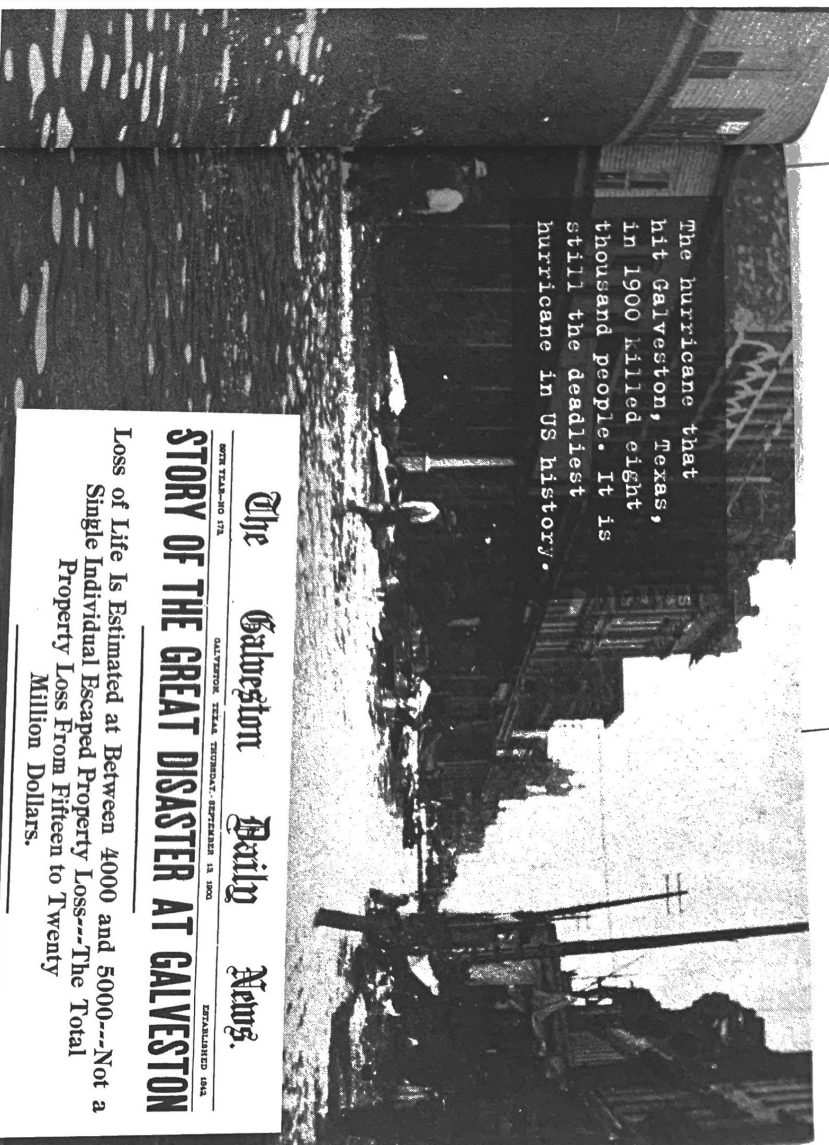
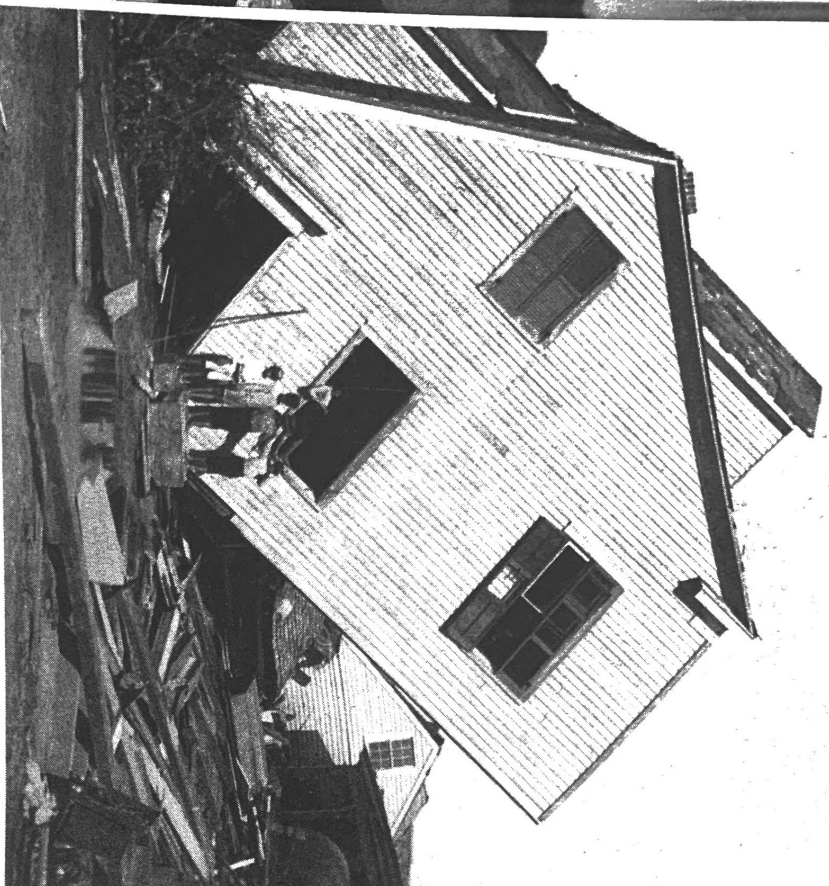




The hurricane that hit Galveston, Texas, in 1900 killed eight thousand people. It is still the deadliest hurricane in US history.

The Galveston Daily News.

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 13, 1900 GALVESTON, TEXAS. TROPICAL STORM. SEPTEMBER 13, 1900 ESTABLISHED 1844 STORY OF THE GREAT DISASTER AT GALVESTON

Loss of Life Is Estimated at Between 4000 and 5000---Not a Single Individual Escaped Property Loss---The Total Property Loss From Fifteen to Twenty Million Dollars.

In fact, most US weather reports were wrong in 1925. The science of weather, called meteorology, was still new. There were no high-tech tools for tracking storms as they moved across the country. Weather forecasts were more like guesses than scientific predictions.

Weather disasters often struck with no warning at all. Most famously, in 1900, a massive hurricane

hit the city of Galveston, Texas. Days before, ship captains at sea had warned that a wild storm was heading north, toward America's southern coast. But meteorologists did not believe the storm would hit Galveston. They were wrong. It slammed into the city, flooding some neighborhoods under twenty feet of churning water. Approximately eight thousand people died.

NO TORNADO WARNINGS

By 1925, scientists still couldn't accurately predict the path of big storms. But that's not the only reason there were no tornado warnings on March 18. The very word—*tornado*—was actually banned from US government weather reports. Meteorologists weren't allowed to use the word in their forecasts. That had been the rule in the United States since the late 1880s. The word *tornado* was too frightening, some believed. People might panic if they thought a tornado could strike. And besides, tornadoes were almost impossible to predict. Why terrify people when most likely the warning would be wrong?

