

March 31, 1986  
David Hoadley, Editor  
3415 Slade Court  
Falls Church, Va. 22042

STORM TRACK  
\$6.00/year

Vol. 9, No. 3  
Bi-monthly  
(Checks payable to  
Timothy P. Marshall;  
see first paragraph)

## I. COMMENTARY

This issue concludes my management of Storm Track and concludes all official responsibility, including fiscal and editorial. Timothy P. Marshall is the new Editor. All correspondence and submissions regarding this newsletter should hereafter be sent to Tim 1336 Brazos, Lewisville, Texas 75067. He is now responsible for Storm Track's management and assumes all the duties and responsibilities, which I once had, for future issues.

I conclude my duties with a very positive sense of accomplishment, in which you all share. Whatever contributions that I made in writing, editing or illustrating were spurred by your articles, anecdotes and pictures. It was also your letters of appreciation, when ST did something right, that really sustained me. Your input shaped my response throughout and was often the inspiration for illustrations. If they occasionally "worked," it was because you made them work. Therefore, we can all take pride in what Storm Track has accomplished. Where once there was no newsletter, ST has grown to become a national (and international) clearinghouse for chasers and storm students -to share unique and remarkable storm experiences, contact each other, share photographic and copyright information, consider the commercial value of our pictures, and a variety of other common interests. Tim Marshall now takes up the cause, and he will certainly continue to need your articles, ideas and support even as you gave them to me. I know I will work closely with Tim in this continuing, creative process and help him to sustain the newsletter for many more years. Thanks again, for everything!

This time of transition also marks my 30th year of storm chasing. I would like now to share with you some reflections on what this has meant to me. - - My first storm experience was an early June evening in 1956 in Bismarck, North Dakota. I had entered a local theater, virtually unaware of the impending fate about me -and, except for the loud thunder, all but oblivious to the turmoil going on outside. After a half hour, my dad drove down to that theater and came inside to take me out. It was then that I saw what the mere wind of kites and sailboats had done & my home town. Hardly raining anymore, when we emerged, the interseptions were now a sea of rushing water, and great trees had been thrown down on all sides -s city now darkened, but for the ghostly blue-white flash of power lines, writhing in a tortured dance on wet grass. I was transformed. It was one of those seminal moments, when one turns from a known path and never returns again. The next day, I drove around town and took 8mm movies of the damage (which I still have). Thus began my life long interest in storms and tornadoes.

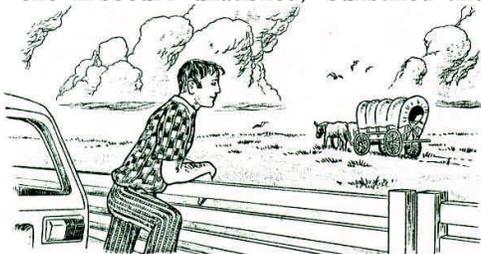
With early help from solicitous and friendly local weather men, I learned quickly about storm dynamics - and the long straight roads of the Dakotas were etched early in memory. Classic cars of the fifties, with fins and chrome, were scattered through older slides -even a F49 Ford in one, driving appropriately into an antiqued, golden sunset -down an old two lane road. I chased in western Kansas, when the Interstate ended somewhere west of Ellsworth -recalling a beautiful drive near Colby, when trees lined the two lane road (Just beyond the shoulder) -a protective tunnel of green in an otherwise barren and hostile plain. I also recall giving up on a good many Texas storms, while contemplating a five hour drive from Oklahoma City to Dallas/Fort Worth before that Interstate was completed.

I have driven over 300,000 miles and photographed 47 tornadoes and 98 funnel clouds, However, some of the most treasured slides are those old pre-tornadic ones of Dakota towers and T-storms -a few now yellowing with age and imperfect early processing. Seeing these again, an older man recalls the young one with vast imagination and boundless energy, who wanted one thing more than anything. Such slides recall and relive again that dream and anticipation -the agony and frustration (70,000 miles and six years of chasing before the first tornado) -but always the vision and determination to see it through on my own. Now, in retrospect, the cutting edge has mellowed some 30 years later. Repeated intercepts have somewhat lowered the anxiety level. The challenge and excitement are still there, but so is perspective and patience.

