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surf, and each wave brought more wreckage. After several spills we finally reached the Dune Road, which was a roaring torrent, profuse with all kinds of logs and boards. Here in the lee of the house we exchanged dogs, as Mabel had the heavier one. She was quite calm, and I took her arm, and together we walked east along the road to the Livermore fence and hedge, which afforded some protection from the surf and wreckage. We put the dogs on the hedge to wait for the rest of the party. Avery came out of the house leading Mrs. Dalin. He practically dragged her over to where we were. She was terribly frightened, and Mabel tried to comfort her by telling her to grab a telegraph pole, which she did. All this time the surf was coming over the dune with every wave and washing right into the bay. We had to hold on to one another to keep from being washed away, and duck the wreckage at the same time. I looked back and saw Carl Dalin walk out of the driveway, get to a fence post on the road behind our house, and sit down. He was only 75 ft. west of where we all were together. We called to him, since he was to leeward and could have heard, but he never even moved his head - just sat there with his head down, looking at the water. Of course time was getting very short, so Avery and I, after much trouble, worked Mrs. Dalin loose from the pole and started to walk east.

Then it happened. The wind shifted to the southeast, and the surf seemed to be lifted right over the dunes to the road where we were standing. Green waves - some 50 ft. high - came over, and the surf began breaking right on top of us. We managed to resist the first of it, but then had to get hold of the telephone poles to duck the wreckage. Mabel with her short legs was down a few times, but we managed to haul her out, and the dogs by some miracle stayed in the hedge. Mrs. Dalin became absolutely hysterical and dragged Avery and myself to another pole near her husband, who never moved, and took a death grip, screaming and yelling.

4:15 p.m. -

Now we knew we could never walk. The wind was south-east, at well over 110 miles per hour. The rain had let up to a great extent, but the sand in the air was terrific. The sky was as dark as at dusk, the atmosphere heavy and warm, and the temperature of the water was almost tropical. Avery and I had a council of war, and decided we had to swim the bay. So we told Mabel, and kicked off our boots, threw off our coats, and cut off our trouser legs with a pen-knife.

I looked at the Coast Guard Station, and asked Avery if the large building, which was two stories high, would stand, suggesting that we might all get in there, it being to leeward. He said there was no use trying - that everything would go. I looked toward the Livermore dock, and saw the small boat still tied fast and made a run for it. Just as I reached out to get the painter, the quarter inch rope snapped like a violin string, and the boat went across the bay at a 50 mile clip. I thought perhaps we could drag the Dalins over and send them off in the boat, but that was that. As I was fighting my way back through surf and wind, a big wave caught the Coast Guard Station and all five buildings, the steel lookout tower, and the 100 ft. steel mast seemed to

rise right off their foundations and washed into the bay. It was a terrible sight, but more so because of the absence of noise. The main building - 60x50 and two stories high - hit the bay and smashed to pieces, throwing the life boats out in all directions. But the effect was that of a silent movie - there wasn't a sound. I had heard stories of the silence of hurricanes, but was always sceptical. Here now I got the full effect. Although only a few hundred feet to leeward, we could hear none of the break-up crash - the 110 mile an hour wind took care of that.

As the Station went, I could think of only one thing - the large building would knock down the poles carrying the high tension power lines, and we all being up to our waists in salt water, would surely be burned to a crisp. I yelled to everybody, the Dalins in particular because they were right under the poles, to get away, but the chimney of the large building cut all the lines just as clean as a razor blade cuts twine, and left all the poles intact. Of course my warning was silly, as the power had been cut off hours before.

When I had worked my way back to where Mabel and Avery were standing, the waves were still higher, and the Townsend house, 100 ft. east of Livermore's, cracked up like a match box, and was blown and washed into the bay in a thousand pieces. This made us realize that we had to take to the bay at once, because anything might happen from now on. We decided to go out on the Livermore dock, which was still intact, and lie down and wait for a big wave to wash us, dock and all, into the bay.