And so the thousands of people in the storm's path on March 18 went about their day. Men went to work in the mines. Adrian's dad was preparing

to plant his fields. Most women stayed home to care for their little children. None had any hint that disaster was about to strike.

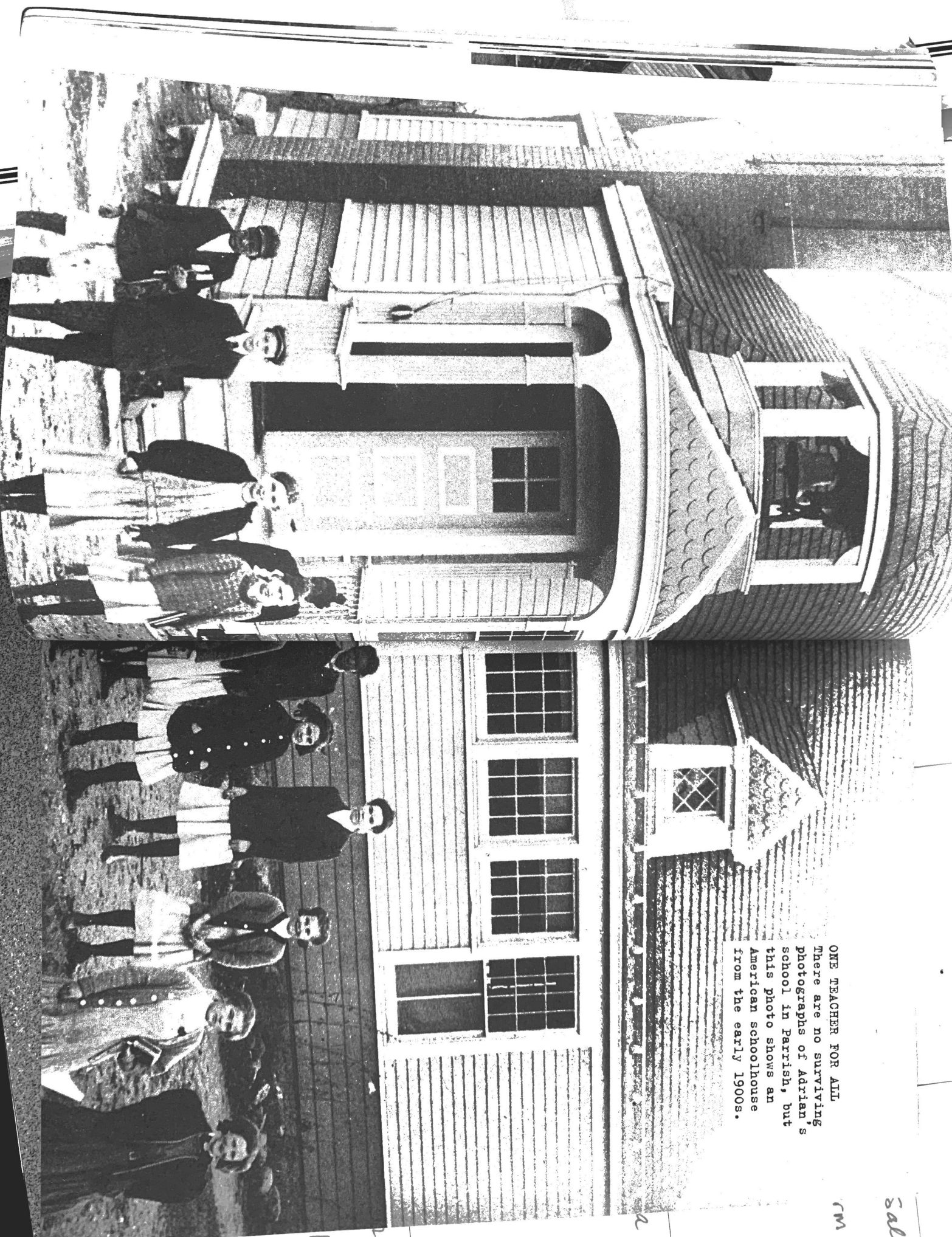
THE FIRST VICTIMS

Adrian, Leonard, and Ruie settled in at Parrish School, a brick building not far from the center of town. Like most country schools in the 1920s, Parrish School was a one-room schoolhouse. There was just one teacher in charge of about forty kids aged six to fourteen. Little kids practiced their letters, scratching away on small slate chalkboards they kept at their desks. Older kids worked on grammar and math and took turns reciting poems they'd memorized.

At recess, Adrian practiced his marbles shots.

It was just a typical day in Parrish. Nobody could imagine the disaster that was about to come.

ONE TEACHER FOR ALL
There are no surviving
photographs of Adrian's
school in Parrish, but
this photo shows an
American schoolhouse
from the early 1900s.



