is Shirley Ann Gatz, two-week-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gatz of Maple Avenue. Mrs. Gatz is the former Miss Bertha Chituck of Westhampton.

Shirley Ann was born during the height of the hurricane at 3:20 o'clock the afternoon of September 21. She first saw the light of day in the Eastern L. I. Hospital, Greenport, about the time a part of the hospital's tin roof blew off and a portion of the sun porch crashed to earth. Rain flooded the delivery room as she was born.

Shirley Ann weighed only 6½ pounds, but according to Dr. Hallock Luce, Jr., the attending physician, she is a healthy, vigorous little lady— and was not affected one bit by the inauspicious circumstances attending her arrival. Mrs. Gatz, too, has made a good recovery.

MORE WEST HAMPTON BEACH ESCAPES

The editor of The Hampton Chronicle has received several letters telling of the escapes and experiences of various persons in the hurricane. Since these accounts all add to the interesting record of the disaster of September 21, the Chronicle is printing parts of some of the communications. Following are excerpts from letters written by Mrs. Morton D. Bogue, of 21 East 90th Street, New York, who occupied the Norman A. Raynor cottage on Stevens Lane, and from Mrs. Joseph T. Cashman, sister of Earl Christy, the artist, of 430 E. 57th Street, New York.

Mrs. Bogue's:

"My companion, maids and I had a most terrific experience in Norman Raynor's, but Providence guided us to safety for which we were most thankful. The cottage went off the foundation, the whole lower floor was filled with water and all the furniture in the rooms turned over. We thought any minute the house would go and we with it. With the help of my chauffeur and four stalwart men he brought with him (when the water receded), I was taken out a window, placed in a chair and carried in safety to my car which my chauffeur had parked near Mr. Halsey's on Mitchell Road. My maids and companion were also helped out the window and taken to the car. Having taken the precaution to lock all windows and doors, no wind penetrated the house, nor were any windows broken. . . .

"Mrs. Beatrice Gann offered us shelter and the hospitality of her home and made us most comfortable until Friday when we returned home in our car. She was certainly the Good Samaritan. . . .

"It was a most serious and terrible experience for all those who were in Westhampton Beach and we all hope never to have anything like it to meet again."

Mrs. Cashman's:

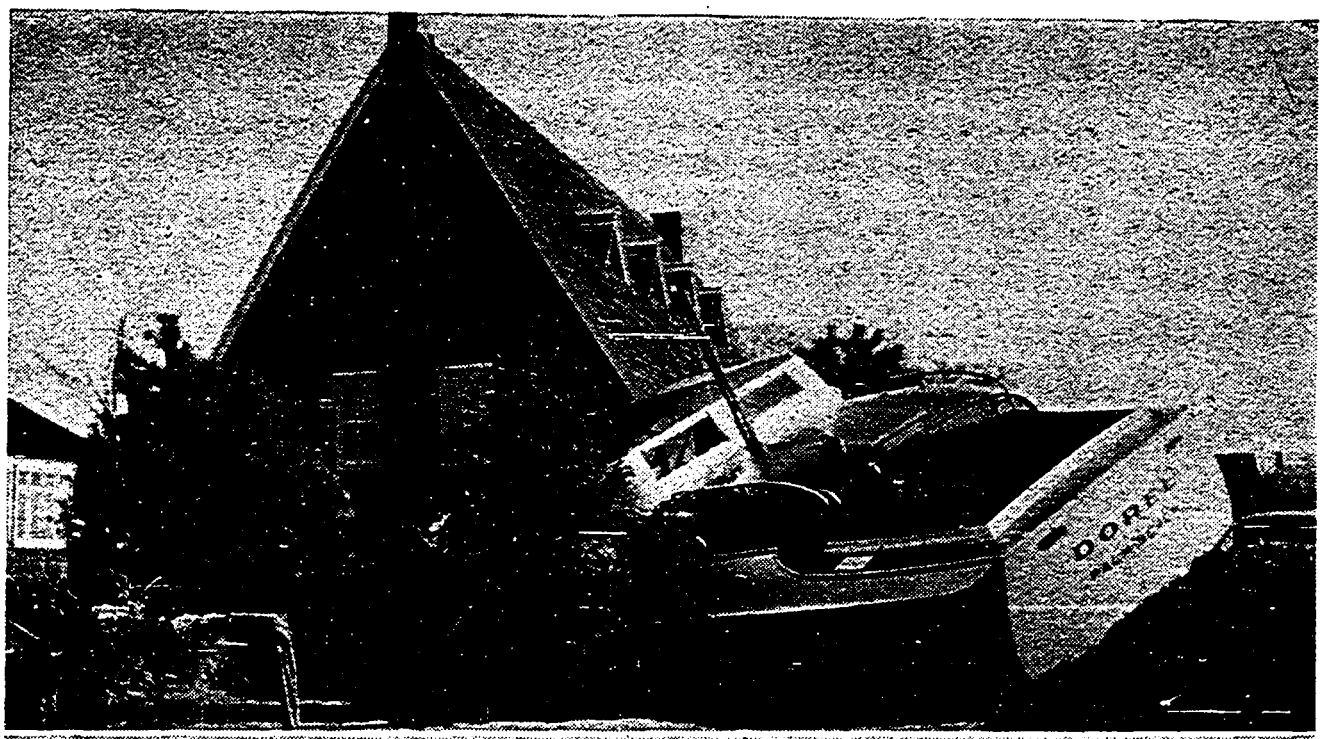
"My brother, Earl Christy, rented the Fancher house for the past three seasons. It was located on the dunes between the Quantuck Club and Mrs. Stebbins' place.

"My sister and I were in the house at the time of the hurricane and when the ocean poured in the front and down the four steps into our living room, we ran out of the house leaving the kitchen door open behind us. Both our cars were away from the house at the time and when we saw Mrs. Stebbins' well-built garage turn inside out leaving her two cars exposed, we knew it was time to scream for help.

"A boy named Bill Bailey held us up until a Mr. Mitchell and his sister drove over from Mrs. Stebbins' place, leaving another sister with Mrs. Stebbins and her maid. Mr. Bailey helped us into the little Ford and through water up over the hubs of the wheels, Mr. Mitchell drove us to Dr. Keller's home. This was really miraculous, for I had been treated for water on the knee only recently and it was with difficulty I could hold on to the post at the end of our walk: the water was up to our waists when we got into the Ford.

"This is a vote of thanks to Mr. Mitchell, his sister and Bill Bailey—for if they had not helped us as they did we would have drowned. I hope I will be able to repay them".

When ocean waters began to swirl about houses at the top of the dunes at Pond Point several residents made their way to the John L. King house on the road and from there waded through rapidly deepening waters, bucking a head-wind, to the Pond Point Garage. There, after delay in finding oars and oarlocks, and after Mrs. Anne King Hampshire and a young lady guest at the James J. Lahey cottage had left in a rowboat to get aid, the 25 or 30 refugees all boarded small boats to try to make their way to the main land. The wind had shifted from the east to the southwest following a lull, blowing the rowboats directly toward the Oneck Point section. Six or seven boats were launched, some without oars. By the time the last boat was leaving, houses had started to break loose from their foundations and were moving down to-



Union Chapel, West Hampton Beach, A Mile Inland
What Is Left Of the Schieffelin House at Southampton
Wreckage at West Hampton Beach

ward the bay. The last boat to leave was that containing Mrs. John L. King, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Vail and the Rev. W. Robert Hampshire. An effort was made to effect a transfer of a sailboat tied to a buoy but the wind had taken the rowboat several hundred feet north by the time Mr. Hampshire had the boat released. After being taken west the wind overturned the sailboat and he made his way to safety on wreckage and by swimming, finally landed on the golf course. After his boat had capsized, Mr. Hampshire was still able to see Mrs. King and Mr. and Mrs. Vail still safe in their oarless rowboat. Later, amid the fury, their boat overturned and the Vails escaped on floating wreckage, but Mrs. King held onto the boat until exhausted. Mrs. King was able to swim but was hampered by clothing, including a coat. Mrs. Vail, who is unable to swim, was aided to safety by her husband.

John F. Harris, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Harris, of Floral Park, started in a boat with his mother, Mrs. James L. Pinks, and an unidentified woman. After weathering the storm for most of the distance to the shore the boat overturned, throwing all four into the waters. Mrs. Pinks was seen floating, apparently dead, right after the upset.

The Harrises and the unidentified woman clung to the boat until when nearly at Goodman's Canal the latter let go and was submerged. John Harris struggled gallantly to hold his mother above water and at last was able to place her in safety on the roof of the flooded boathouse back of the late Howard Goodman's house, Baycrest Avenue. He collapsed upon reaching the shore but soon was out again looking for Miss Anne MacVicker, a Harris house guest. She had arrived safely, however, in the second boat to leave the garage, one of the two boats not overturned.

While out in the middle of the bay Mr. Hampshire saw the Brown cottage sweep past him with a man and woman standing in the doorway. Mrs. Brown and her seven-months-old daughter, Judith, were lost.

Mrs. Lewis, sister of Leo Foley, was sighted afloat in a small boat in Apaucuck Creek the day following the storm. Lewis Y. Culver, Jr., and Hallock Culver, two local boys, swam out to her rescue. She was cared for for the night at Herbert R. Culver's home on Apaucuck Creek. There she told how she had set out from the dunes with Mr. and Mrs. William J. Jarvis. Suddenly Mrs. Jarvis fell overboard and sank. Mr. Jarvis dived to her rescue and sank also. The current drove the boat onward and she saw neither of them again.

The two boats to reach the mainland shore right side up were manned by Benj. C. Owen and Emil Gnehm.—Hampton Chronicle.

WESTHAMPTON — IMPRESSIONS

(From The Hampton Chronicle)

The countless tales of heroism on all sides and the modesty of the heroes.

Many of the victims of the storm not knowing the names of those to whom they owe their lives.

The Patio, storm headquarters, with the Bradleys trying to take care of everyone and doing a wonderful job; with Jack doing his part putting in a consoling word to those frantically worried people.