The surf was so strong by this time that it was all anyone could do to keep one's own footing. We called to the Dalins to follow us, but no response. Mrs. Dalin was screaming and holding to the pole, and the old man was still in the same position, not even looking at his wife, who was screaming to windward. I still think that he was either so stunned he couldn't move, or had had a stroke. The poor fellow was 67 years old. There was nothing we could do, as it was now so bad you could only walk with the wind and water. We decided to abandon the two dogs, and put them on the hedge, but at the last second little Peter looked at me so helplessly that I took him under one arm, and Mabel with the other, and so we practically floated to the dock, with Avery on Mabel's other side. As we sat down on the dock waiting for a good wave, I suddenly noticed Bitzle, who had swum up all by himself and joined us. We stood up and yelled and waved at the Dalins to let go and float over to us, but no response. Then the thought came to us that they were now in the lee of the house and as neither of them could swim, if the house and poles held, they were safer where they were. Also, we felt sure that this couldn't last much longer, and that when we got over to the mainland we could come back in a boat and get them. It never occurred to us that this was a major catastrophe.

Just then the Livermore bath-house, which was quite a substantial structure, was lifted up by a huge wave, and came right at us. Luckily it hit some poles and cracked up. A beautiful flat piece came right toward us on the dock. Avery grabbed one end and I the other. Mabel, who was perfectly calm, jumped on the center and the dogs followed. Avery climbed on the rear end and I got on the front, and waited for the next wave. The wind had driven the bay water across to the mainland to such an extent that for about 200 ft. the bay bottom was dry, but only between waves. When a wave came, which was every few seconds, there were about five to six feet of white water.

We looked at the Dalins, but they were still in the same position, and we could do nothing. The next big wave was a dandy and we shoved off just like a surf board and went about 200 ft. into the bay, where we grounded. Avery and I climbed off and waited for the next wave, then gave a shove and jumped aboard and we were off for the deep water. Of course we had a little trouble keeping the wave from throwing the raft over on us, but we were lucky.

The wind was still S.E. and blowing us toward the Old Moriches Inlet to the west. I said, "Well, lad, we're going to sea." Avery answered, "Yes, I believe we are." Mabel had overheard us and asked, "What was that?" So we told her we were just having a little sail. The raft we were on was almost submerged, and the waves in the bay, at least six feet high, would wash us off with each breaker from the sea, but we always managed to swim back again.

The wreckage following us was very bad. Halves of houses came floating by with many large nails protruding. Roofs, second stories, which of course had a larger sail area, passed us like motor boats. It was quite dark and the visibility very low, although the rain was slight, but to look back was almost impossible, due to the wind and sand. Several autos followed us. The surf would pick them up and then the wind would catch underneath and throw them a hundred feet or more until they finally struck deep water where they sank out of sight. As far as we could see, our house was still standing. The air and water were very warm.

Mabel, looking west, saw what looked like a motor boat traveling at about sixty miles per hour, and said, "There is a boat going after the Dalins." We had to destroy the illusion and tell her it was the corner of a house which had grounded, and the wind and tide made it look as if it were moving. A huge black fuel tank fifty feet long and ten feet in diameter, came after us, bobbing up and down on the waves like a huge sea monster, but luckily missed us and was found next morning on the golf course two miles inland. Doors flew crazily over our heads, fifty and a hundred feet up, and large planks 20 ft. long would be lifted right out of the water by the wind and come swishing by our heads, but as luck would have it, nothing touched us.

All this time the wind was S.E. and blowing us down the bay, then it shifted to south and turned us back to Oneck Point, which was very welcome. As we neared the main channel, the waves grew high and washed us off more frequently, but we always managed to get back unharmed. The wind was just as strong, if not stronger. How fast we traveled, no one will ever know. But now that we were definitely headed for shore, we felt a bit better. From where we started Oneck Point is only a little over a mile, but the way we were headed at first, there was no land for seven miles.

As we drifted into deeper water, our raft began to sink. Why, we don't know, but I think some of the bottom fell off

on the way. Mabel was perfect all the way. Every once in a while she would be washed off, and I would stick out my foot, so she could grab it, and haul her back to safety.

With the sinking of the raft, the dogs became troublesome. Peter was fine, but Bitzle, the wirehaired, would climb on Mabel's neck to get out of the water, and push her head under. Avery and I found a nice little raft, put them aboard, and shoved them ahead of us. When they were about 100 ft. away, they both jumped off and swam back to us against the 110 mile wind until we pulled them out again.

