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I. COMMENTARY

Within the last week, I read a very positive newspaper interview with the executive of a major oil company. He was quite sanguine about prospective oil stocks this spring and summer and did not foresee any gas shortage. The fundamental reasons were continuing declines in U.S. consumption and increased production from other oil exporters. Even if the Iran/Iraq war continues into the summer, the expected this forecast would still hold. As a matter of fact, both countries have resumed some limited oil shipments, despite damage already inflicted. Consequently, this plus already increase production elsewhere- make our prospects for storm chasing look much brighter this spring, than they appeared to be last fall.

II. ROSTER

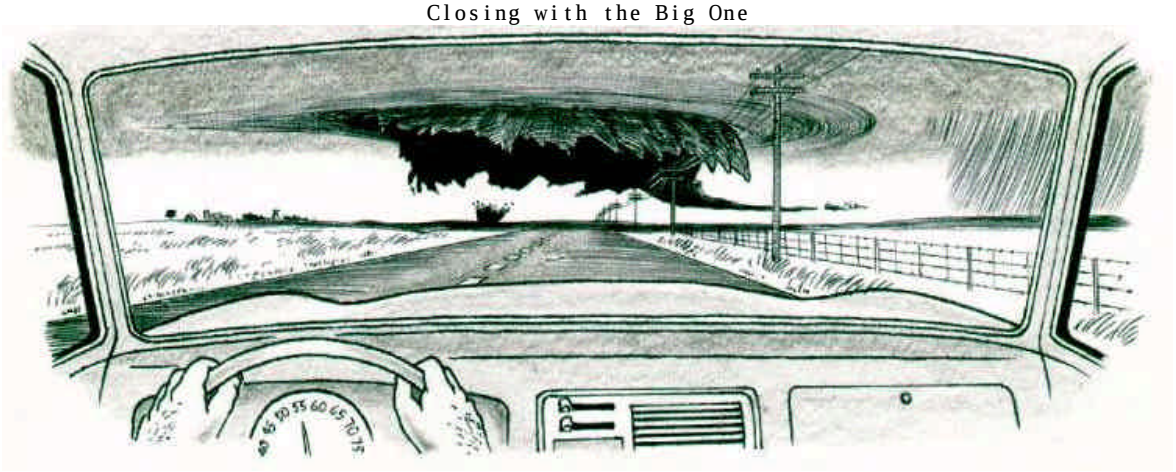
III. BULLETIN BOARD/COMMERCIAL MARKET -$- FOR PICTURES

IV. CAMERA TIPS

V. TRAVEL TIPS

DAY DREAMS [by David Hoadley]

Closing with the Big One



VI. FEATURE

Additional Tornadic Sound Experiences when None was Seen [by Dr. Charles A. Doswell III]

I have had two experiences with roaring sounds that might be of interest to you and your ST readers.

The first was encountered on May 30, 1976 near Jacksboro, Texas. John Weaver and I intercepted the storm from the north, and we found out later that Steve Tegtmeier saw it from the south. Steve didn't hear anything but was never as close as we were. The storm was of the 'dryline' type, in fact it was very small and never had a substantial precipitation shaft. We drove under the storm's base, when it still looked much like Fig. 1. There was little, if any, sound at the time. The storm appeared to be rotating anticyclonically, as the rolls shown in Fig. 1 seemed to be moving as indicated by the arrows. The storm began as a member of a cluster of storms further south, splitting off and moving rapidly north northeastward (apparently a "left-mover"),

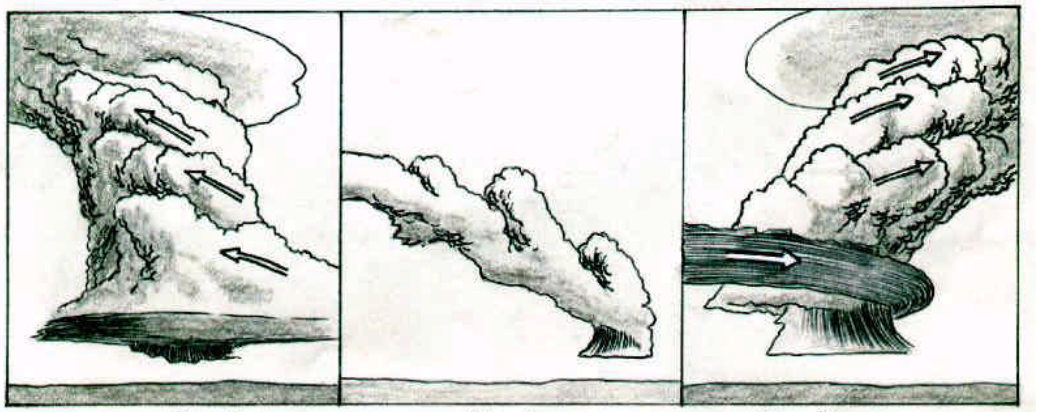


Fig. 1 Fig. 2 Fig. 3

Driving away from the storm, we stopped several times to take photographs. It was at one of these stops, watching the storm to our SW (still appearing much like Fig. 1), that we heard a steady, muted roaring sound. As nearly as we could tell, from a distance of about 3-5 miles to its NE, the sound was coming from the storm's anvil, near where the storm tower joined it from below. We listened in fascination for a time, and then John remembered his tape recorder. By the time we started recording the sound, it had substantially diminished. During the time that we heard it, we could occasionally hear normal thunder sounds that were louder and clearly separate from the continuous roar.

As the storm dissipated, the roaring gradually faded. Fig. 2 shows the last view of the storm, as we were driving away. At that time, we could no longer hear the sound.