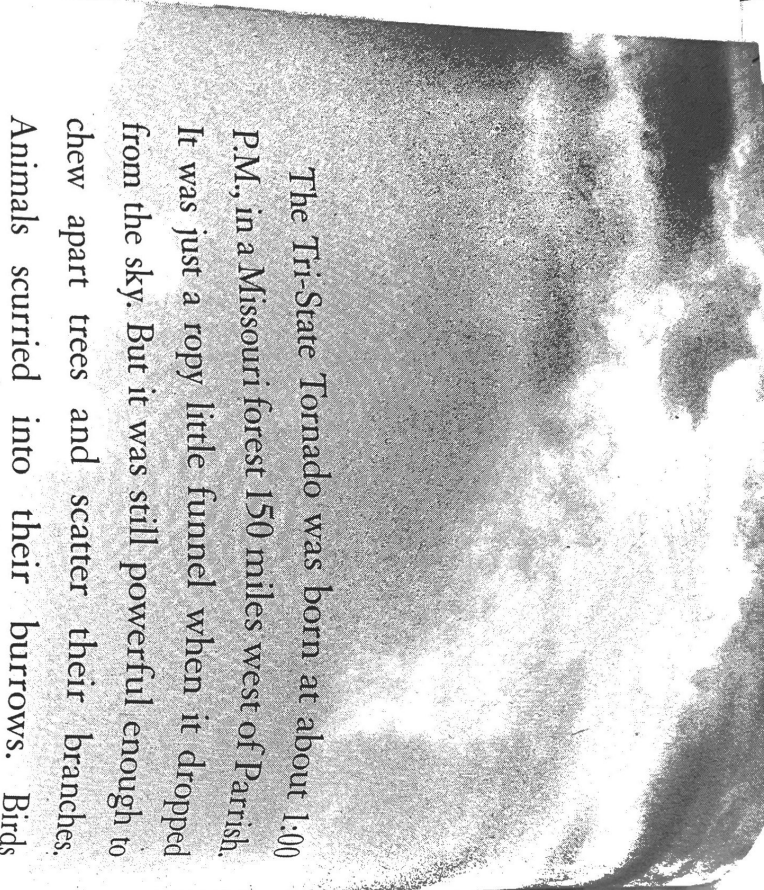
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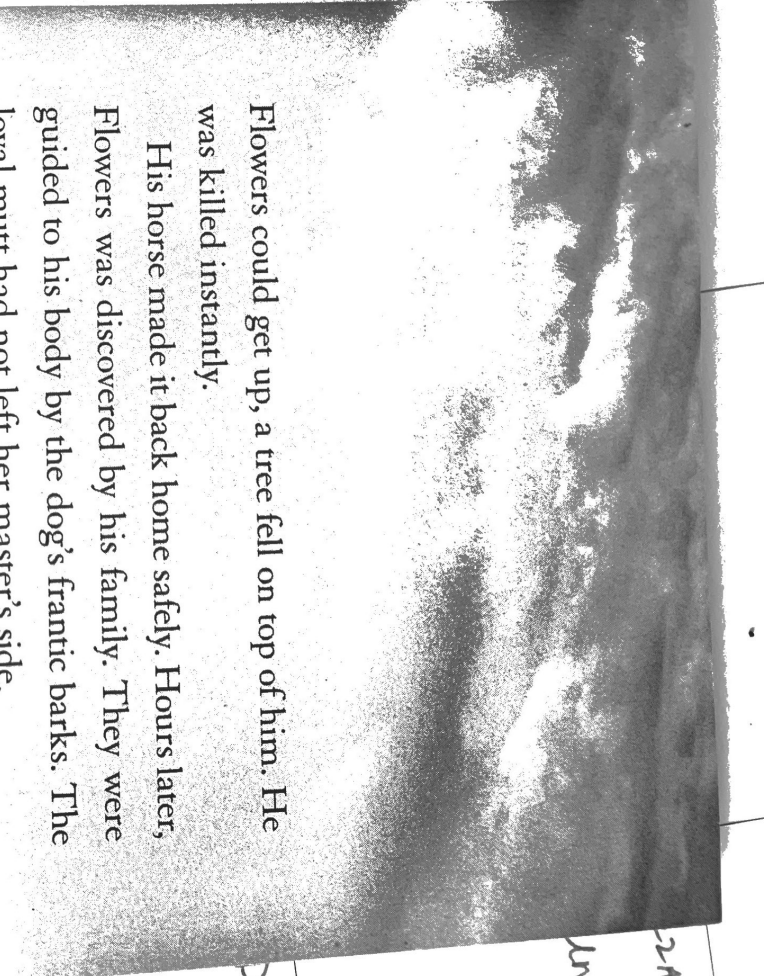
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The Tri-State Tornado was born at about 1:00 P.M., in a Missouri forest 150 miles west of Parrish. It was just a ropy little funnel when it dropped from the sky. But it was still powerful enough to chew apart trees and scatter their branches. Animals scurried into their burrows. Birds huddled in bushes. A farmer named Sam Flowers was riding his horse through the woods, with his loyal dog trotting behind.

INSTANT DEATH

Flowers must have heard the tornado's roar before he saw the swirling funnel. It grabbed him off his horse and threw him to the ground. Before



Flowers could get up, a tree fell on top of him. He was killed instantly.

His horse made it back home safely. Hours later, Flowers was discovered by his family. They were guided to his body by the dog's frantic barks. The loyal mutt had not left her master's side.

After killing Sam Flowers, the tornado sped northeast, still moving at more than 70 miles an hour. At about 1:15 P.M., it reached the small town of Annapolis, Missouri, home to about nine hundred people.

Whoosh!

In less than one minute, the tornado destroyed all but seven of the town's eighty-five homes. Annapolis School, a small stone building, was smashed into rubble with its thirty-two students inside. Main Street's shops and restaurants were swept away.

Incredibly, the tornado took the lives of only four people in Annapolis. All thirty-two of the schoolchildren climbed out of the rubble alive. So did almost everyone trapped inside ruined homes and shops. Most of the men in town were working in a nearby mine, which protected them from the tornado's fury. For once, working hundreds of feet underground was a blessing.

The tornado roared out of Annapolis and whirled across miles of thick forests and craggy hills until it reached the small town of Biehle.

Whoosh!

It devoured homes and farms and killed seventeen people before setting its sights on the town's school, Garver. As it passed over the school, it lifted the entire building off the ground. Inside were twenty-five kids and their young teacher, Miss Bengert. Like a giant bird gripping a terrified rabbit in its claws, the tornado carried the school for hundreds of yards. As the building broke apart in midair, the children and their teacher were scattered into fields surrounding Biehle.

Incredibly, the students and their teacher all survived.

A HUNGRY BEAST

By now the tornado had been on the ground for more than an hour, which was highly unusual. Most tornadoes are fragile creations. Of the more than 1,200 tornadoes that strike America every year, most are wispy funnels that fall lazily out of the sky, blow over a few trees and mailboxes, and

then quickly fall apart. A typical tornado stays on the ground for about ten minutes before it loses strength.

What made the Tri-State Tornado so unique—and horrifying—was that it did not lose power. Like a hungry beast, it actually grew bigger and stronger as it devoured everything in its path.

It roared out of Biehle and continued east, feasting on forests and farms and killing another eight people.

FRANTIC FOR HELP

Meanwhile, the people of Annapolis and Biehle were in desperate shape. Hundreds were injured, and many were fighting for their lives, with crushed bones and bleeding wounds. There was no way to call for help. Few people in small towns had telephones in their homes. And those who did couldn't make calls, because telephone wires were down.

What made the
Tri-State Tornado so
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and stronger as it
devoured everything
in its path.

One man managed to drive his motorcar out of the rubble-strewn streets of Annapolis. He drove thirty miles north to find a working phone. Frantic, he called the newspaper in St. Louis, the nearest big city. Word of the disaster started to spread. But it would be hours until help arrived.

Meanwhile, the tornado continued on its path of destruction.

Within the hour, more than six hundred people would be dead.

AN ENORMOUS BLACK CLOUD

Back in Parrish, nobody had any idea what was coming.

Adrian's father, John, had headed into town to pick up some farm supplies. His mother, Edna, was tending to the house and playing with little Wendell and Faye. At Parrish School, Adrian kept his eyes glued to the big classroom clock. School let out at 3:15 P.M., but he and four other boys were being dismissed early for the marbles tournament. It was being held outside the railroad depot, just a few minutes' walk from the school.

Roughly sixty miles to the west, the tornado was crossing the Mississippi River, which separates the state of Missouri from Illinois. The twister was now about three-quarters of a mile wide. And it no longer looked like a tornado. It was a rolling black cloud, so enormous that it seemed to stretch out across the entire sky. Its swirling winds were filled with tons of wreckage. There were shards of

glass and slabs of wood and chunks of houses. Splintered tree limbs and dirt and mud were scoured up from the ground. There were thousands of objects stolen from homes, like pots and beds and quilts and books and toys. All of this was spinning around the body of the tornado at 300 miles per hour.

The tornado moved across the river, slurping up water as it crossed. The brown waters of the powerful Mississippi churned and foamed under the swirling winds.

Within minutes of crossing the river into Illinois, the tornado smashed into the small town of Gorham. In one minute—less time than it would take to make a bed—every single building in the town was destroyed. Twenty-seven people were killed.

Six minutes later it hit Murphysboro, a thriving city of twelve thousand people.