The waves became constantly higher as the water grew deeper (there must have been over 40 ft. of water in the channel), and holding on to the raft was more difficult. Several times as we scrambled aboard, after having been washed off, both dogs swam back with sticks in their mouths, and dropped them for us to throw in a playful mood. All this helped to maintain mental equilibrium. Once Bitzle fell off and Peter jumped right in after him, and swam back towing him by the ear. Courageous little guy, that!

To add to the awesome feeling of drifting in the semi-darkness, with wreckage all around us and pieces of wood flying by, driven by the terrible wind, was the absolute absence of humanity. We hadn't seen a living soul anywhere since we left the beach. We did see two small motor boats about 100 yds., to the west, but they were tied together and dragging an anchor, apparently abandoned. Mabel thought they were going back to save the Dalins, because they looked as though they were moving, with the anchor holding them in the wind. We didn't disillusion her, but she soon discovered the anchor rope through the haze. It was very difficult to reconcile ourselves to the fact that there were no rescue boats coming out to meet us, but of course no boats could have made any headway against that wind and such waves.

The visibility was so low that one could not look back very well, and besides we were too busy holding on, but the last time I looked at the dune through wind, rain, and sand, I saw that the Livermore house and the Byrne house were the only two standing. All the houses to the east were gone - there must have been at least sixty. To the west I saw nothing.

Just as our faithful raft was going down for the third time, along came a very large piece of a house, well studded with nails, but flat. Avery and I grabbed it, and he said somebody better get on to that and lighten the load. So I, being the heaviest, climbed over and found it so large that Mabel and Avery both came aboard with the pups. This was really a nice raft, and for the first time since we left the beach, we could sit up above water, which was a great relief. There was even a place to brace our feet and hold on, so the waves couldn't wash us off any more.

We were now beyond the channel and the danger of wreckage piling on top of us was very great. Great parts of houses with spikes sticking out were chasing us on every hand. Avery and I each picked up a long board and with the aid of these, managed to push ourselves around all the big pieces as the waves piled them up on us. It was quite a job, but by paddling and pushing we managed to get between all the houses, roofs, etc. and let them go by.

Here a welcome interlude came to pass. A flock of wild ducks appeared to the west, trying to fly against the wind. I called to them and mockingly attempted to shoot with my board, remarking to Avery that it was just like shooting in a sinking battery. He laughed in spite of himself and Mabel also laughed - although later she told me she thought I was crazy - but it helped to break the strain. Of course the birds didn't have a chance to fly against the wind, and it gives an idea of its strength, when they were blown back at about 40 miles per hour, while flying at top speed.

The wind was still in the south, and by this time we could see the houses on Oneck Point distinctly, but there was so much wreckage that we didn't know whether we were going to miss the point or not. We could see Harold Medina's boat across the cut to the west, apparently on her side, on the lawn.

There was a house on the point just west of Oneck, which we afterwards found out belonged to Mr. Steinbugler, and it looked as if we were going to land there. We were still about 300 yds. out in the bay, but, for the first time, saw people on the front porch - about ten of them. This was a welcome sight, and we thought surely they had seen us and were waiting with a drink and blankets to warm us up, as the terrific wind blowing on our bare backs had tended to chill us a bit, although the water was very warm. We all waved to them with a great feeling of relief, but not one of them responded. They just kept milling about on the porch, which was well under water.

From then on we were so busy keeping the wreckage from crushing us that we had no more time to look. The waves were getting higher and higher as we neared the shore and we had all we could do to avoid things that were washed and blown at us. One huge plank came over with a wave and rode right across the raft between Mabel and myself. I was busy pushing off a roof and she put her hands on the plank, guiding it safely between us, but sprained her wrist badly doing it. The wind and waves swept us on, and we finally grounded in a clump of berry bushes about 50 ft. from the Steinbugler house. We looked for the people we had seen on the porch, but to our great disappointment they had all disappeared. No one was in sight to give us a hand - we were all alone again. Avery and I helped Mabel off the raft. He took her around the bushes; there were about 3 ft. of water and we had to go quickly as all the houses and roofs were piling up behind us. Peter swam off and followed them, but Bitzle grew panicky and jumped on a roof to the east. The roof floated into the brush about 100 ft. away. I called

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The top of this garage had been made into a playroom. When the waters subsided, the wreckage settled some distance away, bottom of the building vanished, and ping pong paddles still lying on the table.



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