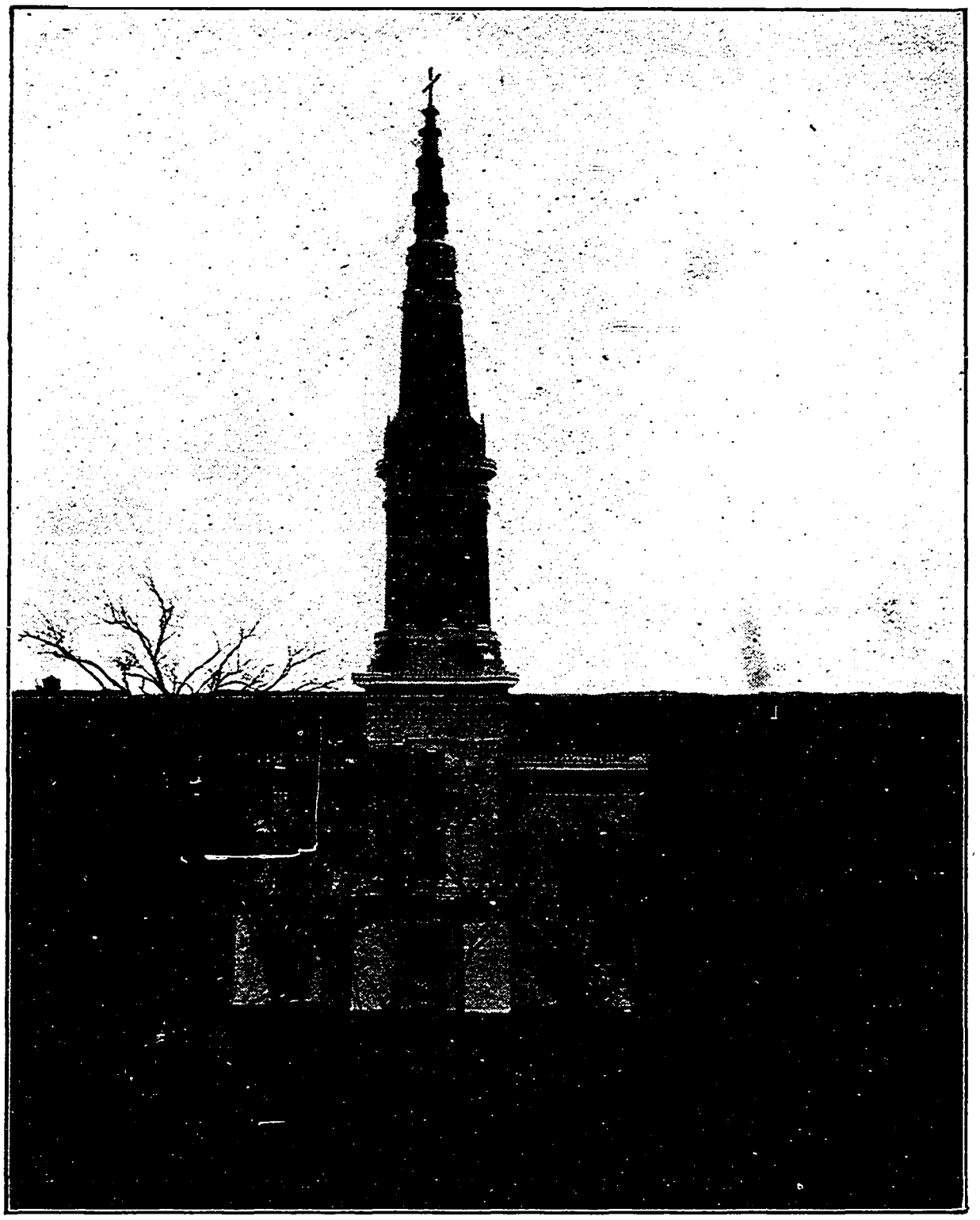
At the Jessup Cottage—also taking in all and serving a hot dinner by some miracle.

The ever-increasing line of people at the Village Office. And as the night wore on the great white light they set up, making the scene even more nightmarish.

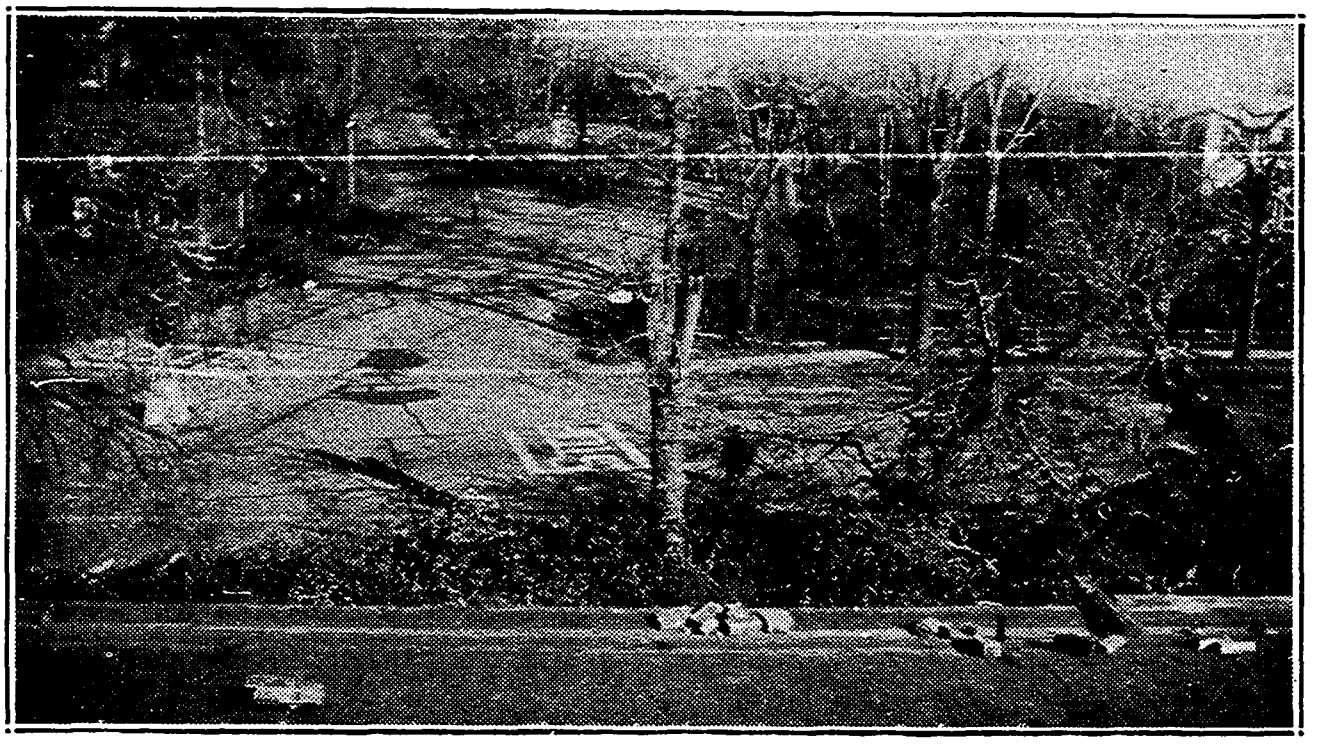
The pitch blackness of Main Street with guards posted every few feet.

Mrs. Burkhart arriving at the side door of the Howell House in a bathing suit, having swum across the bay. The party of refugees sitting around the fire in the main lounge all night waiting word of missing relatives and friends.

The Moorland, also a haven for victims of the storm.



Old First Presbyterian Church, Sag Harbor, Before the Storm



Looking North Up Lumber Lane and Sag Harbor Turnpike From Roof of Hampton House, Bridgehampton

Mr. Kenny helped many people out of the water on Beach Lane.

The buses that came from Riverhead to take people away—waited several hours and went away empty.

The night seeming to grow even blacker as the wind died down.

The arrival of the State Troopers.

The parade of huge trucks loaded with boats that arrived at 4 a. m.

The army of newspaper men that arrived at 5.

Photographers getting shots of the silent queue by the Village Office.

Searchlights showing havoc.

The tales of those who drove from New York. A dark, wild, harrowing ride through the night. Always facing the hazard of fallen trees on the road. Praise on all sides for the job done by the authorities at Riverhead on reporting everything possible of what was happening here. Names of all persons seen alive after the storm being turned in at the Henry Perkins.

Dawn coming and with it the slightest breeze which tautened nerves already strained to breaking point.

Dawn and Devastation. Devastation even worse than had been feared through the night. Devastation but not despair. Westhampton, like some stout old ship, had come through the hurricane badly battered but with the courage of her crew unquestioned.

Perhaps the victim who suffered the most unique loss in the hurricane was Mr. Franklin of Section 3, Mastic Beach, whose artificial legs were carried away by the wind and water. However, they were recovered in East Moriches the following Saturday.

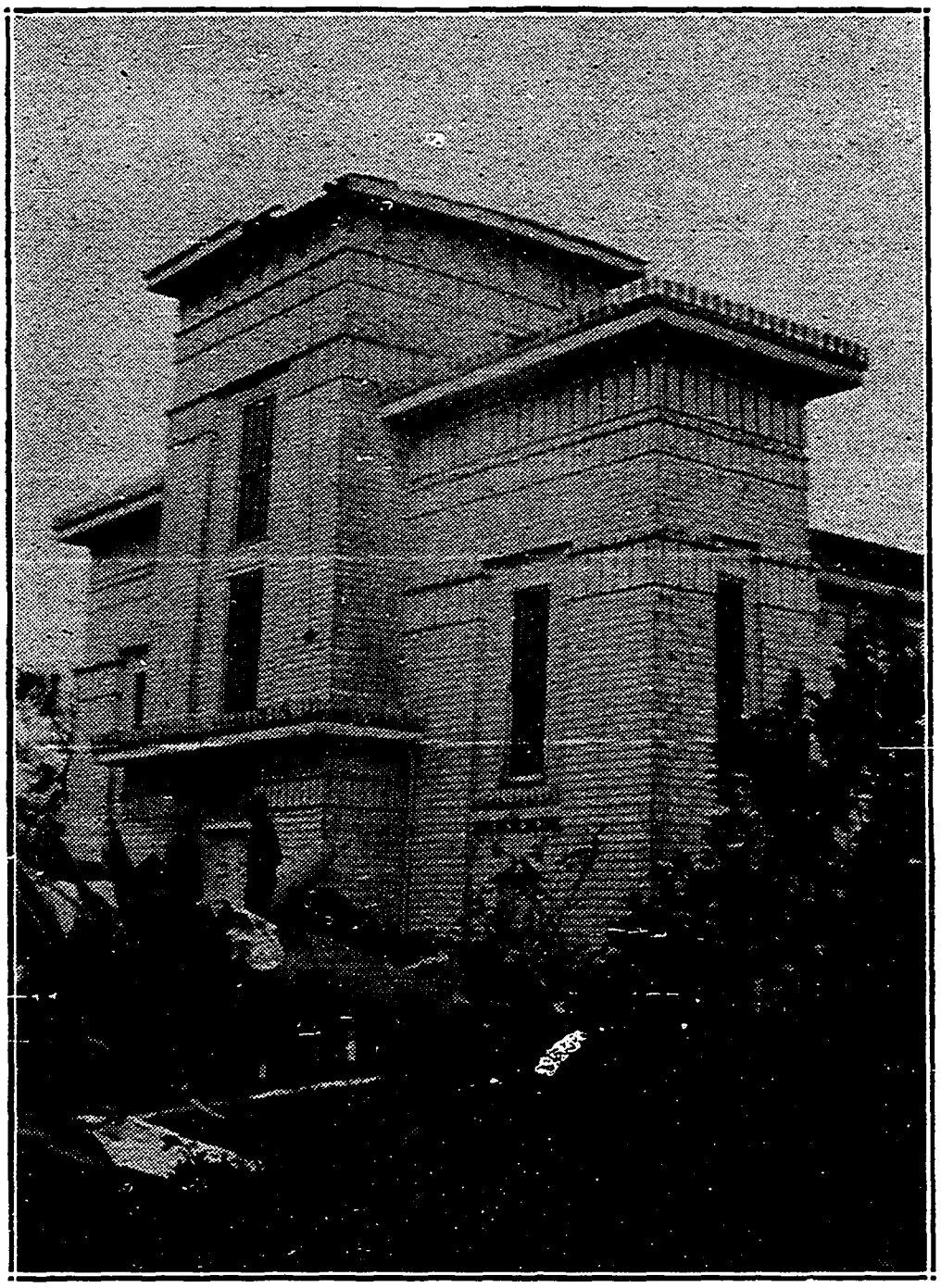
A woman who swam for her life at Westhampton was accompanied on her perilous trip by a swarm of rats, each as intent as she upon reaching land.

