

## The Weather at Its Worst

After a summer of violent electrical storms, almost continuous rainfall, extreme humidity, the gods of the weather not only marked the end of the season with rainfall such as one only associates with the tropics, but, as though to set a record, they produced a gale as near a hurricane as the people of Hartford ever want to see.

Connecticut folk have always consoled themselves with the knowledge that if their climate exhibits uncomfortable variations, it rarely approaches the extremes of weather encountered in less blessed sections of the world. Yesterday, however, the wind blew at a velocity of nearly sixty miles an hour. Shunning Florida, which it had found barricaded and prepared, the gale ran up the coast, finally picking this section as a vulnerable point of attack. Although there had been several storms of considerable violence this summer, yesterday's was the first of its kind that has hit Hartford in many years. Plucking off roofs, tearing down trees and throwing light objects through the air like a giant showing off his strength, it added its sizable quota to the amount of damage already done in this city and throughout the State by rain and floods.

Today, with the gale pursuing its mad pace elsewhere, the city can begin to repair the damage that has been done. In addition, it will have to face the rising flood waters which still find it almost as unprotected as it was in 1936, although on Tuesday an agreement was reached for the inauguration of one project in Hartford's flood protection program. If the rain ceases shortly, perhaps the danger of a thirty-foot flood will pass. Certainly everyone sincerely hopes that the havoc of the gale will not be followed by the even worse havoc of a major flood.

This has been a summer in which the weather has indeed tested the New England character to the full. This last climactic disaster will find Connecticut stubbornly struggling back on its feet even as it did after the flood of '36.