

farm have meant as much to me in the forming of good traits as my own parents. I am thankful that the farm has given me such a relationship and such a firm foundation on which to continue growing, both physically and mentally.

Hurricane

George Russell

THE hurricane struck the town with all the force of a tiger attacking its prey. It leapt upon the community with demonlike fury and chewed and clawed its way up the main street and across the residential district. The steel water tank went down as though it had been struck by a mighty, sweeping paw. Trees that had withstood the ravages of many lesser storms toppled before the roaring wind. The town hall's clock tower was crumpled as if it had been caught in the crush of monstrous jaws, while the beloved old timepiece that had chimed every hour for a century lay in a heap of rubble, whining and clanging its death knell in harmony with the howling tempest.

Suddenly the tiger broke off his mauling. The winds died, and the torrential downpour subsided to a drizzle; but it was as though the tiger were only teasing his prey. For, as the town began to revive and the eye of the hurricane moved on, the big cat reattacked and again fastened his claws in the town's back, ripping and tearing everything that he had not destroyed in his first charge. He picked up telephone poles, roofs, automobiles, and scattered them across the city in piles of toothpick-sized splinters and in gasoline-soaked piles of junk. Finally, the tiger released his hold on the town and moved off toward the everglades in search of a new victim.