R. B. Tuthill's cow, which was pastured on Moriches Island, was found after the storm by Herbert Adams, in a thicket at Benjamintown shore, three-quarters of a mile across the bay, and was saved by the owner.

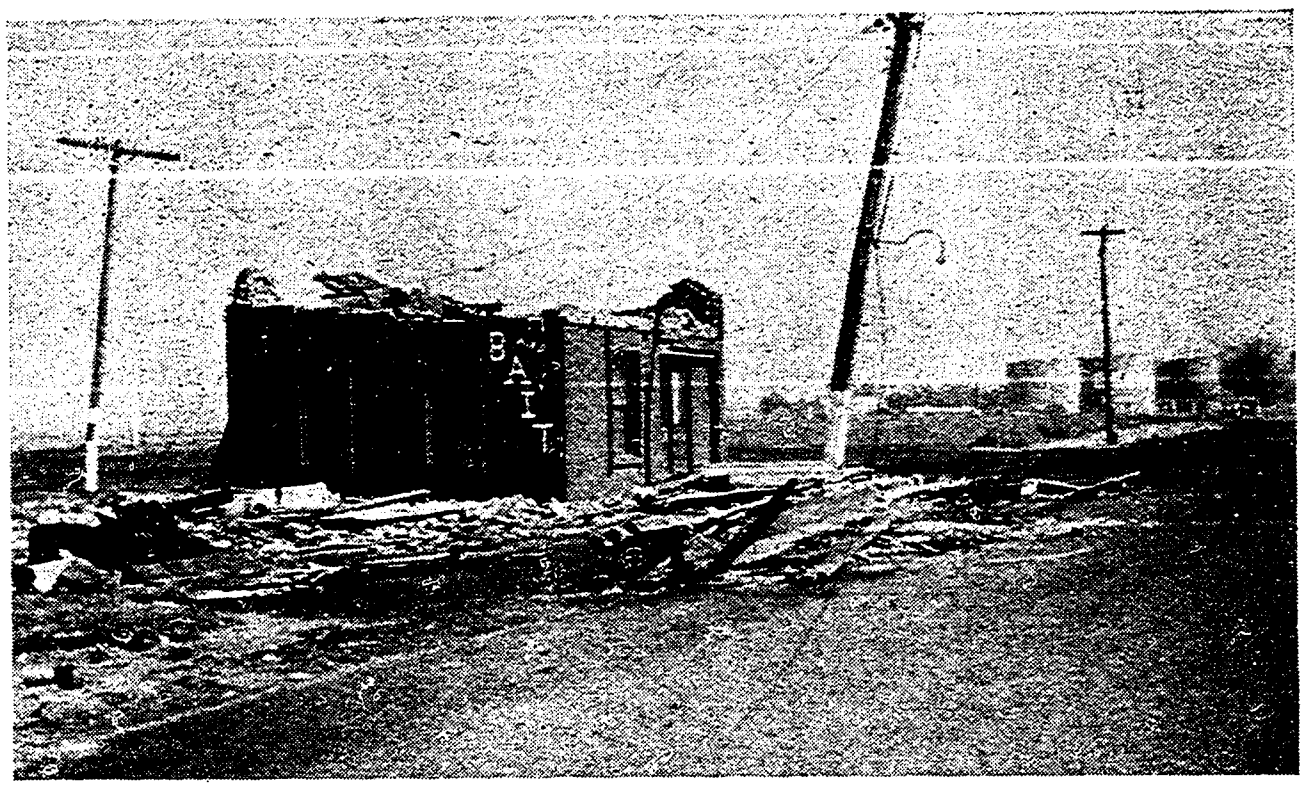
A band of approximately 60 State troopers from four different troops was assigned to work in areas on Long Island stricken by the hurricane. The troopers reported for work in Westhampton Beach, Montauk, Fire Island and Montauk Point from Troops K, L, G and C. They were under the personal direction of Major John H. Warner, superintendent of the State police, who was assisted by Capt. James Flynn of Troop L and Capt. J. A. Caffney of Troop K. Aided by local police the troopers threw a stiff guard around such areas as Westhampton Beach and Montauk to keep away sightseers, the curious and would-be looters.

A negro farm-hand, asked by his employer why God would send such affliction upon so many innocent people, thought some time, then answered, "Deed I dunno, unless He jess wanted us to know He was Boss."

Workers in the harbor area the night of the storm heard cries from an inundated house. One of the men took a small boat and swam (yes, swam) out to the isolated house. The woman was in the second story, having been forced there when the water rose in the first floor. Her screams were bloodcurdling, but when the rescuer called out to her to hurry she said: "Wait a minute, I have to get my rubbers." Believe it or not!—Huntington Times.



Old First Presbyterian Church, Sag Harbor, After the Storm, Showing Wreck of Steeple



The Old Fish and Bait Store, Bay Street, Sag Harbor

RELIEF AND RECONSTRUCTION

Before the hurricane had fairly ended relief work was under way and cleaning up had begun. This was especially true at Westhampton and Montauk where many persons were without shelter and without the means of getting any, and where a search for the missing was immediately begun. At Montauk the Montauk Manor was thrown open for refugees from the fishing village whose homes if not wholly destroyed were uninhabitable. At Westhampton some of the summer hotels took in practically all comers that night of darkness. Before the night was old highway departments were at work clearing the main streets enough to make them passable; working in Bridgehampton and other places by the searchlights of fire equipment or by automobile headlights.

Next morning the repair workers for the utilities were at work with the first light of day and by the end of the week relief organizations of all sorts from town to Federal government agencies were at work toward reconstruction and rehabilitation. The Federal government established agencies of the Disaster Loan Corporation and the Farm Security Administration at Riverhead, Easthampton, Quogue, Montauk and other places, to make loans on easy terms to those who found it hard to get credit elsewhere and who needed it to restore their earning power. The local chapters of the Red Cross, from the day of the storm, gave quickly to the limit of their resources; later the national organization came in and helped in the work of rehabilitation by outright grants in kind to persons who had lost clothing, tools, fishing boats and gear, or other means of livelihood. The Red Cross was especially helpful at Montauk where the problem of shelter was acute for a while and where many fishermen needed

help in getting their boats afloat again. Most cases of immediate relief were taken care of by local authorities.

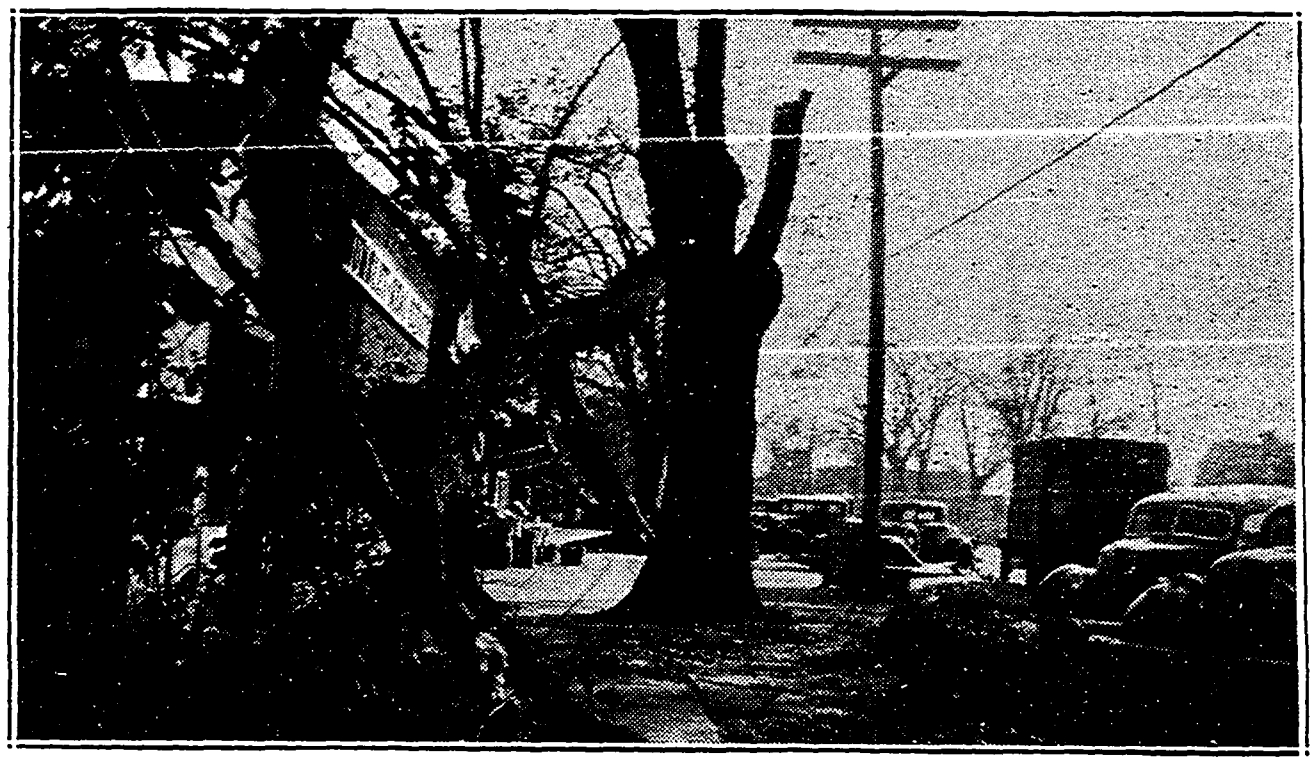
The State, County, and Town Highway departments quickly took on all able-bodied men available for cleaning the roads; and with all mechanics busy at repair work, and farmers and their help struggling to get their lands and equipment in order and to save the large crop of potatoes in the ground, a labor shortage soon developed. It was quickly seen that there wasn't enough labor in eastern Suffolk to clean up the wreckage in anything short of months. The shortage was soon made up by the Works Progress Administration of the Federal government which brought out eight hundred men from the city for clean-up work at Westhampton. Trucks and wrecking cranes were also furnished.

Within a week or ten days the wreckage at Westhampton was quite well cleaned up. The devastated area was closed to the general public while the work went on and day after day columns of smoke rose from burning heaps of rubbish that had once been homes. Policing was done by a large part of the State Police force called in from all parts of the state, and by many local special officers in addition to the regular town forces. Similar measures were taken at Southampton where along the beach the wrecked and open homes were a temptation to looters. It was afterwards hard to estimate how much looting did occur; but according to official estimation it was not so much as popular rumor asserted and practically all of it was petty. All ocean beaches were closed to sightseers the Sunday after the storm. It was a fine day and the main roads were crowded with cars from the city and the western part of the island. They were a general nuisance.