It had taken one hundred years for Murphysboro to grow from a scrappy railroad town into one of the most prosperous cities in Southern Illinois. It took less than two minutes for the heart of the city to be destroyed. The tornado smashed brick

It no longer looked
like a tornado. It was
a roiling black cloud,
so enormous that it
seemed to stretch out
across the entire sky.

factories and mills, knocking them down as if they were sand castles. Cars and rooftops flew into the sky, never to be seen again. Railroad cars flew off tracks and landed hundreds of yards away.

In Murphysboro, 237 people lost their lives, more than any other community in the tornado's path.

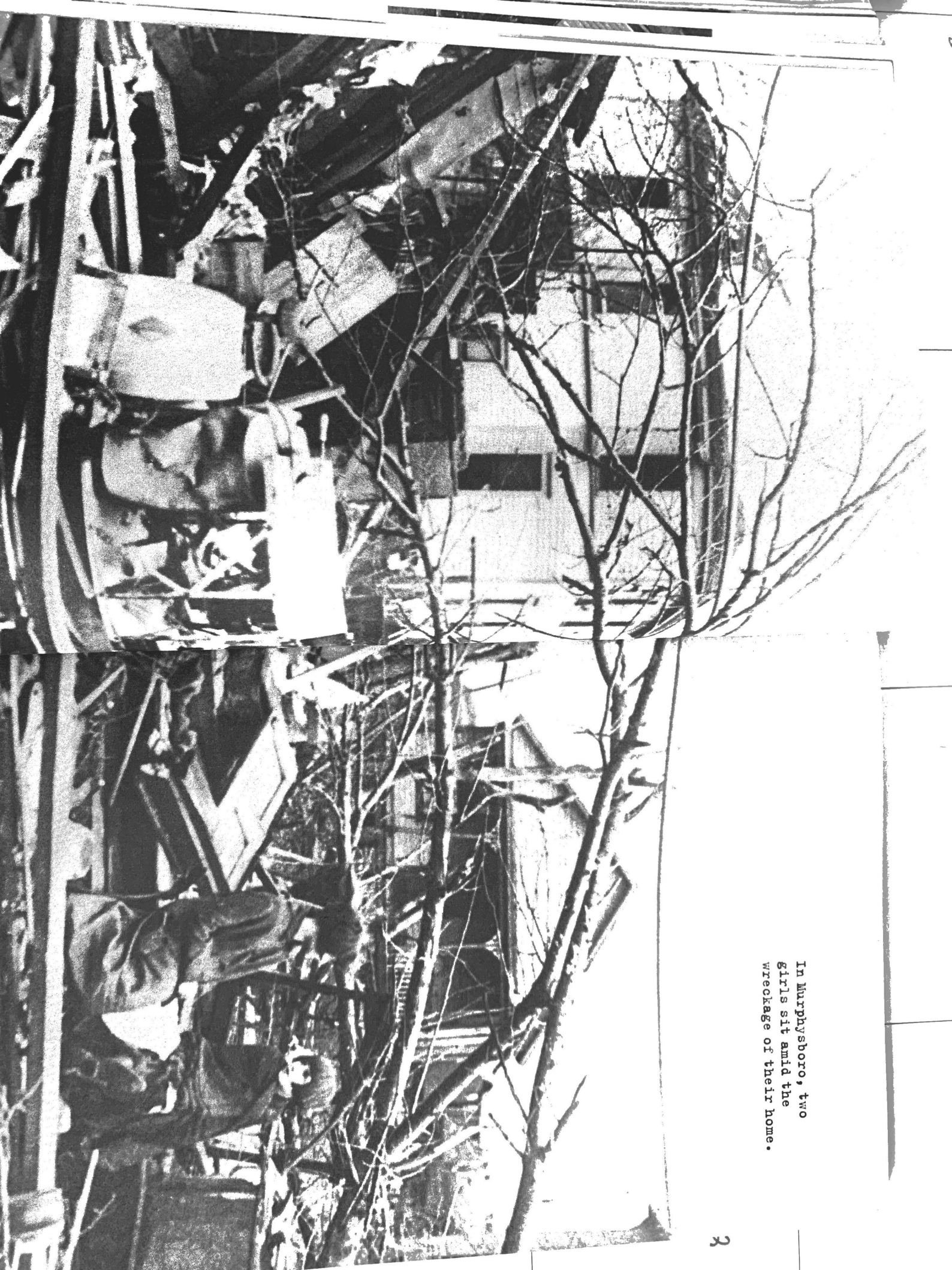
But the tornado wasn't nearly finished.

Within minutes, it had struck its next victims, the small farming towns of De Soto and Bush. Both were almost totally demolished. At 2:38 P.M., the tornado plowed through West Frankfort, a large city just twelve miles southwest of Parrish. There, 127 people died.

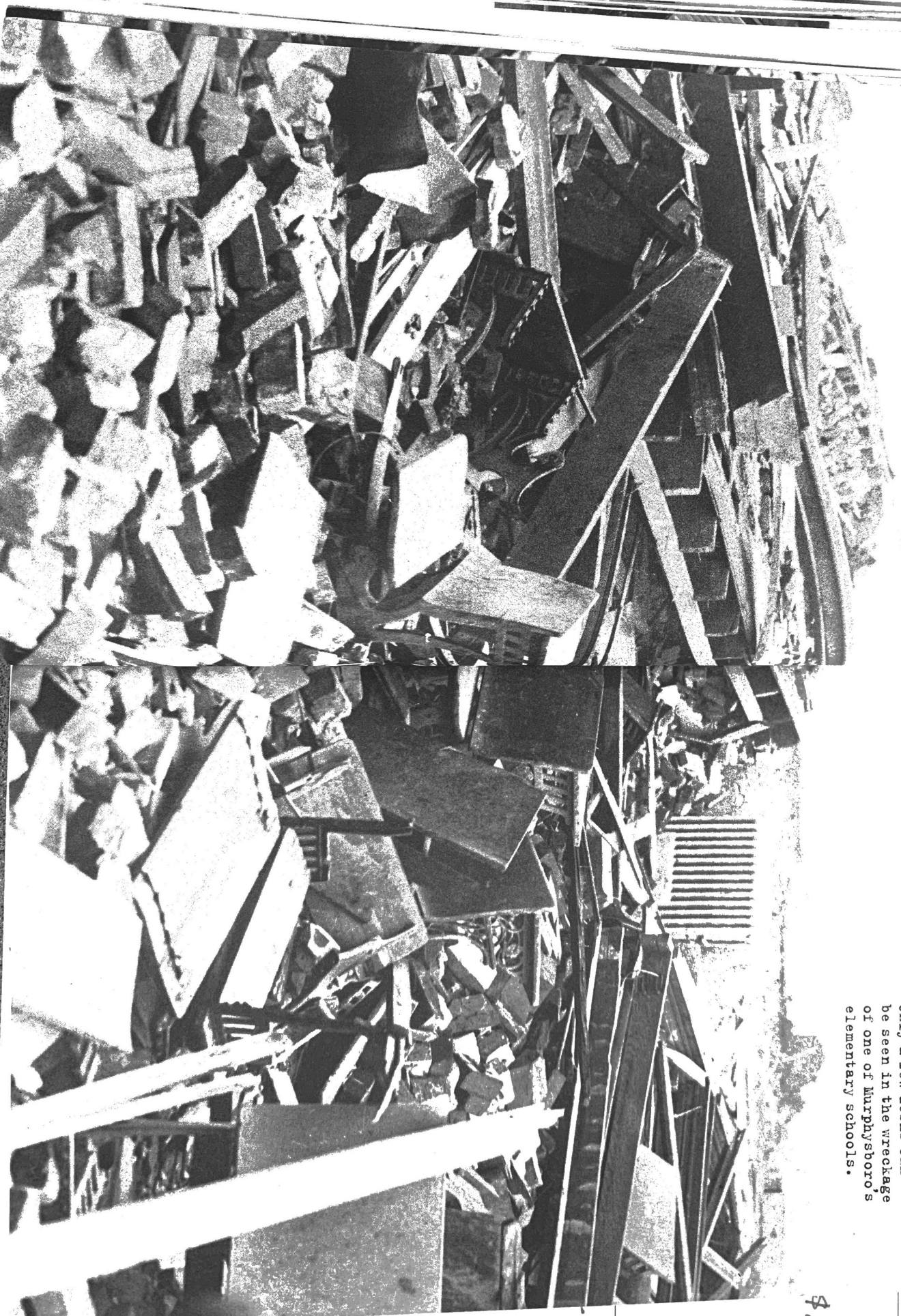
The tornado had been on the ground for one hundred minutes. Behind it was a path of death and ruin more than one hundred miles long.