But, one remembers, and each drive out becomes -more and more- a nostalgia trip, as through a time warp -- returning again (a young man again) to the plains, where everywhere looks like home -and to the small towns and the good, honest, open people, whose grandfathers settled in a new land and wrote large on the pages of western history. Driving the long hours, I recall an old western North Dakota farmer and his wife in a small dirt-road town, who helped an embarrassed teenager break the vent window of his parent's car one night when he had locked the keys inside (excited by an approaching storm). They then asked him in to their small home and shared a full dinner -a total stranger to this old Swedish couple, whom they would never see again. I recall the South Dakota mechanic in a small town, who took me and my rattling engine under his wing, after all the garages had closed for the day one Saturday afternoon -and worked five hours straight to remove the head and replace a broken piston for \$40! (wouldn't take any more) -so I could return home the next morning. I recall a cheerful Oklahoma farmer who took a tractor to pull me out of a muddy ditch and then returned to his "cyclone cellar" (long after the danger had passed) to

finish a beer and card game with his friends. And, I recall numerous small restaurants, where the cook, waitress and owner were the same grandmotherly lady, who wouldn't leave until you had declared her special-recipe homemade pie the best this side of Wichita (and it usually was). All this and dozens more memories come slowly back returning apace with the miles of pavement that take you back.

The pioneer spirit is still there, with the grandsons of pioneers in that land, land of the Crow, Cheyenne and Sioux; land of the buffalo, mustang and eagle; land of fur trappers and mountain men, Indian scouts and surveyors; land of the wagon trail following the first wagon of the first settler west of the Missouri unwashed, sunbaked and windblown -- following a dream; a land of giants and



legends the "singing wire," the iron horse and barbed wire that brought an end to an era. Some of you who have lived there all your lives may not think much of this, but these are the ghosts that speak to this easterner when he goes west each spring -- during the long quiet highway miles between storms. Those of us who chase are \*indeed\* fortunate to have been a part of this experience and the great storms.

This is what 30 years of chasing has meant to me -- when I can turn in on a long November night a thousand miles away, with frost in the moonlight, and dream of spring and the south wind and a sea of wheat -- with hundreds of "waves" moving grandly across a rolling prairie. And over all, white towers climbing into blue space -- filling the sky with darkening premonition of a fate that will not stay or stand aside. The anticipation, the imagination, the dream -- returns again and again.

## II. ROSTER

### III. LETTERS/PHONE CALLS TO THE EDITOR

Washington Post, January 12, 1986: The first "tornadoes" of the season struck Bermuda, "damaging roofs and causing a rough landing for a commercial jet that was caught in a wind shear". Police spokesman Roger Sherritt said "at least three tornadoes struck ... between 9:30 and 11:20 a.m. yesterday."

Robert Welch of Virginia Beach reports a quiet January-February for southeast Virginia. However, January 3rd, a thunderstorm developed -- which was the earliest he could recall. Bob also saw clear, circular rotation in a lowered cloud base on March 7, as a "strong 'arctic cold front went through, bringing snow showers as the front passed about 10:40AM "

Michael J. Roberts on Guam reports that "Barbara White is now doing the weather on our Cable TV. Doing a great Job."

Another writer, whose letter escapes me, reminds the Editor (and you) of the 1985 photography contest by Weatherwise advertised on the inside back cover of the December, 1985 issue. Space does not permit a complete repeat of the particulars, but first prize in either of two categories is \$50 and a year's subscription to the magazine.