As the wreckage at Westhampton and at Montauk, where another detachment of W. P. A. men were at work, was cleaned up somewhat, the outside men were gradually withdrawn and local men hired by the Federal agency. This system was still in operation two months and more

The Hampton House, Bridgehampton; Chimneys Gone

In Front of Hampton Library, Bridgehampton



Main Street, Bridgehampton, East From News Office

after the storm as much still remained to be done. Roads were clear but many sidewalks were still blocked by great tree-trunks and hundreds of stumps had still to be removed.

An extensive, expensive, and grandiose plan for the rehabilitation of Fire Island and other beaches as far east as Hampton Bays was proposed soon after the hurricane by Robert Moses, Long Island State Park Commissioner. This provided for the dredging of a channel 200 ft. wide and 15 ft. deep through the bays back of the dunes from Fire Island inlet to the new inlet of Shinnecock Bay; the placing of the dredged material on the broken and levelled dunes, the construction of a highway for the whole length of the project; the building of a bridge from the mainland to the beach at Smith's Point, and another across Fire Island inlet to connect with the Jones Beach State Park; the closing of all inlets except Moriches inlet and Fire Island, each of which would be bridged; and the construction of a new State Park opposite the beach end of the proposed Smith's Point bridge. It was held by Mr. Moses that although the cost of this project would run into millions it was the only permanent and effective solution of the problem of the beaches, that the fill on the beach would raise it to a level of fourteen feet above normal tidewater, and that such an elevation topped and backed by a concrete roadway would withstand the force of another hurricane and hurricane tide.

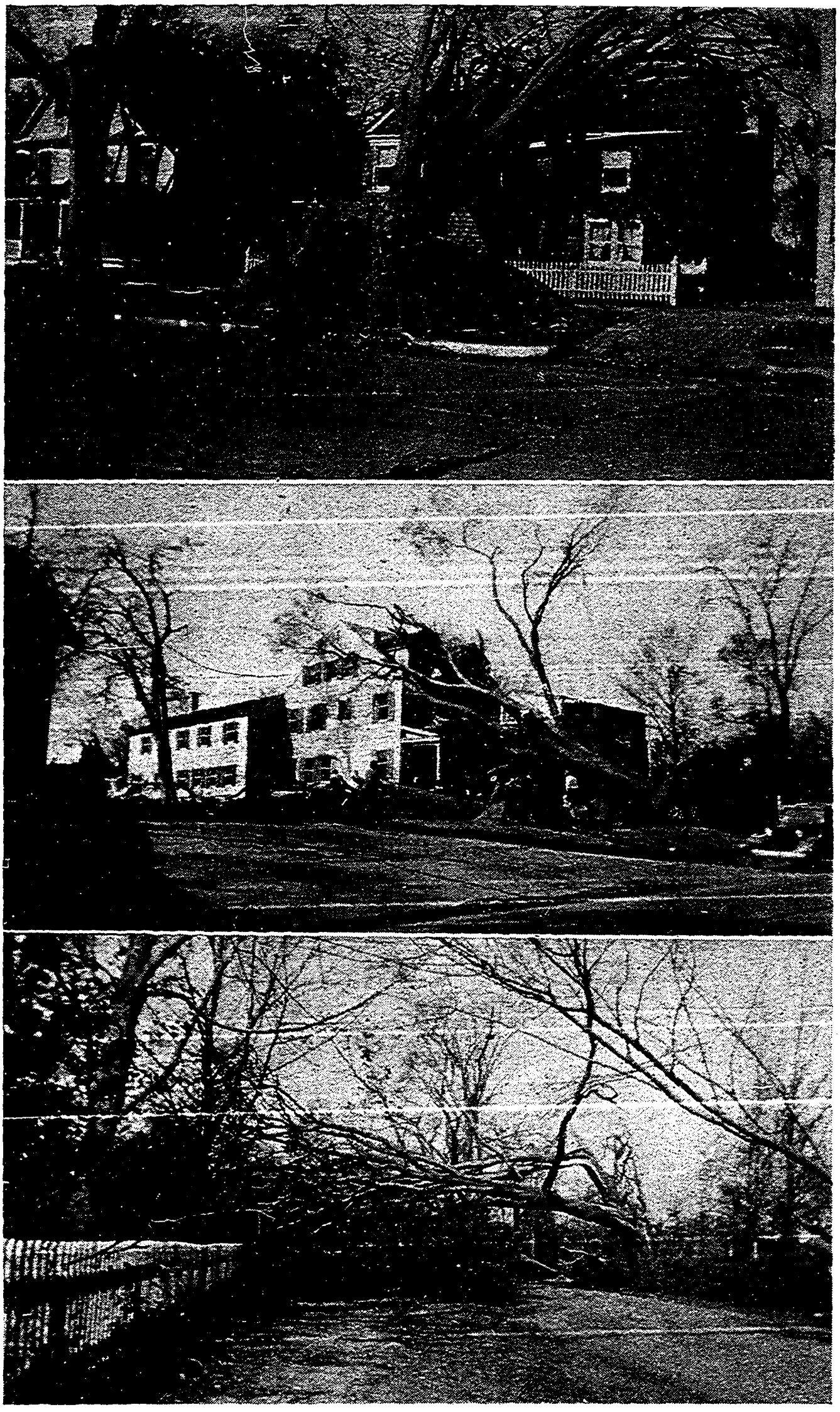
The proposal was referred to the Board of Supervisors of Suffolk County where opposition immediately developed. It was then voted to refer it to W. Earle Andrews, Construction Engineer, who made an extensive report on the whole project. It was a favorable report, estimating the total cost at $9,250,000, of which $3,500,000 was to be spent by the Federal Government and $5,750,000 by the county. The report was debated by the Board of Supervisors and rejected on the grounds of expense. It was held by the opponents of the Moses plan that the essential rehabilitation of the beach could be accomplished

far more cheaply by filling the cuts through the dunes with brush and stumps, and that the rest of the plan was an unnecessary luxury for the county at this time. There was also some opposition to the plan from local interests who did not want another state park on the beach, who objected to the proposed ending of the peculiar charm of its isolation, or who did not want some of the new inlets stopped up because of the supposed benefit of them to fishing.

So the plan was defeated and the rehabilitation work started on the old model of filling in with brush and stumps. From early days this has been a successful way of building up the dunes. The brush and stumps hold the drifting sand and soon the beach grass begins to grow and to tie the sand with its long, tough roots.

After promising success at first, this method of beach restoration showed serious weakness. Inlets which were stopped would be broken through again by the sea at high tides which so raised the level of the bays that they rose above much of the mainland formerly always above their reach. Stumps used as ballast for sandbags were too buoyant and after a heavy storm would float away. Late in the winter the idea of dumping old automobile bodies into the inlets was conceived and carried out. Auto "graveyards" were combed for old hulks and hundreds of these were finally used. They were dropped into the inlets by cranes, sandbags were added and, as the latter appeared above the water, sand was pumped over and around them by dredges. This did the trick and by March 1, all inlets were stopped except the old Moriches inlet and the one at Shinnecock Bay. It was intended to let these stay open. Where there were no inlets, only broken dunes, brush and stumps were highly effective and by March many of these breaks were stopped by sand drifts from five to ten feet high.

The replacement of trees was another major work until put an end to by winter. In Southampton, Easthampton, and other places, thousands of dollars was raised by local subscription for this purpose. In Easthampton



Former W. F. E. White Home, East Hampton
The Maidstone Arms, East Hampton
A Street In East Hampton

some of the huge trees that had not been badly broken, merely uprooted, were pulled back into place and securely staked, with what permanent result only time can tell. All this public repair work was continuing long after the storm was over, far into the winter. Most of this work was paid for by local people or through local taxation.

Upon these same local people also fell the biggest item of all, the repair or rebuilding of homes and buildings. In the five East End towns probably one household in five had some expense of this sort; some a great expense. But there was little complaining. The ancestors of many of us, who crossed the sea and suffered the horrors of a winter passage in the old sailing ships or in the steerage of not so long ago, had not been persons to whine much at hardship and privation and loss, and, in the pungent phrase of the day, their descendants showed that they, too, "could take it".

Take, for example, Joe Peterson of Montauk whose story we take from the Easthampton Star. Joe runs a small restaurant and hotel and a few weeks before the storm he had a bad fire in it and was himself so badly burned that he had to go to the hospital for a while. He didn't let that worry him; only shook his fist at the ruins and said he'd be back. He was back, in time for the hurricane which washed out his establishment and forced him to swim for his life. Did he give up then? Not so you'd notice it. He's an old sailorman and it takes more than a little fire, wind, and water to put him down. "I'll come back", says Joe.

And that is the spirit of the East End.

THE DEAD AND MISSING

DEAD

WEST HAMPTON BEACH

Miss Agnes Clellan, age 67; Mrs. William Jarvis, age 63; Mrs. John L. King, age 60; Eloise Jefferson, colored; Mrs. Warren Lewis, age 63; Warren Lewis, age 55; Mrs. Robert Melvin, colored; Robert Melvin, age 34, colored; all of West Hampton Beach.

Beulah Bailey, age 26, colored; Mrs. James L. Pinks, age 65; Mrs. Francis O'Brien, age 30; all of New York City.

Mrs. Peter C. Brown, age 21; Katherine Mudford, age 65; Anna Seeley, age 37, colored; Mrs. Leo Foley, age 50 all of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Carl E. Dalin, age 67; Mrs. Carl E. Dalin, age 64, Williston Park, N. Y.; Lena Jenkens, age 44, colored, Charleston, W. Va.; Mrs. Marianna Flagge, age 76, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Mrs Charles W. Schlater, age 51, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Catherine Bragraw, age 53; Miss Carolyn Bragraw, age 18, both of Orange, N. J.; Payson Stone Douglas, age 53, West Orange, N. J.; Mrs. Edward P. Lea, age 52, South Orange, N. J.; Alberta Rivers Williams, age 44, colored, Quiogue, N. Y.; Thomas Fay, age 21; Charles Lucas, Jr., age 20, both of Quogue, N. Y.

EASTPORT

Oliver Raynor, age 45; Marshall Hawkins, age 25, both of Eastport, N. Y.

SOUTHAMPTON

Mrs. Florence Lee Hunter, colored; Mrs. Delia Lee, colored, both of Southampton, N. Y.

EAST HAMPTON

Dominic Grace, East Hampton, N. Y.

SOUTHOLD

Emmett Young, age 35, Southold, N. Y.

AT SEA

Edward Arnold, age 55, Greenport, N. Y.; Claude Burrows, age 36, Yonkers, N. Y.; Capt. Samuel C. Edwards, age 38, East Hampton, N. Y.; Roy P. Griffin, Shelter Island, N. Y.; William L. Lathrop, age 79, New Hope, Pa.; David Starvis, colored, Reedville, Va.