Dr. Roy Arnold of the University of Mississippi has analyzed John's tape recording and confirmed the existence of a steady sound, with an acoustic frequency in the range of normal thunder.

The second storm was intercepted by Al Moller and myself on May 28, 1977 in western Oklahoma. When we first approached the storm, north of Erick, it was apparently a strong multicell storm with a wall cloud. It seemed to be diminishing slowly in strength and moving ESE. As it crossed I-40, we heard radio reports of golf ball hail. Since it was the "best show in town," we continued to follow it, even though we could see the base shrinking.

We drove under the storm's weak flanking line and failed to encounter any significant inflow to the storm from the SE, so we considered its severe potential to have disappeared. Finally, we stopped on Hwy 283, SE of Sayre and watched the storm dissipate. It was at this time that we noticed the same sound I had heard with the Jacksboro storm.

In this case, the storm appeared as in Fig. 3. The appearance suggests a right-moving cyclonically rotating storm. Once again, the sound seemed to originate high up in the anvil, near the point where the storm's tower joined it. No recording of the sound was made. Noteworthy is the band of stratiform clouds, wrapping around the front of the storm from the south -at lower midlevels. Again, the motion of the rolling convective towers is indicated by arrows on the figure. We left the storm before it dissipated completely but, as in the previously described situation, the sound gradually faded as the storm weakened.

I can offer no explanation for this sound. Finally, my intercept experience agrees with Dave's (ST Vol. 2, No. 6), in that I have never heard any roaring sound with the tornadoes I've intercepted. My closest encounter was with the famous Union City, Oklahoma tornado. A group of us entered the town shortly after the tornado passed through, and the funnel was in its shrinking stage to our SE (1-2 mi.). The wind was from the NW, towards the tornado, at the time. See the article in Weatherwise (1974) by Moller, et. al for other details of that intercept.

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SPECIAL FEATURE

I Remember No Still Small Voice

By Orville H. Williams
as told to Mabel G. Daniello
(with kind permission of Mrs. Daniello)

(and special regards to Charles Vlcek who referred this story to me)

Soon after the end of World War II, my church in the Detroit suburb of River Rouge was bursting at the seams. Early in 1946, we purchased a plot of ground and began plans to build a new meeting place to accommodate our growing congregation.

We had already sold our old property, and the buyer wanted to take possession in late June.

I applied to the federal government for a priority permit to build, but the permit was denied on grounds that our church was "not a priority need." (At that time, the government still restricted civilian building programs.)

Meanwhile, all our attempts to locate a temporary meeting place failed, and the buyer of our property asked that the building be removed before he took possession.

We consulted a contractor about moving the church building. After studying the situation, he told us the building could not be moved; it would have to be torn down. The fee for demolishing the building would be $5,000 -- an amount we could ill afford.

Days rushed by, and we found no solution to our dilemma. Finally, in mid-June, the Sunday before our deadline, I called a special prayer meeting after church. Nearly everyone in the congregation stayed,

and we prayed until we felt sure God was going to do something for us.

The next day, June 17, we started Vacation Bible School as scheduled. The old building was filled with children all morning. Various members were in and out of the church all afternoon. I left around 6 o'clock to go home for supper.

As I drove the six blocks, I reminded myself I was due back at church for a 7 p.m. wedding rehearsal.

My wife Sylvia and I were just starting to eat when the phone rang. "It's Betty Brady," Sylvia whispered as she answered the call. Betty was a church member who lived in a fourth-floor apartment across from the church.

"Where's the pastor?" Betty asked in an urgent voice.

"Why, he's right here at the supper table," Sylvia replied.

"Thank God!" Betty breathed. "Just a few minutes ago, I saw his car outside the church. Then I heard a loud rumbling, ran to the window, and saw a huge black cloud. It must have been a tornado, for when it lifted the church was gone! The sky is still a strange color."

"But tornadoes are unheard of in this area," I reasoned, as we drove to see what was left of our church.

What a shock to find a pile of rubble where the old building had stood! At first my mind didn't want to accept what I saw, especially since surrounding buildings had been barely touched. But one lone tornado had headed straight for our church, lifted it up and smashed it into a thousand pieces. Not one person had been injured.

When I recovered from the shock, I stepped gingerly around the rubbish and found a few small items that had survived the wind.

On Tuesday morning I returned to the church to salvage a few chairs, hymnals, and other items from the debris. When a bystander offered to clean up the grounds and buy the scrap lumber for $375. I quickly accepted his offer.

The Lord, I realized, was in it all. First He had sent a wind to level the one building in its path, saving us $5,000 which we could use toward the building of our new church. On top of that, He gave us another $375. He was indeed doing something to meet our needs.

But He didn't stop there.

A few weeks before the tornado hit, I was speaking with an agent about renewing the insurance on the old building. Though we'd never carried wind damage coverage before, he suggested we add it to the policy. God moved me to say "yes," and when our claim was settled we collected the full coverage of $4,000.

After I called a building official in Washington, D.C. to explain about the tornado, a federal inspector came to view the site. He acknowledged that my application for a building permit was certainly a priority now.'

Because of the building restrictions, many contractors were unemployed at that time; so we were able to negotiate a favorable contract, saving us nearly $100,000.

Though our VBS had to be canceled that year, the local school board invited us to meet in their beautiful school building rent-free until our new church was built in December 1948.

I'll never forget how God spoke in no "still small voice" that summer when He used a tornado to solve our church's many problems.

--- As published in Power for Living", June 22, 1980