And now it had taken aim at Parrish.

In Murphysboro, two girls sit amid the wreckage of their home.



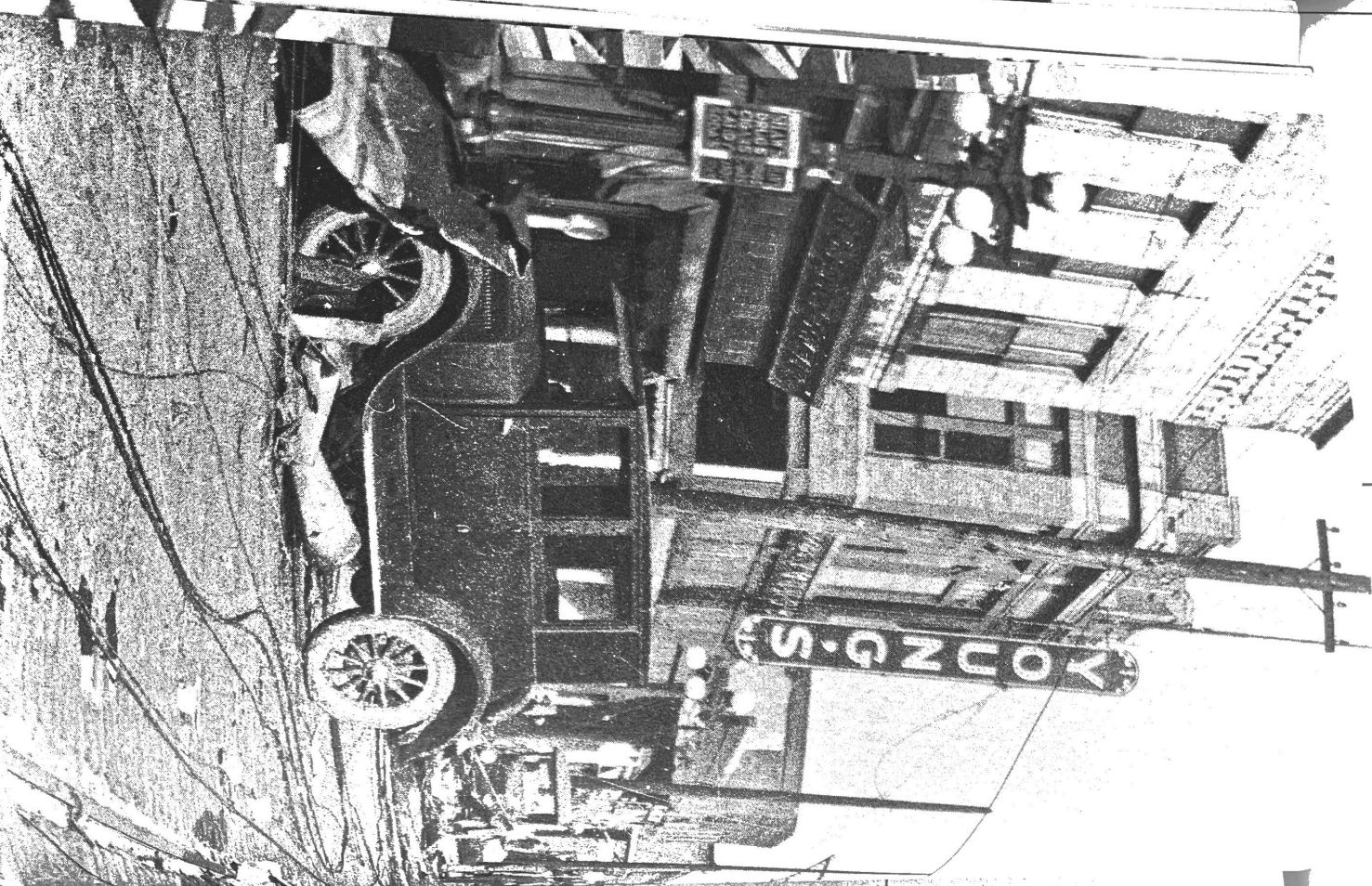
Only a few desks can
be seen in the wreckage
of one of Murphysboro's
elementary schools.