MISSING

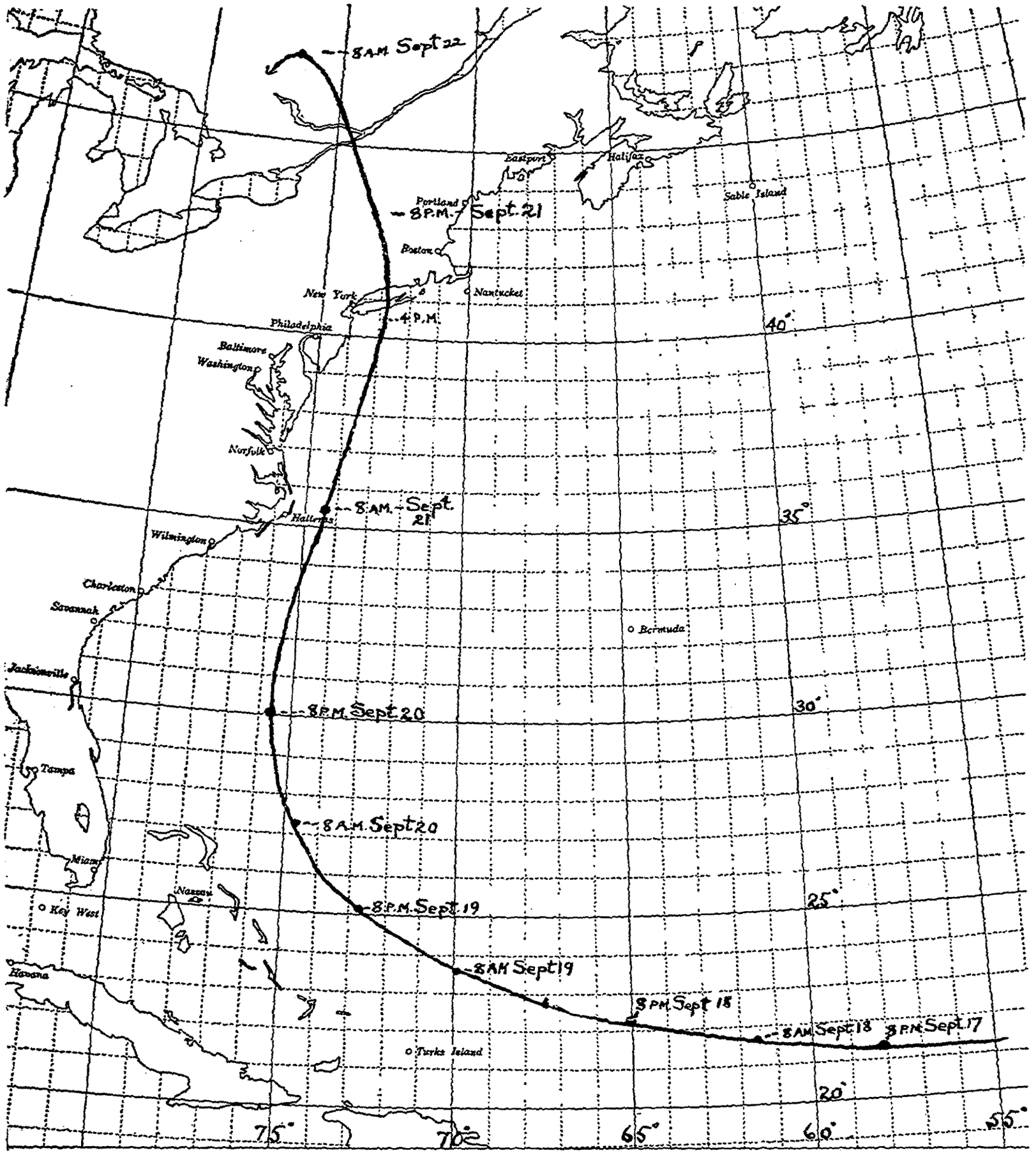
WEST HAMPTON BEACH

William Jarvis; Mrs. Mary N. Johnson; Judith Brown, 7 months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter C. Brown, all of West Hampton Beach, N. Y., Charles W. Schlater, Washington, D. C.

AT SEA

Members of crew of the "Ocean View": Kermitt Forcett of Round Pound, Me.; Samuel Coleman, colored; Elton Smith, colored; Jesse Hodge colored, all of Weems, Va.

From other fishing boats out of Montauk: Capt. Seth Scribner; Gilbert Edwards; Herbert Field; Vivian Smith.



THE TRACK OF THE HURRICANE

The approximate position of the hurricane center from late on Friday, September 16 to the morning of Thursday, September 22, when it had become merely an ordinary storm. It was of severe hurricane intensity over its entire course until it crossed Massachusetts. This chart was furnished by the U. S. Weather Bureau. The times are Daylight Saving Time.

APPENDIX

THE WEATHER BUREAU AND THE HURRICANE

When the hurricane struck Long Island and New England on the afternoon of Wednesday, Sept. 21, few people had received any warnings that even a severe storm was likely. The Weather Bureau had issued "storm warnings" in mid-morning but nothing was said to indicate the storm was likely to be especially severe. A little after noon "whole gale" warnings were issued, meaning a severe storm, but the word hurricane was not used and the warning was poorly handled by the broadcasting companies which gave it only small mention. When warnings were issued that the "tropical storm" (still not a hurricane in the words of the forecaster) would cross Long Island, the storm was then doing so and communications were down rather generally.

These forecasts and warnings of hurricanes are issued from Jacksonville, Florida so long as one is off the southern coasts; when it gets north of Cape Hatteras they are issued from Washington. Local officials of the Weather Bureau in seaboard cities do not make them but distribute them in connection with some direct distribution from the forecast centers.

The first warning went out from Jacksonville the evening of Saturday, Sept. 17, but it was not until the next afternoon that the storm was a definite threat. From then on we shall let the Weather Bureau speak for itself; giving practically verbatim the warnings as issued. It is now the forecaster at Jacksonville speaking. All times are Eastern Standard, one hour slower than Daylight Saving Time which latter was in effect on Long Island the day of the storm. (Editor)

Sept. 18 1938. Advisory, 3 P. M. Hurricane centered at 1 p. m. EST in approximately latitude 22 degrees, 45 minutes north and longitude 63 degrees west, which is approximately 1200 miles due east of Havana, moving west-northwestwards 16 to 20 miles an hour attended by strong shifting gales and squalls over an increasing area and by hurricane winds near center. Caution advised vessels in path. Storm continues to move rather rapidly with no material change in direction likely next 24 hours. All small craft Cape Hatteras to

Florida Straits should navigate with extreme caution until storm danger passes.

Advisory, 9:30 P. M. Hurricane centered at 7 p. m. EST, in approximately latitude 23 degrees north and longitude 66 degrees west, which is about 900 miles east-southeast of Miami, moving west-north-westward about 20 miles an hour attended by strong shifting gales and squalls over large area and by hurricane winds near center. Caution advised all vessels in path and all small craft, Hatteras to Florida Straits should remain in port until storm danger passes. Interests on east Florida coast should keep closely in touch with further advices. If present direction and rate of movement is maintained winds will begin to increase on east Florida coast early Tuesday.

Sept. 19, 1938. Advisory, 3 A. M. The hurricane continues to move westnorthwestward about 20 miles per hour and was central at 1 a. m. near latitude 23 degrees north, longitude 68 degrees west. Present rate and direction of movement will bring storm over Bahama Islands late Monday and to Florida coast by early Tuesday morning. All interests in the path of this severe storm should exercise extreme caution. Florida is in the danger zone of this storm and all persons are urged to stand by for later announcements to-day.

Advisory, 9:30 A. M. Northeast storm warnings ordered Jacksonville to Key West, Florida. Hurricane centered at 7 a. m., EST approximately latitude 23 degrees, 45 minutes north and longitude 70 degrees 30 minutes west, which is about 650 miles east-southeast of Miami, apparently moving west-northwestward at least 20 miles per hour. If present rate and direction of movement is maintained storm will reach southeast Florida coast Tuesday morning with winds commencing to increase to-night. Florida east coast is in the danger zone of this storm and all interests are urged to stand by for possible hurricane warnings during the day.

Advisory, 3 P. M. Hurricane centered at 1 P. M. EST in apparently latitude 24 degrees north, longitude 72 degrees west which is about 530 miles east-southeast of Miami apparently still moving west-north-westward nearly 20 miles per hour, attended by gales and squalls over large area and hurricane winds near center. If present direction and rate of movement is maintained center of storm will pass through Bahamas to-night and reach southeast Florida coast in 24 to 30 hours with winds beginning to increase on coast late to-night. All interests in southern Florida should immediately make all possible preliminary preparations to withstand this severe storm and then stand by for later advices. Hurricane warnings will probably be issued to-night.

Bulletin, 6:30 P. M. Barometer readings in Bahamas since 1 p. m. have shown only gradual fall in pressure with lowest pressure reported 29.60 inches on Cat Island. At 5 p. m. slow fall of pressure in this

region indicates storm may be turning towards the northwest. However, interests on southeast Florida coast urged not relax vigilance until recurving tendency is definitely established.

Advisory, 9 P. M. Hurricane centered at 7 p. m., EST in approximately latitude 25 degrees 30 minutes north, longitude 73 degrees 30 minutes west which is about 420 miles due east of Miami attended by gales and squalls over large area and by hurricane winds near center. Storm has turned north-westward and will probably recurve north-northwestward or northward next 24 hours. Storm threat to Florida east coast has greatly diminished although interests this area should follow advices carefully next 12 hours. Vessels in the path of this severe storm should exercise extreme caution.

Sept. 20. 2:30 A. M. Severe hurricane with central pressure about 28 inches was centered at 1 A. M., EST near latitude 26 degrees 30 minutes north longitude 75 degrees west moving northwestward about 17 miles per hour. This position is about 350 miles east of Palm Beach. Caution advised all ships in the Atlantic south of Cape Hatteras from the coast outward 300 to 400 miles. The northwestward movement of this storm lessens the danger to Florida but vigilance should be continued another 12 hours. Storm warnings remain displayed Jacksonville to Key West Florida.

Advisory, 9:30 A. M. Northeast storm warnings ordered 9:30 a. m., EST North Carolina coast between Wilmington and Cape Hatteras. Hurricane of great intensity central 7 a. m., EST near latitude 28 degrees north longitude 75 degrees west which is about 300 miles east of Vero Beach Florida, now moving north-northwestward about 17 miles per hour. Storm will gradually turn to the north-northeast with center passing some distance east of Cape Hatteras to-night and will cause increasing northerly winds on the North Carolina coast becoming fresh to strong and probably reaching gale force at exposed places on the Cape with hurricane winds some distance off shore. Caution advised all vessels in path and all small craft from the Virginia Capes to Charleston should remain in harbor until the storm passes. Lowest pressure reported during night 27.90 inches.

Advisory, 3 P. M. Severe hurricane centered 1 p. m. EST, approximately latitude 29 degrees north longitude 75 degrees west which is about 350 miles east of Daytona Beach, Florida moving between north-northwestward and northward about 17 miles per hour attended by gales and squalls over large area and hurricane winds near center. Storm will gradually turn toward the north and north-northeast and move rapidly during the next 36 hours with center passing some distance east of Cape Hatteras late to-night or Wednesday morning. Caution advised all vessels in path and small craft Virginia Capes to Charleston should remain in port until storm passes. Storm warnings remain displayed between Cape Hatteras and Wilmington.