Unfortunately, it was no contest in the Vavrek home. Jim Vavrek, a Chicago teacher, wrote: "Late one afternoon, last spring, a tornado watch was issued for my area ... a strong squall line was approaching from the northwest. After heavy rains and moderate wind, 1/4" hail began to fall and an apparent wall cloud appeared to the west southwest. I immediately ran into the house for the video camera and a fresh tape. I then ran into the family room for the recorder, where I was informed by my children, ages six and three, that this was simply not possible in the middle of Bugs Bunny! How dare I even request such a thing. Anticipating a rare photographic opportunity and deciding that 'I was the adult here,' I proceeded with the original mission and disconnected the recorder to thunderous cries. Then my wife appeared. 'What are you doing and why?' I very calmly stated what I was doing, but at this point the thunderous cries got louder and definite debris clouds formed near the sofa of the family room. She proceeded to give me a lecture on priorities ('I should have asked permission.'). I declared my rights on the grounds of being ~a parent, adult and of sound mind.' However, realizing that I had lost and, if I continued, the storm inside would be worse than the one out, I retreated outside -with no video or even a camera- to watch the wall cloud. Turns out, it never did anything anyway."



Pete Nisbet from New Mexico, a very talented artist, writes that his "first national article on painting clouds/storms will appear in the May issue of 'The Artists Magazine.' Paintings of storms are not popular, but people are beginning to see the beauty in them, also." The Editor has a color reproduction of one of the artist's paintings, in which that "beauty" is profoundly expressed in a massive mushroom thunderhead over southwestern plateau country (oil; 40X72"). You can spend 20 minutes just counting the

sage brush. This is a very precise and realistic painter, and I strongly recommend your review of his work in the May magazine. Pots also says he is interested in painting tornadoes and hopes to chase some in Oklahoma and Texas this spring. So if he happens to contact you, now you'll know a little more about him.

Finally, Mike Watts from Florida sent a one page promotional flier from an ambitious and ingenious California software firm on how to forecast tornadoes -only \$15.00! All you need are NWS Facsimile Charts and a Hewlett-Packard HP-41C hand held calculator with Magnetic Memory Card Reader ... "unveiling to you areas where TORNADOES are generated. A formula is applied which produces positive results. You will be able to verify these results with awesome regularity! ... It just takes a few minutes of your time..." Says Mike, "Snake oil is still available, even in the '80's." (Copies available on request-Ed.)

(Editor: Corrections to the last issue of ST - Mark L. Paran's address should read "84 Gainsborough Street," not "24." Also, the closing hurricane commentary was submitted by Rick Schwartz, not Robert Welch. Sorry for these lapses, probably a little late night overload.) [ Changes made for CD-ROM edition ]

IV. BULLETIN BOARD/COMMERCIAL MARKET - \$- FOR PICTURES      V. CAMERA TIPS      VI. TRAVEL TIPS

VII. FEATURE      Conclusion of Chase '85

On May 19, Steve Flood (Virginia), Charles Vlcek (Maryland) and Bill Winkler (Colorado) flew out to Oklahoma City and rented an Avis car for a week's chase. May 19 and 20 were mostly frustrating, with tornadic storms developing just beyond driving range or out-flowing too early (Said Sam Barricklow: "I had the opportunity to chase at least 15 different occasions this Spring in north Texas. I saw a lot of storms with rotating, well developed wall clouds -only four definite tornadoes observed -- with most being undercut by outflow before they could produce."). On May 22, our trio left a "great sauna" at a Best Western near Ozona, Texas and chased a Cb to the south. That road eventually took them down gullies and canyons and into the Big Bend country (not as flat as anticipated) -with twisting roads and spectacular scenery! However, the storm remained over the mountains and -with growing concern over flash floods- they broke off and returned north. On May 24, they picked up a hailer west of Midland, with scud rising off the ground to cloud base -almost as if the cloud base were "propagating down." A radar prompted tornado warning was issued, and so much 1" hail fell west of Midland that the roads had to be plowed before traffic could move again! The hail continued to about three miles west of Rankin.

