

Morning View Kentucky  
3 February 1959

Hello Mr. McCarthy,

The next time the Old Farmer's Almanac comes up with a "mild and wild" weather forecast, as was the case on Wet Wednesday (21 Jan) I am going to start digging a cyclone cellar. While most in the Cincinnati area were spattering soggly about wondering what to do with unwanted water, the tree patch, perched on its narrow ridge top, was undisturbed by water, but was in frequent danger of blowing into the valley below.

By three o'clock Wednesday morning, the wind had increased in velocity until it rushed through the big trees with the roar of a mighty train in a tunnel. I was not disturbed, having learned by experience that so long as the wind maintains its deep, booming roar, it is doing no damage. Only when the sound ascends the scale to a shrill, whining hiss are the trees in danger. However, indulging in the tremendous enjoyment I derive from watching weather in action, I arose and stood idly about outside, exhilarated by the tumultuous darkness.

Later, when I returned indoors and reluctantly lit the kitchen light because I couldn't very well build a cup of coffee in darkness, I was suddenly startled to see a small bird fluttering desperately against the glass of a side window. Due to the terrific wind, I could not open that window, but I hastily lit the back floodlight and opened the back door, with an idea of working my way around the corner and getting the little bird. Before I could step outside, he swirled around the corner like a blown leaf, recovered himself in the relatively calm air behind the house, and unhesitatingly flew into the kitchen, where he settled on the finial of a corner cupboard. I had assumed he was the inevitable Carolina Wren, but discovered he was one of the dozen Goldfinch who inhabit the pond-field. I had not recognized him at once as he wore his dull winter garb instead of his shining golden feathers.

He remained atop the cupboard, interested in neither food nor water nor in going outside, until late afternoon when the front had passed and changing wind directions coupled with falling temperature to indicate that the storm was over. Hardly had the wind shifted from south to west, when he flew against the glass of the door, and, upon being let out, darted away to the sheltered hollows of the pond-field.

The morning wore stormily along, until, around eleven, there was a deceptive lull. Rain ceased pounding down, and the wind modified to no more than 20 miles per hour. Ragged gaps permitted brief sunshine through the low clouds which continued to sweep furiously northward.

I had been wandering about, and was fortunately standing near the back of the house when, without warning, a terrific gust of wind exploded into the tree patch from a southeasterly direction. I shouted to the