Advisory, 9:30 P. M. Severe hurricane with central pressure still close to 28.00 inches was centered at 7 p. m. EST, approximately latitude 30 degrees north longitude 75 degrees 30 minutes west which is about 400 miles east of Jacksonville, now moving almost due north attended by gales over large area and hurricane winds near center. Storm will gradually turn northeastward and move rapidly next 24 hours with center passing near but east of Cape Hatteras during Wednesday and will cause strong winds on North Carolina coast reaching gale force on the Cape with high tides north of Beaufort, North Carolina. Storm warnings remain displayed Atlantic City, N. J. to north of Wilmington.

Sept. 21, 1938. Advisory 3 A. M. Hurricane central 1 A. M. EST, about 275 miles south of Cape Hatteras, moving rapidly north, possibly east of north. Indications are that the center will pass near but slightly off the Carolina Capes within the next 12 hours attended by dangerous gales and high tides on the coast and by hurricane winds short distance off shore. Storm warnings are displayed north of Wilmington, North Carolina to Atlantic City, New Jersey. Caution advised ships in path of this severe storm.

Here Jacksonville ends and Washington takes over. In contrast with the forcefulness and definiteness of the former, Washington's attitude seems a bit casual. Just before sending out his 9:30 P. M. warning the forecaster put on the wires the forecasts for Wednesday along the northern coasts and these read for Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut merely, "Rain, probably heavy Wednesday and Thursday; cooler", while the forecast for weather at sea and on the immediate coast from Eastport, Maine to New York harbor entrance reads, "Fresh southerly winds, except fresh north or northeast near Sandy Hook, increasing Wednesday afternoon or night and overcast weather with rain Wednesday".

In the usual comment on general weather conditions that Tuesday night the Washington forecaster stated in part, "A broad trough of low pressure extends from New England south-southwestward to the tropical disturbance"; and further on "Pressure remains high ... from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland and southward and southeastward over the ocean".

The general forecast at about 9 A. M. of Wednesday said in effect that the tropical storm would be attended by rain in New England and by shifting gales east of Sandy Hook to Eastport, but when the evening papers containing it came out the hurricane was here. (Editor)

From Washington, D. C., Sept. 20, 1938. Advisory, 1 P. M. Northeast storm warnings ordered south of Virginia Capes to Cape Hatteras. Wind will become north or northeast this afternoon and probably increase to gale force late to-night or Wednesday forenoon.

Advisory 9:30 P. M. Northeast storm warnings ordered Atlantic coast, Virginia Capes to Atlantic City including lower Chesapeake Bay. Tropical storm will be attended by northeast winds becoming strong and reaching gale force Virginia Capes section Wednesday night.

Sept. 21 1938. Advisory 9 A. M. Northeast storm warnings ordered upper Chesapeake Bay. Increasing northerly winds becoming strong and possibly reaching gale force at times this afternoon. Further information regarding tropical storm later.

Advisory 9 A. M. Northeast storm warnings ordered north of Atlantic City and south of Block Island and southeast storm warnings ordered Block Island to Eastport, Maine. Tropical storm apparently central about 75 miles east of Cape Hatteras moving rapidly north-northeastward attended by shifting gales over a wide area and by winds of hurricane force near its center. Northeast or north gales backing to northwest south of Block Island to Hatteras to-day and southeast or east gales Block Island to Eastport becoming northwest to-night or Thursday morning. Small craft should remain in port until the storm passes.

Advisory 11:30 A. M. Warnings changed to whole gale Atlantic coast north of Virginia Capes to Sandy Hook. Tropical storm central 10 A. M. about 100 miles east of the Virginia Capes moving rapidly northward or slightly east of north. It is attended by shifting gales over a wide area and by winds of whole gale force over a considerable area around center. Northerly winds along the New Jersey, Maryland and southern Delaware coast will likely increase to whole gale force this afternoon and back to northwest and diminish to-night.

Advisory 2 P. M. Warnings changed to northwest Virginia Capes to Sandy Hook. Tropical storm central 12 noon about 75 miles east-southeast of Atlantic City moving rapidly north-northeastward with no material change in intensity since morning. Storm will likely pass over Long Island and Connecticut late this afternoon or early to-night attended by shifting gales.

Warnings down 6:30 P. M. EST, New Haven, Conn. to Virginia Capes.

So ends the Weather Bureau's part in the hurricane's story. The contrast between the handling from Jacksonville and from Washington is apparent, but in fairness it should be said that the Washington office was rather in the dark Wednesday morning as to the movement of the storm because its previous warnings had been taken so seriously that few vessels were in the hurricane's path. The two ship reports were somewhat misleading. Both indicated that the storm was losing rather than gaining intensity. Whatever the reasons the almost consistent underestimate of the storm's intensity and speed of travel by the Washington office is in marked contrast with the at-

titude of the Jacksonville forecaster. In all the warnings from Washington the word "hurricane" is used but once. It is also notable that until the wind was blowing at hurricane force over Long Island neither that long coast line nor that of Connecticut was specifically mentioned in any warning.

In published and in private statements after the event the Weather Bureau stressed its 9 A. M. Wednesday warning from Washington for the coast from Atlantic City to Eastport, Maine but although this mentioned "winds of hurricane force near the center" the warnings were of not so much as a whole gale. When whole gale warnings were issued from Washington at 11:30 A. M. they were specifically for New Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware. Long Island was mentioned only in the last warning which was only of "shifting gales".

The Weather Bureau's case in brief is that the course of the storm was forecast with substantial accuracy, that reports that Wednesday morning gave no indication of such intensity or forward speed to the storm as to warrant more alarming warnings than were given; that its warnings were poorly distributed by the radio companies; and finally that the Bureau did fairly well under all the circumstances.

In a letter to the editor of this book, dated October 6, 1938, the acting chief of the Weather Bureau, Mr. C. C. Clark wrote, in part,

"The unusual feature of this storm was its very rapid movement as shown by the fact that at 7:30 p. m. (EST) on Sept. 20 the hurricane was about 400 miles east of Jacksonville, Fla., at which time it was impossible to determine that its course would carry it across New England the following afternoon. When it became evident on the morning of September 21 that the north Atlantic coast would be affected, warnings which were posted on the 20th for the seaboard from Cape Hatteras to Atlantic City were immediately extended northward to Eastport, Maine. Had the storm not moved with such unprecedented rapidity there can be no doubt but that Weather Bureau warnings by radio and through the press would have reached nearly everyone in the affected area ... Unfortunately the rapid movement of the storm from the vicinity of Cape Hatteras to New England in 9 or 10 hours made it impossible to secure complete distribution of the warnings to the general public. Notwithstanding this, the warnings undoubtedly resulted in the saving of many lives and much property ... The official in charge at New York states ... that on Sept. 21 warnings of the storm's approach were given widespread notice in the afternoon newspapers which go on sale on the streets at 9:30 a. m. and by repeated broadcasts from Police, Coast Guard and Navy radio stations. However, reports received by the Weather Bureau indicate that owing to the general alarm over the European

situation the public took but little interest in news regarding the weather."

(The times given in the Washington warnings, etc. are Eastern Standard).

THE COST OF THE HURRICANE

Any estimate of the money cost of the damage of the hurricane must be largely guess-work. No one knows just what the buildings and other property destroyed was worth; no one will ever know the exact bill for all the repairs. There were probably at least 20,000 trees blown down but who knows their value?

However, within limits, some estimates may be made of the damage in Suffolk County. One such was made a few weeks after the disaster by Herman F. Bishop, Suffolk County superintendent of highways. The total amounted to nearly $25,000,000. Here it is in detail:

Clearing of fallen trees in forest land, 50 squares miles—$50,000.

Clearing of debris from beaches, localities, 40 square miles—$80,000.

Reconstruction of dunes, Fire Island Inlet to Montauk Point, 50 miles $1,150,000.

Waterworks repairs—$50,000.

Sewer and cesspool repairs—$5,000.

Reconstruction costs of utilities (gas, power, telephone, telegraph, radio)— $1,200,000.

Reconstruction and repairs of roads (25 miles completely washed out)— $375,000.

Clearing of other roads (2,000 of county's 2,776 total requiring such work)—$200,000.

Damage to State parks—$490,000.

Reconstruction of curbs, gutters, sidewalks—$100,000.

Repairs to fourteen bridges (all county bridges have been inspected, where necessary by divers)—$146,500.

Closing of ten new inlets made by the storm—$100,000.

Railroad damage—$25,000.

Redredging of canals and waterways—$20,000.

Repairs to Shinnecock Canal—$300.

Repairs to public docks and basins—$25,000.

Damage to private docks—$200,000.

Damage to boat yards—$200,000.

Damage to Coast Guard buildings and equipment—$1,000,000.

Damage to business and industry (buildings, machinery and merchandise stocks)—$2,500,000.

Value of private homes destroyed $13,000,000.

Estimated cost of repairs to homes still standing—$800,000.

Repairs to schools—$50,000.

Loss to duck industry (loss of poultry and damage to buildings, ponds, runs)—$500,000.

Reconstruction work on old drainage ditches for mosquito control and construction of ditches in new areas created by the storm—$100,000.

Loss of personal property (clothing, furnishings, jewelry)—$1,600,000.

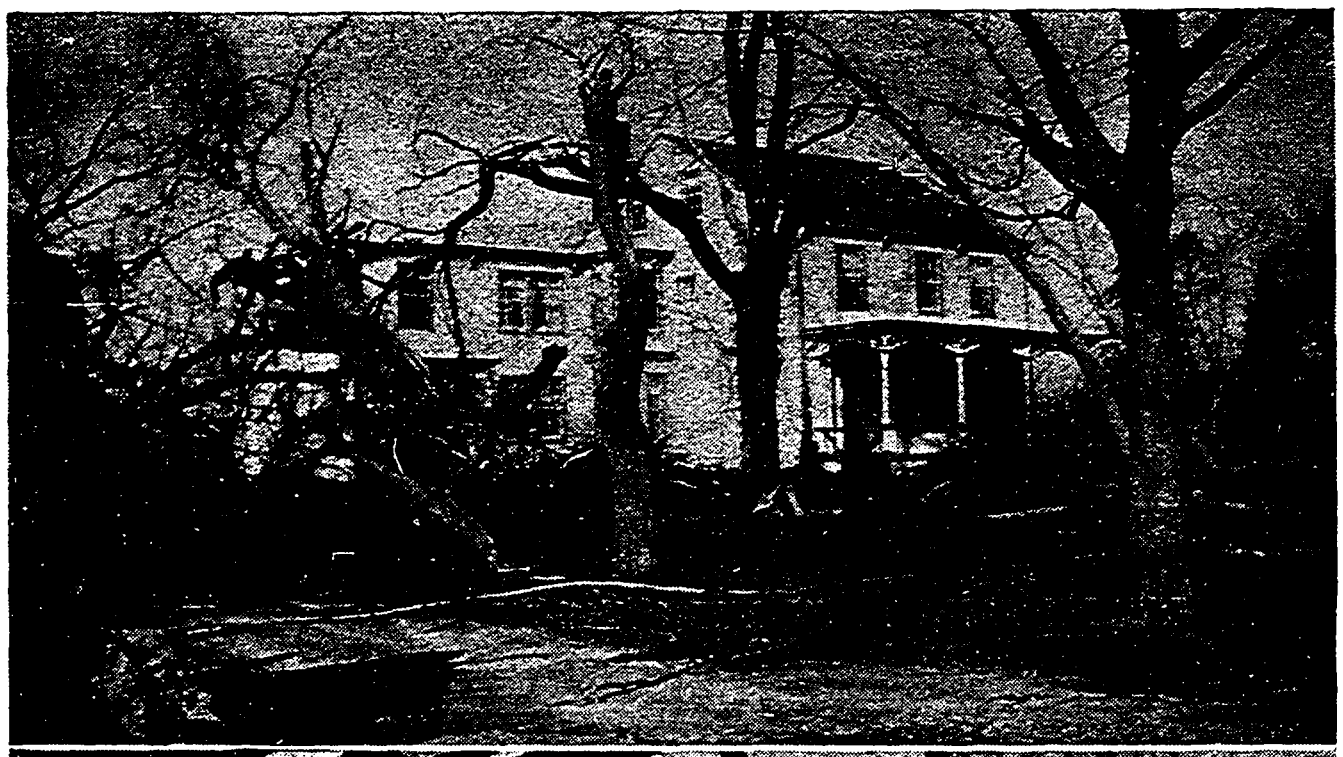
Damage to autos (100 total loss, 400 damaged)—$125,000.