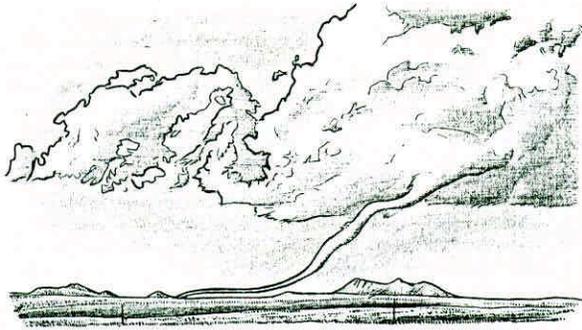
Saturday, May 25, they returned to Midland for the current outlook and exchanged notes with Al Moller (Texas) and Chuck Doswell (Colorado), who happened in. Mindful of a planned Sunday return-drive to Oklahoma City for early Monday flights home, they had to carefully pace the last chase day. Consequently, they bypassed a big storm over Carlsbad, New Mexico and went -instead- for a small building cell west of Lubbock -- in clear, sunny air. Other new towers to the southwest were tempting but were in the shadow of the Carlsbad anvil, so there would be less heating. They proceeded to the south flank of the nearby cell, in steady southerly winds -and saw northerly flow to their west, blowing dust southward on the horizon. A thin hail shaft -gold and white in the sun- descended to the north, from the rotating hard edged tower. On State Road 114 west of Levelland, they turned off on a dirt road and watched. As the storm passed over, they looked up into the dark bass and briefly saw "silvery bubbles" -marble sized raindrops, catching the low sun angle and drifting down through the updraft. To the west, these giant raindrops looked like "bright diamonds" against the dark field. The storm continued moving east, along with increasing hail and rain, so they decided to relocate (read that "chase") further east. The best connection to skirt the southern flank was a paved road south and then east (Charles Vlcek continues this account -as phoned to the Editor).

Charging south, they topped a slight rise in the road and then -too late- plowed headlong into a virtual lake of water (with, of course, Steve Flood driving!). Before he could stop, they had settled into three feet of storm runoff. Looking around, they saw marble hail floating by in the muddy water -- sloshing up on the front hood. Someone muttered a memorable, "I can't believe this is happening." Then their troubles really began. Water

was coming under the doors Stuck in the mud, they were reluctant to drive at all (would the engine even start?) and risk slipping into an unseen ditch or small gully on either side, tipping over, and turning mere frustration into real danger. The water was coming in more rapidly now, threatening cameras and film. Bill began bailing with his rain gage, while Chuck scooped with his binocular case -- all working frantically against the rising water. As the inside continued filling, camera gear was hastily moved from seat tops to window ledges. Finally, the level began to drop -both inside and out, and their storm continued moving slowly to the southeast -with a spectacular flank and dark towers. Steve walked for help. A pickup truck stopped by for a tow, but the car's engine wouldn't start to help it get them out. Why? Frozen engine! Literally!! The carburetor was full of ice (hail), which had floated in! The pickup tried to pull them on its own -slipping on the pervasive mud, but their car slid



closer to a nearby ditch, so this was stopped. Finally, the trucker took all three back to a motel in Levelland. He returned once more and tried -- but failed. Sunday morning a tow truck went out, got stuck, and had to get a farmer to pull him out! At this point, all options had been exhausted. They called Avis and arranged eventual pickup of their benighted vehicle, Steve returned for their luggage and camera gear, and the tow truck drove them back to Lubbock (final tab \$130 for services). They rented another car and returned to Oklahoma City Sunday night, in time for their return flights home -- and another long year of waiting, until another chance to chase the great storms (Hopefully, next time - on their terms').