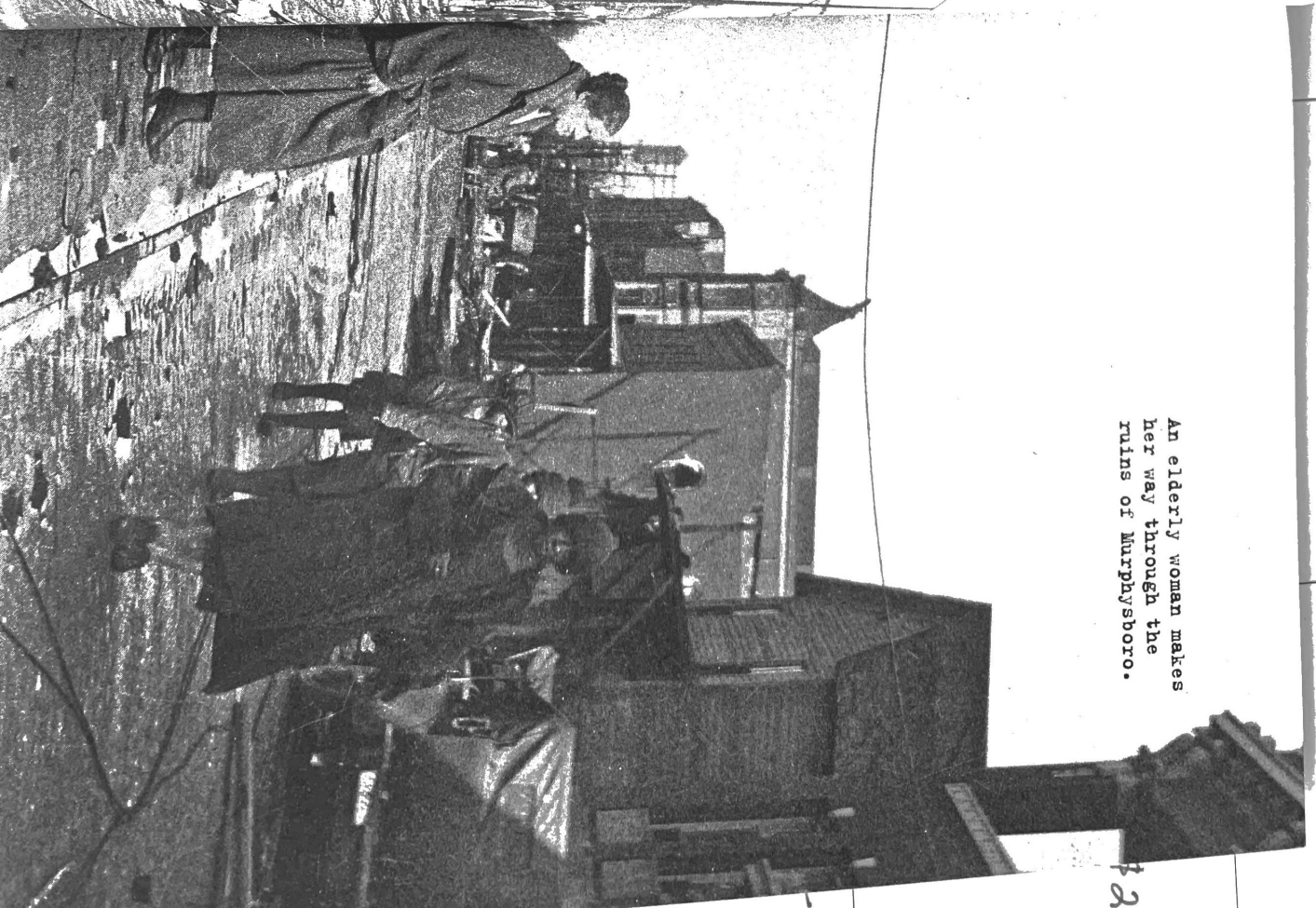
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Smo
Sales

Spun

Spun



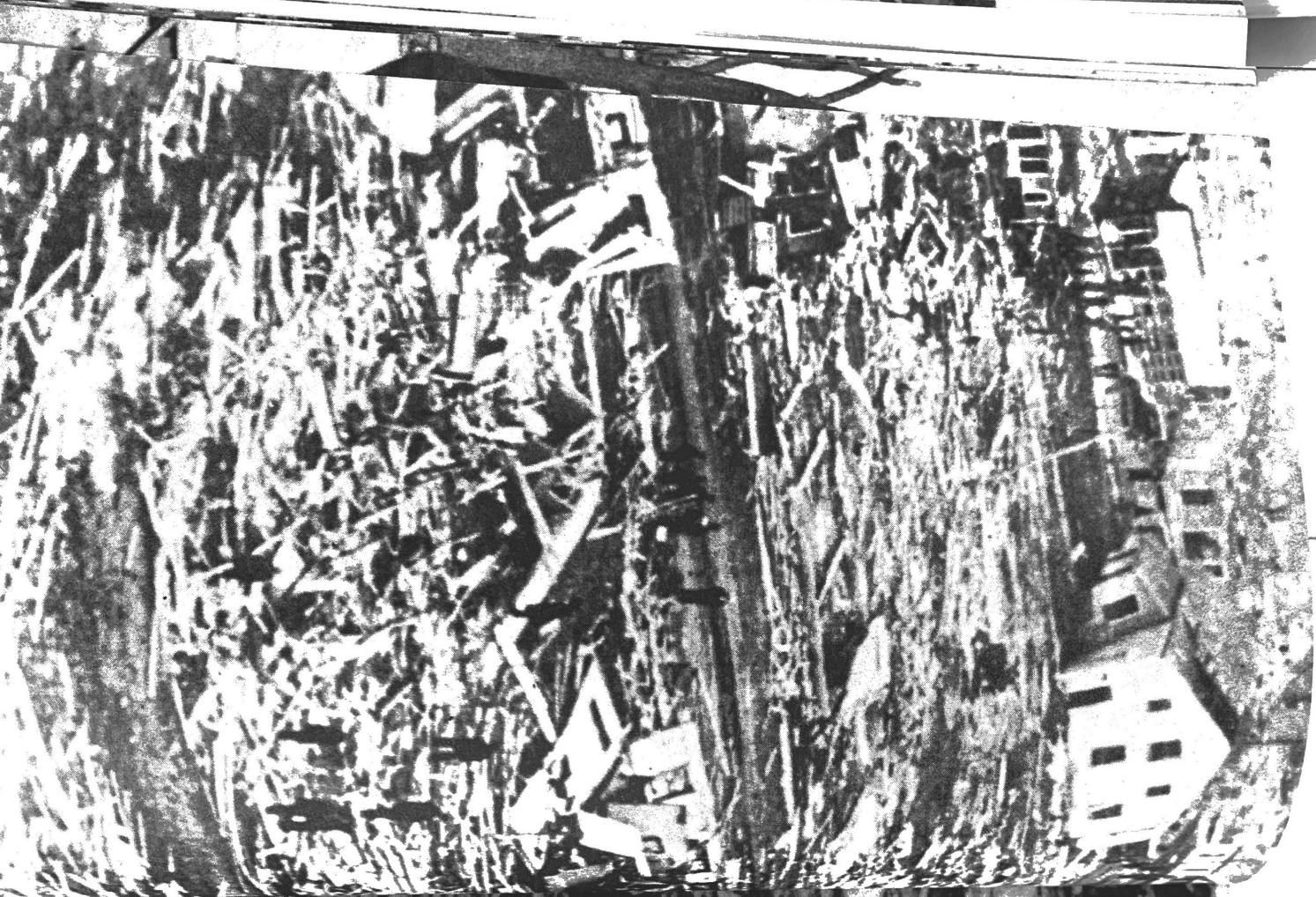
An elderly woman makes
her way through the
ruins of Murphysboro.