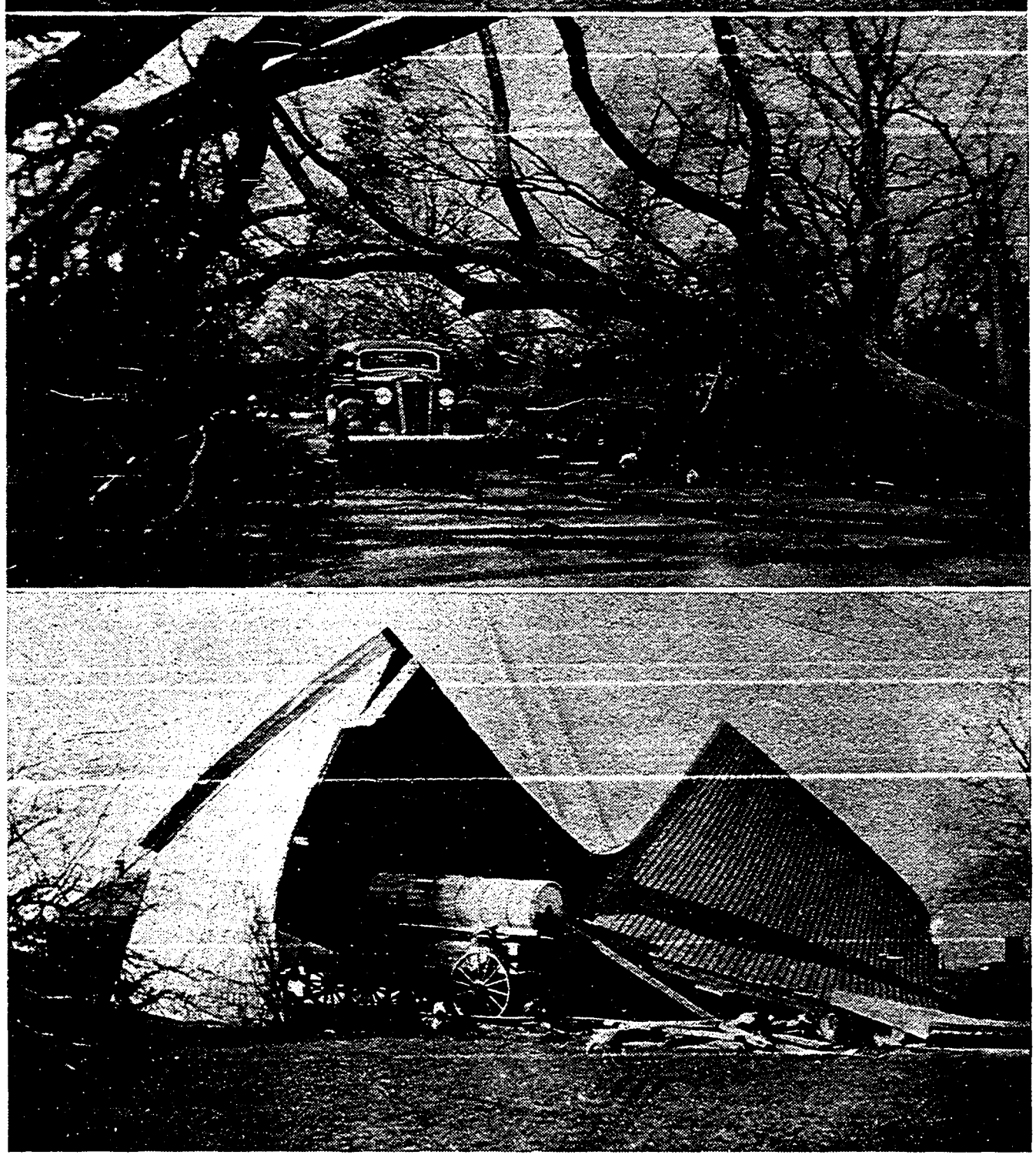
Damaged to private yachts—$600,000.

Mr. Bishop is a competent authority but some of his figures seem much too high. For example on November 1 the New York Times reported that the Suffolk county board of supervisors had approved a plan for restoring the dunes at a cost of $176,000 instead of the $1,150,000 given by Mr. Bishop. At the same session it was voted to spend $50,000 for closing three new inlets as compared with an estimate by Mr. Bishop of $100,000 for ten inlets. The number of houses totally destroyed or rendered uninhabitable in all the county was probably not more than four times that of those destroyed at Westhampton, or 750 altogether. Many of these, as at points on Fire Island and at Montauk, were inexpensive. Relatively few were really elaborate places. A valuation of $6,000 apiece for the 750 seems fair. That would total $4,500,000 instead of more than $11,000,000. The readers can judge as well as this editor as to the accuracy of other items but it seems to him that the final bill of the storm will be not less than $8,000,000 nor more than $12,000,000 for all of Suffolk county.

The detailed list of damage visible from the street during a tour of the Bridgehampton-Sagaponack-Mecox-Hayground area two weeks after the storm is as follows: total or serious damage to 46 barns, 19 garages, about 70 chimney losses (often more than one to a house), 10 beach bungalows, and about 55 other buildings of all sorts excluding dwellings; and damage to 31 dwelling-house roofs. If the barn loss is put at $1,000 each; the garages at $200 (few foundations were damaged); 115 chimneys are put down at $50 each, the ten beach bungalows at $750 each (most were old fishing shacks), the roof damage put at an average of $75, and the average loss to other buildings put at $300 we get a total of $81,875.

This might be called the total visible damage to private property in the Bridgehampton district. If to this is added a loss to utilities of $50,000, to roads and bridges of $10,000, the cost of removing about





The Old G. Clarence Topping Place, Sagaponack
Along South Main Street, East Hampton
Shed On the Late A. P. Rogers Farm, Sagaponack

750 trees from highways put at $8,000, the loss to crops and crop land at $10,000 and interior damage to houses at $3,000 we get $81,000 more, making a total of $161,875 for the Bridgehampton area, exclusive of the loss of at least 3,500 trees. If this loss is added as a round sum of $40,000 we get a total here in Bridgehampton and environs of approximately $200,000. This is about five per cent of the assessed valuation of the area. If we apply this ratio to the $140,000,000 assessed valuation of the half of Suffolk county most affected by the storm and then add to the result half as much again to represent the loss for all the rest of the county, the grand total for Suffolk would come to $10,500,000.

OTHER GREAT STORMS

The hurricane had "the oldest inhabitant" at a loss. He, or she, could remember nothing to equal it. This was reasonable enough for there had been no such storm on Long Island for more than one hundred years. Old New England records speak of a great gale in August 1635 along Massachusetts Bay that seems to have been comparable with the recent one but the records are vague and it is not until 1815 that there is record of a storm so widespread and so destructive as that of 1938.

That hurricane of Sept. 23, 1815 is fully reported in a history of the United States, entitled "Our First Hundred Years", written by R. C. Devens and published in 1876. The account of its ravages in New England sounds like the newspaper accounts of the recent storm. Here are some points of resemblance:

It had rained heavily the day before and "for some hours previous there was a great and rapid condensation of vapor". It reached its greatest intensity at New York from the northwest and at Boston from the southeast two hours later. It rained salt water near the coasts and vegetation was killed. There was a calm, clear center during the passage of which the wind shifted half way around the compass. There was great loss of life from floods at Providence and along the Connecticut and Rhode Island coasts. The destruction of trees was enormous.

An account of the local effects of this 1815 hurricane is found in "Sketches From Local History" by W. D. Halsey of Bridgehampton who used an old diary as his source. From that account and others it appears that the tide was just about as high as in the recent storm. The dunes were flattened along the coast and the shoreline was altered. Mecox Bay was filled with the sea so that it flowed backwards over the mill dam at Water Mill. Hook Pond in Easthampton backed up almost if not quite to the main street. Thousands of trees were blown down; many houses and barns were unroofed or

damaged. It is probable that many of the old trees that went down in the recent storm were planted to replace others destroyed in this earlier hurricane.

There was another storm, probably of hurricane intensity, in September 1821 but this was most severe at the west end of Long Island, and in that region was probably worse than either the 1815 storm or our recent one. Again about 1868 there was a storm here that is chiefly remembered for its high tide which lacked only a foot or so of equalling that of 1815. In August 1893 Long Island was hit by the edge of a dying hurricane that had previously done heavy damage along the New Jersey coast. This was the storm that sunk the "Panther" off Southampton. It did considerable damage ashore, and there was an exceptional tide, but neither the tide nor the damage compared with that of our recent storm. Neither did those of the storms of September 1904 nor of August 1924 although both blew down a good many trees and the one of 1904 blew off the top of the Presbyterian Church steeple at Bridgehampton which had been weakened while undergoing repairs.

So this comparison may be closed by quoting from the historian of the 1815 storm who wrote, "neither the memory of man nor the annals of the country from the first settlement down to the present time, furnish any parallel to the peculiar character of the Great Gale of September 1815."

To which may now be added, "EXCEPT the hurricane of September 21, 1938".

THE HEIGHT OF THE TIDE

Many guesses have been made as to the extreme height of the tidal wave in various places. One careful estimate is reported to have been made by members of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers. This gives the extreme tide at Westhampton as eighteen feet above normal sea-level. It was also estimated that the height of the breakers that demolished the dunes was twelve feet more. At Montauk, an estimate was made by T. E. Ringwood, civil engineer, who stated the ocean tide was ten feet above the normal. These two statements are quite reconcilable as Westhampton was practically in the center of the storm, and there was an additional rise there due to the shift in the wind to southwest bringing into the narrowing outlets of Quantuck Bay much of the water from Moriches and even from Great South Bay. Assuming these figures to be correct, the tide at Bridgehampton was probably between twelve and fifteen feet above normal, which agrees pretty well with the observations of people who were on or near the beach at the time.