*Looking north as tornado ropes out in a river basin, just east of Raymer, 10 minutes after formation*

near Mountain View. Another developed later north of Langton and wrapped up several times. Nine tornado warnings were issued," but the only sighting was reported by the NSSL chase team, which prompted one of the warnings. --- Jim Leonard and Chuck Robertson were also out this day near Hobart. While video taping the drive east through moderate rain -- on State Road 9 just west of Gotebo, Jim's radio suddenly interrupted. It was a tornado warning -sighting and radar confirmation- just north of Gotebo! Anxiety and frustration! Seemingly out of nowhere, slower traffic begins looming in front in response to the now heavy rain, as Jim and Chuck strain to see through soaked windows, searching the horizon for rotation. Long minutes later, they clear the heaviest rain and there (!), to the southeast- a lowered cloud base and a long, dark column, angling down to the ground! The videotape mirrors their excitement, as early doubt is overcome by conviction:

Chuck: Hey! Hey! Hey! We got it! We got a tornado back here.

Jim: Yeh!

Chuck: Tornado!

Jim: Oh, man ...

Chuck: Get it! Get it! [on videotape] You see it?

Jim: Yeh!

Chuck: Let's get out of this rain --or is that smoke? What is it?

Jim: I think it's a debris cloud.

Chuck: I do too, Jim

(Radio interrupts again with a tornado warning for this formation)

Chuck: That's it! That's it!!

The NSSL (National Severe Storms Lab) chase team was also watching this column, which occurred under an updraft core end coincided with a simultaneous report of overhead rotation from the Lab's Doppler radar in Norman. Southwest flank, rotating updraft, lowered cloud base -ideal! Yes? Well ... makes a nice backdrop for an oil derrick fire. Aaah, yes. Everyone was tricked by the "Gotebo fooler." NSSL reported a confirmed tornado, a local warning was issued, and perhaps hundreds of people fled to storm cellars, all for a little bit of smoke ...and a lot of red faces in Norman. It was a unique situation, an unprecedented one-in-a-million coincidence (Trivia buffs should note that this scene was inserted near the end of a NOVA film, "Tornado," looking out from the back seat of the chase vehicle -as if at the end of a successful chase. However, the narrator says nothing to correct this mistaken impression). --- Chuck and Jim continued on to near Mountain View, where Jim inadvertently drove into three inch hail, broke the windshield and did \$2,700 damage to his car. The roof, hood and trunk had to be replaced ("I wanted to repaint it anyway," said big Jim). The 15 minute National Geographic film on chasing shows a brief film clip from this rather tense moment -- from Jim's video tape.

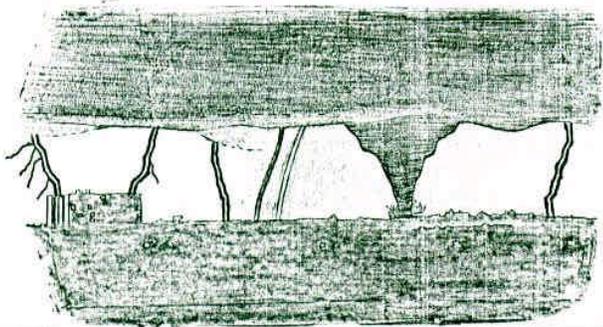
(Editor note: This film will be shown again May 18, Sunday evening on "Geographic Explorer" out of WTBS/Atlanta Cable TV; and again the following Saturday morning. Check local listings for exact time. I understand there is also a supplement insert in the May National Geographic Magazine on the show.)

Keith Brewster had somewhat better luck in Colorado, catching two very nice tornadoes on the 27th, just west and east of Raymer, Colorado.

Tim Marshall picks up the pace on June 1 near where he had just made nodding acquaintance with one storm, that then outran him on a 50 MPH gallop to Tulsa.