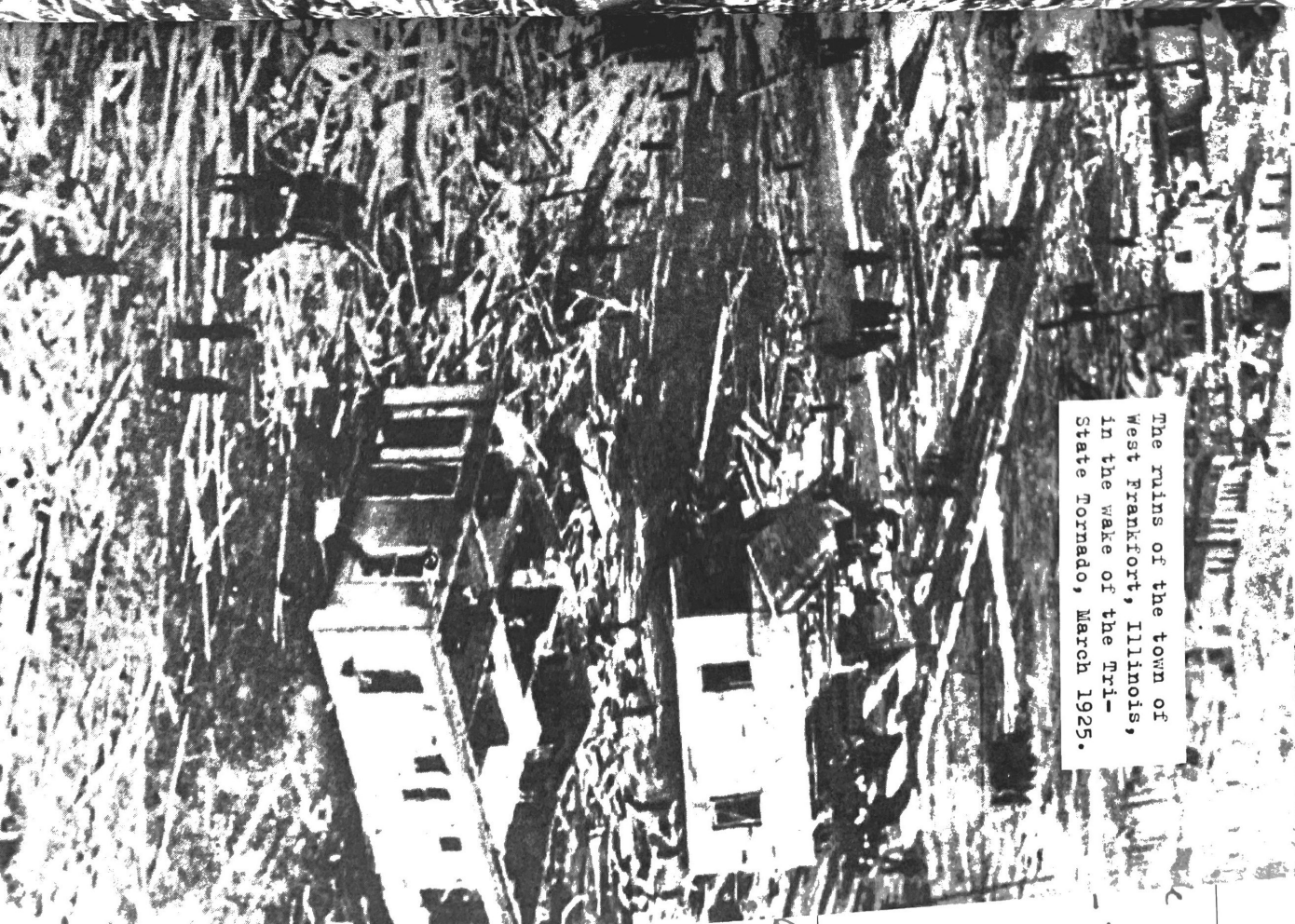
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Rescuers were slow to reach
ruined towns. It was up
to local people to band
together to search through
the wreckage for survivors.





The ruins of the town of West Frankfort, Illinois, in the wake of the Tri-State Tornado, March 1925.



5

General
Equity Debt

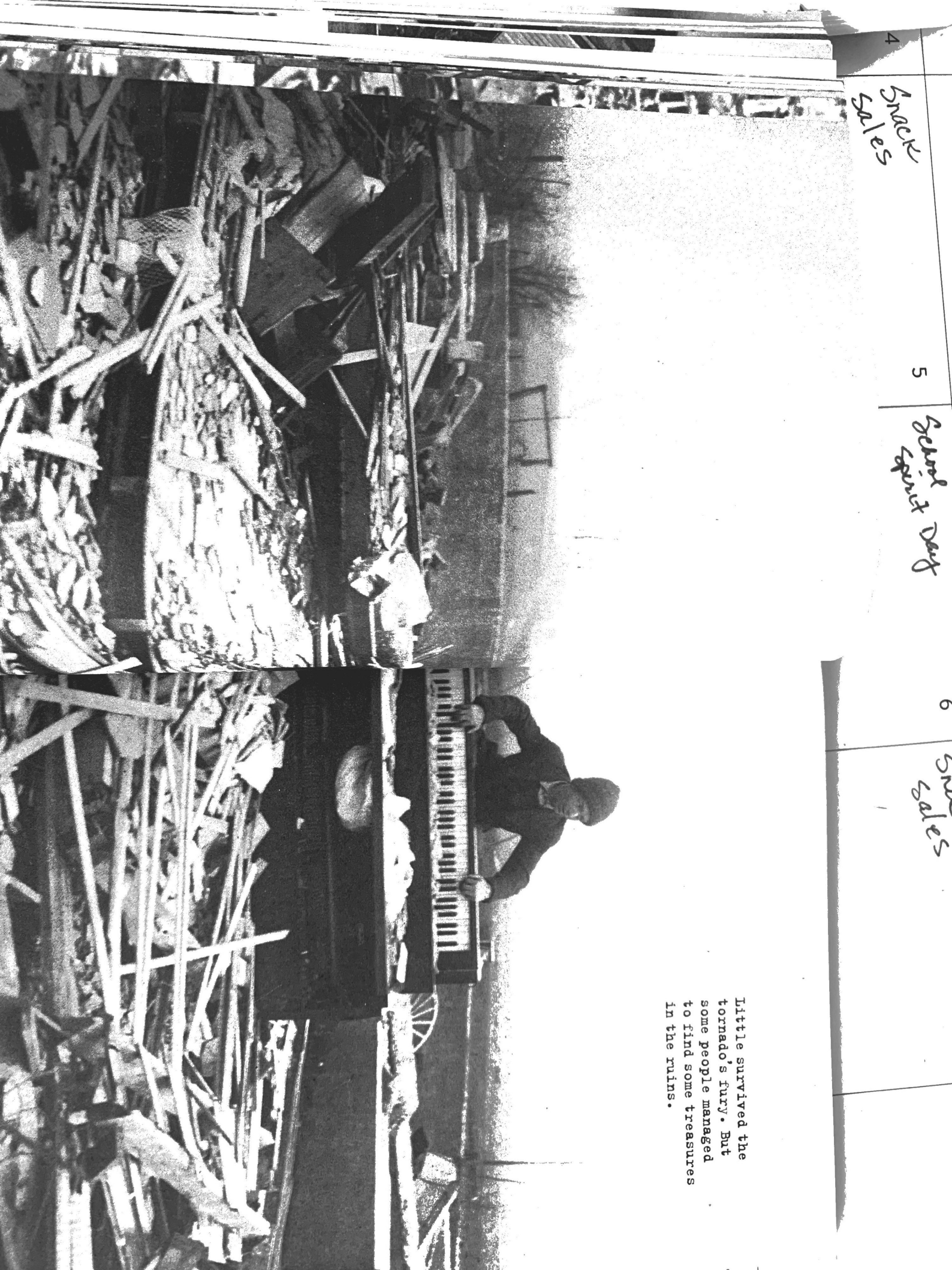
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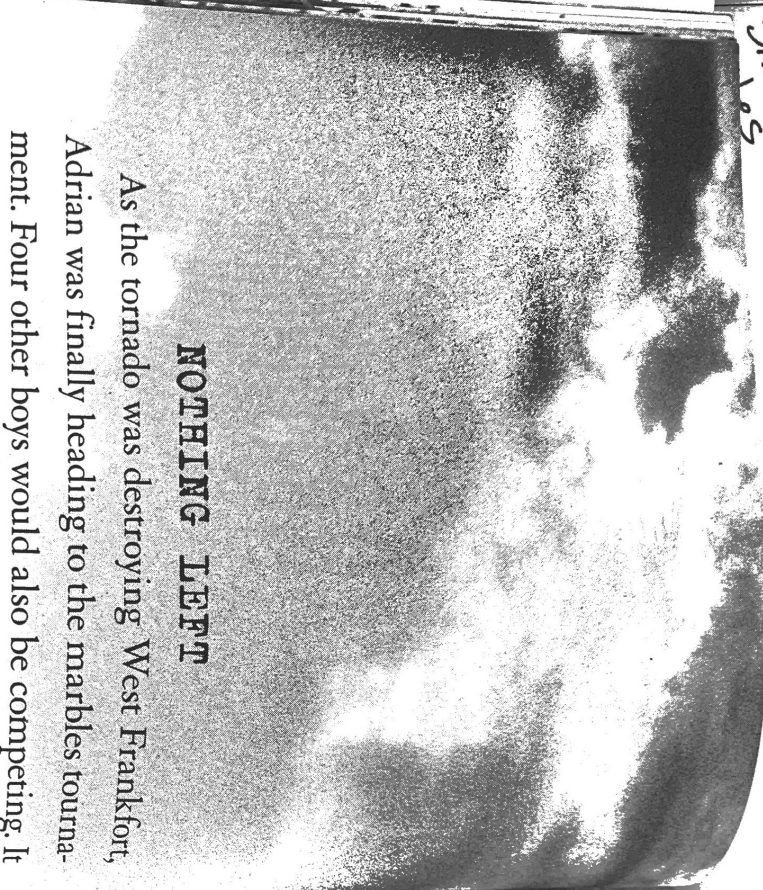
Small
Sales