The Schmedburgh House, Beach Lane, Quogue,
Washed Off Foundation and Into the Bay

U. S. Coast Guard Station, Bridgehampton. Note Sand Far Up
Ocean Road

Along the Dune Road, Southampton. Flotsam In Hedge

DATA FROM OFFICIAL RECORD, BRIDGEHAMPTON.
SEPTEMBER 21, 1938

Highest Temperature, 73; Lowest 60; Rainfall in hurricane, 0.97 inches; Rain the night before 3.35 inches; Total 24 hours, 4.32 inches.

(Following from special report to Weather Bureau by E. S. Clowes, Co-operative Observer. Barometer uncorrected; error from zero at about 29.75 inches to about .31 inches too high at lowest. Wind estimated for Bridgehampton village. It was higher near the sea and in the open. Daylight Saving Time used.)

12.00 noon. Bar 29.61; falling rather fast; Wind SE, 25 m. p. h. Overcast all a. m. pale sun through high clouds moving rapidly from south.

1.15 p. m. Bar 29.47; falling rapidly; Wind SE, 30 m. p. h. Rain began 1.15.

2.00 p. m. Bar 29.33; falling very rapidly; Wind ESE, 45 m. p. h.

2.30 p. m. Bar 29.22; falling very rapidly; Wind E, 55 m. p. h.

2.48 p. m. Bar 29.13; falling very rapidly; Wind E, 60 m. p. h. Trees began going.

3.00 p. m. Bar 29.05; falling very rapidly; Wind E, 70 m. p. h. Chimneys going.

3.30 p. m. Bar 28.85; falling very rapidly; Wind E, 80 m. p. h. General destruction.

4.00 p. m. Bar 28.69; falling very rapidly; Wind SE, 90 m. p. h.

4.30 p. m. Bar 28.75; rising; Wind S, 60 m. p. h.

4.50 p. m. Bar 28.85; rising rapidly; Wind SW, 90 m. p. h. Windshift, S to SW at 4.40. Broken clouds and blue sky to SW about 5.00.

5.10 p. m. Bar 28.98; rising rapidly; Wind SW, 60 m. p. h.

7.20 p. m. Bar 29.48 rising; Wind WSW, 35 m. p. h. Rain ended 7 p. m.

9.20 p. m. Bar 29.65; rising; Wind WSW, 35 m. p. h. Wind continued gale force until about 3 a. m. Sky clear 10 p. m.

THE CHANCE OF ANOTHER HURRICANE

In an average year the number of hurricanes in that part of the ocean from whence they could possibly threaten Long Island is about three to five. About once in ten years on an average one gets north of Cape Hatteras near enough to the coast to be a danger. Almost invariably these are then in a dying condition due to the lack of tropical air of a high degree of wetness. They may come through to Long Island or New England but by that time they are nothing worse than a severe easterly gale with winds maybe up to 65 miles an hour and a tide five feet higher than normal. For a hurricane to hit this

coast in full vigor requires such a peculiar combination of conditions as to be unlikely more than once in a century. At the same time, this does not mean that they will occur with a clock-like regularity at that long interval. There might be two in ten years and no more for two hundred years. In fact there is good evidence that the hurricane of 1821 that struck the western Long Island coast only six years after that of 1815 was fully as severe in its area as the 1815 storm was on the East End. But from the fact that no such storm has been known here from 1815 to 1938; nor at the West End from 1821 to 1938; as well as from the fact that these earlier storms were then considered unprecedented, it follows that in any locality they are exceedingly rare. Long Island should never relax its watchfulness in the season from August 1 to October 1 any year; but, as a practical matter, the present generation has little cause for worry.

THE HURRICANE AT BRIDGEHAMPTON SCHOOL

(The following story is by Miss Carol Sandford of the Bridgehampton High School, slightly abridged from the original in "The Crystal", the school's Christmas Magazine. —Editor)

Remember the hurricane? September twenty-first, nineteen thirty-eight, will surely go down in the annals of eastern Long Island.

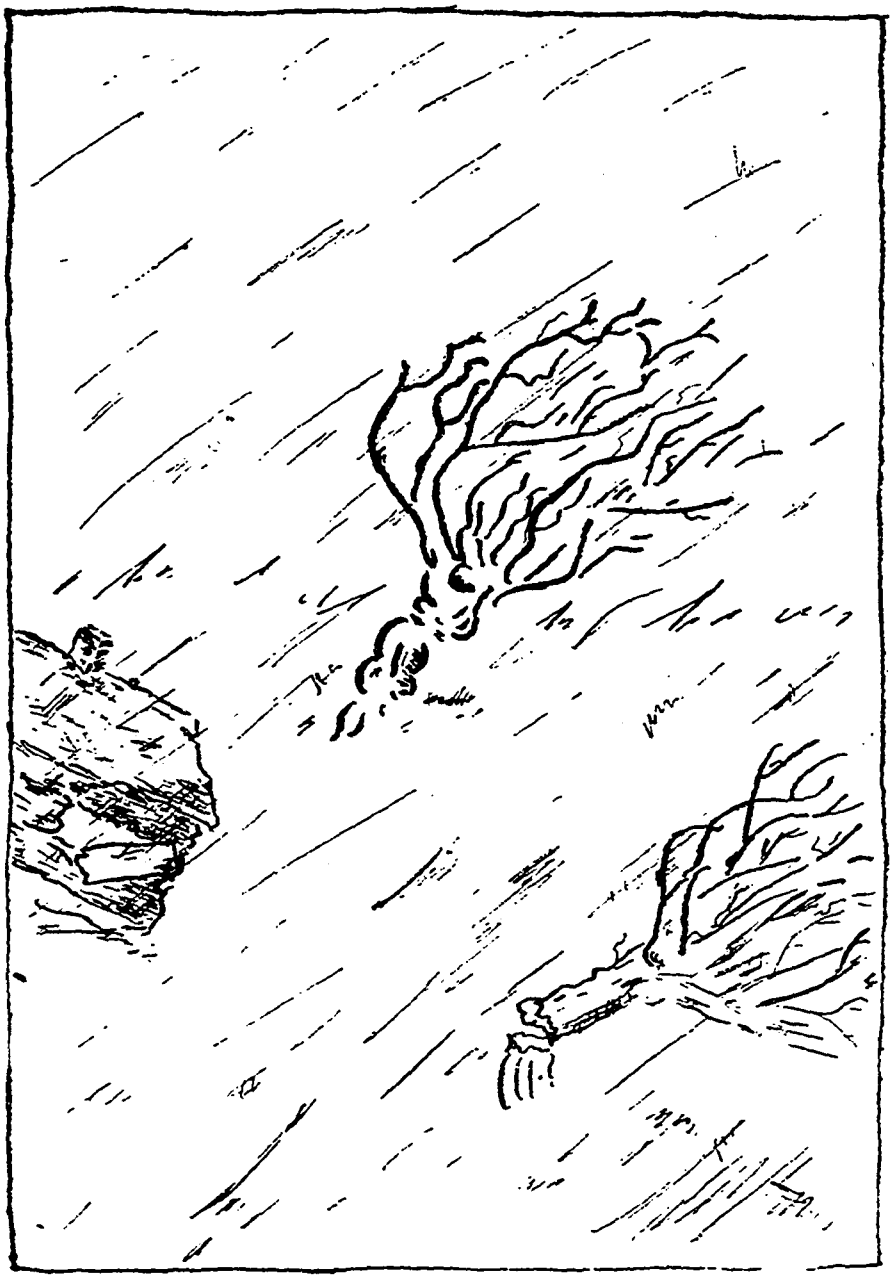
During the noon hour of that fateful day, Mr. Martin received a notice from Mr. Clowes that the Weather Bureau said a hurricane was headed this way and would strike early in the evening. He urged that students be sent home by three o'clock.

The first two classes ran off quite smoothly, the lights going off in the middle of the second. However, the third period, which begins at 2:30, saw the pupils rather restless. The sky in the west had a queer, yellowish tinge. Fluttering leaves flattened themselves against the window panes. Soon it became necessary to lock the windows as the now steadily rising wind was pushing them open. Troubled parents called for their children and the office was besieged by pupils desiring their parents to come for them. By three o'clock all means of communication were down.

The wind had risen to an unbelievable velocity. Students ran nervously from window to window, some seeing huge branches twist and break. Steadily the gale grew stronger and yet stronger. Trees nearly twenty inches in diameter and goodness knows how tall, bowed and fell. But the lustful wind surged onward for new damage. It lashed at everything and sent huge boughs hurtling through the air. The rain fell almost parallel with the ground. One car came to a halt just

In Front of Conrad Schenck's Home, Bridgehampton

Clean-Up Work In Front of Old John Wick House, Bridgehampton



THE HURRICANE

Sketch by Hazel Roy, Bridgehampton
High School, Class of 1939

as a tree on the corner of the school driveway crashed down in front of it.

Miss Helen Whelley, Mr. Mockler, Miss Lewis and other teachers tried vainly to get students home, but by this time most of the roads were blocked. As it was, a few stayed at the Fairservis house the duration of the storm.

All students had been sent to the auditorium to be away from windows, should they break. Mr. Mallet declares that he could see the glass bend in and out in one of the lab windows. Coach and Mr. Mockler tried to get the students to dance but the roar of the storm practically drowned the feeble beats of the fox-trots.

This failing, Coach brought out the volley ball and badminton nets. These games were kept up until a piece of slate cracked a pane of glass in the auditorium roof. A continuous dribble of water fell to the floor from this crack and students were kept away. Pupils moved nervously about, some of the younger ones crying in their bewilderment. One had to shout to make one's self heard above the roar of the storm. A few half-heartedly tried to do home work.

Mr. Martin came in, in hip boots and slicker, rather wet. Several teachers went around and counted noses, totaling 93. Their names were then taken. Later, as they left, their names were crossed off.

A brief lull occurred but when the gale returned from the west it beat with renewed fury at the school. The pupils seemed to feel a pressure on their ears. Time crept slowly on. Students chattered excitedly and then fell silent. There were rumors that we would have to stay in school all night. Indeed word spread that there were sandwiches and cocoa in the lunchroom. Many of the pupils were worried about their parents whom they knew to be on the water or on the road.

Shortly after five o'clock high school pupils went to Miss Perry's room, supposedly to do homework. From time to time the sun broke through black, fast-moving clouds in the west. The wind had abated, or so it appeared to those in school. At about 5.30 students who had not been called for earlier began to leave in groups of two or more. They joined hands and ran against the wind which they discovered was still quite strong. By six all students were out of the school.

It came as a stunning blow to view the outdoors. Landscapes were entirely unfamilar with so many trees down. No one knew what to expect when he did reach home. At school, Mr. Menkens and his family labored until nearly nine o'clock, cleaning up where the rain had blown in.

And there you have the hurricane of September 21, 1938 at the Bridgehampton High School.