June 2 (Sunday) was a better intercept, with two "awesome supercells" and wall clouds in southwest Oklahoma. "The first storm developed near Hobart and wrapped up

Jim Leonard returned home to Miami, Florida with his battered car and a few pictures of funnels and wall clouds -- not a very memorable trip. Then, a week later, about midnight of June 12, he noticed frequent lightning east of his apartment from a heavy thunderstorm just off-shore. Figuring, "What the heck, I'll get a few lightning shots," he opened the sliding glass balcony door and stepped out on the porch. Looking through the viewfinder he centered the T-storm and - "What? What is that?" A



finger-shaped cloud quickly descended from the rainfree base and widened. "Hey, no way am I imagining that!" After traveling thousands of miles across Texas and Oklahoma, he came home to photograph possibly the largest tornadic waterspout ever recorded on film, with a spray-debris cone on the ocean and at least one -maybe two- secondary rope spouts immediately next to it, under a hard/rainfree base and with high level strobe lightning continuously illuminating the cloud mass.

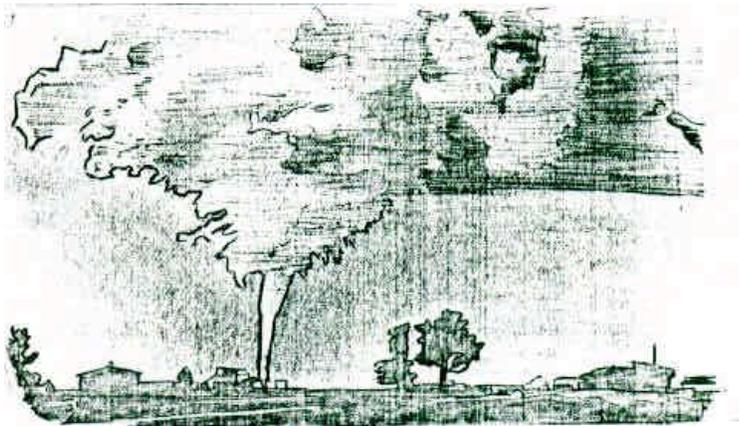
All from his own apartment (some chase -- from couch to patio to couch!). Jim dutifully called the local NWS office to report it, but they made no public response. Days later, however, when his contact there saw these slides, it was a different story. "Oh, wow! If I had known it looked like that, I would have put out a warning!" (Uh, huh. Tell me about it. -Ed.)

Keith Brewster winds up this issue with commentary on the Colorado season. "It was marked with a few strong tornadoes in the northeastern part -- F2 tornadoes on June 3 and July 19 and an F1 tornado on July 26. Gene Moore has excellent video on the June 3 tornado, which was more like a classic Oklahoma vortex than the typical Colorado twister.

I was fortunate enough to be in position on the southeast side of the tube, which began as a wrapped-up rain curtain, then shot down a needle funnel -- which then grew to a cigar shape. The July 19 tornado did damage in a new subdivision south of Denver. However, no chasers were on hand for that one, which dropped out of a cell that is best described as a "soaker."

July 26 saw a couple of funnels drop out of a rapidly growing cell, within what is known as the "Denver cyclone," a mesoscale cyclonic circulation that develops in southeasterly 850 mb flow due to terrain forcing. The April 1984 Monthly Weather Review (Ed Szoke, et al)

has an excellent description of this feature. Eventually, the circulation of one of these funnels touched ground and flipped a truck over on I-25, as well as damaging trees during its 20 minute life. -- One other notable event was the storm that dumped over six inches of rain on Cheyenne, August 1. Gene Moore reports that the storm had a base that rotated continuously for over two hours, spinning up several funnels - a few of which became tornadoes and actually kicked up debris from the saturated ground.



One thought I've had, after experiencing a season of storms here in Colorado, is that the tornadoes may be weaker (an F3 is truly rare), but the higher bases and generally drier air make photography easier. I've been able to use Kodachrome 64, even with my f4.5 telephoto lens. And, even though I'm one who hasn't seen the 'Moby Dick' of tornadoes, the F0's are still exciting and can be very photogenic. -- This concludes Chase '85.

Just received a letter from Ken Nakamura in Reedley, California, which he wanted included in this issue: "Since 1980, whenever I had the time, I have chased storms. Although California is not noted for tornadoes or hail, the weather of the past few years has seen an unusual number of severe local storms - especially in the L. A. vicinity and in my area. I saw one tornado each in 1980, 1982 and 1983 and funnel clouds in 1982 and 1983. However one of the better storms occurred at my hometown on 2/15/86.