4

Snack
Sales

Little survived the
tornado's fury. But
some people managed
to find some treasures
in the ruins.



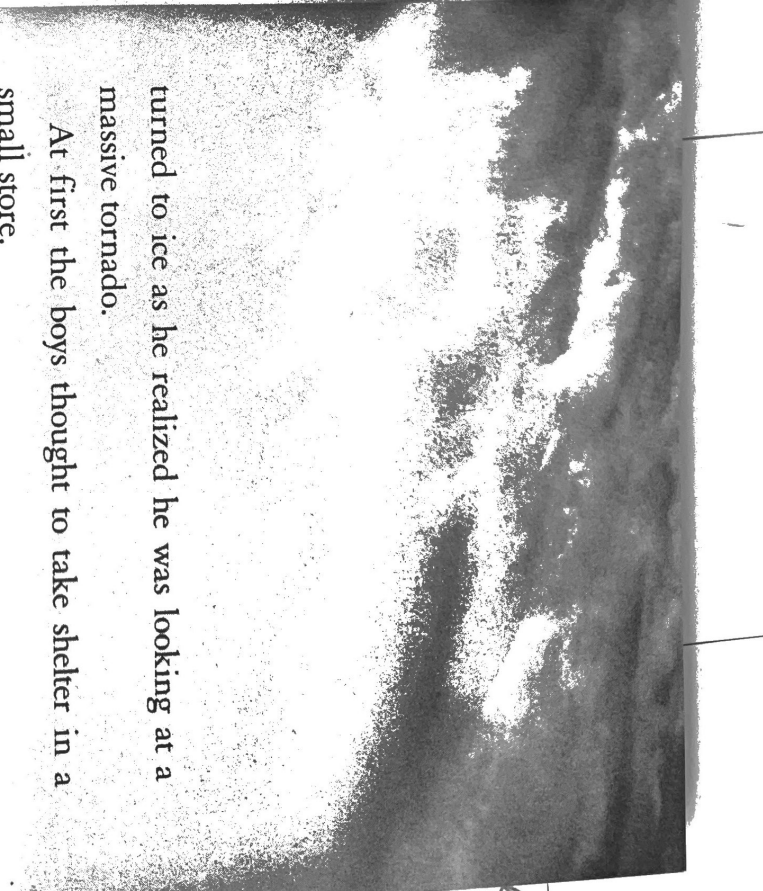


NOTHING LEFT

As the tornado was destroying West Frankfort, Adrian was finally heading to the marbles tournament. Four other boys would also be competing. It took only a few minutes for the five of them to walk from the school to the railroad depot.

It was just past 3:00 p.m., and the skies were growing purplish black, like an enormous bruise. Angry clouds boiled. Thunder growled in the distance. The boys groaned. Would the marbles tournament be canceled?

And then Adrian saw it: a rolling black cloud approaching quickly from the west. His blood



turned to ice as he realized he was looking at a massive tornado.

At first the boys thought to take shelter in a small store.

But Adrian shook his head.

"We have to get back to school!" he shouted.

In a blink, the boys were sprinting across the railroad tracks and back toward the school. Rain started to fall. The day turned to night. They made it inside just as the tornado hit.

Crash!

Snack Sales
5
School Spirit Day

6
Snack Sales

7
Pizza Sale

All at once, every one of the school's windows shattered.

The building shuddered. Dirt and shards of wood flew through the air. A horrifying sound filled the air, a furious, crashing roar. The second dragged by. It seemed that any moment the school would be lifted into the sky.

At last the tornado passed. Adrian and the other terrified children crawled out of their hiding places. On shaking legs, Adrian, Ruie, Leonard, and the other students made their way out of the school. As he stepped outside, Adrian stared in shock.

All he could see, in any direction, was wreckage. Not a single building stood except the school and a church. Trees had been torn from the earth. Those left standing had been stripped of their branches. The scene looked more like a bombed-out battle field than a peaceful small town.

Clutching one another's hands, the Dillon children headed out of the ruined town toward

their farm. Their familiar landmarks were gone. The dirt path leading home was filled with debris—wagon wheels, smashed furniture, torn fabric, chunks of houses. Frightened cows and pigs huddled together. The children passed the spot where Adrian and his friends had stood before the tornado hit. The store where they almost took shelter was completely gone.

But even that could not prepare the Dillon kids for what they would find when they got home: Nothing. The house was gone. So was the barn.

They called for their parents, for Wendell and Faye. But their voices disappeared into the eerie silence. Adrian fought back tears as one terrible thought rasped through his mind:

Everyone must be dead.

2nd Sale
Uniform - \$

2nd Sale

2nd Sale
Uniform