

universal learning.

So it is these three: beauty, power, and knowledge, that make Indianapolis more than just my birthplace to me.

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Mistake by Noah

LOUISE RYMAN

It might have changed history—but it didn't.

Noah was happy. A home-loving body was Noah, content with his lot. He had his wife, and he had his pigs. He had his garden and a house full of in-laws.

Noah had a hobby. He liked to build arks. In his house were arks of all descriptions; big and small, round and square, red arks and blue arks.

Noah was a dreamer. One night he had a dream about a great storm and rising water. A plan for a magnificent ark took shape in Noah's mind. In the morning he told his wife and his in-laws about the dream. The in-laws laughed at Noah, and his wife made him stop drinking coffee.

But Noah started building. Each day there was sawing, pounding, and hammering in Noah's home. Noah's wife held her head and moaned. She cursed the day that she ever married Noah.

Then it began to rain. The in-laws looked worried; so did Noah's wife. Not so Noah. Confidently he led his wife, his pigs, and his in-laws down to the ark. The name of Noah would go down in history as the preserver of mankind.

But Noah's cause was lost. So was Noah, his wife, his pigs, and the house full of in-laws. Noah had built the ark in the basement.

Pittsburgh-Slightly Wet

NORMAN BICKING

Pittsburgh's Great Flood of 1936 was the most perfectly staged catastrophe it has been my misfortune to witness. Only one being could have been capable of such a deed, and that being none other than Old Mother Nature herself. She planned it, and provided the characters. Two great rivers, the Alleghany and the Monongahela, join at Pittsburgh to form the still greater Ohio. A situation like that is always loaded with potential dynamite. Last March 17 this charge went off with terrible results. It had been raining rather heavily prior to that date, but no one was even slightly perturbed. This might have been reasonable, but those downpours had been not only local; they also were occurring simultaneously over the vast watersheds feeding two of our main actors. Then entered the final addition to the cast. Snow in the mountains melted abruptly with the sudden appearance of warm weather. Immediately the weather bureau issued flood warnings.

Now keep this in mind; flood stage at the Point in Pittsburgh is twenty-five feet. The warnings predicted a stage, or crest, of thirty-five feet. On Tuesday evening the rivers had begun their rise. The swiftness of the ascent caused veteran rivermen to glance at each other questioning-ly. There was a tenseness about; even the air felt laden with menace. Anxiously observers at the Point watched the gauge. The onrushing waters crept steadily, silently upward. Low places were submerged many feet before the thirty-five foot mark was reached. Thousands of tons of muddy waters were even now paralyzing the life of the Golden Triangle. Cars were engulfed. Hundreds of workers trapped in the upper stories of skyscrapers called for help. All that