Shortly after noon, it was just an ordinary rainstorm. I didn't think much about it and took a nap. But at 1220, I was awakened by a rumble of thunder, and decided to chase. On reaching the west end of town, I noticed a lowered, rotating cloud-base about 15 miles to the SW with a protruding funnel cloud. I snapped two photos but both turned out rather poorly. The wall cloud was pendant from the right rear section of the Cb, which -in itself- looked like an ordinary rainstorm. I then hurried back home by about 1230 and heavy rain began immediately. Soon, small hail began to fall with the rain, and both slowly intensified. There was a 5 minute period without hail, then pea sized hail began. At 1246, there was a 20 second downpour of pea to dime size hailstones, which melted immediately. After that, the

precip began to ease off with hail ending a few minutes later and the rain ending just after 1300. The wind was light W at the beginning of the storm but shifted to the N as hail began to fall, then to the NE at up to 25 MPH, then NW to 20 MPH and then none at all. At 1255, I looked to the SE and 1-2 miles away was a dark, rainfree base extending southwestward and exhibiting tremendous upward motion. Because of the nearby trees, I saw only a portion of the base but did see part of a tornado that caused considerable damage 1-2 miles SE of my home. The part which I saw was ragged and irregular but was definitely part of the tornado. Many hailstones were flat and wafer shaped. I have heard of other incidents of flat hail occurring in tornadic storms, and I'd like to know what causes that relationship. I'd also like to know if the wind shifts at my home were part of the inflow into the tornadic circulation."

(Editor: I have no immediate explanation for the flat/wafer shaped hail but -like you- have heard this before. Perhaps ST's readers would care to respond. Regarding the wind shifts, it is probably more correct to say that the wind was either inflowing into the meso-low or was part of the meso-cold front behind the tornadic base. My guess is that the westerly wind, with a pre-tornadic cell passing within two miles, was probably flowing into the updraft of the meso-cyclone. When the wind shifted northerly (with beginning hail), it was likely part of the spiraling downdraft -wrapping around and back into the updraft circulation of the meso-cyclone, entering along the southeastern flank. Exact windshift times are not given, but my guess is that the tornado appeared within 10-15 minutes after the northerly shift. 'When it shifted to the northeast, it was still the spiraling downdraft (from 15-20,000'), but less likely now to being drawn back into the meso-cyclone. The shift back to the northwest is somewhat puzzling, when followed by calm, but was probably the normal backside push of a meso-scale cold front. However, it is very unlikely that any of these winds were flowing directly into the tornado itself, unless it was within 1/2 mile and on the ground at the times of these winds.)

"In addition to that storm, on 3/8/86, I also chased a well developed multi-cellular hail-storm several miles to the W, SW and S of my hometown. At one location, about 7 miles west of my home in the small town of Parlier, I encountered 1 1/4" hail. It piled 3" deep and reduced the visibility to only 30 ft. At the same location, I also noticed two flared out, lowered, non-rotating bell shaped protuberances, that started out small but expanded rapidly. I'd like to know if they were wall or pedestal clouds, as they were to the W of the precip area."

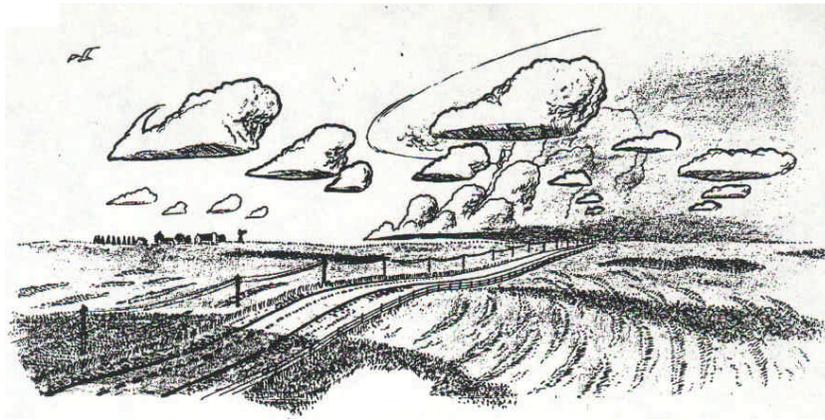
(Editor: They were likely to have been shelf clouds. Meteorological definitions of such formations are sometimes ambiguous, but my understanding of a "pedestal cloud" is that it is a small step shaped lowering on the leading edge of a strong cell base, looking somewhat like the "cow catcher" in front of an old steam locomotive. A "shelf cloud," on the other hand, usually forms along the leading edge of a rain shield, as pervasive outflow curls up into a long, low scarf along the storm's leading edge, where cloud base and precip meet. On a few occasions, I have seen it on the western flank. Your local geography may conduce more towards westerly shelf clouds (outflowing heavier/ rain-cooled air moving downhill more readily). Unlike the pedestal cloud, the shelf cloud can -at times- appear almost detached from the storm's base. While a pedestal cloud usually remains separate from both a wall and shelf cloud, an old wall cloud can outflow and become a shelf cloud, i.e. the wall cloud lowering appears to expand and broaden into a shelf cloud.)

"I also chased a 'supercell' hailstorm to the west of Fresno, on the afternoon of 3/10/86 and took three photographs of a wall cloud. It had very heavy rain and hail just to the W-NE of it and was attached to a turbulent, slightly lowered rain-free base. A strange yellow-green coloring was noted in the upper half of the wall cloud -and an ominous purple coloring in the rain-free base. I drove underneath and there was no wind at all, although the very turbulent base came as close as 200' above the ground. I also encountered very heavy hail to 3/4" diameter, that piled up to 3" on the ground -along with some snow, just north of the wall cloud, I'd like to know what caused the unusual coloring of the wall cloud." (Editor: Perhaps some of our readers would care to comment.)

- - -

- - -

I have enjoyed doing Storm Track these past 8 1/2 years and have tried, throughout, to set a high standard. I've caught most of the belated typos like the recent "ornathologist" for ornithologist (sorry Kay) and corrected the originals. At other times, I undoubtedly waxed overly enthusiastic or fulsome about chasing and chasers. For those occasions, I apologize, but this is one of the hazards of writing to classical music late at night. I can assure you that there isn't one ST that I wouldn't have gone back and revised, yet again -with more reflection and time. However, one has to stop the rewrites at some point -and go with it. Hopefully, it hit the mark more often than not (at least there have been no cancellations end over 20 renewals, since my January 31 notice). One final reminder on helping Tim Marshall. If possible, send him high contrast prints of your April and May storms. They will make better photocopies. Good luck, Tim ... and already I can't wait for the May issue!



### Quest

Horizon, distance, time --  
boundless surrounds.

Vainly, we seek reflections of ourselves,  
when no form or sound returns  
except the wind

Grandly indifferent.

It weaves through leaves  
and grass...and hair.  
I turn and turn again.

How should I prepare?  
What is the question  
(Never mind the answer)  
by which I can resolve  
- imagination's irony -  
in this weak vessel?

Is the only way, indeed,  
the surrogate command of  
wheel or sail or wing,  
or film to "capture"  
things unreachable

the pine, the mountain, or the cloud?

We see, or imagine that we see,  
and measure that which we can reach.

Horizon, distance, time.

Endless paths lie just beyond  
the finger's tip  
the eye's lid  
the ear's curl

And I know not even the language  
of the Question...  
Only some compelling need  
to find a building thunderhead  
and, in its seething shadows deep,

an unseen elemental form,  
or just its reflection  
or less (if I weren't there)

---

...perhaps a shared experience  
is all there is to tell.